



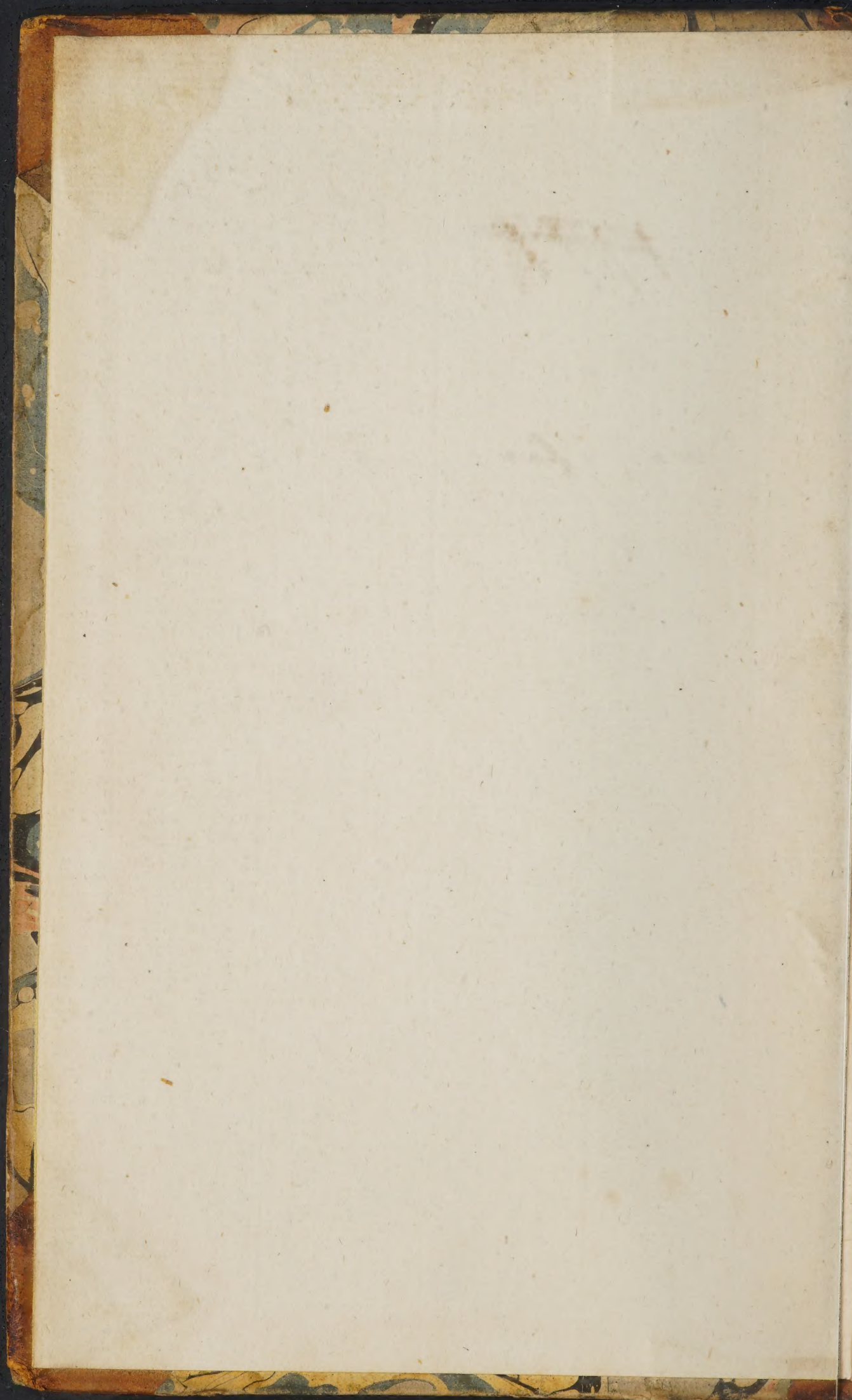
TOWN & COUNTRY
MAGAZINE

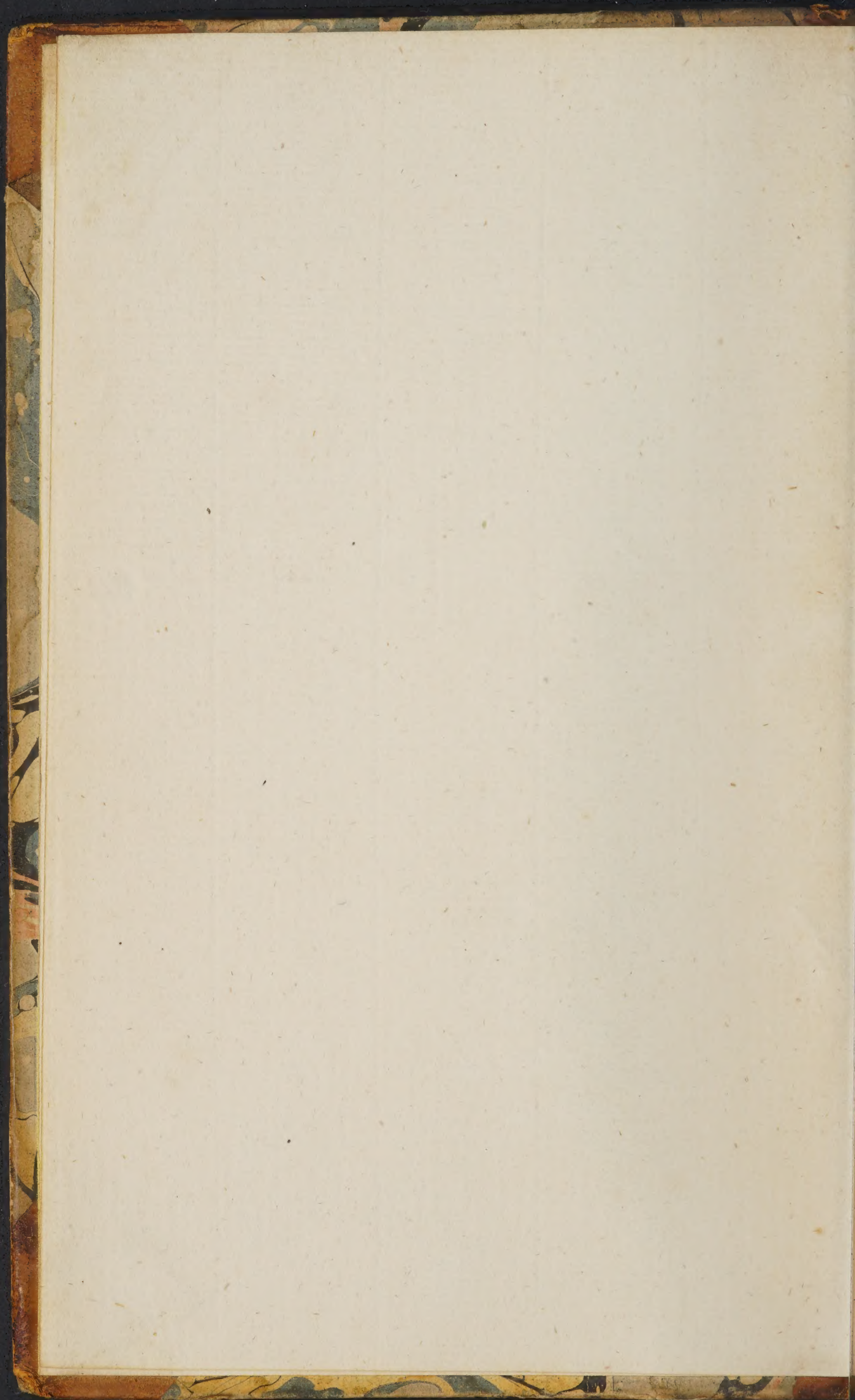
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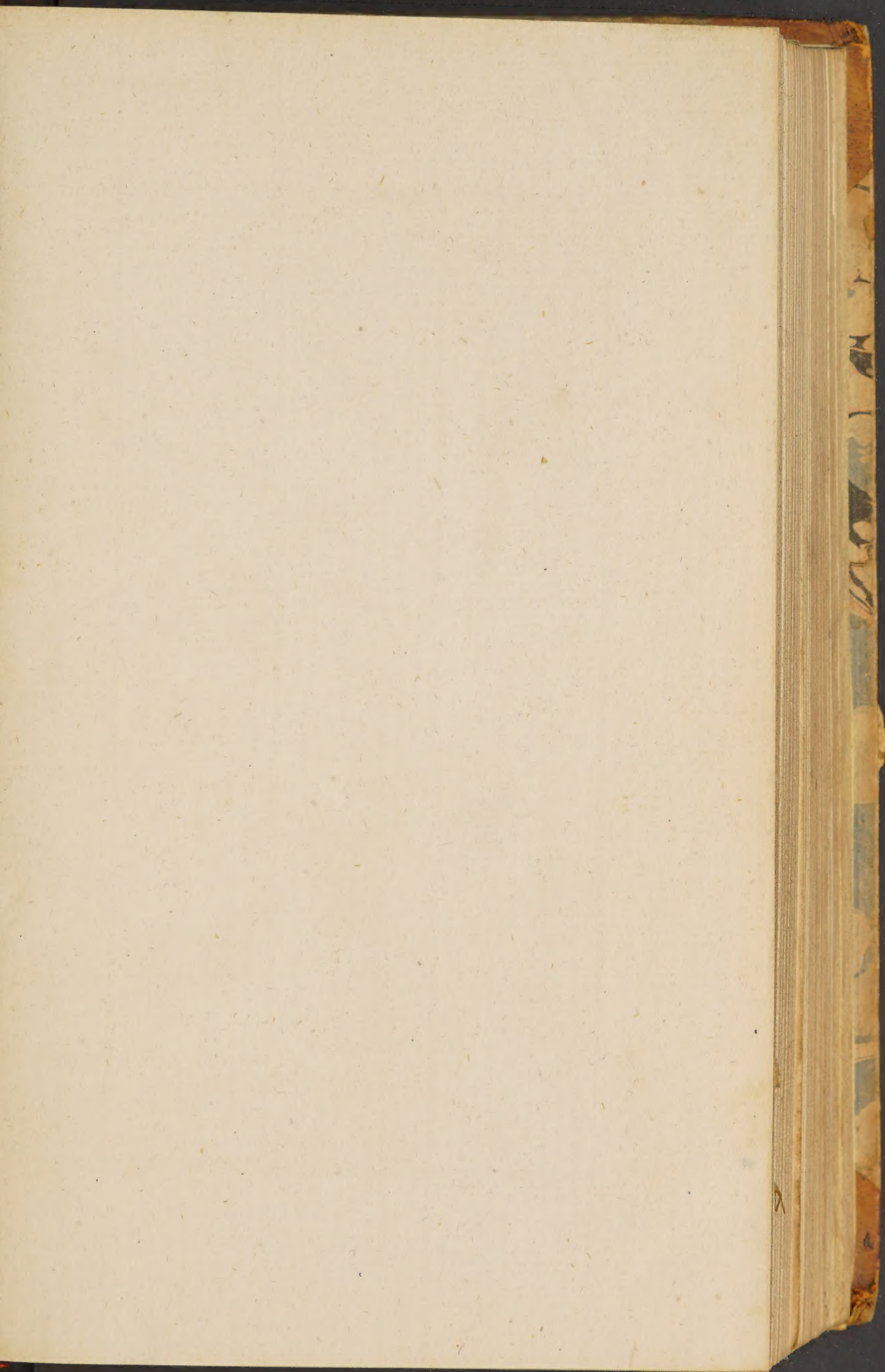


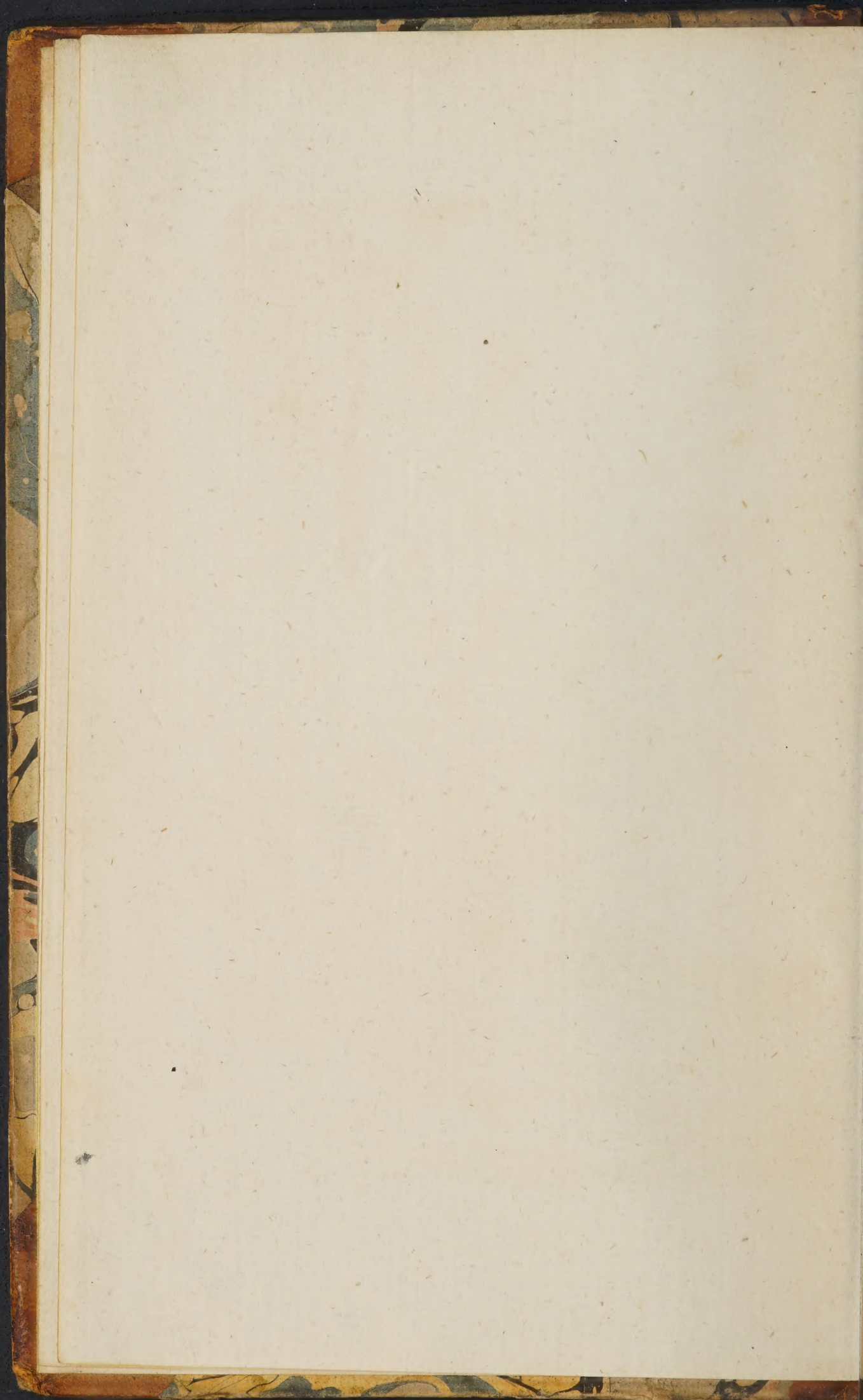














J. Taylor del. et sculp.

The
TOWN and COUNTRY

Magazine
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OF

KNOWLEDGE, INSTRUCTION,

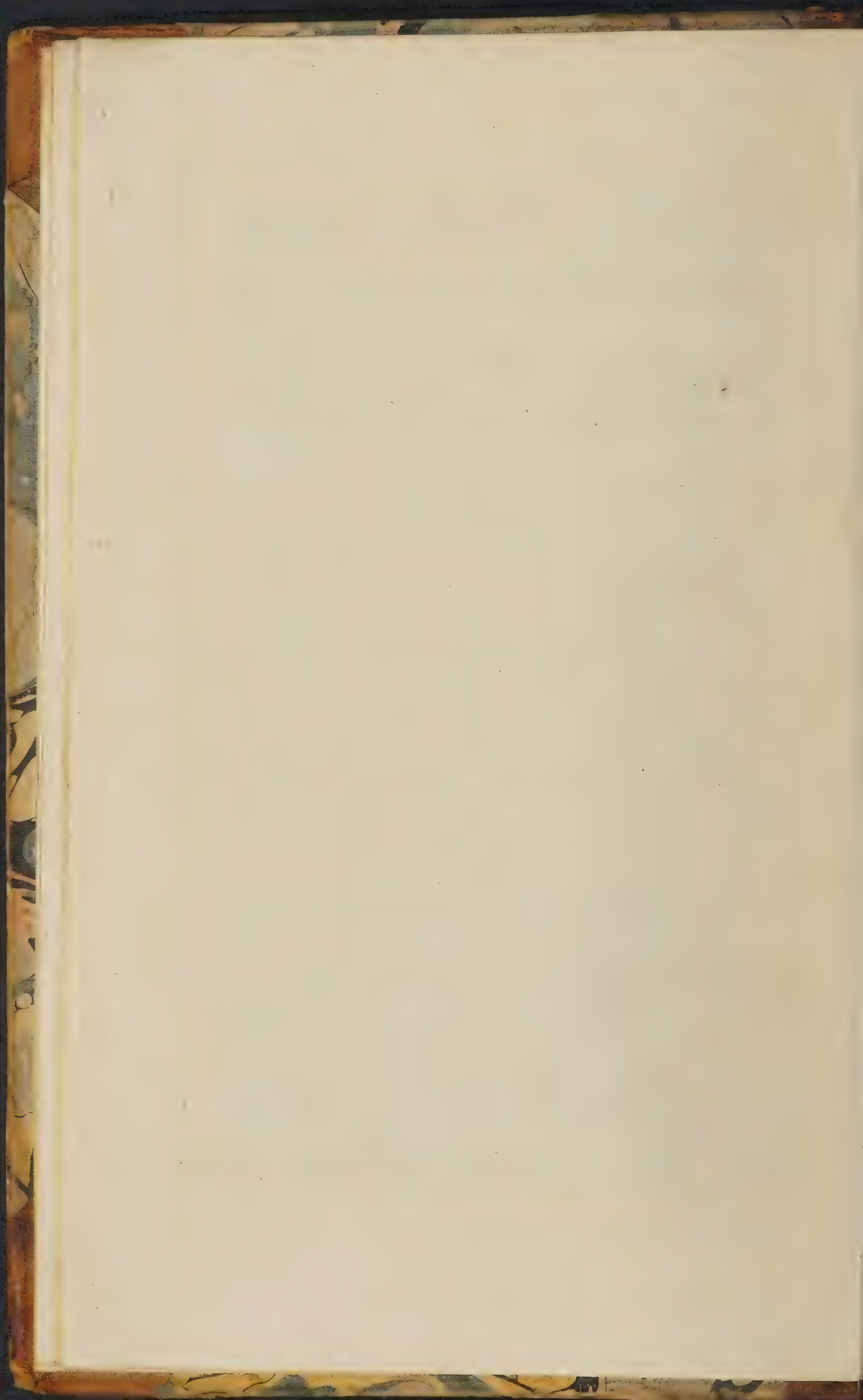
and

ENTERTAINMENT.

Vol. III, for the YEAR 1771.

L O N D O N.

Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun^r near
ST JOHN'S-GATE.



T H E

Town and Country Magazine ;

O R,
UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F
Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For J A N U A R Y, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings : 1. A beautiful emblematical Frontispiece and Title Page. 2. A striking Portrait of the Stable-yard Messalina. 3. An approved Likeness of the Hostile Scribe. A Conference in the Shades between Bloomsbury Jack and the political Dick Swift, cut in Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN's GATE,
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Bookfellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

gallantry, as the materials are already in our possession. We are, nevertheless, compelled to acknowledge that this department is attended with uncommon embarrassment, not only from the difficulty of procuring genuine materials, which might baffle the inquiries of less industrious Collectors; but also from the menaces that have been used on the one hand, and the allurements and bribes which have been offered on the other, to suppress the appearance of particular memoirs. The duty we owe the Public stimulated us to encounter these difficulties; and we promise our readers that no obstacles which can possibly be surmounted in obtaining a proper knowledge of the amorous alliances of the times, no menaces, nor any pecuniary influence, shall prevail to divert the Editors from performing their obligations.

In the two preceding Volumes we have given six and twenty Secret Histories of Gallantry, illustrated with striking likenesses, which, with the other plates, amount to seventy-eight engravings, finely executed; upwards of seven hundred original articles, on a variety of interesting subjects; besides several ludicrous wooden blocks, with proper explanations. And the Public may be assured that the present Volume shall, in no respect, fall short of the two former; but, on the contrary, the best endeavours will be used to render it the most entertaining and instructive Miscellany ever yet offered to the Public.

The Proprietors will only add, that their uncommon success shall not induce them to relax from the ardour of their pursuits; that no trouble or expence shall be spared that can conduce to the amusement and instruction of the Public; and they again intreat the continuance of the favours of their ingenious correspondents, who must be convinced that every piece deserving a place in this Collection finds regular admission.



The Town and Country Magazine;

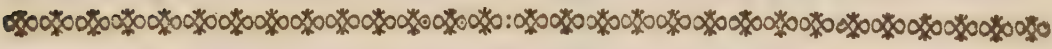
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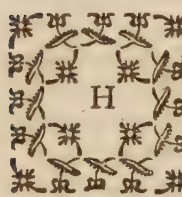
O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For J A N U A R Y, 1771.



General State of Europe for January 1771.

AVING, at the beginning of each of our former Volumes, given a sketch of the state of Europe upon our entrance on the new year, we shall here continue the same plan.

The attention of the political world was, at the commencement of last year, fixed upon the operations of the Russians and Turks. The success which attended the arms of the Muscovites by land, was supported by their fleets in the Mediterranean, where they gained a considerable naval victory, and made themselves masters of several islands belonging to the Grand Signior. The kingdom of Poland remaining in its distracted state, by the intestine war between the Polish troops, the Confederates, and Dissidents, joined to the impending fate of Constantinople, induced many to believe that the house of Bourbon would soon declare itself in favour of the Porte, to stop the progress of the Russian arms, and enable the Ottomans to succour the rebels of Poland. But whilst France and Spain remained quiet spec-

tators of the victories the Czarina gained against the Porte, an occurrence in the Streights of Magellan brought us to the eve of a war with the court of Madrid. The behaviour of Don Francisco Bucarelli, governor of Buenos Ayres, who summoned Falkland island to surrender, and which he afterwards took possession of, not only occasioned a remonstrance to the court of Madrid, but renewed our claims to the Manilla ransom, and every former misunderstanding between the two Courts. The king of Spain had probably been taught by his ministers that this kingdom was in such an intestine ferment from political feuds, that the English ministry would submit to any insult, rather than come to an open rupture with any power of Europe. But in this he found himself greatly mistaken; for a naval armament was immediately equipped, and is now ready to insist upon satisfaction, if it should not be obtained by negotiation. The Spanish court has also had the mortification to find that the King of France is not disposed to engage in a war at this period: the finances of that kingdom being anticipated, a scarcity approaching to a famine prevailing in many

many provinces, whilst the people in general are discontented, and the monarch at variance with his parliaments, and has just disgraced his prime minister; through the influence of his mistress. Spain being thus deserted by the court of Versailles, notwithstanding the family compact, may probably make such concessions as our government shall think reasonable: at least we have grounds to believe, that unless Falkland island is restored, and such reparation made for the national insult thereby given us, the ministry have now gone too far to recede; and that the Spanish ambassador, is by this time, convinced, that, in spite, of the party altercations in and out of the senate, the English nation will, when insulted by a foreign foe, unite with one voice to claim the satisfaction due to a great and injured people.

The alliance that has taken place, by the marriage of the dauphin with the arch-duchess Antonietta of Austria, will certainly cement the interest of the courts of Versailles and Vienna in case of a war in Germany; which, indeed, does not seem very near at hand, though the king of Prussia is constantly recruiting his army, supporting its military discipline, and at the same time is keeping a watchful eye to avail himself of any rupture among the states of Europe, and support the balance of power against the house of Austria.

The commercial misunderstandings between us and the Portuguese still exist; but as the mercantile world are so attentive to the result of the present negotiation with Spain, they seem for a while to have lost sight of the grievances they so loudly complained of against Portugal, judging probably that if a war should break out between us and the court of Madrid, the Portuguese will most probably want our assistance, to prevent their becoming once more a province to the Spanish monarchy; and that we may then command our own terms, and obtain ample redress.

The Pope's authority daily diminishes throughout all the courts of Eu-

rope; even among those that were formerly the most bigotted to his *infallible influence*. The other states of Italy, in the present critical conjuncture of affairs, seem watchful only for their own security, in case of a general rupture, in the Mediterranean; the Genoese consider France as their protector, whilst the king of Sardinia lays claim to our alliance and assistance. Though Sweden views the rapid progress of the Russian arms with the most jealous eye, yet as the influence of the court of France daily loses ground at Stockholm, it is plain the Swedes know their own interest too well to involve themselves in a war solely for ambition. The Danish monarch assiduously cultivates arts, sciences and manufactures; studying the real interests of his people by discouraging the importation of articles of luxury, and appropriating the duties imposed upon them to the most beneficial purposes. He at the same time gives every possible encouragement to his naval subjects to distress those infidels the Algerines, who still insult the Danish flag.

Holland seems not the least disposed to embroil herself with any of her neighbours. The same neutral plan constantly animates the states general, not to join any belligerent power, but to enrich themselves as much as possible by trade and being the constant carriers of Europe.

As to domestic affairs, though the partiality of party-writers may misrepresent them, this kingdom was never in a more flourishing state with respect to commerce, the great buttress of the nation, as well as real wealth flowing in from both the Indies, for we have the satisfaction to find that the American colonies are in a great measure convinced of their errors, having discovered the false policy of opposing the mother country, and have at New-York, and elsewhere, sent considerable orders for goods and merchandize to this kingdom.

Our commerce to Asia is, according to the most authentic intelligence, in a very prosperous way; and the government having agreed to assist the India company with a naval armament,

ment, we may reasonably suppose they can be under no apprehensions from the influence of the *fragments* of the French East-India company in that quarter.

After all, it must be confessed that this nation owes much of its liberty to the opposition which has been formed, at different times, to the ambitious views of designing statesmen, who being, in a great measure, strangers to the wants and distresses of the common people, give themselves very little trouble about the embarrassments that occur in trade, if they can derive a revenue from it sufficient to maintain them in a state of enervating luxury and ridiculous extravagance. An opposition to such a set of men, must therefore be considered as highly necessary, and the duty of every well-wisher to the civil and religious liberties of his country.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS you seem desirous of commemorating the fame or infamy of every remarkable character that appears, I think you should not omit the late captain C—le, who was so conspicuous an adventurer both here and abroad.

C—le came to London about the year 1719, and being only possessed of a small sum of money, he was advised to purchase the place of a life-guardman, and hence he derived his military title. In the year 1720, he was very successful in the South Sea scheme, and was at one time possessed of upwards of twenty thousand pounds. His military station he now thought beneath him, he sold it and commenced gentleman; maintained an elegant equipage, and lived up to the fluctuating stocks of the day. A smart footman, who resided with him a few months, knowing his master's origin, and the means of his acquiring his wealth, found means to obtain a little credit, quitted his service, and in a short time rode in his chariot himself.

The bubble was now ready to burst, and C—le was reduced to his primitive state of poverty, without even the hopes of figuring as a life-guardman. Driven to the extremest indigence, he was compelled to hire himself as a livery servant to his footman, and now in turn rode behind his former valet's chariot. This knight of the rainbow had a little more prudence than his late master, for finding his capital daily diminished, he left the alley about fifteen

hundred pounds better than he came into it. Prudence dictated the sale of his chariot, and the dismissal of his servants.

About this period a distant relation of C—le's dying left him a small legacy, which induced him to throw off his livery, and he and his late master were once more upon a footing. They associated together, and from a similarity of genius were inseparable companions. C—le discovered in Willis (his present friend) dispositions that he judged would be useful to him, and therefore resolved to play them off the first opportunity. They were both adventurers from disposition as well as necessity. After they had exhausted their credit and character in this metropolis, by all the arts of legal imposition, they judged it adviseable to take a trip to the continent. Upon their arrival in the neighbourhood of Brussels, they found that the young duke of R—d was speedily expected in that city with his tutor. This hint was sufficient for C—le to improve upon it. Willis being the youngest and most personable man, was to represent the duke, and C—le his tutor.

They arrived at midnight at Brussels with a coach and six and a suitable retinue, and the next morning, my lord duke (Willis) received the compliments of the nobility and gentry of the place, and the offered services of the merchants and tradesmen. Some very elegant cloaths were immediately bespoke, and a fictitious letter of credit was produced upon one of the most capital merchants in the city, who had already received advice from his correspondent in London, to furnish the duke with any sum he might want. His grace was, however, so modest as to take up only two thousand pounds, and departed with his tutor a few hours before the arrival of the real duke. Scouts were in vain sent after them, none could reach them before they had passed the Austrian dominions.

They reached Paris with a considerable sum in their pockets, which captain C—le prudently proposed dividing, lest any accident might separate them: this step was soon evinced to be very judicious, for Willis, desirous of pushing his fortune on every side, was allured by a set of *Crocs* to an *academie de jeu*, where his ill fortune constantly attended him, and he was in a few days rendered penniless. Mortified to the highest pitch at being thus stripped, and unwilling to let C—le into the state of his finances, he resolved upon a most desperate and horrid scheme. He sent for a *courtier*, or broker, in the name of the count d'Elbeuf, to sell thirty thousand livres

livres of *actions* or stock, and desired the courtier might come prepared with the cash. He met him at a hotel in the rue St. Antoine, up two pair of stairs; when the broker having produced the money Willis stabbed him in the back with a *couteau de chasse*, and attempted to seize the cash; but the broker making a stout resistance, he detained the assassin till assistance came; and when the door was broke open Willis in a fit of desperation jumped out of the window, and was killed upon the spot.

The story was presently circulated throughout Paris, and it reached C—le in a few minutes; who, fearful that he might be taken up for an accomplice, immediately decamped. He visited the Swiss Cantons, and resided some years at Bern; but his natural propensity to *industry* obliged him to quit that city. He then repaired to Marseilles, and under a feigned name passed for a Dutch merchant, in which character he freighted a ship for Amsterdam, and insured the cargo, supposed to consist chiefly of silks, for a considerable sum. The captain of the vessel was of the same honest disposition as C—le; and it was agreed between them to sink the ship (laden really with stones and brickbats) off Cadiz. The fraud was however detected, and C—le condemned to the galleys, in which he served several years.

At length he found means to escape, and returned to England, where the debts he had formerly contracted, were either forgotten or out of date. Having a fruitful imagination, he planned several projects, some of which were adopted by the ministry, and for which he received a suitable reward.

His face was perfectly well known, till within these few months at the Smyrna, Will's Charing-Cross, and the court of requests. As a professed politician he talked upon all national subjects, and was generally supposed to be a *political lion** at the time of his death, when he

* "I question not but my country customers will be surprised to hear me complain that this town is of late years very much infested with lions; and will perhaps look upon it as a strange piece of news when I assure them, that there are many of these beasts of prey, who walk our streets in broad day light, beating about from coffee-house to coffee-house, and seeking whom they may devour. To unriddle this paradox, I must acquaint my rural reader that we polite men of the town give the name of a lion to any one that is a great man's spy."

Guardian, Vol. I. No. 71.

resided in one of the new streets near Marybone.

ANTI-ADVENTURER.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you think the following thoughts which occurred to me this morning, whilst I was eating my muffin, are deserving a place in your Magazine, slip them into some vacant column next month.

The UNIVERSAL FARCE displayed.

THE world is a theatre; mankind are the comedians; chance composes the piece, and fortune distributes the parts; theologists and politicians govern the machines; and philosophers are the spectators. The rich take their places in the pit and upper boxes, the powerful in the front and sides, and the galleries are for the poor. The women distribute fruit and refreshments, and the unfortunate snuff the candles. Folly composes the overture, and time draws the curtain. The title of the piece is *Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiat*, "If the world will be deceived, let it be so." The opening of the farce begins with sighs and tears: the first act abounds with the chimerical projects of men: the frantic testify their applause with re-echoed *bravoes*, whilst the sagacious bring their catcalls into play to damn the performance. At going in a sort of money is paid called *trouble*, and in exchange a ticket is given, subscribed *uneasiness*, in order to obtain a place. The variety of objects which appear, for a short time divert the spectators; but the unravelling of the plot and intrigues, well or ill-concerted, force the risible muscles of the philosophers. We see giants who presently become pigmies, and dwarfs who imperceptibly attain a monstrous height. There we see men exerting all their efforts in the pursuit of the most eligible plans, guided by prudence, and armed with precaution, who are nevertheless circumvented in all their pursuits, and frustrated in all their endeavours; whilst here we observe a group of indolent, careless fellows, who attain the highest summit of mundane felicity. Such is the farce of this world, and he who would chuse to divert himself with it at his leisure, should take his place in some obscure corner, where he may unobserved be a spectator of the whole performance, and in safety laugh at it as it deserves.

HONESTUS.





The Stable-Yard Mesquin.



The Hostile Scribe.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of L---d B---n and L---y H---. (N^o. 2, 3.)

THE Tête-à-Tête, with which we shall open this annual campaign, has long been the subject of private animadversion, and we think it now so well corroborated as to be transmitted to the public. The hero has been as celebrated in the annals of politics, as the heroine in those of gallantry; and their conduct has constantly been superior to vulgar censure, or prudish criticism.

Notwithstanding the youthful appearance L---d B---n still makes, he was born so early in this century as the year 1717, and succeeded to his father's titles and estates in 1734. Though his L---p ever distinguished himself by his address and personal accomplishments among the ladies of the gayest cast in the polite world, upon his wedding a very amiable woman, the widow of an Irish Peer's son, he, for some time, seemed to have surmounted the eccentric pursuits of youth, and solely devoted himself to make the connubial state, what it should ever be, a scene of domestic felicity. We will not, however, pretend to say that from his marriage in 1740, to the year 1764, the time of its dissolution, by the death of his lady, that he invariably pursued the eligible plan, of which he was so tenacious in the beginning of this alliance. Indeed, there is great reason to believe that the present connexion, which gives rise to these memoirs, previously existed.

Our hero's time was not, however, like many modern admirers of the sex, entirely devoted to the ladies; for we find he has held many important posts under the G---t, and has twice executed that office which he now enjoys. We must therefore reasonably suppose, that being constantly devoted to Ad---n, his political creed is so happily constituted, as to allow him occasionally to believe and disbelieve the eligibility of min---l characters, and that

JAN. 1771.

Each by turns are knaves and honest men.

This is a doctrine so essentially necessary for those who are desirous of power and office, that it is a fundamental maxim with them, in opposition to the generality of the people, who pronounce every minister a DEVIL, that they believe him literally a DIVINITY, and pay their devotion to him with a proportionate zeal and fervor. Though his L---p's abilities have never been called in question, except where party opposition has influenced the criticism; yet there are some parts of his conduct that neither his friends nor himself have been able to vindicate. His letter to G---r F---, at Gibraltar, during a memorable siege in the late war, is among the number of his unjustifiable errors. He has upon this occasion acknowledged the perplexity of that dispatch, as well as the impropriety of the order issued concerning the fatal proceedings of the military in St. G---e's F---lds, by priding himself upon having, in such a multiplicity of letters, written only two that were exceptionable*.

It were needless here to enter upon a political discussion how far his L---p was or was not justifiable in these respects, as the clue of Adm---n is now so well known that it is easily traced to the chosen few, who issue their mandates to the different departments of gov---t, where they must be implicitly obeyed, or the alternate disgrace ensue. So that the discussion would be reduced to this very limited question, *Was his L---p blameable to hold his place upon such terms?* We shall leave this quere to be answered by each class of our readers, according to their political principles and connexions, observing only that a man's predominant passion will necessarily prevail, and still more forcibly, where his interest is connected; and

* Vide his speech in a certain club, November 13th last, in answer to Colonel B---e.

as his L---p could never surmount that false ambition, blended with lucre, which has constantly excited him to appear *conspicuous* in office, we need not wonder at his submission to the commands of the min---l deity.

Here we shall leave his L---p's political conduct, and consider him as a man of gallantry. He is in person genteel and well made, though under the middle size; his features rather delicate than masculine; his address gracious and engaging, particularly to the ladies; and he possesses a spirit of liberality towards them that never fails to please: add to this his rank and power, and we may reasonably suppose every woman whose vanity can prompt her to a temporary alliance with a Coronet, may get over such scruples as should impede the connexion; when Lord B--- ardently solicits. Though his L---p was so long united in the bands of Hymen, he is not blessed with a *legitimate* child, which is no small inducement for a female candidate to his heart, to flatter herself she may be the lucky woman to give another Peer to posterity. In this persuasion we are at least inclined to think many coquettes have been caught in the toils he has artfully thrown out for them. Miss E--- acknowledged his L---p had such an easy way of making love, and enforced his passion so strongly by his generosity, that it was almost impossible for a woman of *sensibility* to resist: her virtue yielded to her ambition, and she too late found that false glory, instead of raising her to a more elevated pitch of honour, had precipitated her far beneath her former station. Her relations disowned her; her former friends deserted her; and, as is too frequently the case, finding her reputation lost, when slighted by her noble paramour, she gave into all the vices of prostitution, and now yields herself to every promiscuous visitor.

Mrs. A--- had no such ambitious views; she neither expected a Coronet, or desired a husband; and yet his L---p had nearly been caught by his own *adroitness* in intrigue. This lady lived in the neighbourhood of Cavendish-square, not far distant from

his L---p. She frequently rode out with a servant, and he being struck with the elegance of her figure, and the charms of her face, ordered a *trusty valet* to gain what intelligence he could concerning her family, connexions, and situation. Her servant, who was in his mistress's secrets, answered in such a manner the interrogatories that were put to him by the inquisitive Mercury, as to insinuate he believed his mistress might be obtained by a genteel settlement; and his L---p accordingly wrote a proposal agreeable to this intimation, but sent her a letter that he had penned for Miss P---, in which were the most ardent declarations of an honourable passion, and unfortunately superscribed the billet, designed for Mrs. A--- with Miss P---'s address. The result of this additional epistolary mistake, which we may ascribe to *such a multiplicity of letters* his L---p had to dispatch, was that Miss P--- would not admit of any more visits from him. Mrs. A---, by the advice of a lawyer, construed the effusion of his passion into a promise of marriage, and his L---p thought it advisable to make her a handsome present by way of compromise.

Miss G---y, when at Marybone boarding-school, was an object of his L---p's attention. She was a tall fine girl of her age, then about sixteen. He often repaired to the gardens to have an opportunity of seeing her, and in proportion as he viewed the lovely girl, he became the more deeply enamoured. At length he found means to make her some overtures, which she rejected with proper resentment. His pride was mortified at this refusal; and his valet was again employed to exercise his mercurial talents. He found means to ingratiate himself with the governess, and at length carried off his fair prize in a post-chaise to Windsor. The amorous negociator was, for this *coup de main*, rewarded with a place in the Customs, and the young lady, some time after, proving pregnant, was *timely* married to one of his L---p's tenants.

These

These outlines of his L—p's *transient* amours, will be a sufficient prelude to his *permanent* connexion with L—y H—.

This lady, who is descended from one of the most noble families in the kingdom, in whose veins the r—l blood still flows, seems to have had transmitted with it all the refined salaciousness of her reg—l ancestor. She had already distinguished herself in the polite world, at least for her coquetry, previous to her marriage, which was solemnized in the year 1746. Indeed the sarcastic part of her sex, envious of the beauty and conquests she had made, ascribed this very match to a *faux pas* with her present husband, whom her noble father called to account, insisting either upon the satisfaction due to a gentleman for dishonouring his family, or his marriage with the beautiful Caroline, as the only atonement he could make for the injury he had done. If this was the case, it is plain which alternative his L—p chose by the union that ensued. But probably by the gaiety of her disposition, some female inadvertences of which she was guilty in public, added to the little selection she made of her most intimate companions, might occasion these calumnious reports, more than any real criminality. Indeed, her strict intimacy with Miss A—h, which she kept up some years after her character was in a great measure demolished*, and her frequent association with demi-reps of the same class, might give rise to the most injurious insinuations against her reputation, whilst they had no other foundation than in her indiscretion. Her passion for play led her also into many embarrassments, and the censorious world has not been less severe upon her in this respect: they not only insinuate that, like many other ladies upon the *bon ton*, she frequently pawned one species of *honour* (which should be held the most sacred in a woman) for another, but that her manœuvres and operations were

often detected, and brought her into disgrace at many capital routs. It must, however, for the cause of impartiality be owned, that these accusations seem to destroy each other, unless we can suppose her L—p was peculiarly unfortunate, and that neither *chance* nor *address* would befriend her, which is seldom the case with expert gamblers.

There is one positive argument more in favour of her chastity, than can be furnished by the most refined logical deduction from her conduct—the *numerous progeny she has borne his L—p*.* and yet here the rancorous tongue of malice has not been silent, but has often intimated that his L—p had some doubts of their being his offspring. Upon this occasion they have put a *bon mot* into her mouth, which we firmly believe she never uttered. The story is, that upon his L—p's rebuking her for her conduct, and signifying his suspicions, that her L—p's children were not his, she replied, "Indeed, my L—d, you may make yourself very easy upon that head, for I vow to heaven I never injured your bed—till after I was pregnant."

It must be confessed that so fine a woman as her L—p must necessarily have a train of admirers, and that some more ardent than the rest, might go such lengths in the declaration of his passion as to create these suspicions in his L—p's breast *long since*; for we find so far back as the year 1750, a dispute ensued, between his L—p and a certain celebrated Colonel, concerning his wife's reputation, when a rencounter followed, in which the nobleman was disarmed.

From this period, however, we do not hear that his L—p was very solicitous about the honour of his bed, or the reports of the world: he seems, indeed, for several years to have been in a state of indifference towards her L—y—p, as his glaring connexion with

* See p. 517. Vol. II.

* She has four daughters and two sons.

Kitty Fisher testified. When that celebrated courtesan was in the zenith of her glory, his L——p was among the foremost of her humble admirers; but Kitty rallied his passion, saying, "She was astonished so fine a woman as L——y H——n could not content him;" and she wrote a ludicrous letter to his wife, desiring her to wean him from her. To which her L——p replied, in a verbal message, "That Kitty was very welcome to nurse him, and wean him as she pleased." The sequel was, a considerable present from his L——p brought Kitty to compliance, who then said, "he was the only member of Arthur's she had not laid under contribution, and she would therefore compleat the list." His L——p's alliance with Kitty was but of short duration, for as on the one hand she would not submit to the caprices of a debilitated passion, so on the other, as he had become enamoured with her merely through fashion, because she was the most conspicuous prostitute on the *London*, and not because she was the kind of woman he admired, they soon separated, she to exult in her numerous conquests, and he to pay his devotions to his *Dutch* beauties, whose charms were estimated by their weight.

At this period we may reasonably suppose the present intimacies took place, as L——d B——'s constant attendance upon her L——p in public and private, joined to her strong partiality for him, seemed clearly to evince. L——d H——, who was now the prey of the lowest prostitutes, connived at her L——p's recrimination, and did not seem displeased to find that she had discovered other sources than his purse for her extraordinary expences, heretofore the occasion of many domestic altercations, which had now subsided.

Were we to give credit to the many reports circulated concerning her L——y——p's amours, to enumerate only the names of her gallants, would nearly fill the usual extent of this article. She has been represented of a disposi-

tion so very ambitious as well as amorous, that the world have ascribed to her a subordination of lovers from a monarch down to a hair-dresser; and that every new member of the diplomatic body has constantly a private audience with her L——p, to present his credentials of love. The particular attention paid to her by a certain northern potentate, who lately visited this kingdom, gave rise to some part of this accusation; and her generosity towards several of her servants and attendants may have created suspicions to corroborate another part of the impeachment; but as Sharp says in the Farce, "She would certainly have drawn the curtains, or closed the shutters," upon these occasions; and, therefore, we cannot allow these allegations any more force than mere surmises. Her L——y——p's correspondence with a certain Colonel has more than once alarmed the pride as well as jealousy of his L——p. The misunderstanding which happened between this gentleman and lady A. H. after a connexion of several years, first gave him the suspicion; and some extraordinary pecuniary demands from her L——p, at a time it was reported the young Colonel had been a considerable loser at play, seemed to corroborate these facts. It was rather mortifying that contributions should be levied on the noble paramour for his martial rival, and he could not suppress his resentment; but her L——p with the rhetoric of her charms as well as tongue, removed all his L——p's apprehensions, and convinced him that he was the sole monarch of her heart.

It must indeed be allowed, that her L——p has powers to captivate; and though she has lately increased in the *em bon point*, her eyes yet announce a prevailing passion, which she seems to cherish in her snowy bosom. Formed for Love, and all its sweet delights, she sets even Time at defiance, and compels B——n to own that the little God still triumphs in her beauteous form.

Mela.

The METAMORPHOSIS.

A VISION.

— *Quantum mutatus ab illo.* Virg.

A FEW days ago I went to dine with a friend at his country house, and in my way met several females on horseback, dressed in so cavalier a manner, that at a small distance I mistook them for gentlemen; and even when I passed them, the hat, cockade, &c. gave them such a masculine air, that they very much resembled smart young fellows, and I only guessed them to be women by their having in that *habile* a more rakish look.

It is common for women to wish they were men; and they seem to be in earnest when they divest themselves of female delicacy, and assume a manly appearance. As I jogged along upon my poney at an easy pace, I amused myself with conjectures about their motives for such a transformation; and when I had turned the matter pro and con in my mind for a mile or two, I could assign few reasons for such a change but what favoured of the libertine, agreeable to that observation of Mr. Pope,

“ Every woman is at heart a rake.”

At night my friend and I debated the point in a jocular manner till bed time, which filled my head with a set of whimsical ideas, that occasioned the following strange dream.

I found myself on a prodigious plain, within whose immense circumference was contained *all the human species*. While I stood amazed and confounded at the sight of such an infinite multitude, I heard a voice louder than thunder, proclaim, That as Jupiter was tired with daily complaints, that all mortals were dissatisfied with their condition, he had delegated a power to the God Proteus to metamorphose the sexes, and to fit them with suitable employments; for that the men were grown so effeminate they were a disgrace to manhood, and the women such unnatural mothers that but few nursed their own children; while many others degraded the female characteristic of softness with effrontery

and a masculine air: that, on occasion of this general transformation, all former laws must be repealed, and a new code made: that all future legislators should be chosen, as formerly at Athens, by ballot: that the honour of serving the state, like virtue, should be its own reward; that these new sort of placemen (perhaps the *first disinterested ones*) should hold their posts *quandiu se bene gesserint*, and no longer. There were many other laws ordained for the due conduct of life, all tending to render people wise and good, and far exceeded the visionary plan of Plato's republic, being adapted with a learned, comprehensive, and prophetic spirit to nature, reason, and true happiness. They were immediately recorded, and ordered to be published with the utmost dispatch.

Then Proteus, waving his wand, separated the sexes; and waving it again, in an instant transformed the males into females! And now the whole human species was of the feminine gender, as formerly it was all but one male. Instantly all was peace; no wars, nor rumours of wars, for there were no soldiers, no keeping husbands, nor neglected wives, for matrimony was at an end.

I will beg leave to mention a few metamorphoses that happened on this extraordinary revolution.

I was exceedingly pleased to see a certain great personage, who was the best husband in the world, transformed into a queen of his own nation. I did not doubt but he would prove as amiable in that character as his matchless consort had been in her's; and I hoped that she would again be his worthy spouse in her approaching new state.

The king of Spain was turned into a toy-woman, and sold burtons, buckles, and all sorts of turner's ware*; the king of France into a milliner that dealt

* Baretti says, the king of Spain has the compleatest turner's shop that ever existed; and is a most expert turner, and works toys to perfection.

in finical modes, carmine, false hair, and patches; and many other crowned beads into pick-pockets, shoplifters, makers of card-matches, and venders of trippery.

There were many surprising phenomena in both houses. The duke of G——n and lord G——v——r, being remarkable for their chastity, were made maids of honour; lord C———m became a tall young lady, genteel to admiration, and very much resembled that charmer lady W——g——e; lord C———n was the smartest lady imaginable; lord M———d was transformed into an old highland woman, and made head scullion in the kitchen of the palace at Avignon; lord P——t was transformed into the president of the female coterie, as the fittest person to defend that modest institution, he having shewn an invincible spirit of obstinacy in the famous lead cause; and the premier was no sooner made an oyster wench, than she bawl'd her *Well-fleets* with such a hideous noise, that she almost split my brain.

The whole bench of b—ps, except two, were by an easy transition or translation, converted into old women, and destined to sweep the pews, and dust the pulpit-cushions, &c. in the churches of their several dioceses, having never done any duty, but in a certain great assembly, since they were promoted to their sees.

Two or three *Middlesex justices* naturally slid into barrows and trulls, and seemed happy that they were destined to keep company with their old friends, informers, bullies, affidavit-men, and thief-takers.

Several military officers were transformed into modern fine ladies, in order to become adulteresses in high life, in spite of the new code; a scene of action to which they were no strangers in their male-state, or rather the chief instruments of connubial infidelity.

The gentlemen of the long-robe were turned into fish-women, and dispersed in the polite seminaries and inns of court at Billingsgate, St. Giles's, and Wapping, to improve their oratory.

The president of the College of Physicians was transformed to a groomess of the

stole; and the rest of the cathartic and emetic tribe, having long traded in intestines, spontaneously became tripe-women, threw off their formal wigs, dropped their gold headed canes and snuff boxes, and hasted to the Thames to purge their excremental wares, and prepare them for Clare-market and Leaden-hall.

I minuted down a thousand other strange metamorphoses, which I will send you when I have leisure to transcribe them.

It was now the ladies turn, who had been tittering all the while at the odd changes, to be gratified in their darling wish, of being transformed into men. It was done in a moment, and a set of pretty fellows they were; "Framed (as Shakespeare says) to make woman false"—and so impatient to exercise their new power, that all (except one who wore a diadem) immediately fell to ravishing the new made virgins with more eagerness than the Romans seized the Sabines. But they struggled so hard with their ravishers, and screamed so horridly, (the brutal attempt being made before company) that I luckily awaked, and saved my virtue.

Potliu,
Dec. 20, 1770.

MERCUTIO.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

Paris, January 7, 1771.

S I R,

IN my last (see p. 533, Vol. II.) I gave you an intimation of the jealousy that prevailed between the duke de Choiseul and madame Du Barré, with regard to power and influence at court. His last endeavour to supplant her by another mistress has been his ruin. The countess summoned to her aid all her charms, and played them off so successfully upon the king, that the grizette (as he called her) with whom he had some transitory conversations, was entirely rejected, and madame Barré regained a complete dominion over his affections. Having thus re-instated herself, she resolved to sacrifice the duke without farther delay. She represented his administration as diametrically opposite to the interest of the nation: "At a time (she said) that famine spread itself through

through the kingdom, when the revenues were exhausted, and public credit was annihilated, for a minister of France to buoy up the ridiculous pride of the court of Spain in her claim upon an insignificant island in South-America, and plunge the nation in a bloody and expensive war, without France having the least cause of complaint, or any interest in the dispute, must prove the minister not only weak and wicked, but a traitor to his king, and an enemy to his country. That this was, however, the design of M. Choiseul was evident, not only from the warlike preparations in many parts of the kingdom, the equipment of formidable armaments in the different ports, but she had such farther testimony of his designs as were beyond a doubt, his own hand writing." Saying this, she produced some dispatches from the duke to the French ambassador at Madrid, in which he instructed him to assure that court in the strongest terms, that the king his master was resolved to support the honour and rights of every branch of the house of Bourbon; and that, in case of a rupture with England, he would fulfill all the engagements, offensive and defensive, contained in the family-compact; and that the NECESSARY preparations were making at Brest and Toulon for equipping two formidable fleets to join those of Spain, or act in any manner that was most conducive to their mutual interest.

The king no sooner read this dispatch, than he sent for M. De Choiseul, when he said to him in a tone of voice that bespoke his displeasure, "*Vous voulez, donc, Monsieur, faire la guerre malgré moi !*" The duke was thunderstruck to see this letter in the king's hands: after he had somewhat recovered himself from his surprize, he attempted to make an apology, by saying, "that the dispatch was a mere matter of form, necessary to keep up the good harmony between the two courts; that he knew too well the dispositions of the English ministry, to be under any apprehensions of a war; but that it was proper to make some naval preparations, not to appear behind hand with the English, who had fitted out some ships, merely to quiet the minds of the people."

The king would hear no more of this flimsy apology; but, turning upon his heel, told the duke, "*Monsieur, je n'ai plus besoin de vos services*†." M. De Choiseul was the same day ordered to quit the court, and retire to his estate at Chanteloup.

This masterly stroke of madame Barré has astonished all Versailles: the courtiers see in her the abilities of a Pompadour and a Maintenon united, and their adulation is in proportion to her power. The princes of the blood, as well as the peers, pay homage to her; and no one attempts soliciting for a place of any consequence without having previously obtained her sanction. The king now reads all the dispatches from his ministers at foreign courts himself; and never fails to communicate them to madame Barré, at the same time asking her opinion upon any measure of importance.

It is plain from hence, let the Spaniards act as they please, we shall have no war in a hurry. The evil effects of the last are too recent in the king's mind; and we cannot suppose that your ministers will always negotiate so badly as Lord Bute and the duke of Bedford, when they make peace. The number of the English nobility, connected with your administration, who daily arrive here, is a farther conviction of the pacific designs of the two courts: so that the drooping trade of the metropolis begins to revive; and I have seen more chearful faces in Paris since Christmas-day than I had done for some months before.

Madame Barré has become a great favourite of the people, from her being so strenuous an advocate for peace, without their considering the motive that induced her to be exasperated against the apparent hostile measures of M. De Choiseul. How easy it is to acquire popularity at a small expence, when a favourite happens to chime in with the sentiments of the people! The effects of jealousy and revenge have gained this lady more applause than if the most amiable virtues had induced her to subdue her ambition; so little are the people in general acquainted with the sources of action in those they admire almost to adoration!

The settling of a new administration will take up some time, and it is not yet positively known who will succeed the duke in his different departments: this much is certain, that they will not center in one person. Every one is naming his friends; but madame Barré must determine the choice. You will hear from me as soon as I have any thing interesting to communicate, being

Sir,

Yours, &c.

LEBL—C.

* "*What, Sir, you will make war in spite of me !*"

† "*Sir, I have no farther occasion for your services.*"

To the AUTHORS of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

As you requested a translation of the ingenious Latin allusions in your Magazine for December last, page 655, the underwritten is at your service, which you may make use of instead of a better.

Covent-Garden,
Jan. 10, 1771.

I am, Gentlemen, your most humble servant,
Ricardo T

THE king.	To every one what belongs to him.
The c——t.	Who dares say the sun shines not? <i>Virg.</i>
H——s of p——t.	Whoever will be honest let him quit the court.
	Virtue and sovereign power do not agree? <i>Lucan.</i>
	A whole flock is tainted by the infection of a single sheep, and one rotten grape often corrupts the whole bunch. <i>Juven.</i>
The same.	All things are sold at Rome. <i>Juven.</i>
The minority.	Good men are scarce, there is hardly to be found a number of them equal to the number of Theban gates, or of the mouths of the Nile. <i>Juven.</i>
Wef——r H——ll.	What will you do with men who know neither justice, nor goodness, nor equity?
	Whether good profits, or evil hurts, they only follow their own fancies. <i>Terence.</i>
The people of England.	Open your eyes, unhappy people, and know the causes of events. <i>Persius.</i>
P——D—— of W——.	Woman is the guide of the wicked, and the cause of crimes. <i>Seneca.</i>
Duke of G——r.	A clandestine love is evil. <i>Plaut.</i>
Duke of C——rland.	Wisdom is the foundation of good writing. <i>Hor.</i>
Lord Camden.	The upright and just man needs neither the bow nor arrow of the Moors. <i>Hor.</i>
Late chan——r Y——ke.	Death comes at a fixed time, None are allowed to dispose of their own lives. <i>Seneca.</i>
Duke of G——n.	Who is he that hides not a thousand sorrows in his breast. <i>Ovid.</i>
Lord N——th.	For others thus the bees their honey make. <i>Virg.</i>
Lord M——d.	Sovereign law, is often sovereign injustice. <i>Terence.</i>
Earl of Chatham.	A rare bird on earth, like a black swan. <i>Juv.</i>
Late Marquis of Granby.	Glory will flourish eternally as long as good faith shall inhabit the heavens and the earth. <i>Silius.</i>
E——l of B——e.	Crimes fly over the whole earth. <i>Statius.</i>
The same.	He who hath money is safe. <i>Petron.</i>
Lord H——l——d.	You hide in your breast the wiles of a fox. <i>Perf.</i>
Late lord-mayor.	It is sweet to die regretted by one's friends. <i>Sen.</i>
Duke of B——d.	Gain is sweet however got. <i>Juv.</i>
John Wilkes, esq;	He who suffers adversity with constancy, is equally constant in prosperity. <i>Plaut.</i>
The Freeholders.	Live like men, and oppose courage to adversity. <i>Hor.</i>
Mr. Burke.	Glory gives strength, and the love of praise excites men to great actions. <i>Ovid.</i>
Mrs. Macaulay.	It is not the voice of a man, thou art a goddess: art thou a sister to Phoebus, or art thou issued from the nymphs? <i>Virg.</i>
Lord B——r——n.	There are few who are worthy of the name of men, though they are more ferocious than wolves. <i>Ovid.</i>
Sir F——N——.	What can laws do, where money reigns? <i>Ovid.</i>
Lord G——r.	Who is he that will receive flocks, or corn, for the violation of his marriage bed? <i>Statius.</i>
Lady G——r.	Beauty and modesty are seldom united. <i>Juven.</i>
Dr. M——e.	What is gold worth! <i>Plaut.</i>
Jere D——n.	It is a black man, mistrust him, Romans. <i>Hor.</i>
Colonel L——l.	They who follow the camp, have neither honesty nor justice. <i>Lucan.</i>
Miss B——n.	The loss of chastity is irreparable. <i>Ovid.</i>
The author on himself.	Truth begets hatred. <i>Tern.</i>

The fatal EFFECTS of sudden RICHES.

A MORAL TALE.

IN a very pleasant, but private part of Surry, near the banks of the Thames, which have been so sweetly and so justly celebrated by many British bards, lived, some years ago, a gentleman and a lady, distinguished for their conjugal felicity: so strong was their attachment to each other, that they felt themselves unhappy during any temporary separation; and by being unable to conceal their uneasiness upon such occasions, drew upon themselves a considerable deal of ridicule, from those who either had no taste for connubial happiness, or who were provoked at them for theirs. But all the satire darted against them, could not shake their constancy, nor weaken their mutual affection: they had sense enough to despise it, and resolution enough to persevere in their exemplary course.

Mr. Stanley was a younger brother of a good family, but he had only a small fortune in the funds; he had married the woman of his choice, with a still smaller one: however, as they were both of them admirable economists, and fond of retirement, they continued to live in a very comfortable manner; in a genteel, though not in a splendid style.

Mrs. Stanley was very handsome, and consequently very much admired whenever she made her appearance; but her appearance was chiefly confined to the neighbourhood in which she lived. She had not the least desire to exhibit her person in public places, to herd with the gay world, and to enter into the pleasures of the age. Near as she was to the capital, she wished not to set her feet in it but to see a few particular friends while they stayed in town, or to accompany Mr. Stanley, when business rendered a journey to London necessary.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, thoroughly contented with themselves, and with their little sphere of life, struck out innumerable amusements within their own peaceful walls, and never found the time lie heavy upon their hands; amusements which were not of a fugitive nature; amusements which they could enjoy, day after day, without feeling the languors of satiety.

Happy couples, strongly addicted to domestication, are much laughed at by people of a certain complexion and turn of thinking in this dissipated and licentious age: but they are even by them frequently esteemed and envied. The Stanleys were too singular to expect to escape the laughs of the *million*: they were also too wise to pay

any regard to them. Such characters in the marriage-state, are rarely to be found: now and then they are to be met with; and whenever they are discovered, how do they, with a solid lustre, outshine the fluttering couples one sees at every public place, endeavouring to make you believe, by the false brilliancy of their countenances, that they are the happiest creatures in the universe. Follow them to their respective homes, and you will soon be convinced, that they are more to be pitied than to be envied.

When they had remained five years in their retirement, during which their domestic happiness was only interrupted by the deaths of two daughters, Mr. Stanley received an express from Derbyshire, which informed him that his eldest brother had, in a melancholy fit, shot himself through the head.

Starting at so unexpected a piece of news, he hurried with the letter in his hand to his wife, and cried, "My dear Nancy, poor George has shot himself."

As soon as those words were out of his mouth, he would have given any thing to recall them, for Mrs. Stanley, shocked at his intelligence, fainted in her chair.

Alarmed, terrified, at so affecting a sight, he pulled the bell, ran to the door, called his servants, cursed himself a thousand times for having been so precipitate, and was almost out of his senses: happily, Mrs. Stanley was, by the usual applications, soon recovered.

After having intreated her to forgive him for his indiscreet abruptness, he proposed to set out for Stanley-hall, in order to take possession of the estate which had devolved to him, as his brother, being an old bachelor, had left no heir to it.

Before he quitted his little dwelling, he took leave of his Nancy in the most affectionate manner; tenderly kissed away every tear which dropped upon her cheek, and promised to write to her immediately on his arrival—Take care of yourself, my dearest girl, added he, pressing her hands ardently in his, and make yourself quite easy about me: extremely sorry am I to find that my brother has been his own executioner; but the addition to my fortune, by his death, will enable me to throw you into a higher sphere of life, and—"I do not wish to move in a higher sphere, Mr. Stanley, replied she, interrupting him, and weeping, with her head upon his shoulder; but it will give me a great deal of pleasure, I will honestly own, to have it in my power to be more generous than I can at present afford to be: there are many poor families whom I wish to relieve under distresses, for

which they are doubly to be pitied, as they did not bring them on themselves." "My charming Nancy," answered he, clasping her to his transported bosom, "you have, by that speech, increased my affection for you—if it can be increased—How it pains me too—But I must not linger—Adieu, adieu."

With these words he tore himself away from her, and hurried into the post-chaise which waited for him: Mrs. Stanley followed the chaise with her eyes, and had the satisfaction to see her Harry thrusting his head out at the window, till his continuance in *that* attitude was absolutely unnecessary.

It has been said, that Mrs. Stanley was handsome, and that she was admired: numerous were her admirers, but not one of them ever ventured to behave with gallantry to her before her husband; and she took care to give them no encouragement when they were *not* together.

The separation, occasioned by the Derbyshire journey, animated a gentleman, who had long wished to make Mrs. Stanley violate her marriage-vow, to such a degree, that he began to reckon upon a successful affair with her; presuming too much upon his own *powers*, and having too mean an opinion of *her* discretion.

This gentleman was a Mr. Truby, a man of loose morals, insinuating, and dangerous; he was passionately devoted to the fair sex, and seduction was the principal employment of his life: he was a man who had been engaged in several dishonourable *connections*, but had never shewn the least inclination to be virtuously attached to any woman: he was one of those men, in short, whose company every woman who values her character will studiously avoid.

Truby had made several attempts to be intimately acquainted with Mr. Stanley; but Mr. Stanley, by the coolness of his behaviour to him, gave him no opportunity to visit him: they sometimes met, indeed, at a coffee house in town, but to that house their conversations were almost confined, for they rarely had interviews in another.

Truby, as soon as he was informed, the day following, of Mr. Stanley's departure from his little villa (for his house, garden, &c. though small, made a genteel appearance) began to form schemes for the accomplishment of his wishes---Could I but get myself cleverly introduced to this *mighty virtuous* wife, I should soon plant a pair of horns upon her doating husband's forehead. I have found very few wo-

men, maids, wives, or widows, able to resist me.

In this manner did the coxcomb think when he heard of Mr. Stanley's journey to Derbyshire; and after having ruminated for some time about his plan of operation, determined to be his own Sir Cotterel.

Going, therefore, immediately to the livery-stable he frequented, he was soon furnished with the horse which he usually backed, and rode away to the Surrey road in high spirits; being sanguine enough to imagine, that he should be a fortunate chemist, and a "thriving woer."

When he came near Mr. Stanley's house, which stood by itself, about a quarter of a mile distant from any other, he threw himself, with dexterity, out of his saddle, and lay rolling from side to side, on the ground, as if he was in an agony of pain---His horse stood quietly by him all the time, while he was curling him, poor beast, for being so vicious.

Mrs. Stanley, happening to be at the parlour-window at that instant, amusing herself with her fowls, was seized with compassion at Truby's situation. She was very sensible that he was by no means an amiable man; but her eyes sufficiently informed her, that he was a fellow-creature in distress, and humanity would not permit her to make a nice distinction between the *man* and his *morals*. In consequence therefore of her humane feelings, she ordered Thomas (whom Mr. Stanley left to wait on his mistress, not thinking it indeed altogether prudent to leave her with only a maid-servant in the house, as the days began to shorten apace) to his assistance.

Truby had chosen the decline of the afternoon for the execution of his design, in hopes that the approaching evening would favour his *manœuvres*.

Thomas, ever obedient to the commands of a mistress whom he revered, flew to raise Mr. Truby from the ground, asking him previously, if he had broken a limb?

Truby, complaining only of his bruises, got up with difficulty, and resting upon Thomas's arm, walked very feebly towards the house.

Mrs. Stanley, who stood at the parlour door, ready to receive him, told him, on his approach to her, that she was very sorry he had met with such an accident, and, concluding from the distortion of his features, that he was in a racking state, offered to send her servant for a surgeon.

Truby expressed his acknowledgments in the most grateful, as well as the politest terms,

terms, and at the same time declared his desire to be blooded.

Truby acted his part so much to the life, that Mrs. Stanley really thought him deserving of her pity; and while he sat writhing upon the sofa, walked up and down the room wishing for the return of Thomas with Mr. Dixon.

When she had taken a few walks backwards and forwards, she advanced to him, and seeing him in a fainting posture, asked him, in a compassionating tone, if he would have a glass of hartshorn and water?

Instead of answering her directly, he rose up, tottered towards the parlour door, and bolted it; then, throwing off the mask, he sprung to Mrs. Stanley on a sudden, and forcing her upon the sofa, stopped her mouth with kisses, to hinder her from crying out.

Mrs. Stanley exerted all her strength to disengage herself from her dangerous position, but struggled in vain: her struggles, however, alarmed the maid in the kitchen, who coming up as quick as she could, finding the door fastened, and hearing her mistress cry in a faint voice, "Villain, villain," concluded that the person whom she had admitted out of compassion, was a rogue in disguise---Down, therefore, she ran to fetch the largest poker in the house: with *that*, being a sturdy wench, she soon broke the door open, and entered the room just critically enough to save the virtue of her mistress. Without making any enquiries, she aimed a blow at Truby's head, and he fell upon the floor. For some minutes he lay speechless, and discovered no signs of life. During those minutes Mrs. Stanley's sensations were not to be described. Insulted as she had been by Mr. Truby in her own house, she was unspeakably shocked, to think of his being murdered before her eyes---She, therefore, ordered Sally, not knowing what to do, to bring some water.

As soon as Sally was gone out of the room, Truby started up on his feet, to her great astonishment, and thus impudently addressed himself to her, "You are much obliged, madam, to your strapping maid for your escape out of my hands, and I shall have reason to remember her d---d blow a devilish while: but by G---d, I will tell the whole town that I have cuckolded your husband, and so you will be lost for a w--- wherever you go, without having had any pleasure to comfort you for the loss of your reputation."

"Say what you please, Sir, replied she, steadily, while I am conscious of my innocence, I shall not be affected by any

slanders which you can circulate against me."

"O, mighty well, madam; mighty well, madam! but I hope you will give me a better reception to-morrow: only think of what I have said, that's all, if you do not surrender, you will be *posted*, that's all."

With these words he went into the yard in which Thomas had told him he would find his horse when he was able to mount again, and rode away, leaving Mrs. Stanley in a condition more easily to be conceived than expressed.

Mr. Stanley having received a full and particular account of the above-mentioned scandalous transaction at his house, breathed nothing but revenge, and determined, while he glowed with that distracting passion, to demand satisfaction of Truby for his insolent attempt to expose him to the derision of the world---yes, to the derision of the world, for, agreeable to the reigning manners of the age, the *cornutor* is the principal figure in the *PIECE*; the *cornuted*, the most ridiculous personage upon the *canvass*.

When Mr. Stanley came from *Derbyshire*, he found Mrs. Stanley in tears.---

"What! has that fellow," cried he eagerly, "has that infamous fellow affronted you again?"

"No," replied she, sobbing, "but I dread his blasting my character by his malicious aspersions."

"Oh! never mind his aspersions, Nancy---come, come, my dearest, wipe away your tears. I have made unexpected discoveries with regard to my brother's affairs. He has a great deal more money in the funds than I thought he had, and we will enjoy our good fortune---I see things in a new light, my sweet girl; you shall not be buried in obscurity any longer: it is, indeed, particularly incumbent on you to appear in the world, and with your husband, at this time, in order to invalidate any reports which Truby may spread to your discredit: if *we* are seen together in public, those reports will, I am certain, be of no disservice to *you* or to *me*."

He then, being almost intoxicated with the sudden accession to his fortune, told his wife what improvements his brother had made upon his estate (Mr. Stanley, a very capricious man, having quarrelled with him about some trifle, had not invited him to Stanley-hall for several years) in such spirited accents, that Mrs. Stanley could not help smiling at the satisfaction which he expressed, though her mind was considerably disturbed on Truby's account.

From that day, Mr. Stanley's little villa, near the banks of the Thames, became disagreeable to him: he no longer found any pleasure in a place which, till his brother's death, had afforded him the greatest delight---His soul expanded with his circumstances, and he determined to keep his Christmas among his new tenants.

No sooner did he declare his intention to leave his villa than he disposed of it very advantageously; for its situation, its elegant embellishments, and its various conveniences, rendered it a very eligible dwelling.

Mrs. Stanley, at her departure from a house in which she had lived many years, many happy years, and for which she had a kind of affection, was ready to weep, but strove to conceal her emotions upon the occasion, arising from her local prejudices, from Mr. Stanley, that he might not chide her for her weakness; though he himself, before he became master of Stanley-hall, had been strongly attached to his *Surrey-habitation*.

On their arrival in Derbyshire, all the neighbouring gentlemen visited Mr. Stanley, to congratulate him on his residence among them; and all the ladies in the neighbourhood waited on Mrs. Stanley with their felicitating compliments.

Stanley, being seized with a passion for popularity, endeavoured to make himself agreeable to all his visitors; but he, in a short time, experienced the difficulty of gaining general applause by his behaviour. It is hardly possible, I suppose, to make two or three dozen of your friends, with their different connections and ways of thinking, quite satisfied with your conduct and style of living. He who strives to please many people with whom he is acquainted, will please very few of them: he will not, perhaps, give thorough content to any one individual of the *corps*.

Stanley, however, notwithstanding the difficulties which he met with in his endeavours to accommodate himself to the dissimilar sentiments of his friends, carried his compliance with their opinions so far, that he fell in, successively, with all their pursuits; and though several of them were expensive, he depended so much upon his prudence that he did not once imagine he should ever be in an embarrassed condition for want of money. Stanley was naturally a sensible man; but his good fortune seemed to have extinguished his good sense, at least it glimmered too feebly to enable him to see the absurdity of his proceedings, and to save him from those distresses which were making hasty approaches to him.

As Stanley was almost perpetually engaged either at home or abroad, his amiable wife had little of his company free from interruption; and when they had any private interviews, the conversation which passed between them, only served to render them more and more unhappy. Mrs. Stanley could not help embracing every opportunity to reason with her inconsiderate husband, though always with the utmost mildness, concerning the improprieties into which he was hurried by his excessive good-nature; and he, flattered by the importance which his possession in the county had given him, could ill brook the "accent of reproof," even from a bosom-friend, whose heart bled for him, while her tongue uttered unpalatable truths.

When the holidays were over, Stanley moved to a very handsome house which he had taken, ready-furnished, near Grosvenor square, and plunged into all the gaieties of the fashionable world; into all the dissipation of high life. Mrs. Stanley, having no taste for *that* life, was tormented with the company which she was, in her new situation, obliged to keep; and having also a delicate constitution, suffered so much in body and mind, that she, in a few months, fell into a decline.

The moment Stanley believed that she was in danger, he felt an immediate revolution in his mind: he started, as from a terrifying dream: he beheld himself in the most despicable light: all his uxoriousness returned, and he would freely have lavished millions, had they been in his power, to have snatched his dearest Nancy from the jaws of death; but the fatal wound to his peace was not to be healed by any human art: the hour of *her* dissolution was not, according to the assurances of her physicians, far off.

While he was sitting by her bed-side one evening, hanging affectionately over her, sighing as if his heart would burst, and offering up prayers to heaven, with the most earnest fervency for her recovery, she addressed herself to him with a feeble voice, but with an intelligible articulation, in the following terms:

"My dear, dear Harry, do not grieve thus for one whose life, were she to recover, would be only a burthen to *herself*, and the cause of a great deal of uneasiness to *you* we were once happy in each other, and buoyed myself up with hopes, that if happiness would never be destroyed---if there been no alteration in your circumstances, we might have enjoyed, perhaps, at this very moment, as much felicity as human creatures, loaded with imperfections, are

are capable of tasting in this world of uncertainty. How happy were we in our little sphere! But oh, what change did your brother's sudden death occasion! May you long live to enjoy your wealth, and may you sometimes drop a tear to the memory of her who dies a victim to *your* prosperity---I thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for all the kindnesses I have ever received from you, and I sincerely forgive you for every pang which I have felt for your sake."

During the utterance of that speech, Stanley gazed at his dying Nancy with his eyes fixed, and listened to her with the profoundest attention. When the last word trembled on her pallid lips, he started from his chair, and seeing her fainting on her pillow, exclaimed, in wild accents, "O do not leave me yet, my dearest girl---I cannot, cannot part with you yet---What a wretch! what a villain am I, to have murdered so amiable a wife! Yes, murdered her! I, I have been the cause of her death---Open your eyes, sweetest angel, 'tis I---'tis your once loved Harry calls you."

"I still love you, replied she, opening her eyes, and eagerly pressing his hand---I still love you, my dear Harry---Heaven knows how---"

She could say no more, but seemed desirous of something to drink---The nurse instantly poured some of the medicine which had been prescribed for her into a cup, and Stanley carried it to her, but before he could get it to her lips she expired.

Her last groan shocked him in such a manner, that he appeared like a man distracted: it threw his mind into such a confusion that he knew not what he said or did---With the greatest difficulty could the people in the room drag him from the bed on which his Nancy lay---beautiful, even in death. He watered her cold face with his tears, and vowed, in the extremity of his sorrow, not to survive her.

As soon as he had made that rash vow, he seized a knife which happened to be near him, and, most probably, would have cut his throat with it, if it had not been torn from him with violence. He was, at that moment, prevented from executing his impious design; but he was found the next day hanging in his chamber by the servant, who went to call him at the usual hour.

in Hertfordshire, a few summers ago, Mr. Stracey, a young gentleman, with an easy independent fortune, was so charmed with the person and conversation of Miss Adams, a distant relation to his friend's wife, that he could not help behaving in a particular manner to her; in a manner sufficient to make her believe that she was necessary to his happiness. Flattered by that behaviour, as she felt herself strongly prejudiced in *his* favour, she gave him all proper encouragement, and waited with a decent impatience to hear him deliver the wished-for declaration. She waited for some time with various emotions, disquieting emotions; and during the moments, the hours, the days of expectance, grew less cheerful, and more embarrassed whenever she happened to be alone with him.

Stracy, being a young man not overstocked with penetration, imputed her increasing embarrassments to a dislike to him; and, therefore, made no haste to articulate the intended discovery of his passion for her. Concluding at last, that her suspicions with regard to his indifference to him wanted no confirmation, he determined to leave a house, in which he endured a considerable deal of uneasiness from the behaviour of Miss Adams, because he was unacquainted with the true cause of it. In consequence of that resolution, he informed his friend Plumtree of his design.

Mr. Plumtree was very sorry to hear him mention his departure, as he was pleased with his company; but Mrs. Plumtree was quite unhappy about it, on her cousin's account, who had unbosomed herself to *her* concerning Mr. Stracy.

The day before his purposed removal from *Plumtree-park*, Stracey was, by a little incident, thoroughly convinced that Miss Adams was as much in love with him, as he was with her; and as he had only determined to quit the *Park*, because he could not bear her apparent aversion to him, he soon recalled his orders.

The incident which fixed his stay with the Plumtrees was as singular as the consequences resulting from it were satisfactory.

Miss Adams was extremely fond of birds: among her feathered favourites was a linnet, which she distinguished from the rest by her attentions.

By some omission, the cage being left open, the pretty prisoner flew out at his mistress's dressing-room window, and winged his course to the garden.

Stracey, who rose early that morning to enjoy the freshness of it, was ruminating in an arbour at the bottom of the garden upon the coldness of the only woman in

The UNGENEROUS LOVER.
A MORAL TALE.

WHILE he was upon a visit to an old friend of his, very happily married,

in the world whom he wished to inspire with sensations as tender as his own, when he saw the very linnet on which Miss Adams extravagantly doated, hopping before him.

Wondering to see the little warbler out of his cage, as Miss Adams was remarkable careful, he started from his seat immediately, and ran to get him in his power: but the bird mortified him by flying into a tree about a hundred yards from him. Not diverted, however, from the execution of his design, by the sweet songster's precipitate retreat from him, he soon mounted the tree, as he was very active, and was lucky enough to secure the rover in his hand.

Miss Adams, having missed her bird, was exceedingly vexed at her disappointment, and hurried to the window. The first object which attracted her eye, was Mr. Stracey limping towards the house as if he was very lame, with her linnet in his hand.

The appearance of the man who had put her sensibility to a severe trial by his silence, approaching with slow steps, and seemingly in pain, drove away all the concern which she had felt on the flight of her linnet. She left the room instantly, and in a few moments made him a new creature, by her affectionate solicitude about him.

"You are very lame, Sir, said she, looking anxiously at him; what shocking accident have you met with?---you are ready to fall---I will go and send one of the servants to help you."

"Stay, madam, stay"---replied he, with eager accents and enamoured eyes, "Your pretty bird here,"--(stretching out the hand in which he held it.)

"Oh do not talk of my bird, Sir, at this time---I am afraid you have hurt yourself by endeavouring to get it for me, and if you have I shall be miserable."

"Do not alarm yourself, my dear Miss Adams---How you transport me with your pity!--Do not alarm yourself---I have only had a slight fall from one of the trees near the arbour into which your linnet flew, and shall be able, I doubt not, in a short time, to walk as well as ever."

"I hope so, I hope so, Sir, answered Miss Adams, from my heart; but surely it was not a slight fall, was it? Do not deceive me, Sir---"

"Deceive you! when I deceive you---may I be---"

At that instant Mr. and Mrs. Plumtree both advanced to them---Miss Adams, colouring, said to the latter, "O madam, Mr. Stracey, has had a terrible fall out of a tree."

"No---no---replied he, not a terrible one, Mrs. Plumtree---But do, pray take the bird from me, for Miss Adams seems not to be so rejoiced at the sight of her favourite as I thought she would."

That speech called up more blushes in Miss Adams's cheeks, and some arch replies from Mr. Plumtree, which occasioned the immediate departure of the ladies; for Miss Adams not knowing which way to look, or what to say, pulled Mrs. Plumtree by the sleeve, and intreated her to go back with her.

When the ladies were out of hearing, Stracey told Mr. Plumtree that he had, indeed, fallen from a tree by the slipping of his foot, but that he found no inconvenience from his unexpected descent from it. To tell you the truth, Plumtree, added he, I came up the walk limping, when I saw Miss Adams at her window, to see how my lameness would operate upon her, and my stratagem has succeeded. I will venture to believe that she is touched.

"Be assured she is, Ned, replied Mr. Plumtree; I have just had a long conversation with my wife about you and her, and were coming in search of you---Fanny is an excellent girl, and you have made a deep impression upon her heart."

"You give me the highest satisfaction by that assurance, and I will seize the first opportunity to offer her my hand."

In a few weeks after the above mentioned garden-interview, preparations were making at the Park for the union of two persons, who seemed to be entirely suitable to each other; and the happy Plumtrees felt themselves still more happy to see their young friends on the point of entering into the marriage state, with the most promising prospects.

Two days before that pitched upon to be the wedding one, Stracey, in the midst of an affectionate *Tête-à-Tête* with his Fanny, was summoned to town by a letter from an uncle of his, who had not been in London many years, and from whom he never expected to receive an invitation, as some unreasonable prejudice on his side, occasioned by a family-quarrel, had stopped all intercourse between them. Mr. Osgood, however, having accidentally discovered that his nephew in no shape merited his resentment against him, with a candour which did honour to his heart, owned the unreasonableness of his past carriage to him, and desired to see him immediately, that he might make some interesting disclosures to him.

Stracey,

Stracey, delighted with the new movement in his uncle's mind, arising from a consciousness of his having too precipitately alienated his affections from him, shewed the letter to his Fanny with additional spirit in his countenance, and bestowed not a few compliments on Mr. Osgood for his honest and honourable recantation; adding, I am doubly pleased with this change in my uncle's behaviour, on your account, my dear girl; for as he is very rich, it is now highly probable that I may be handsomely remembered in his will.---Nay, do not shake your head, Fanny, heaven knows that I don't in the least wish for my uncle's death; but surely I may, without any impropriety, without any indelicacy, wish to inherit part of his wealth at his death.

After having received an answer to that speech, which raised his lovely mistress in his esteem, and read his uncle's letter again with renewed pleasure, he set off for Mayfair.

Mr. Osgood received his nephew with open arms, and even uttered apologies for his past unkind behaviour: apologies which almost drew tears from Ned's eyes, and his subsequent communications rendered it necessary for him to postpone his wedding day. He accordingly wrote a short but very affectionate epistle to his Fanny, assuring her, that as soon as the business in which his uncle had engaged him was finished, he would accelerate his nuptials with the utmost expedition.

He did accelerate his nuptials when his business was finished---But not with Miss Adams.

One evening, at Mrs. Needham's rout, lady Bridget Ashton, with whom he had occasionally played at several tables, directed so many overtures to him, with so significant an obscurity, that he was extremely flattered by them; and he began to think that an alliance with a woman of rank, with a large fortune, was more eligible than a connection for life with a girl who had nothing but her beauty and her intrinsic merit to recommend her.

Agreeable to his new way of thinking, therefore, Stracey availed himself of lady Bridget's advances, and prudently, in his own opinion, gave her ladyship all the encouragement which she could possibly desire.---Lady Bridget, indeed, was old enough to be his mother; but what ridiculous things will not a man do when his mind is fired with ambition?-----Seriously, however, when ambition urges a man to behave with dishonour---(upon any occasion what-

ever) it converts him into a very contemptible---not to say---criminal being.

His second letter to his Fanny, after his arrival in London, informed her, that he should never see her again in the character of a lover.

Poor Fanny was so much shocked at the perusal of so unexpected a letter, that she fainted away, and it was with much difficulty Mr. and Mrs. Plumtree recovered her senses. When her senses returned, they both of them said every thing they could think of to administer consolation to her, under her severe disappointment, but all their endeavours were in vain: she fell into a melancholy state, which rendered the remainder of her life a burthen to her.

Stracey married lady Bridget; but the happiness he enjoyed by figuring in a more splendid sphere than that to which he had been accustomed, was of a short duration. Having received an express from Westmoreland to acquaint him with the death of his uncle, he hurried down, with an inexpressible eagerness, to take possession of the large estate which had devolved to him.---At the last stage of his journey, he was seized with a fever in his head: it soon rose to a height, which mocked all the efforts of physic, and carried him off in less than eight and forty hours.---His last words were, "I am justly punished."

The CARD. A MORAL TALE.

AFTER a long courtship, and many interruptions from the unkindnesses of jarring relations, Mr. Merton and Miss Dawson entered into the marriage-state with the most agreeable prospects; and as they loved each other sincerely, they had some reason to flatter themselves that their happiness would be permanent. To the great surprize of their friends, it was of a short continuance.

In a few months after their wedding-day, a very particular friend of Mrs. Merton's, a Miss Lindsay, arrived from Ireland, having made a voyage thither to visit an aunt in Dublin, by whose generosity she was genteelly supported, and from whom she expected a considerable legacy.

As the friendship between Miss Lindsay and Mrs. Merton had subsisted many years without the least abatement on either side, the first interview between them was affecting (for Miss Lindsay had been absent from England near a twelvemonth,) and as they were both women of exquisite sensibility,

bility, they could not help mingling tears with their embraces.

Mr. Merton, who came into the room while they were exchanging their compliments of congratulation, thought, indeed, that they expressed themselves with rather too much warmth upon the occasion; but making proper allowance for the strong feelings of the ladies before him, he said nothing to check the ardor of their friendship.

Miss Lindsay, when she had finished her fervent compliments to Mrs. Merton upon her marriage, addressed herself to her husband in so polite and so pleasing a strain, that he was quite charmed with her behaviour, and declared that he had the better opinion of his wife for being so closely attached to so valuable a friend.

There has been so many pages blotted by authors, in verse and in prose, on the force of flattery, that it is almost impossible to avoid triteness in making any additions to them, or I should be tempted to pen a few supplemental paragraphs: but, in compassion to the reader, who prefers *narrative to reflection*, I forbear.

In less than three weeks after the above-mentioned affecting interview, Miss Lindsay made so many complaints about the inconveniences which she endured in her apartments, and about the impertinence of the people with whom she lodged, that Mrs. Merton gave her an invitation to come and live with her. "We can accommodate you, extremely well, my dear Lindsay," continued she, "and I shall be quite delighted to have you in the same house with me. Mr. Merton's business often obliges him to be from home the greatest part of the day, and, therefore, your company will be doubly acceptable."

Miss Lindsay thanked her friend in the most forcible terms, for so eligible an offer, and told her that she would avail herself of it with the utmost satisfaction. "I will go directly and give the wretches warning."

When she was gone, Mrs. Merton began to consider that she ought not to have invited her friend with so much precipitation, without asking the consent of her husband. Depending, however, upon his ready compliance, she gave herself no uneasiness concerning the measure she had taken to increase her felicity; but she waited with impatience for his return from his office, to communicate the affair to him.

Mr. Merton, on his arrival in the evening, found himself welcomed with such transports of joy by his dear Kitty, that he was more charmed with her than ever.

She then seized a moment which she thought exceedingly favourable to her, and mentioned the offer which she had made to Miss Lindsay.

Mr. Merton did not receive her intelligence relating to that lady exactly in a manner answerable to her wishes, and, indeed, to her expectations. He looked grave at her. The seriousness in his face produced a little confusion in hers. "I did not imagine, my dear," said she, after a short pause, "that you could possibly have framed any objection to Miss Lindsay's living with me, as there is room enough in the house for her; and you surprize me, I confess, by your solemnity. I flattered myself that you would have cheerfully declared your approbation of what I had done."

"My dear Kitty," replied he, "though I approve highly of the friendship subsisting between you and Charlotte, and though I think her a very sensible, good-natured girl, a man and his wife hazard, in my opinion, the diminution of their happiness, by the admission of a *third* person, even an esteemed friend, to reside under the same roof with them. I have seen so many separations, occasioned entirely by the introduction of a *third* person in the way you propose, that I hope you will take the first opportunity to inform your friend that something has happened to hinder you from fulfilling your promise. Some delicacy will be required I grant, to render your refusal graceful; but I am too well acquainted with your address to suppose that you will appear in an awkward light by the retraction of your invitation."

At that instant a message came from the office which he had just quitted, which made his re-appearance in it necessary. He, therefore, desiring Miss Merton not to keep supper back on his account, took leave of her with the most affectionate expressions.

Mrs. Merton, as soon as her husband had left her, sat down and reflected very seriously on her offer to Charlotte, and on Mr. Merton's disapprobation of it. She was not willing to disgust the *latter* by a behaviour which would revolt against his judgment, and yet she could not bear the thoughts of retracting what she had uttered to the *former* in the joy of her heart.

While she was considering how she should act in her next interview with Miss Lindsay, a violent rap at the door made her start in her chair.

Fully expecting to see Mr. Merton, she hurried into the passage, and beheld Charlotte.

"Run

"Run in, run in, my dear," cried she, with her usual vivacity; "I have a thousand things to say to you. Your invitation, Kitty," continued she, when she entered the parlour, "was excessively *a-propos*; and I am come to sleep here this very night. You stare, child, but I swear I am in earnest. The creatures were insolent enough to tell me, when I gave them warning, that they should be very glad to get rid of me, as I kept such late hours, and disturbed the whole neighbourhood, (which is filled, I must own, with a pack of regular mortals, who go to bed when people of spirit begin to enjoy themselves) and threw out, at the same time, some oblique reflections upon my character, never to be forgiven. But why do you look so *a la mort*? What has happened to lower your spirits since I was with you in the morning?"

"To tell you the truth, Charlotte, I have been thinking, ever since your entrance, in what manner to communicate a small secret disclosed to me by Mr. Merton, in which you are nearly concerned."

"If I am nearly concerned in it," said Miss Lindsay, "you need not surely hesitate about the delivery of it. Come, give it vent."

Mrs. Merton then repeated the conversation which had passed between her and her husband.

"Is that all?" cried Charlotte; "and are you so silly as to obey your husband when he is in a humour to require unreasonable condescensions? What does it signify whether *he* approves of my living here, if *you* do? I am *your* friend; and if he takes it into his head to be angry with you for your civilities to *me*, he will be a brute."

"Hush, hush, my dear, Mr. Merton is a very good husband, and I must not hear him abused neither. Upon second thoughts, I fancy I shall find a way to reconcile him to your living with me; and so we will sup, if you please; for Mr. Merton desired me not to stay for him."

They supped, and were extremely chatty.

Just as the cloth was removed, Mr. Merton came home.

At the sight of Charlotte, he stopped short.

"You did not expect to see *me* here, Mr. Merton, I believe," said she.

"No, madam," replied he, gravely, looking significantly at his wife.

Mrs. Merton was a little embarrassed. Charlotte had talked her into a resentment against her husband, for having presumed

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to make an objection to any of her proceedings: but she did not think it prudent to discover a spirit of opposition at that time, being unwilling to make a downright quarrel of the affair. She, therefore, winked at Charlotte, who immediately went up to the apartment prepared for her, and then smothering her resentment, intreated him not to be vexed at her permitting Miss Lindsay to sleep in the spare bed that evening, as she had been very much insulted by the people with whom she lodged.

Mr. Merton having, with little discretion, repeated what had passed between him and his wife, relating to Miss Lindsay, to a friend of his at the office, who was of a despotic disposition, returned home with a resolution to hinder the residence of Charlotte at his house at all events.

In consequence of that resolution he addressed himself to Mrs. Merton in the following terms; and with a peremptory tone: "I shall not behave like a gentleman to send Miss Lindsay away from hence to-night; but as a husband, madam, I shall insist upon your telling her to-morrow morning that there will be no longer any room for her in *my* house."

Mrs. Merton to that speech, dictated, in her opinion, by perverseness, and delivered in the accents of a tyrant, darted a reply at him which only served to widen the breach between them, opened by her excessive attachment to her female friend.

They retired to their chamber soon afterwards. Each of them was sorry for what had been spoken of the inflammatory kind; but *pride* would not suffer either to make the first overture towards a reconciliation.

Mr. Merton rose the next morning unrefreshed, and went to his office with a mind disquieted beyond expression. When he came home to dinner, he was not a little astonished to see but *one plate* upon the table, as he had told Mrs. Merton that he should most probably dine with her. He rang his bell directly, and with vehemence, to inquire into the reason of so singular an appearance: he was informed that his wife had left a card under his plate to explain the meaning of it.

The CARD.

"If there is no room for Miss Lindsay, there is no room for *me*."

CHARACTER of Don Alphonso, King of Portugal, Anno Dom. 1094.

THIS prince, by his courage and constant success in arms, gave that splendour and reputation to Portugal, which it has since retained. He greatly extended the limits of his kingdom, was the first who took upon himself the title of king of that state; and he was capable of preserving this dignity, notwithstanding the opposition he met with from the kings of Castile.

Don Alphonso was eldest son of Don Henry of Lorrain, who received Portugal from the king of Castile, as a dower, with the countess Theresa.

His governor was Don Egas-Nunez. This man, who possessed uncommon prudence, and consummate experience, paid the greatest attention to the education of the infant, Alphonso: he cultivated with uncommon success the fruitful genius of this prince, improved his noble and generous inclinations, and strengthened his extraordinary virtuous dispositions. Conscious of his abilities, in his youth he resolved upon punishing Ferdinand Saez, count of Trastamara, who, vain of his marriage with the countess dowager, infringed upon the sovereign authority, and overturned every thing according to his caprice, without paying any regard to the rights and interest of his son-in-law.

In the year 1122, the infant Alphonso raised a sufficient number of troops to bring the count to reason, and deprive him of the government of the state. A battle ensued, and Alphonso's arms were victorious. The count of Trastamara and his lady were taken prisoners. This princess, enraged at finding herself deprived of liberty, made application to the king of Castile, her nephew: she represented to him the ill-treatment she had received by the orders of an ungrateful and unnatural son; and promised to cede to the king of Castile part of Portugal, if he would procure her liberty.

The king of Castile entered into the views of his aunt; he raised an army and attacked Portugal. The contending powers met, and fortune declared again for Don Alphonso, who gained a complete victory over the Castilians. A cessation of hostilities soon after took place between the two princes; Alphonso was not, however, long at rest. Animated with a noble emulation, he thought of nothing but extending the frontiers of his dominions, at the expence of the infidels. Having put himself at the head of his forces, he in-

vaded the Moors, passed the Tagus, and declared war against Ismar, their king. This prince, being informed of the designs of Don Alphonso, implored the assistance of four other Moorish kings, his neighbours, whereby the army of the infidels was more numerous than that of Alphonso. But this prince was not dismayed with danger; he preferred exposing himself to the greatest peril, rather than fly before the Moors. These sentiments induced him to take the most dangerous post; and his troops held him in such high esteem, that they proclaimed and crowned him king of Portugal two days before the battle.

The year following he wedded the daughter of Don Mauriques de Lara, lord of Molina, one of the greatest and most powerful lords of all Castile. After this ceremony, he again applied himself to a military life, in which he distinguished himself as a general and a hero. He was, indeed, one of the most renowned princes of his age, and the founder of the Portuguese monarchy. That kingdom may be considered the first fruits of his conquests, as he owed his crown only to his personal bravery. He drove the Moors far beyond the Tagus, and dispossessed them almost of all that territory which now constitutes the kingdom of Portugal. No civil commotions disturbed the tranquility of his life or his reign, which were not chequered with those intestine vicissitudes to which the most flourishing states are often exposed. He was endowed with all the great qualities necessary to form an accomplished prince, without those faults which frequently tarnish the lustre of a crown: equally great in peace as in war, being formed as well to govern a state, as to command an army. The clergy will ever hold him in the highest veneration for his piety and religious zeal; the testimonials of which may be seen in the numerous magnificent churches he erected at Lisbon, Evora, and various other places.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

PASSING by the Philobiblian Library in Piccadilly one day last week, I beheld a huge folio stuck up before the shop window, with a formidable paper affixed to its back,

THE TROUBLES OF ENGLAND.
Was there ever a more forbidding title? A huge

huge folio filled with the troubles of England! Surely the compiler of so large a work must have been of a very gloomy complexion, as well as indefatigably industrious, or he never could have loaded so many pages with such melancholy matter. Peace be to his ashes! he was a patient wight. However, I would, by no means, advise the reading gentlemen and ladies of the age to dip into his dismal miscellany, unless they are tired of this wicked world, and want any encouragement to withdraw from it.

But to be serious. The abovementioned black volume threw me into a train of very pleasing reflections. Instead of ruminating upon the troubles which have been in England, (and there have been, to be sure, a sufficient quantity of them) I considered our present happiness.

O fortunatio nimium sua si bona nôrint Angligenes!

How inexpressibly happy are we in this age, in having no national calamities to complain of! If a public grievance is pointed out it is instantly redressed; if an unpopular measure gives general offence, a more palatable one is immediately substituted in its place: nay, every petty nuisance in the street, as soon as it is taken notice of in the papers, is removed by the activity of the magistrates in their respective parishes. Our ministers are not to be matched by any statesmen in Europe: they do not shew the slightest propensity to accumulate immense fortunes by a misapplication of the public money. Eyes are never offended with vagrants in rags; nor are our ears wounded by their clamorous petitions. In every department of the administration we see men equally eminent for their abilities and their integrity; and there is such an unanimity among all ranks of people, that a poor author, who must rack his brains every day to keep life and soul together, cannot possibly get a livelihood, by displaying the troubles of his country. In what glorious times do we live in, Mr. Hamilton, and how thankful ought we to be at this juncture to find that though we are upon the brink of a foreign war we have no commotions in our own bowels! Those would be troubles indeed!

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

FELIX BRITANNICUS

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Cannot pretend to say that the grievance of which I am going to complain is not a common one, (I hope not) but I am sure that I am very sensible of the weight of it, and most heartily wish for its removal. In a few words I will acquaint you with it. I am a widower, with only one child, a daughter, the joy of my life, and the comfort of my declining years; but I am very much afraid that I shall, contrary to the course of nature, survive her.

My Fanny, Sir, you must know, has for some time past been particularly distinguished by a young gentleman to whom I am under great obligations: I am indebted to him for the income which I at present enjoy, arising from a profitable place. By endeavouring to make her believe, in the most insinuating manner, while he is in her company, that she is necessary to his happiness, he appears in a very flattering light to her, and I must own I am not a little pleased to see her of so much consequence in his eyes: for, as he has, besides a lucrative employment, a large estate, my daughter would be extremely happy in becoming his wife. I do not say so merely because she would be well married, according to the modern phrase, by being married to Mr. Swinton; she really feels an inclination for him, and is consequently hurt by his behaviour to her, though it is in the highest degree polite. The truth is, he behaves in such a manner as to leave her quite at a loss to know whether he really intends to marry her: with no small reason she expects a declaration every time she sees him; but though his visits are more frequent than ever, the declaration expected is never delivered. Now, Sir, knowing that Mr. Swinton has actually made an impression upon Fanny's tender heart by his seducing carriage, I am the more impatient to hear him declare his designs by his perpetual assiduities, and yet as I owe every farthing I have in the world to his friendship, I know not how to press him to give me a decisive answer with regard to his intentions, by coming so often to my house. If, after all his flattering behaviour to my dear Fanny, he should turn out a male-coquette, her life will, I fear, be in danger, for her spirits are at this moment exceedingly affected by his forbearing to announce him-

self the man he studies to appear—the fond lover, the faithful friend, the future husband. Such is my situation; and you will, I believe, confess that it is embarrassing.

Hoping that Mr. Swinton may see this letter, may read it with attention, and feel himself ready to remove the uneasiness which he has occasioned to me and my daughter, I shall wait a reasonable time for an *eclaircissement* on his side. I must then, if disappointed, require an explanation of his behaviour to Fanny, at all events; for what is the possession of the most eligible place, when put in competition with the health and the peace of an exemplary daughter?

I am, Sir,

Your unknown,

But very humble servant,

W. W.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE pleasure I have received from your Magazine, in perusing the real characters of several conspicuous *worthies*, has induced me to become a correspondent. There seems to be a field of entertainment, as yet untilled, within the limits of your plan.

The *Nabobs* are certainly deserving of filling a few niches in your gallery of remarkable personages, and I shall therefore occasionally send you the models of the most celebrated among them.

I have for this month transmitted you one who has amassed a considerable sum, and now makes a very splendid figure; and who, from being the most servile of all domestics, is now the most tyrannical of all masters. As I know he reads your Magazine, it may be of great service to remind him of his origin; and, I believe, it will afford your readers some amusement to trace the pedigree of such an illustrious personage.

ANTI-NABOB.

☞ This correspondent's favours will be very acceptable, and he may depend upon his Asiatic heroes figuring upon our monthly canvases. We have given our readers as much of the history he sent us as we could conveniently spare room for in this Number.

MEMOIRS of a NABOB.

A NABOB, according to the modern acceptance of the word, is a person who in the East-India company's service has by art, fraud, cruelty, and imposition, obtained the fortune of an Asiatic prince, and returned to England to display his folly, vanity, and ambition. Such, at least, is the hero of these pages, whom we shall pourtray in his real colours, for the amusement of the readers of the Town and Country Magazine.

The father of our present hero was a barber, and resided near St. James's. We shall call him Mr. White, by way of contrast to his real character. He was sent to school in the neighbourhood, where, with much labour, and still more flogging, in about six years he acquired some knowledge of common arithmetic, and wrote a tolerable hand. Having attained so much *useful* learning, his father, who was willing his son should be as expert a trimmer of faces as himself, taught him every flourish of the razor, which had conducted to his success in trade, and gradually raised him to the summit of a well turned foretop. Jack, though but a bad bookish scholar, was very expert at acquiring a profound knowledge in ornamenting the external part of the head; and was judged equally an adept *a l'aile de pigeon* as *a la greque*.

This course of his studies being finished, he entered upon practice for himself; but not meeting with the success he expected, he shut up his shop, after a few months, and hired himself as a *valet-de-chambre* to lord P——b. Jack was here in an easy situation, as his lordship gave him very little trouble; after he had shaved his master, and combed his wig, he had all the rest of the day to himself. Nothing would have induced Jack, who was naturally of an indolent disposition, to have thought of quitting his present place, but one argument, which was so very cogent, that it more than counterbalanced all the allurements of ease and idleness: this was neither more nor less than FAMINE. Famine! cries the reader, with astonishment, in a nobleman's family—impossible. The state of the case, nevertheless, stood thus. After Jack had done household pennance for near two months, he intreated his lordship to put him upon board-wages, which his master readily complied with, and advanced him a whole week's subsistence money; the sum of all his income during all his servitude. At the expiration of six weeks, and the effusion of many significant hints

of

of the emptiness of his pocket and his belly, which his lordship judiciously never comprehended, he begged to be discharged. His lordship was amazed, and inquired what fault Jack had to find with his place; it certainly was a very easy one; and he was sure he was a good master. The ingenuous valet could no longer retain the secret: the windy state of his bowels announced the fact, and claimed relief. His lordship acknowledged there were some arrears due; but it was impossible for him to clear them at that juncture, displaying an almost empty purse, which he swore contained all the money he was then possessed of.

This expostulation afforded Jack but small consolation; but having taken the resolution of avoiding noble beggary for the future, he that night took leave of the empty pantry and the starved butler.

It was not many days before he got into good quarters, and plenty of provision. Lord B——ke wanted a clever valet; and Jack flattered himself he was qualified for the place. He entered upon his employment with great alacrity; but found a world of business to do, that he had been hitherto unacquainted with. The mere function of a valet was the smallest part of his vocation: in this was blended the two more honourable offices of secretary and pimp. In the forenoon he was employed in writing his lordship's *billets doux*; in the afternoon he was engaged in cultivating an acquaintance with his fair correspondents. Jack soon obtained his master's approbation, in his different departments; and his recompence was equal to his industry. His lordship pronounced Jack one of the most skilful pimps in the whole district of St. James's; but his success was in this respect his destruction: he performed the part so well for his master, that he was willing to try how he could act for himself. His lordship allowed Jack the use of his wardrobe, where the appearance of gentility was requisite to introduce him to the fair enamourates, and he frequently wore his master's cloaths, without the other servants being in the least alarmed. One evening, after his lordship was gone to the opera, Jack sallied forth in an elegant suit of embroidery, and taking a chair, repaired to a French milliner's near St. James's church, when one of the prentices had agreed to an assignation with his lordship, through the mediation of his trusty valet. Having dispatched one of the chairmen at a proper distance, he let her know his lordship was waiting for her;

she attended; and he conveyed her home. Thinking his lord was secure at the opera, he resolved to go through the whole part in the character of his master. His Venus had with reluctance consented to his lordship's embraces, when lord B—— himself returned, and detected Jack in such a situation as convinced him he was too expert a Mercury for him to keep any longer; and having kicked him down stairs, he ordered his steward to turn him out of doors immediately.

Such was the event of Jack's over-acting his part: his reputation was destroyed in the parishes of St. James's and St. George's; no polite family would take him in after such a horrid breach of faith, and he was compelled to seek for employment on the east side of Temple-Bar. His application at the coffee-houses about Change was soon crowned with success, and he entered into the service of an East-India director near Broad-Street.

He found the manners of the east as different from those of the west, as the customs of the Chinese and Virginians. Regularity reigned in every part of the household economy; the family retired to rest constantly at eleven, an hour that the polite would only begin to spend the evening: they breakfasted constantly at seven, when lady B—— was usually preparing to go to bed: in a word, the avenues of the Change appeared the antipodes of St. James's. This regularity, however, agreed very well with Jack, who had found his constitution much impaired by the irregularities of politeness; and though his pride was at first somewhat mortified to stoop from nobility to a city plumb, his vanity began to subside in proportion as he found the advantages of plebeian wealth and hospitality.

Our hero, by his assiduity, soon became a favourite of his master; and after he had served him sometime as a valet, finding he could write a tolerable good hand, and knew something of figures, he told Jack, if he would learn merchant's accompts, he should be admitted an under-clerk in the compting-house. Jack's ambition was greatly inflated at this perspective elevation; and in a short time he got so much insight into the Ledger, Journal, and Waste-Book, that he took his seat at the desk.

Jack now considered himself a gentleman, and talked of India affairs, the rise and fall of stocks, peace and war, with as much familiarity as a Change-Alley broker, whose knowledge is often confined

to as narrow a sphere as that of Mr. White. His vanity, however, was always in subordination to his interest; and by a servile submission to his master, he daily got more into his favour, till at length he thought Jack had an opportunity of pushing his fortune in Asia. He obtained for our hero the place of a writer in the company's service, and he set sail for Bengal with the great lord Cl—ve in his last voyage.

[To be continued.]

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

LAST night I happened to take up the first volume of your Magazine, and being curious to see what sort of a phiz the late Mr. Whitefield had, I recurred to the last Tête-à-Tête, which is in the Supplement. The elegance of the engraving induced me to read the memoirs annexed, which made me laugh very heartily at the fanatic hypocrisy of methodist preachers.

Upon retiring to rest, the history of Dr. Squintum and Parawankaw made so strong an impression on me, that I thought the doctor, or his ghost, appeared before me in propria persona, and I imagined a dialogue somewhat similar to the following passed between us.

Squint. You have been very merry at my expence this evening; but I was resolved to pay you a visit as soon as the hour for migrating spirits arrived; to inquire what it was in my history that afforded you so much diversion.

Self. Why, really, doctor, your life is so very extraordinary, as you have yourself related it, that it were almost impossible for a man, who has not had a call, to read it without some emotions of laughter.

Squint. Indeed! Pray what are the parts which you think so very jocular?

Self. It is really such a compound of fanaticism and vanity, that had not your name been to it, I should have imagined it was meant as a satire upon your conduct; indeed, you seemed yourself so conscious of the impropriety of it that you have in your latter editions suppressed some passages, that were so forcibly ridiculous, not to say indecent, that even the fanatic jargon of your disciples could not construe to your advantage.

Squint. Which are those passages you mean?

Self. Why, in the very first page, which was before replete with obscenity, and

where you only now say, "You can date some very early acts of uncleanness, and that lying and filthy talking you were much addicted to," &c.

Squint. Would you not have me tell the truth, and own my sins in the face of the world?

Self. I urge the improper mode of your acknowledging them.

Squint. Ay, the ungodly will ever pervert the meaning of the righteous!

Self. Then again your vanity is upon every occasion intolerable. You tell us that "having elocution and memory, you were remarkable for making speeches before the corporation at their annual visitation." I do not doubt that your speeches were remarkable, but I much doubt their being so excellent as you seem to think them.

Squint. Perhaps you will attempt to disparage my published discourses, which have received such universal applause, both in the pulpit and in print.

Self. That your followers should be the admirers of such enthusiastic rhapsodies is not at all surprising; and that they are very numerous, I will also agree; but that any men of sense and erudition, uncorrupted with the bigotry of methodism, have ever given them their plaudit, I very much doubt.

Squint. I find, Sir, that you are a professed foe to the methodists; some vile stage-player and lampooner of their doctrines.

Self. I am a professed foe to hypocrisy and imposition; and shall think it my duty ever to detect and expose them to the world.

Squint. I suppose it may be you, or some infidel like you, who has propagated in print, that I died worth thirty thousand pounds, when it is well known that I had but fifteen thousand pounds in the stocks, besides my mortgages, landed estate, and possessions in America.

Self. Ha! ha! ha! a fair confession. I'll take the ghost's word for the fifteen thousand pounds, and all his other possessions, which we may reasonably put down at fifteen thousand more.

Squint. But how, in the name of divination, could you, or any news writer, pretend to be acquainted with the state of my fortune, when I took such pains to conceal it?

Self. Truth will sooner or later prevail; and though you took such pains to conceal the value of your fortune, as well as your charitable contributions, the state of the one

is pretty clearly evinced, as well as that the other never existed.

Squint. What, will you not allow the establishment of the Orphan-House, in Georgia, to have been a most charitable institution?

Self. Yes; but with whose money was it established? Not yours; but those of your deluded followers.

Squint. This is the way the most laudable actions are censured, and brought to a level even with crimes.

Self. Why did you not, as some atonement for your avarice and impositions, bequeath the greatest part of your fortune in charitable donations; then some of the many poor families you have reduced to beggary might have obtained some little relief from your conscientious remorse; but, callous to the cries of distress, *self* alone has ever to the end been the sole object of your pursuits.

Squint. Most unjust accusation! Were not my many poor relations objects of charity? and then my dear, dear Parawankaw, and her numerous brood: could I forget them in my last moments?

Self. This is really too risible to contain. I imagined that Parawankaw was nothing more than a mistress of fancy, and whom some wicked writer had with Promethean fire animated, to ridicule you.

Squint. No, it is very true, the lovely Parawankaw is an existing beautiful creature: nothing mortified me so much as to leave her behind:

*Oh she was all that fancy can express,
Or youthful poets when they talk of love.*

Self. Amazing, you quote a profligate writer of the stage, and seem still to have your soul clogged with the grossest and most vicious passions.

Just as we had got thus far in the dialogue, a coach passing by waked me, when I arose and transmitted to paper as much of this colloquy as I could remember, and shall now subscribe myself with the signature of this communicative spirit,

Cock-Lane,

Dec. 29.

Dr. Squintum's Ghost.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

STEPPING into a house in Wapping the other day, in which there were some barrels of pitch selling by auction, I was highly diverted with several occurrences during my stay with the orator and his auditors.

The orator himself was a curious character. Smirk is nobody compared with him. He was a smug-faced young fellow, commonly called *pretty*, and the neatest creature imaginable: I was going to say fine, and I may venture to say so, perhaps, without being deemed guilty of much incongruity, for he had a diamond ring, or something like a diamond ring, glittering upon the little finger of his left hand. A more delicate auctioneer I never beheld. He touched the pitch which he exhibited to the audience with so elegant an air, and expatiated upon the virtues of it with so much volubility, that I equally admired his person, his attitudes, and his elocution.

When I could take my eyes from the figure which had so powerfully attracted them, I threw them into various directions round the room. In a few moments I perceived my old friend Harry Muff, book-keeper to a milliner of the first class, prodigiously active, and moving backwards and forwards with as busy a face as if he was going to buy pitch enough for the service of a man of war.

His appearance at all at that place surprised me: his activity still more.

"Hah! George! are you there?" seizing both my hands, "what brought you hither?"

"Curiosity," replied I, drily; "but what the devil do you do here? for you seem to be very busy, and you are the last man in the world whom I should suspect of dealing in the commodity exposed to sale."

"To tell you the truth, George," said he, nuzzling his nose in my ear, "I am a puffer!"

"A puffer?"

"Hush, hush, don't blow me, I am come to puff for a friend of mine, that his pitch may turn to a good account."

Satisfied with that answer, I staid to hear no more, but wished Harry a good morning; and all the way home thought of materials towards the embellishment of a work, which I have been about for some time, entitled "The Art of Puffing in all its Branches." Of this work, however, I shall say nothing here, because I do not want to *puff* it; but when it is completed it shall be very much at your service.

I am, Sir,

Your occasional correspondent,

And very humble servant,

GEORGE AMBLER.

Reflected

Reflections upon the Probability of Adults being seduced in most Seminaries at home before they are transplanted into the wide Scenes of Immorality and Debauchery abroad.

I Pass over adolescence, which howsoever prone to exert its levity in a diversified course of ludicrous tricks and wild pranks, listens to the insinuations of independency and obscenity.

The age of puberty is undoubtedly the most critical, and often decisive of our happiness or misery. At that time young men, desirous to anticipate the follies and vices of manhood, are still kept in great schools. The most celebrated for the introduction to polite learning, are those of Westminster and Eton; but they are also, in my opinion, the most dangerous, as wealth and family, connections embolden the majority of scholars to assume an uncontrouled licence, and to transgress the statutes with impunity. I allow these renowned colleges the precedence which they still maintain in point of classical learning; but cannot say much in behalf of their diligence and attention to the principles and morals of their pupils. The primary impulses of nature are commonly checked by bashfulness and modesty: over when tumultuous passions have once overleapt these weak fences, the first summons of reason are insufficient, without the help of a skilful pilot, to stop their impetuosity. The Westminster scholars see daily exhibited, in the center of refined lewdness and the most abandoned debauchery, the combined efforts of art and nature to entice them to vice, luxury, extravagance, and voluptuousness: too many may date the cause of their ruin from their juvenile excesses. Instead of being kept under a proper subordination, by the indulgence of their parents, and the remissness of their tutors, they are left to their own discretion; gaming, taverns, and prostitutes, take up all the time designed for private studies or rational amusement; and their constitution is often impaired by intemperance and an indiscriminate gratification of their loose appetites, before they are come to their full growth: indeed, the Eton scholars have not such frequent opportunities and examples of wickedness and corruption; but their orgies at Windsor are too well known to undertake the apology of those who are entrusted with their tuition; and there are some melancholy instances of young noblemen, in whom centered all the hopes of the most illustrious families in the kingdom, who have cut off the entail of nature upon their progeny, by plucking them-

selves the prolific blossoms. These abuses are not uncommon in most great schools.

If boys think themselves entitled to take such unbounded liberties, when they ought to be kept under a strict discipline, there is no doubt that they will aim at a sort of independence at the universities, where there is very little restraint. They have excellent statutes, but, like our laws, are seldom put in execution: they are become academies of luxury, gaming, riot, and all sensual pleasures; a nobleman or a wealthy commoner is indulged in proportion to his titles and riches. The purlieus of Oxford and Cambridge are infected with a constant succession of the most contemptible strumpets, who have for their votaries the majority of the students; those who have a certain command of money make frequent excursions to London, unknown to their parents: here they try to emulate the young debauchees of the capital in the variety of select courtezans, and in the noisy jollity of their revels. Some attend regularly the meetings at New-market, and have there lost such sums as have involved them and their families ever afterwards in the greatest difficulties. After having spent two or three years in a perpetual rotation of folly and irregularity, without any other motive than fashionable errantry, they set out for their travels, with a governor, commonly a Swiss, hackneyed in all the sordid acts of penurious knavery. They purchase in Italy, at an extravagant price, some bad copies for originals; drink in France some *vins du pays*, adulterated, under the denomination of Champaign and Burgundy; have an intrigue with a grizette, or an actress, and return more vain, more foppish, and more ignorant than they were before they went abroad.

These are generally the young men who are to fill the most important posts in the administration, who, by the prerogative of their birth, or, in consequence of their wealth and connections, become respectable members of the legislature, govern a powerful empire, and decide the fate of thirteen millions of people.

In regard to boarding schools for young ladies, as we have no public establishment, calculated for a genteel education, I apprehend no danger or inconvenience in committing them to the care of those mercenary female pedagogues, till they have entered their twelfth year, at the expiration of which, their parents ought to be solicitous about their innocence, virtue, reputation, and happiness.

The second, or Carolingian Race of the French Monarchy. Continued from Vol. II. page 632.

Pepin, twenty-third king, reigned 17 years. 751.

PEPIN was son of Charles Martel, mayor of the palace. That prince justified, by the wisdom of his government, the choice of the nation. The French placed him upon a buckler, according to custom, and proclaimed him king. As soon as he was seated upon the throne, he abolished the place of mayor of the palace, well knowing by his experience that it made a subject too powerful: but it was re-established towards the end of the second race by the name of duke or prince of the French; and was attended with the same inconveniencies.

He made war against Othulphus, king of the Lombards, in favour of the pope; and took from him the exarchate of Ravenna. By the defeat of Vulfarius he made also the entire conquest of Aquitaine.

This brave and religious prince died in 768, leaving after him a son still greater than himself; and was buried at St. Dennis.

Charles the Great, first emperor of the West, twenty-fourth king of France, reigned 47 years. 768.

Charlemagne, eldest son of Pepin, was crowned at Noyon. His brother, Charlotman, lived but a short time; and his two sons were deprived by Charles of their inheritance. He marched into Italy to the assistance of pope Adrian, and defeated the forces of Didios, king of the Lombards; went to Rome, where he confirmed the donations of his father to the Holy See; and the pope in recompence gave him the title of Patrician. He besieged Pavia, and obliged the king of the Lombards, who was shut up therein, to surrender at discretion; whereupon all Italy submitted to him, of which he caused himself to be proclaimed king. Thus ended the kingdom of the Lombards, two hundred years after its establishment, in 773. The crown of iron, with which he was inaugurated, is still preserved at the village of Modatia, in the Milanese.

Having subjected all Germany, Hungary, Slavonia, Denmark, and almost all Spain, he caused himself to be crowned emperor of the West by the pope; the emperor of the East acknowledged him by that title, and called him Augustus, in 801.

He made the ordinances, now called the chapters of Charlemagne, in the year JAN. 1771.

813. He associated his son Lewis in the empire, in an assembly of the *grandeess*, called together at Aix la Chapelle, his usual residence.

Charles died in the seventy-first year of his age, and was buried in the cathedral church of that city, which he had built. He left the kingdom of Italy to his grandson, Bernard.

Charles was a valiant, generous, and beneficent prince; but his zeal for religion prompted him sometimes to acts of cruelty incompatible with its lenity. He encouraged learned men and letters by his patronage and munificence.

The twenty-fifth, Lewis, reigned 27 years. 813.

Lewis, surnamed the Debonnaire, from his good natured disposition and clemency, after his father's decease, repaired to Aix la Chapelle, and was there proclaimed emperor and king: the pope placed a crown of gold, enriched with diamonds, first upon his head, and afterwards on that of his wife, Hermengarde, during the celebration of the mass. He gained the Saxons by the mildness of his government. In the parliament assembled at Aix la Chapelle, he associated his eldest son Lothaire in the empire, and placed himself the crown upon his head; making, at the same time, Pepin king of Aquitaine; and Lewis, king of Bavaria. Lothaire being afterwards invited to Rome by pope Paschal, was crowned by that pontiff upon Easter-Sunday; but soon after the said pope having committed a barbarous action, Lothaire acquainted his father with the affair, which proves that the kings of France were supreme judges of the conduct of the popes, or kings of Italy. That plainly appeared many years after; for when Gregory IV. was elected by the clergy and people of Rome, advice of it was sent to the emperor; and he was not consecrated till he had empowered persons to examine the legality of his election, and given his approbation thereof, in 828.

Judith, his second wife, daughter to the duke of Bavaria, prevailed upon the emperor to assemble the parliament at Worms, and to declare her son Charles king of Germany, after which she deprived all the *grandeess* of having any share in the government of the empire. They immediately united and espoused the interest of Lothaire and his brothers, who took this opportunity to conspire against their father; whereupon Pepin seized upon the empress Judith, and obliged her to take the veil in the abbey of the Holy Cross, at Poitiers.

F

Lothaire

Lothaire being returned from Spain, shut up his father in the abbey of St. Medard, at Soissons, and took the government of the empire upon himself, in 829.

Pepin and Lewis, weary of the dominion of their brother, released their father, put him again in possession of the empire, and the old emperor forgave his rebellious sons.

The wickedness of his sons, and his too great affliction for Charles, prompted Lewis and Pepin to engage Lothaire in a new revolt. They found means to corrupt his troops; and he was obliged to deliver himself, with Judith his wife, and his son Charles, to his rebellious children.

Lothaire assembled a parliament, before whom the emperor Lewis, being accused of several crimes, was condemned, and deposed. Lothaire took away his sword, divested him of his robes, made him put on the habit of a monk, and shut him up in the abbey of St. Dennis.

Lewis was again restored to the empire, took his son Lothaire prisoner, and pardoned him a second time. After the death of Pepin, he gave the kingdom of Aquitaine to Charles, the son of Judith.

The good emperor was so chagrined at his son Lewis taking up arms against him, that he died of grief at Mayence, in the 69th year of his age, and was interred in the abbey of St. Arnold, at Metz. Lewis had sense and penetration; but he wanted that firmness and courage so necessary to a prince, to preserve absolute authority over his subjects: he was good-natured to a fault, and his clemency was censured as weakness.

Lothaire, weary of life, quitted the empire, and retired into a monastery, where he died in 855. Austrasia took from him the name of Lotharingia. Pope Nicholas I. excommunicated Waldrade, his concubine, and afterwards his wife; and menaced Lothaire with the same ecclesiastical censure, if he did not retake his first wife, Teutpenko. This is the first time the popes took the liberty of interfering in the affairs of the kings of France. Divers sovereigns being desirous to gain the pope, he took advantage of their discords, and began to assume an authority unknown to his predecessors.

Twenty-sixth, Charles II. surnamed the Bald, emperor, reigned 37 years. 840.

Charles, fourth son of Lewis I. gained the pope by dint of money, and caused himself to be crowned emperor, and king of Italy. He erected the kingdom of Arles, which comprehended all Provence and part of Dauphiné; and appointed Boson to be

king of it. Upon his return from Italy, through the Alps, he was treacherously poisoned upon mount Ceni, by Sedasia, a Jew, his physician. He died at Verceil, and was carried, seven years after, to St. Dennis. He brought upon himself all the calamities of his reign, by his ambitious and restless disposition.

Twenty-seventh, Lewis II. called the Stammerer, emperor, reigned 1 year and 7 months. 877.

Lewis, only son of Charles II. succeeded him. To gain the affection of the great men of the kingdom, he distributed to some duchies, and to other earldoms and abbies, which was the original of all those lordships dismembered from the crown, and erected into separate sovereignties: such as the duchy of Aquitaine, the earldom of Holland, Maine, Anjou, &c. Notwithstanding these grants, he was hated by the French. He died at Compiègne, not without suspicion of his being poisoned, and was buried in the abbey of St. Corneille. The empire after his death remained two years vacant.

Twenty-eighth, Lewis III. and Carloman, reigned 5 years. 879.

These two brothers were crowned together, and reigned very peaceably. They subdued Boson, king of Arles, and obliged the Normans to raise the siege of Paris. Lewis died in the third, and Carloman in the fifth year of his reign; they were both buried in the abbey of St. Dennis.

Twenty-ninth, Charles III. surnamed The Fat, reigned 4 years. 884.

The French elected the emperor Charles for their king, though Charles the Simple, posthumous son of Lewis the Stammerer, had an undoubted right to the crown. He fell into a disorder of mind, which obliged the French to chuse another king, and the Germans appointed Arnold, his nephew, bastard of Carloman the Germanic, to be his guardian, and to govern the empire in his stead. Arnold took the title of emperor, and starved his uncle. One Ralph declared himself king of Burgundy, and his usurpation established the second kingdom of Burgundy, in 890. It comprehended Provence, Savoy, Viennois, and Franche Compté. This kingdom, distinct from the duchy of Burgundy, subsisted 144 years. Charles III. died of grief, and was buried in the abbey of Richenaw, situated in an island of the Lake of Constance: he was the last emperor, king of France; though the empire did not yet depart from the family of Charlemagne. The throne, after his death, was filled by

Thir-

Thirtieth, Eudes count of Paris, and duke of France. 888.

He was elected in a parliament held at Compiègne, where he was crowned: he became formidable to the Normans, who lost in a pitched battle against him 19,000 men. He resigned part of the kingdom to Charles, whom he declared heir to the crown in 898. He died at La Fere in Picardy, from whence he was carried to St. Dennis. Eudes had for arms, a shield covered with flower de lices.

Thirty-first, Charles IV. called the Simple, reigned 30 years, till his captivity, 898.

Charles IV. recovered at last the kingdom of his ancestors. The French lords, in order to oppose his growing power, gave him for a competitor Robert Eudes, his brother, whom Charles killed with his own hand, in a battle near Soissons. He made peace with the Normans, which was concluded on condition that Rollo, duke of Normandy, should embrace christianity, and marry Gilette, the king's daughter, who had Neustria for her dowry. The duke engaged for him and his successors to render homage for it to the king. Charles having been treacherously detained prisoner at Peronne, by Raoul, chief of his factious subjects, he remained there till his death. He was buried in the church of St. Farci.

Thirty-second, Ralph or Rodolph, duke of Burgundy, reigned 9 years. 929.

Ralph, grandson of Lewis le Debonnaire, was crowned at Soissons: he was, during all his reign, engaged in suppressing the revolts of Herbert, count of Vermandois: he made the French almost forget his usurpation by his princely virtues. He extended the limits of his dominions, and died without issue, at Auxerre: he was buried at the abbey of St. Colombe, at St. Sens.

Thirty-third, Lewis IV. surnamed D'Outremer, reigned 18 years. 938.

Lewis, son of Charles the Simple, was recalled from England, where his mother had fled with him, after the death of her husband, to avoid the persecution of their enemies. William, archbishop of Sens, brought back the young prince with him. This Lewis IV. was restored to the kingdom of his father, and consecrated at Laon by the archbishop of Rheims; being surnamed D'Outremer, because he came from beyond the sea. In this manner the empire was transferred from the race of Charlemagne to the Teutonic princes, who had established themselves in Germany before the race of Charlemagne. He was engaged in continual wars with Hugh the Great, who made use of the Normans to divide the king's forces, and prevent them

from falling entirely upon himself. At first he was very successful against the Normans; but afterwards imprudently entering into a small village, with a few followers, the Normans seized him, and kept him prisoner till he restored to them all his conquests in Normandy. He had great courage, but little prudence; for instead of gaining the affection of Hugh, who was more powerful than himself, he declared him his enemy, which occasioned continual wars between them. Thus his indiscretion caused all the misfortunes of his reign. As he was wolf-hunting between Laon and Rheims, he had a fall from his horse, which proved mortal: he was buried in the abbey church of St. Remy, at Rheims.

Thirty-fourth, Lothaire II. reigned 32 years and some months. 954.

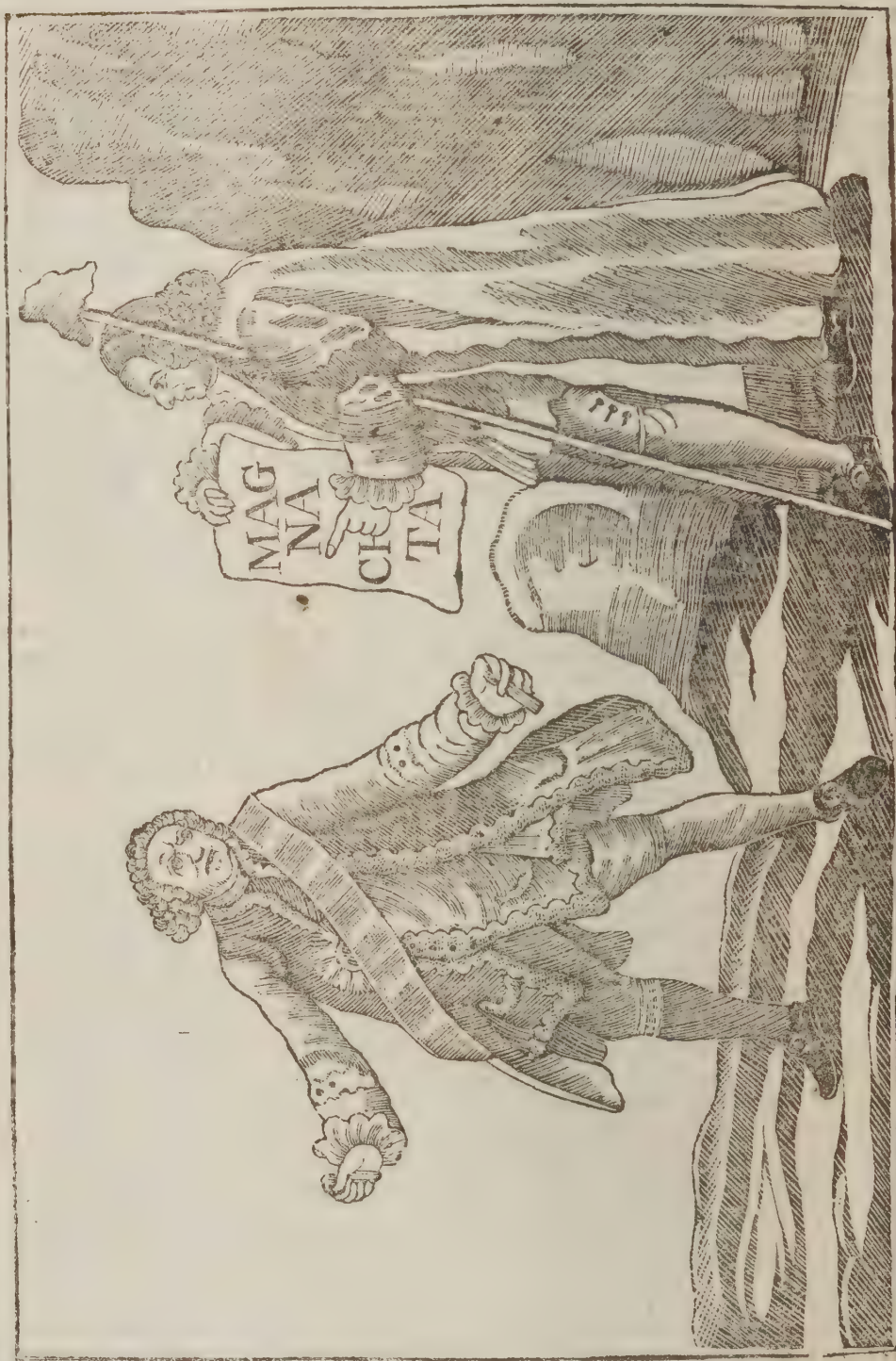
The queen, his mother, seeing the kingdom divided, and not thinking herself able to preserve it for her son, knowing Hugh's greatness and generosity, put him under his protection. He caused Lothaire to be crowned, and was himself his tutor; but Charles, the younger brother, remained destitute of any portion, a thing till then unexampled in the children of the preceding Kings, who had always divided their father's dominions between them. Hugh having settled the sovereign authority in Lothaire, and put the kingdom in the best condition it was possible, he died extremely old, and was buried at St. Dennis.

Otho I. having usurped Lorraine from France, Otho II. his son and successor gave it to Charles, Lothaire's brother, as a duchy dependent upon the empire. A treaty between Otho II. and Lothaire, confirmed this donation to Charles, which the grandees of the realm refused to ratify. Lothaire before his death associated with him his son Lewis in his kingdom. Lothaire was a pious, brave, active, and vigilant prince: he was poisoned by his wife Emira, and buried near his father, in the church of St. Remy at Rheims.

Thirty-fifth, Lewis V. called the Lazy, reigned 16 months. 986.

Lewis, son of Lothaire, succeeded him: he was a weak prince in body and mind. His wife Blanche of Aquitaine abandoned him the second year after her marriage, and poisoned him. He was buried in the abbey church of Compiègne, and left no posterity. This prince did nothing for his glory or the good of his kingdom; in him ended the race of the Carlovingians, which lasted 236 years, and gave to France ten kings, without reckoning Charles the Fat, Eudes, and Raoul.

A CONFERENCE in the SHADES.



A CONFERENCE in the SHADES between the Duke of Bedford and Arthur Beardmore, Esq;

Duke. WHAT! Mr. Beardmore, are you, who have so ardently declared yourself in opposition to all my measures; so speedy a follower of my steps? Has the disavowal of your letter to the Admiralty been the cause of your sudden arrival?

Mr. B. My lord, solely against my will I have pursued you: for I acknowledge your death gave our party infinite pleasure and satisfaction; and we were not without hopes that the departure of so great a ministerial colossus would so weaken the power of lord N—th, as to compel him to recede from power and office, and make way for Rock—m and S—ne.

Duke. Vain expectation, when your party have made themselves so contemptible, that no man of common sense can either support their private characters or their public measures. The literary altercation between W—kes and H—ne has displayed the whole arcanum of their political jockeyship: the members of the Bill of Rights find how they have been duped, and are daily dropping off, like rotten limbs from a gibbet, disavowing, and ashamed of their former connexion.

Mr. B. I cannot deny but that the ill-timed dispute between these gentlemen, has injured their respective characters; but the great cause of liberty is still the same; and the malversation of ministers will ever find strenuous opponents, in a C—m, a Sh—m, a B—é, a B—ke, and a long list of patriotic champions.

Duke. You make me smile at your *patriotic champions*! they are indeed *champions*! but then it is for places, pensions, and favour. Were an angel from heaven to descend and take the reins of government into his hands, he would be blackened to a fiend, by those whom interest or prejudice excited to join the opposition; and the moment he was displaced he would become a being of a huger class than ever. This has always been the case, and will be so, whilst our constitution remains. Pray what parchment have you there, seemingly so carefully preserved?

Mr. B. What a question! The only thing which should be dear to Englishmen, and which I will endeavour to render immortal. It is MAGNA CHARTA.

Duke. Do you think it was in danger of being destroyed on earth?

Mr. B. Most certainly; the many infringements that have been lately made

upon it but too clearly demonstrate the design.

Duke. I do not know of any.

Mr. B. No! What think you of the Star-Chamber doctrine, that juries are not judges of law as well as fact; and the prels-warrants that are now executing in every part of the kingdom?

Duke. As to the first charge, concerning juries, there are advocates for it amongst the greatest lawyers; and in many cases the jurors are so ignorant with respect to law, that if the judge did not set them right, all justice would be destroyed.

Mr. B. If it prevails all justice must be destroyed; jurymen will be only cyphers in courts; and the bench both judge and jury. When once this is the case, farewell to all liberty, right, and property.

Duke. This is mere declamation without argument, and might very well suit an oration in the common council.

Mr. B. And will you also say that prels-warrants are legal?

Duke. This too is a disputed point; but whether they are or are not, the exigencies of the times require that they should be winked at.

Mr. B. No exigencies should deprive an Englishman of his liberty: it is his birth-right; and he had better be a vassal in Russia, than a slave in England. There they never were acquainted with the idea of liberty, and consequently do not feel the yoke; but in Britain we groan under the illegal scourge, and see the hand that inflicts it.

Duke. How then are your ships to be manned? You find that your patriotic champion, lord Ch—m has declared himself a strenuous advocate for the measure; and according to your political creed, *He can't be wrong, whose life's been always right.*

Mr. B. We are all fallible: when your grace made the peace, it was your blundering day; when you exasperated the weavers, error still prevailed; and though you judged the chastisement you met with at Litchfield and Exeter a little severe, considering your dignity, it is generally thought if you had not made some egregious mistake you would have escaped these insults.

Duke. Personal reflections are very ill timed at present: the courage of one man cannot oppose a banditti, or a mob; and as to the peace, good or bad, though I was the negociator, I only followed my instructions.

Mr.

Mr. B. Your grace did not want judgment to discover the impropriety of the terms; and a minister who must necessarily think his honour concerned in such a measure, would have desired to be recalled, rather than negotiate against his opinion.

Duke. A peace was, at all events, judged expedient: it was impossible to carry on the war any longer, at such an amazing expence: the interest of the national debt could scarce be raised; and, indeed, we had nothing more to conquer.

Mr. B. What we had conquered were surely objects worthy of being retained; else why expend so much blood and treasure in the pursuit?

Duke. These questions have been answered so often, that it were needless to discuss them here.

Mr. B. If you are driven to this resource, it is time indeed to give up the argument.

Duke. I find you equally incapable of supporting an argument in the Shades as you were upon earth. Did not death level all distinctions, I should disdain to confer with a ghost who is not yet purged from the gross prejudices of mortality. I honour and revere every man who is a friend to liberty, however mistaken he may be; but such a character as you assumed ought to be considered as a disgrace to any party; and he whose highest ambition was that of being the bell-weather of a factious set of tradesmen, always complaining of oppression in the midst of plenty, deserves the contempt and abhorrence of every rational being. I see better company approaching. So farewell.

THEATRE. N° XXIV.

ON Saturday the 12th, a new tragedy was performed for the first time at Drury-Lane. It is written by the daughter of the late Mr. Mallet, well known in the republic of letters, and was transmitted to the care of Mr. Garrick, from Genoa, where the authoress now resides; and under the auspices of the manager, it was brought upon the stage, by the title of *ALMIDA*, with the general plan of which we shall present our readers.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Tancred	—	Mr. Barry.
Arnolph	—	Mr. Reddish.
Orbuson	—	Mr. Aickin.
Alzamon	—	Mr. Inchbald.

Knights, Mess. J. Aickin, Palmer Farwell, Keene, &c.

W O M E N.

Sophia	—	Mrs. W. Barry.
Almida	—	Mrs. Barry.

Squires, Attendants, Waiting Women, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, Syracuse in Sicily.

THE city of Syracuse having been for a long time distracted by intestine broils, the Senate were prevailed on by the party which espoused the cause of Orbuson, a nobleman of great military abilities, to banish a young knight called Tancred, who was descended from a noble Gaulish family, and had enjoyed an honourable post in the armies of the Syracusans, which together with his estates, were given to his rival Orbuson, by a decree of the national assembly, who made it death to any of their citizens that should give entertainment to, or hold the least correspondence with the unfortunate Tancred.

During these transactions the Sultan Soliman invaded the Island of Sicily with a powerful army, and laid siege to Syracuse, which made the inhabitants unite for the general good, and defend themselves with so much valour, that Soliman, tired with the tediousness of the siege, proposed making peace on certain conditions, one of which was, that Almida, the daughter of Arnolph, one of the first noblemen in the republic, a young lady eminently distinguished for her beauty and merit, should be given him in marriage. This proposal was extremely disagreeable to Arnolph, who could by no means think of making his daughter a sacrifice to a Mussulman, and used all his influence with the senate to make them reject Soliman's terms, which they did accordingly, and enacted, with the consent of Arnolph, that Almida should give her hand to Orbuson, whom they made commander in chief of their forces.

At this period the play commences: Almida, who had been educated at the court of Cæsar, where she was at a very early age betrothed by her mother to Tancred, whose amiable qualities made a lasting impression on her heart, was extremely shocked at the determination of her father and the senate, and endeavoured to postpone the marriage for some days, in order to find a method of acquainting Tancred with her unhappy situation.

Orbuson, who was remarkable for roughness and austerity of manners, and who considered the match merely as a political one, calculated to procure the public happiness rather than his own, made no difficulty

sculty of deferring the nuptials for a short time. Almida then acquainted her confident Sophia, that she had received intelligence that Tancred was in disguise at Messina, and resolved to seize the first opportunity of presenting himself before the citizens of Syracuse, and asserting his rights, to the utter confusion of his enemies.

This information was communicated to Almida by a trusty slave belonging to Tancred, who had found means to pass through Soliman's troops, and get into the city. To this faithful messenger Almida delivered a letter without any superscription for her lover, describing her own distress, and inviting him to Syracuse, declaring she doubted not but he would "reign there as much in the hearts of the people as he did in her own." The unfortunate slave had scarcely got without the walls of the city, when he was intercepted by Orbuson's guards, who, supposing him a spy belonging to the Mahometan army, killed him on the spot, and on examining his papers, found Almida's epistle, which, from the contents, was universally believed to be intended for the sultan. Astonished and enraged at the account of this fatal circumstance, Arnolph acquiesced with the senators in dooming his daughter to immediate death, as the betrayer of her country, and the lady received the news of her fate without discovering the person for whom the letter was really designed, and with a magnanimity that surprised all the beholders.

At that time an ancient custom prevailed in Syracuse, which was, that if any courteous knight interfered in the favour of a woman who was condemned to death, and challenged, or fought, and conquered her accuser, she was by the laws of chivalry deemed guiltless, and preserved from punishment. Orbuson, who was affected with the distress of the lovely Almida, expressed some inclination to stand forth as her champion on this awful occasion; but finding from a conversation with her, as her soul was above dissembling, that her heart was absolutely engaged to another, resentment took place of pity, and he not only left her to her fate, but urged it on with all the rancour that disappointment and hatred could inspire.

At this juncture, Soliman having withdrawn his troops to a short distance from the city, Tancred and his friend Alzamon arrive in disguise at Syracuse, where they soon hear the story of Almida's correspondence with Soliman: struck with horror at her supposed infidelity, which

is corroborated by several circumstances, Tancred resolves to tear her from his heart, but at the same time, penetrated with grief at the distracted state of her father, and burning with rage against Orbuson, he offers himself as a champion in her cause, and dares his rival to single combat. Orbuson, without knowing his opponent, accepts the challenge, and is killed in the contest; during which the sultan, at the head of his army, returns to the charge, and prepares to assault the city in several places.

Tancred, who is regarded by the people, with the highest admiration, for his conduct towards Almida, offers himself to head a party of Syracusans against Soliman, being determined, as he imagines his mistress false, to seek a glorious death amidst the foes of his country. His offer is gladly accepted by the citizens, and just as he is going off, Almida enters to thank her deliverer; whom she soon discovers to be her long lost lover, but fears to proclaim it, on account of the edict which had passed against him, and is not a little distressed to guess the cause of his coldness. Tancred, after absolving Almida, in private, from her vows of fidelity, without assigning the cause, requests her to forget him, and leaves her abruptly to lead his troops to the attack. Penetrated with anguish, resentment, and despair, Almida grows outrageous, reproaches her father, and execrates the senators, as the origin of all her sorrows, and resolves to follow Tancred to the field, for an explanation of his ambiguous behaviour.

The sally, conducted by Tancred, succeeded beyond expectation; the Mahometans were put into confusion by the wonderful achievements of this extraordinary stranger, who was saluted by the Syracusans as the saviour of their country; and on his true character at length being discovered, the senate agreed as a reward for his signal services, to repeal the act they had passed against him, and restore him to his hereditary honours.

This news seemed to afford some prospect of happiness to Almida, who by this time had conjectured the true cause of her lover's jealousy; but it was of very short duration, for as he was entering the city, amidst the acclamations of the people, the Saracens renewed the fight, in which Tancred engaged with absolute desperation, and totally routed Soliman's army, but received a mortal wound, that filled all Syracuse with sorrow. Finding his death at hand, he sent a note to Almida to this purport, "I die from your perfidy."

The

The unhappy lady had just time to clear up the mystery before her beloved Tancred breathed his last upon her bosom, and she herself expired soon after in a paroxysm of distraction.

Having given our readers a sketch of the fable, we cannot omit observing, in justice to the performers, that it was finely acted, and that Mrs. Barry in particular was uncommonly happy in the most critical situations, and displayed some beauties of *Melpomene*, that had hitherto been latent in the Muse's true representative. The piece met with great applause, and it has since been acted several nights to crowded audiences: nevertheless, we must observe it is little more than a literal translation from Voltaire's Tragedy of *Tancred*, which has been severely handled by the critics.

Mr. Garrick, who seems ever attentive to variegate the dramatic amusements of the town, brought on, the Saturday following, a new comedy, written by Mr. Cumberland, author of the *Brothers*, a comedy, performed last winter at Covent-garden. [See p. 645. Vol. I.] The following account of this piece, will convey to our readers a general idea of the characters, plot, incidents and *dénouement*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Belcour (the West-Indian)	Mr. King
Mr. Stockwell	Mr. Aickin
Major O'Flaherty	Mr. Moody
Captain Dudley	Mr. Packer
Young Dudley	Mr. Caulberley
Fullmore	Mr. Baddeley
An Attorney	Mr. Parsons
Stockwell's Clerk	Mr. J. Aickin
Footman	Mr. Wright.

W O M E N.

Lady Rusport	Mrs. Hopkins
Charlotte	Mrs. Abington
Louisa Dudley	Mrs. Baddeley
Mrs. Fullmore	Mrs. Egerton
Waiting Maids	{ Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Love.

Constables, Sailors, Negroes, Servants, &c.

S C E N E, London.

MR. STOCKWELL, at an early period of life, having managed the affairs of old Bellcour, a considerable merchant in the island of Jamaica, privately married the only daughter of that gentleman, who finding herself with child, and dreading the effects of her father's resentment, took every step in her power to keep her

situation a secret; and being delivered of a fine boy whilst he was negotiating some business in England, contrived, upon his return, to have the infant introduced to him as a foundling, that had been left at his door. As the boy grew up, his amiable qualities made such an impression on the old gentleman, that the latter adopted him for his son, called him by his own name, and made him heir to his whole estate some time after, on the death of his daughter, who, being well acquainted with the capricious turn of her father's temper, and seeing her son as well provided for as she could possibly expect, never divulged the circumstance of her marriage.

Mr. Stockwell, soon after the birth of his son, returned to England, where, by his attention to commerce, he amassed a considerable fortune, and obtained a seat in parliament. His affection for his boy made him keep up a constant correspondence with his old master, who about twenty years after the birth of young Bellcour, died, after a short illness, recommending the youth, in his last moments, to the protection and friendship of Mr. Stockwell, whom he looked upon as a man firmly attached to the interest of his family.

About this time the play begins: Stockwell is discovered in his counting house perusing a letter, which informs him that young Bellcour is on his voyage to Europe. The prospect of seeing his long lost child, and his apprehensions lest his disposition should not turn out such as may contribute to his future happiness, cause great perturbation in his mind, which is presently relieved by the entrance of a sailor, who acquaints him with the young gentleman's arrival, and delineates his character in a few words, by saying, there was not a dry eye in the whole island of Jamaica when he left it. A great quantity of the West Indian's baggage is then carried over the stage by a number of negroes, and Stockwell's footman tells his fellow servants, the ship has brought rum and sugar enough to make punch of the whole river Thames. Bellcour makes his appearance soon after, and is very affectionately received by Stockwell, who finds him a fine, spirited, agreeable young fellow, whose violent passions seem likely to plunge him into numberless difficulties. After some humorous remarks on Custom-house officers, and the manners of London, Bellcour and Stockwell retire, and the scene changes to the apartments of lady Rusport, mother-in-law to Charlotte, a girl who is

to have a considerable fortune in a few months, when she comes of age. Charlotte has been treated with great severity by lady Rusport, who suspects her to be in love, as she really is, with her cousin Charles Dudley, an ensign of foot, whose father, Captain Dudley, married Lady Rusport's sister; and after 30 years service found himself greatly embarrassed in his circumstances. Young Dudley, on presenting himself before his aunt, to pay his respects to her, is treated with great coldness by the lady, who is extremely chagrined at hearing his father and sister are arrived in town, and, in the course of her conversation, takes care to let her nephew know, that though his grandfather has left her every shilling of his immense fortune, neither he, nor Captain Dudley, can expect any assistance from her.

Major O'Flaherty, a rough, brave, open, honest Irishman, who, upon account of his having been bred a Roman Catholic, had served in the French and Austrian armies for thirty years, without any other reward than a cross of St. Louis, and a kiss of the Empress Queen's hand, interrupts this scene and retires with Lady Rusport, for whom he professes a passion, after shewing some tokens of pity for Charles Dudley's situation.

Old Captain Dudley, whose sole motive for coming to town was to raise the sum of 200l. to give a brother officer in exchange for a commission in a regiment at Senegambia, having taken an obscure lodging with his son and daughter Louisa, at a bookseller's shop, which is kept by one Fullmore, a needy, malignant, rascally scribbler, is extremely unhappy at the news his son brings him from Lady Rusport, as he imagined her humanity would not have refused him so small a sum upon such an urgent occasion. Louisa, who is remarkably beautiful, runs in during this scene, and expresses the alarm her spirits have been thrown into at the strange behaviour of a gentleman who had accosted her in the street. Bellcour enters the shop immediately after, in pursuit of her, and the Dudleys being gone to their apartment, enquires of Mrs. Fullmore about the lady whose beauty had struck him so suddenly; but receives no satisfaction upon that head, and over-hearing Fullmore tell his wife something of Captain Dudley's distress, desires the bookseller to introduce him to the good old officer, which is accordingly done; and Bellcour, on hearing his story, voluntarily offers to supply him with the sum he is in need of; but finding this proposal from a stranger had

wounded the old gentleman's delicacy, hastily delivers him two notes folded up in a letter, which he pretends is only to inform him of the method in which he proposes to serve him, and after privately expressing his satisfaction at getting rid of the money (which he intended for a fine girl), and observing that it is much better laid out in relieving an object from distress than in plunging one into it, leaves the captain abruptly.

In the mean time, Charlotte having heard of her mother-in-law's unkind treatment of Captain Dudley, and being determined, at all events, to supply him with the money for his commission, prevails, with great difficulty, upon her lover, Charles, to leave a valuable pair of her diamond ear-rings, as a pledge, with her neighbour Stockwell, till she can repay him the 200l. The merchant acquaints Bellcour with the singular circumstances of a young lady, of her great expectations, taking such a step, and resolves to send them back to her with the money and jewels, in hopes his figure and conversation may be agreeable to her, as he appears very desirous to engage the West Indian in an honourable matrimonial connection. At this instant Bellcour receives a note from Mrs. Fullmore, who having discovered that Miss Dudley was the object of his pursuit, acquaints him she has got the lady in her house, whose perfections so attracted his attention, and begs to see him directly. Elated at this news, Bellcour persuades Stockwell to go first to Charlotte with the money, in order to pave the way for sending him with the jewels, and hurries to Fullmore's, where, in a conference with the mistress of the house, who perceives how easy his passion may be turned to her advantage, he receives every imaginable encouragement to make him hope he will easily be in possession of his wishes; but on hearing Mrs. Fullmore mention her as the sister of Charles Dudley, and consequently the daughter of the captain he relieved, a principle of generosity interposes with his designs, and he resolves to think no further about her. Mrs. Fullmore, however, on finding out his objection, artfully contrives to make him believe that she is only called Charles's sister, to blind the world, and is in reality his kept mistress. On this intelligence he determines to have her at all events; and being assured by his procuress, Mrs. Fullmore, that every woman has her price, and that Louisa is exceedingly fond of trinkets, jewels, &c. he having no money about him, is at length,

with great difficulty, prevailed on to give Charlotte's ear-rings to Mrs. Fullmore, in order that she may present them at a proper time to the idol of his soul. An interview with the young lady immediately follows; but his forwardness, in consequence of his supposing her a kept woman, having given her great disgust, she retires with precipitation.

Bellcour, shocked at the unjustifiable step his passion had hurried him to take, with regard to Miss Charlotte's jewels; in order to repair the injury he had done, buys a new set of diamond ear-rings, and proceeds, according to his promise, to Stockwell, to introduce himself to that young lady, to whom he returns her supposed ear-rings again with great politeness; but Charlotte instantly discovers that the jewels are much more valuable than her own, which brings about an eclairecissement, and Bellcour candidly confesses he has disposed of her ear-rings to a woman, whose extraordinary beauty deprived him of his prudence and resolution.

During this interview, Charlotte receives a letter from Charles, by which she is informed, her kind intentions in favour of his father, are rendered unnecessary, by the astonishing generosity of Mr. Bellcour, which gives her a very exalted opinion of her new acquaintance, who is not a little surprised to see Louisa enter soon after, and address Charlotte with the greatest familiarity. This produces a very entertaining scene, in which Bellcour, as he scorns a lie, acknowledges to Charlotte, that Louisa is the lady to whom he gave her ear-rings.

Mrs. Fullmore and her husband, fearing they will be called to account for the jewels she so fraudulently obtained, whenever a detection of the affair should take place, decamp in the night, and Bellcour returning to visit Louisa, is highly censured by that lady for the falsehood he propagated to Charlotte with regard to the present he had made, which he mistaking for her being desirous of the jewels he had bought, as they were more valuable than the other, proceeds to take great liberties with her, and catching her in his arms, she shrieks out, on which Charles immediately enters, and attacks Bellcour sword in hand, accusing him as a villain, who wanted to dishonour his family. This language produces the greatest resentment from the West Indian, who proclaims to Charles, that he knows his *real* connections with his *sister*, as he affects to call her, and assails him with great fury. The duel is happily interrupted by Major O'Flaherty,

who boldly rushes in between them, and Louisa having fainted, the combatants, with the assistance of the Major, who advises them never to draw their swords again before a woman, lead her to her apartment.

This honest Hibernian having been told by Lady Rusport, of her treatment of Captain Dudley, remonstrates warmly with her on her want of humanity; "You are worse than a hyæna, madam," says he, "for the most barbarous animal in the world is a human creature without pity." On being left by himself, he declares his desire to relieve old Dudley, but observes, "he has the best excuse in the world for giving him nothing---having nothing at all to give."

An old attorney, about this time, makes his appearance at Lady Rusport's, and, in a private conference, informs her, that he is in possession of her father's last will, by which the Knight's whole estate is devised to her nephew, Ensign Dudley, who was, by a former will, disinherited. Distracted at this piece of information, and satisfied that old Six and Eight-Pence had told her the truth, she, as Charles knows nothing of the paper in his favour, offers him the sum of five thousand pounds to secrete the testament. This conversation is partly overheard by O'Flaherty, who resolves to get the whole scene of villainy out of the Lawyer, who being frightened at the boisterous behaviour of the Major, and finding the plan detected, delivers up the will into his hands, and runs out of the house.

The Major, after carefully putting up the will in his pocket, in order to produce it against my Lady at a proper opportunity, proceeds to Stockwell's house, in order to call Bellcour to account for his insult on Miss Dudley. After having, in the presence of Stockwell, given the West Indian two bank notes of one hundred pounds each, as an acquittance of Captain Dudley's obligation, he acquaints him that Young Dudley is waiting at the London-Tavern, and demands immediate satisfaction. The challenge is instantly accepted, and Stockwell, who is extremely anxious about the life and honour of Bellcour, who discovers great courage and humanity in the discussion of the affair, determines to accompany him as his second.

In the midst of these transactions, Mrs. Fullmore and her husband having offered the ear-rings to sale, are taken into custody by the Jeweller, and soon after make a discovery of the illicit manner in which they came by them. This circumstance is communicated

municated to Stockwell, who orders them to attend at the tavern, in hopes their confession may contribute to terminate this disagreeable dispute. His hopes turn out to be well founded; for, upon a full explanation of the matter, in which Bellocour's mistake, from the infamous conduct of Mrs. Fullmore, plainly appears, the young gentlemen are honourably reconciled, and mutually apologize for their behaviour.

The good qualities of Bellocour making Stockwell very anxious to discover himself, and embrace him as his son, he invites the Major and Charles to his house, where, on their arrival, they are agreeably surprised to find Miss Charlotte had taken sanctuary at the Merchant's, to screen herself from Lady Rusport's resentment, who had found out she designed to elope with Charles to Scotland. The Lady enters soon after, and peremptorily demands her daughter-in-law, but is soon silenced by the honest Major, who, to the astonishment of the whole company, discovers her wicked conspiracy with the Attorney, and produces the will, which makes Charles sole heir of his grandfather's estate. Lady Rusport rushes out in a fit of rage and execration; Charlotte gives her hand to her lover; Miss Dudley, convinced of Bellocour's affection, and of the trick that had been played him, at length receives him as the partner of her heart, and the play is happily concluded by the interesting circumstance of Stockwell's discovering himself to Bellocour, whose heart expands with gratitude for the bounties bestowed on him by an all-seeing Providence.

Such are the outlines of this comedy, which met with great applause. It is certainly very far from being destitute of merit: the principal character is new upon the stage, and is finely supported by Mr. King: the moral is good, and the sentiments are just, though not always accompanied with novelty. The circumstance of Mr. Stockwell's not revealing to his son that he is his father so long, has been objected to by some critics, as improbable, and not founded in a sufficient cause; but as the catastrophe of the piece chiefly depends upon this *denouement*, we may allow it, at least, as a poetical licence. Other incidents have also been considered as rather forced, particularly that of Bellocour's taking charge of the jewels, and not the money, in order to introduce himself to Charlotte. The character of Major O'Flaherty is well sustained by Mr. Moody; but there are some of his *bulls* rather coarse, and some of his jokes too high seasoned. Upon the whole, how-

ever, it is a comedy that will please from the novelty of the thought, whilst it continues to be performed to so much advantage.

THE GENEROUS MISER. A CHARACTER.

WILL Bootle is as curious a personage as ever figured in the world in his sphere of life, and may fairly be ranked among the oddities of the age. He is a miser, and he is a generous man, alternately. He is truly miserable at home, in order to have his generosity trumpeted abroad. *Will* has two ruling passions, the love of money, and the love of fame; but the latter is so much the *over-ruling* one, that he is contented to deny himself almost the necessaries of life, that he may acquire a name, by furnishing himself with its superfluities. *Will* has but a small income, and therefore cannot perform many brilliant actions in the liberal style with his money, yet he contrives, by an artful distribution of his pecuniary favours, to pass in the world for a generous fellow, who would do a great deal more if he had it in his power. Those only who are intimately acquainted with his domestic secrets, know that *Will*, while he is feasting his vanity by reflecting upon his liberalities, punishes himself with the abstinence of a *Carmelite*. Satisfied with the coarsest food, satisfied with the coarsest cloathing, he comforts himself with the airy satisfaction arising from the adulation of his sycophants, who are benefited by his munificence, little thinking, at the same time, that the very people who flatter him to his face for the presents which they receive from him, laugh at him behind his back, for acting with so much inconsistency. *Will* is certainly a laughable character; but it is a little hard to be ridiculed by the persons to whom we are kind.

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS and PAMPHLETS.

A general History of Scotland. By W. Guthrie, Esq; Ten Vols. 8vo. Price 2l. 10s. Robinson and Roberts.

THIS work does great honour to Mr. Guthrie's historical abilities. The author exhibits, with fidelity, the most authentic information, which could be collected from English and Scotch historians. The arguments produced for the ascertaining of doubtful facts are clear and decisive; and he gives a more satisfactory account of many important transactions than is to be met with in any other writer.

The work is beautifully printed, and illustrated with elegant engravings of the Scotch kings, copied from the paintings in Holyrood-house; besides maps, views, and heads of illustrious persons.

The Life of Edward, Lord Herbert, of Cherbury. Written by himself. 4to. Price 8s. sewed. Doddsley.

This is a valuable piece of biography, well deserving the attention of the public. For some curious extracts from this work, see the Supplement to the last vol. p. 693.

Voyages and Travels through the Russian Empire, Tartary, and Part of the Kingdom of Persia. By John Cook, M. D. at Hamilton. Two Vols. 8vo. Price 12s. in Boards. Cadel.

These *Voyages* appear to be the real result of travel; and not manufactured in the closet from Keyser, Hanway, &c. wherefore we meet with much important information, very different from modern compilations.

The Father, a Comedy. Translated from the French of Mr. Diderot. 4to. Price 3s. Baldwin.

This piece was represented some years since at Paris with great applause, which we apprehend, however, it will never meet with in its present dress at either of our theatres.

The putting on the new Man, a certain Mark of the real Christian: A Sermon preached at the Tabernacle, on the 5th of January, 1750. By the late Rev. George Whitefield, M. A. 8vo. Price 6d. Towers.

This may, or may not, be the production of Mr. Whitefield, as it contains many fanatic effusions, for the comprehension of which we have not had a proper call.

The cheerful Companion, or Songster's Pocket-book: Containing the most approved Songs, Odes, Cantatas, &c. in the English Language, &c. &c. 12mo. Price 3s. Kearsly.

A tolerable good collection.

A philosophical Enquiry into the Nature and Properties of Water. By J. Rotherham, M. D. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. Murray.

This gentleman seems to have discovered nothing new in this enquiry, except it be how to make a cheap pudding, by infusing snow instead of eggs.

Some Proposals for strengthening our naval Institutions: In a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Anson, First Lord Commissioner for executing the Office of Lord High Admiral. By a Sea Officer. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Becket.

This piece was written so long ago as the year 1759, though not published till now; and is well deserving the perusal of every sea and marine officer.

The authentic Memoirs of the Countess De Barre, the French King's Mistress; carefully collated from a Manuscript in the Possession of the Dukes of Villeroy. By Sir Francis N——. Price 3s. Roson.

A very indecent catchpenny, collected from a manuscript that never existed, by a knight of the Rainbow (probably) in Nubibus.

A Series of genuine Letters between Henry and Frances. Vols. V. and VI. 12mo. Price 6s. Richardson and Urquhart.

These letters are written by the author of the comedy called the School for Rakes, and are worthy of so able a pen.

Memoirs, Anecdotes, and Characters of the Court of Lewis XIV. Translated from Les Souvenirs; or, the Recollections of Madame Caylus, Niece to Madame De Maintenon. Two Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. Doddsley.

Translated by the same author.

The Dedication of the Temple of Solomon, a poetical Essay. By William Hodgson, M. A. Fellow of Trinity-College, Cambridge. 4to. Price 1s. Doddsley.

This poem obtained Mr. Seaton's annual prize at the university of Cambridge.

The Fables of Flora. By William Langhorne. 4to. Price 3s. Murray.

Poetry, description, and sentiment prevail throughout these fables.

A King's-Bench Sermon. 8vo. Price 1s. Evans.

This is rather a political than a religious discourse, in favour of Mr. Stephens; (see Vol. II. p. 614) to which is prefixed a farcastical dedication to lord M——d.

The Fairy's Revel; or, Puck's Trip through London by Moon-Light: A Satire. 4to. Price 1s. 6d. Bladon.

A satirical attempt in rhyme upon several theatrical and literary characters.

The Atheist, a Poem. By N. Elliot. 4to. Price 2s. Fletcher.

We think Mr. Elliot has degraded himself from his former rank; for though he was allowed to be a tolerable good shoe-maker, we cannot suffer him to rank higher than a cobbler in poetry.

Genuine Letters between the Arch-bishop of Anneci and Mr. De Voltaire. 8vo. Price 1s. Newbery.

This correspondence was occasioned by a sermon preached by the poet at a parish church built on his estate, which gave offence to the arch-bishop.

POETICAL

POETICAL PIECES.

JANUARY.

THE annual round of fleeting time is past,
And dark December, with his gloomy
train,
Flies from the opening year, with fleeting
And in vacancy dissolves again.

With clouds enwrapt Aquarius opes his urn,
Diffusive drop the penetrating show'rs :
Tempests, subservient to his will, return,
And Eolus emits his raging stores.

High swelling rivers now disdain their bounds,
And seek new paths beyond their oozy bed ;
Rolling impetuous o'er the fertile grounds,
They scatter devastation as they spread.

Loud roars the tempest o'er the darken'd plain !
Beneath the mount the clay-built cottage
shakes !

Tall, leafless elms a contest fierce maintain,
And nod their branches to the blast's attacks !

Chang'd the dull scene !—in spotless white ar-
ray'd,
(Whilst heaven's high arch cerulean splen-
did shines)

Appears each sky-topt hill, each hidden mead,
And nature in her snowy mantle shines.

Each bush and brake now yield a gelid dart,
And pendant bear their sparkling chrysal
load ;

The tender blades with polish'd lances start,
And beauty reigns amidst their wild abode.

The feather'd warblers cease their tuneful song,
And seek a shelter with unfaithful man :
To thatch-roofs, by hunger drove, they throng,
And at the doors pick up the scatter'd grain.

With feeble force the sun emits his light :
His rays, scarce felt, soon sink in Thetis'
breast,

Adding fresh lustre to the dazzling white,
He gains, with rapid speed, the destin'd west.

No more the boundless ragings of the deep
Destructive blast the peasant's future care ;
Fetter'd in icy bands, they silent creep
Beneath the glassy veil of Greenland's air *.

Intensely cold the village fires blaze !
Secure at home, from nature's frigid sway,
The honest villagers elude the days,
And o'er the jug the ev'nings pass away.

* * * *

* Alluding to the sharpness of the frosts
there.

JANUARY. An ODE.

I.

LO! mantled in a show'ry cloud,
Hail storms, and winds, in thunders loud,
Stern Capra and Aquarius ride :
But when their agate key display,
The ruby gates of orient day
Applaud the infant year's emerging pride.

II.

Adieu, ye paths, now fought in vain ;
Adieu to mem'ry's painted plain,
While Phœbus holds his doubtful sway :
No music warbles thro' the grove ;
No more with devious steps we rove,
For greater darkness shares the ling'ring day.

III.

With plaints we view the hoary hill,
The snow-topt cot, the candy'd rill,
The river's shining pavement floor :
The leafless wood, the steril field,
With mists restrain'd, but half reveal'd,
And cataracts, loud surges lashing roar.

IV.

Still commerce ever sacred be,
Blest offspring sprung from Liberty ;
While circling time renews the strain,
Beneath a monarch's fostering care,
See! ships unnumber'd ride in air,
Like lordly forests plow the trembling main.

V.

Whate'er the temperate zones provide ;
Whate'er the torrid regions hide,
Britannia's sons exert their claims :
With matchless gems, and precious ore,
Collected from each foreign shore,
Old ocean rolls them all to silver Thames.

VI.

Let discord fly, and shun the light,
And love with honour firm unite :
Again shall plenty fill her horn ;
For they who stor'd the barn and field,
Shall taste the pleasing sweets they yield,
And bless the coming of each growing morn.

VII.

Let then our Attic wit prevail ;
Let mirth repeat the jocund tale,
With harmony's attractive mien :
Let amity, the voice of joy,
Let love his pleasing wiles employ ;
For time will close the variegated scene.

J. SEALY.

An ELEGIAC PASTORAL.

AT the drear hour, when o'er the pensive plain
Black fronted night assum'd her awful reign,
Beneath a blasted oak Alexis lay,
And sighs and tears consum'd the time away:
Hoarse at his feet a river roll'd its tide,
Whose foaming billows overflow'd its side:
The distant clock proclaim'd the midnight hour;

The herbage bow'd beneath the driving show'r;
The thunders roll'd, the rushing winds blew high,

And gleamy lightnings flash'd along the sky.
Oft' as the shepherd strove to ease his pain,
As oft' the rising sob pronounc'd it vain;
But soon calm reason bade his griefs subside,
And thus the youth in falt'ring accents cry'd:

"Cease! memory, cease to paint the dreary night,

When beauteous Delia took her early flight!
When weeping loves proclaim'd th' approaching woe!

And death stood ling'ring with the fatal blow:
'Twas then dark horror rul'd the silent night,
The glim'ring tapers pour'd a fainter light;
Slow from her cheeks the blushing crimson fled,
And o'er her charms a deadly paleness spread:
I spring to clasp her with a lover's force;
But for my Delia clasp'd — a breathless corse.

"Blest with each charm that nature could bestow;

Chaste as the opening rose, or falling snow,
Sweet as the violet, as the lily fair,
And (tort'ring thought) my Delia was sincere;
But fled are all the beauties of her youth;
Still is that tongue that vow'd eternal truth;
Pale are those beauteous cheeks of crimson hue;
Dim are those lovely eyes of glossy blue;
No more those fingers sweep the trembling wires;

No more that warbling voice my soul inspires,
For envious death has mangled all her charms,
And torn her from a bleeding lover's arms.

"When hand in hand we trod the cheerful grove,

The murm'ring breezes seem'd to whisper love;
The verdant meads display'd a brighter green,
A thousand beauties fill'd the sylvan scene;
The smiling hours on downy pinions fled,
And calm contentment hover'd o'er my head:
But now no more the beauteous scenes delight,
The faded landscape sickens on my sight;
The western gales in hoarse murmurs roar,
And cooling shades invite my steps no more.

"Ye rains descend! ye rushing tempests roar!
Ye glaring lightnings pour your flaming store!
Along the air ye rattling thunders roll!
For well your horrors suit my gloomy soul:
Rise quick, ye sighs, and ease my lab'ring breast!

Flow fast, ye tears! and give my sorrows rest:
But ah! in vain to ease my griefs ye try!
Tear follows tear, and sigh succeeds to sigh.

"Ah! what avails it that with bounteous hand

Kind Ceres pours her blessings o'er my land,

Though waving vallies smile with rip'ning corn,
Or num'rous sheep my spacious folds adorn;
With careless eye my swelling stores I see,
The smiles of Fortune now are lost on me.

"Can I recall the day without a tear,
When wrapt in grief I follow'd Delia's bier?
Sad as the slow procession mov'd along,
Dark was each brow, and mute was every tongue,

The rising sorrows gush'd from every eye,
And passing strangers caught the spreading sigh;
But what were then the sorrows of my breast,
By all the griefs of blasted love oppress'd?

'Twas then distraction rul'd with anarch sway,
And hurried reason from her throne away:
Wing'd with despair I search'd thro' every grove,

Explor'd each lonely shade to find my love;
Erroneous fancy oft' the fair one view'd,
And as she led, my willing feet pursu'd;
But now calm reason re-assumes her reign,
A deadly languor creeps thro' ev'ry vein,
Returning morn renews the rising sigh,
And dusky eve bedews the bloodshot eye;
In vain the sun emits his kindling ray,
Revives the flow'rs, and cheers the face of day;
In vain the joyful birds renew their strain,
Or cheerful swains invite me to the plain:
Still must my eyes with ceaseless sorrow flow,
Still must my tortur'd bosom throb with woe.

"But why should I indulge the sorrowing tear?

The friendly means of death are always near;
He glares amidst the lightnings horrid flame,
Howls in the storm, and rages in the stream;
'Tis he alone can bid my sorrows cease,
Calm every sigh, and sooth my thoughts to peace:

And thou, my Delia, once my only care,
If yet thy soul be hovering in the air,
Assist thy shepherd, cheer his falt'ring breath,
And let a ray of comfort crown his death;
Then shall our mutual souls together rise,
Quit this dull orb, and mingle in the skies."
The frantic youth then call'd on Delia's name,
Sprung from his mossy bed, and plung'd a-midst the stream.

JUVENIS.

SONG.

AS careless I cross'd the green mead,
My heart free from care and from pain,
Kind fancy (not will) took the lead,
And led to the end of a plain,
Where a grotto there stood in the mid
Of a shady and cool tufted grove,
Where virtue from vice might be hid,
And all seem'd to be sacred to love.

Enraptur'd I gaz'd all around,
My feet had not power to move;
So soften'd, no wonder I found
My heart was inclined to love;
For the goddess of this charming place,
Tho' not Venus, the Cyprian queen,
Had (without her coquetry) her grace,
And with virtue, an elegant mien.

Good

Good humour with health's rosy hue
 Were display'd in her eye and her cheek,
 And good sense stood confest to your view,
 E'er she open'd her mouth for to speak.
 In each feature much sweetness did shine,
 When I told her how much I was caught;
 And she cry'd, with a voice half divine,
 'Tis by worth I'm alone to be bought.
 Then from hence learn, ye swains, who're afraid
 That the nymphs will from constancy swerve,
 That like me you may gain the dear maid,
 If you study that bliss to deserve,
 'Tis not dress, or a gay easy air,
 That will take with a sensible mind;
 Be tender, polite, and ne'er fear
 But the nymphs will be faithful and kind.

C E L A D O N.

The INVITATION.

Wrote on New-Year's-Day, 1771.

SO long I've deferr'd at this season my treat,
 In hopes at my board with a welcome to greet,
 * Puella and Felix, the fond happy pair,
 Whose friendship you value, and converse oft
 share; [decline
 That my pullets will spoil, and my shell-fish
 In their flavour, as well as my milds and wine,
 If longer my larder and cellar they grace:
 Then leaving young Nimrods, your friends of
 the chase, [weather,
 To talk of their horses, their bounds, and the
 'Till they all get quite jolly and stupid to-
 gether;
 This ev'ning precisely at eight I intreat
 A more rational set, you will venture to meet;
 Who, tho' cards, dice, and women are absent,
 you'll say,
 Can still make an ev'ning improving and gay,
 And add by their humour a zest to the wine
 At supper;—for poets you know seldom dine,
 Unless with duke Humphry, and that is but
 rare,
 For who live by wits, must oft' live upon air.
 So stupid are patrons in these selfish days,
 That they will not e'en part with their pudding
 for praise;
 Nor draw a fresh cork to enliven desire,
 Tho' you sung like an angel, or handled the
 lyre [trees
 Like Orpheus; for he might the mountains and
 Make leu-er, and jig it with much greater ease,
 Than gain by his skill, at their tables, a seat.
 The age is so vicious, and tasteless the great.
 For the works of Pope, Addison, Newton,
 and Boyle,
 Have long been discarded for Heber and Hoyle;
 And † Harris's lists are more read by his grace
 Than the classics, which gain'd so distinguish-
 ed a place

* Captain Edward Thompson, and a lady of
 Kew.

† An infamous account published yearly of the
 Covent-garden ladies.

In Mæcenas's favour; whose glorious aim
 Was to raise men of genius to honour and
 fame:

With Virgil and Horace, he oft' at his seat
 Enjoy'd the delights of a learned retreat;
 But our nobles more great, and refin'd in their
 taste, [now waste.
 With pimps, ruffians, and jockeys, their fortunes
 But why do I lash their gross follies in vain,
 Who feel not my satire, or feeling disdain?
 'Tis merit neglected, and genius decry'd
 In others, that wounds my compassion and
 pride; [lost,
 For thanks to kind Prudence, and friends I have
 Independent I live, at no other man's cost;
 With income sufficient to keep myself clear
 From meanness, no mortal I flatter or fear:
 Health flushing my cheek, and contentment my
 breast,

No envy I feel, for all grandeur's a jest.

The smiles and the frowns of dame Fortune
 are vain [and painTo a mind well inform'd,—since here pleasure
 So nicely are blended; 'tis hard to define
 In whose favour the balance is found to incline.

By a few happy maxims my conduct I steer,
 Nor elated by hope, nor dejected by fear;
 Good and evil receiving, as blended together,
 Unconcern'd as a wise man at unsettled weather.
 For the changes in life, just as those of the year,
 To me at once pleasing and grateful appear;
 With a few things, and needful, my wishes
 are crown'd, [round:

While I sit at my ease, with my books scatter'd
 Enjoying whatever the ancients have writ,
 Or moderns on subjects of learning and wit,
 From the days of old Homer and Hesiod, down
 To the last pamphleteer, who delighted the
 town.

And sometimes myself, or a friend to amuse,
 I scribble a poem, or write for the news
 A letter on subjects of science or trade,
 Or errors and blunders our statesmen have made;
 On the vices in vogue pour my satire amain,
 And brandish my pen at the insults of Spain;
 Of war and of peace the true motives display,
 And make Grotius and Puffendorf quickly
 give way.

To arguments drawn from our int'rest alone,
 For friendship and honour are now seldom
 known

To be longer preserv'd here at home or abroad,
 Than the parties by that vilest motive are aw'd;
 And when weary of subjects like these I retreat,
 And enjoy with some fair ones a short tête-à-
 tête

On topics more pleasing, light, airy, and gay,
 Dress, beauty, and love, or the news of the
 day; [fair,

For wit gains its polish and edge from the
 Then I vault on my steed, and enjoy the fresh
 air; [tain,

Which alone can my health and spirits main-
 And keep lady muse in a frolicksome vein;
 Whose smiles make my moments pass guiltless
 along; [throng,

For when the road's rugged, and bustling the
 She

She bids me rejoice while of virtue possess'd,
And to *heav'n* and *nature* resign all the rest.

Then come to my cottage, with freedom
and ease

Enjoy my repast, for 'tis *wisdom* to seize
Each *pleasure* that offers, when *pleasure's* no
crime,

And make true *enjoyment* the measure of time.

ATTICUS.

PROLOGUE to the Tragedy of ALMIDA.

By WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Esq;

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

CRITICKS be dumb--To-night a lady sues,
From soft Italia's shores, an English muse,
Tho' fate there binds her in a pleasing chain,
Sends to our stage the offspring of her brain:
True to her birth she pants for British bays,
And to her country trusts for genuine praise.
From infancy well read in tragic lore,
She treads the path her father trod before;
To the same candid Judges trusts her cause,
And hopes the same indulgence and applause.
No falic law here bars the female's claim,
Who pleads hereditary right to fame.

Of love and arms she sings, the mighty two,
Whose powers uniting must the world subdue;
Of love and arms! in that heroic age,
Which knew no poet's, no historian's page;
But war to glory form'd the unletter'd mind,
And chivalry alone taught morals to mankind;
Nor taught in vain, the youth who dar'd aspire
To the nice honours of a lover's fire,
Observ'd with duteous care each rigid rule,
Each stern command of labour's patient school;
Was early train'd to bear the sultry beams
Of burning suns, and winter's fierce extremes;
Was brave, was temperate: to one idol fair
His vows he breath'd, his wishes center'd there:
Honour alone could gain her kind regard,
Honour was virtue, beauty it's reward.
And shall not British breasts, in beauty's cause,
Adopt to-night the manners which she draws?
Male writers we confess are lawful prize,
Giants and monsters that but rarely rise!
With their enormous spoils your triumphs
grace,

Attack, confound, exterminate the race;
But when a lady tempts the critic war,
Be all Knights errant, and protect the fair.

EPILOGUE. By Mr. GARRICK.

Spoken by Mrs. BARRY.

A Female Bard, far from her native land,
A Female should protect—lo! here I stand,
To claim of Chivalry the ancient rites,
And throw my gauntlet at all Critic Knights!

Nor only for our Auth'refs am I comè:
I rise a champion for the sex at home!

Will shield you, Ladies, from the stand'ring
crew,

And prove Greeks, Romans, all, must yield
to you:

I've read how women, many of condition,
Did, ere some conqueror storm'd a town, pe-
tition,

That each might take a load upon her back--
Out march'd the dames, but carry'd no stuff
sack,

They bore their loving husbands pick-a-
pack!

The same domestic zeal has each fair she,
In full perfection at the Coterie;
For don't they bargain, when they quit their
houses,

At Pleasure's call, to carry too their spouses!
Whereas with you, ye fair ones, shall we see
That Roman virtue—*Hospitality!*

The foreign artists can your smiles secure,
If he be singer, fidler, or friseur:
From our dull yawning scenes fatigu'd you go,
And croud to Fantoccini's puppet-shew;
Each on the foreign things with rapture stares!
*Sweet dears!—they're more like flesh and blood
than play'rs!*

As what we do, you modestly condemn,
So now, turn'd wood and wire, we'll act like
them; [a-new,

Move hands and feet, nay e'en our tongues
Eh bien monsieur! comment vous portez-vous?

Once more I challenge all the critic knights,
From city jokers, to the wits at White's;
From daily scribblers, volunteers, or hacks,
Up to those more than mortals, at Almack's!
Should any fribble critics dare to *dem,*
Gad-cus!—I'll throw a chicken glove at them:
And if to shew their teeth, they still will grin,
Let 'em come on—I draw my corking-pin! *
But should our soldiers, sailors, raise our eyes,
They only can be conquer'd by † your fears.
Your smiles may soften, but your tears can
melt 'em. [em.

The bravest, boldest, mightiest men have felt
Ay, you may sneer, ye wits, your hearts are
steel,

I speak of mortals who can fight and feel!
In peace or war, ye fair, trust only those,
Who love the sex, and always beat their foes,
Will none accept my challenge!—what
disgrace [race,

To all the nibbling, scribbling, stand'ring
Who dare not meet a woman face to face!
The auth'refs and our sex have gain'd their
cause! [plause,

Complete their triumph, give 'em your ap-

* Stands in a posture of defence.

† To the ladies in the boxes.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, Nov. 17.

THE Russians not having taken any port in the Archipelago fit to winter in, have been forced to abandon those seas; and their retreat has rendered the navigation of the Hellespont quite free, inasmuch that our ships, as well as those of other nations, now arrive here daily without the least obstacle. The Porte has issued an anathema in form against the Tartars of Besseraba and the Crimea.

Brest, Dec. 3. The ships in this port are, Le Roial Louis, of 116 guns, La Bretagne, of 110, La Ville de Paris, of 90, Le St. Esprit, of 80, L'Orient, of 70, Le Magnifique, l'Intrepide, le Sceptre, le Palmier, le Défenseur, le Diademe, le Zodiaque, le Minotaure, le Robuste, le Citoyen, les Six-Corps, le Diligent, le Glorieux, le Conquerant, la Couronne, all of 64 guns; le Northumberland, of 68, le Prothée of 64, l'Actif, le Sphinx, l'Éveille, le Solitaire, le Vengeur, l'Union, le Brillant, l'Artisien, le St. Michel, of 64 guns; 4 ships of the first rate, 16 of the second rate, and 11 of the third rate. The frigates are la Terpsicore, la Legere, l'Infidele, la Malicieuse, la Livorne, la Folle, la Danae, le Zaphire, la Renommée, of 26 guns; La Thetis, l'Heroine, la Biche of 24 guns; besides 5 corvettes (advice boats) and 9 flutes.

Constantinople, Dec. 3. The Pacha of Bosnia, esteemed by the Sultan as a man of courage and great skill in the military art, is appointed grand vizir, in the room of Hali Pacha, who is sent to Belgrade, in quality of Pacha; and the Pacha of Belgrade succeeds the new grand vizir as Pacha of Bosnia.

Stralsund, Dec. 5. Wednesday last the powder-magazine in this city blew up at the time the workmen were all there; by which terrible accident upwards of an hundred lives were lost, and more than a thousand persons were dangerously wounded. Seventy houses were entirely thrown down, and the windows of all the other houses in the city were broken.

Toulon, Dec. 6. The marine in this port consists of two first rates, le Languedoc, and le Tonnant, both of 80 guns; 20 second rates, le Protecteur, le Zele, la Bourgogne, le Marseillois, le Guerrier, le Soverain, l'Hector, le Cesar, of 74; le Content, le Triton, le Lion, le Vaillant, le Fantastique, l'Altier, l'Aventurier, la Rencontre, le Hazard, la Provence, le Sage, le Hardi, of 64; one third rate, le Sagittaire, of 50; the frigates are, La Chimere, le Gracieux, la Mignone, la Topaze, la Pleyade, la Fortune, la Sultane, l'Engageante, l'Athelante, of 26; one corvette, la Fleche, of 18, and three bom-

ketches, la Tempete, la Salamandre, and l'Etna; the zebecks are, le Requin, of 24; le Renard, le Cameleon, le Seduisant, le Singe of 20; le Serpent and la Revanche, from 18 to 14 guns.

Paris, Dec. 14. The last week in November the parliament received an edict, by which his majesty commanded them to hold as a law of the state, the indispensable obligation all the sovereign courts are under, to proceed to the registering of the laws which he addresses to them; when the monarch, notwithstanding the remonstrances, persists in enforcing the execution of his will. The chambers assembled on this occasion, and then adjourned to the third of December, as the parliament was expected to be fuller that day.

On Monday the 3d instant, the chambers assembled, and deliberated on the edict. It was unanimously resolved, the first president should that day wait upon the king, and present to his majesty the most humble and most respectful representations of his parliament, and beg that he would withdraw his edict.

Commissaries were immediately appointed to draw up the representations, and the business was soon dispatched. The parliament sat from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, and the first president set out for Versailles. After he had waited about half an hour, he was introduced to the king. His majesty, who was attended by the chancellor and the duke de la Vrilliere only, listened to the representations, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, and returned the following answer:

"I did not cause my edict to be digested, without the most mature deliberation. Your representations contain nothing but declamations against persons who are worthy of the confidence I honour them with; and tend only to raise ideas as false as they are injurious to my person. They shall not make me alter my mind. I order you to get it registered as early as to-morrow; and I charge you, Sir, to come here at seven o'clock in the evening, to give me an account of the execution of my orders."

The chambers assembled on Tuesday at ten in the morning to hear the king's answer; and on the report made by the first president, they passed a very spirited resolution against registering the edict, and dispatched the first president with it to Versailles.

On Wednesday, the chambers assembled again at ten, to hear the king's answer; and the first president reported, that his majesty had only said, that he would let them know his intentions.

The king's counsel then entered and said, they had received orders from the king to

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withdraw the edict in question. Afterwards, on a general rumour that there would be a bed of justice, one of the members moved, that they ought to be prepared at all events; and the court deliberating on the king's will, known and executed by his attorney general, they resolved upon fresh protests against the edict, in case they should be compelled to register it by force, in a bed of justice, announcing that their very silence should be deemed an ever subsisting protest. It is very remarkable, that in these three assemblies, which were extremely numerous, there was not one dissenting voice.

On Thursday, the first president assembled the chambers, pursuant to the orders he had received in the night from the grand master of the ceremonies, and invited the parliament in the usual form to meet at ten the next morning, at the castle of Versailles, where his majesty intended to hold his bed of justice. In consequence of this, the members renewed their protests of the day before, against every thing that might be done, as they neither ought, nor could, nor intended to assent thereto. The princes and peers received the usual invitations: and it is even said, that the duke d'Aiguillon was there, and took his seat among the peers.

On Friday the bed of justice was held with the greatest formality. The chancellor, the first president, and the first solicitor-general, made each of them a speech, according to custom; after which the edict was registered. No other business was done.

At ten o'clock at night the parliament assembled; but the unanimity that had prevailed till then, was broken. One party were for throwing up their employments directly; the other were of a contrary opinion. After long debates the further discussion of the matter was put off to Monday the 10th.

All the chambers being assembled on the 10th, at seven in the morning, the parliament passed a resolution, containing in substance, that the first president should immediately repair to the king, to beseech him to withdraw his edict, or else make him, after the example of the ancient magistrates their predecessors, the unanimous offer of their employments and their heads; voluntary, yet indispensable sacrifices, when the constitution is attacked.

Resolved that the first president shall not communicate the resolution to any but the king in person; and that until they should receive his answer, the chambers would remain assembled.

According to the above resolution, the first president set out that moment for Versailles, where he heard the king was just gone to la Muette, where he intended to hunt, and was to lie there that night. He immediately set off for that castle, where his majesty sent him word, that it was not customary for him to receive any deputation in that place. The

magistrate insisted on an audience, or some token, by which he might certify to the parliament, his majesty's formal refusal. Upon which the king wrote with his own hand, "I cannot see my first president here, let him come to Versailles on Wednesday at seven in the evening, I shall give him my answer; in the mean time let my parliament resume its functions." In consequence, the first President returned without letting the king see the resolution.

On Tuesday the 11th that magistrate reported to the house the manner in which he had executed his commission the day before, and the king's order. Upon which it was again resolved, that the first president should wait on the king at the place and hour appointed, the court persisting in its former resolution.

On Thursday morning all the chambers being assembled, the first president made his report of the king's answer as follows: "Nothing proves more the necessity of the law, which I caused to be registered, than the conduct of my parliament. Let it resume its functions. I command you so to do." Upon this a resolution passed, that the first president should again wait upon the king with fresh and reiterate representations, setting forth the impossibility of registering the said edict, and that the magistrates were resolved to perish with the laws.

Since the parliament continues assembled, the counsellors refuse to do any business, either at the chatelet, the court of aids, or any of the other tribunals; so that the administration of justice is totally suspended.

Rochfort, Dec. 15. We are very uneasy here, on account of a Dutch or Dantzick vessel which has been wrecked on the sands of Olonne. Some people went to her, in a barque, and found twenty dead men in the cabin, and had the imprudence to load their barque with some of the effects, that remained on board the wreck. These people afterwards came hither; on their report, our commandant has thought proper to confine them, and to take all the precautions which prudence dictates in such a case, for fear the vessel, effects and crew, were infected with the plague.

Lisbon, Dec. 20. We never heard any thing of the remonstrance you mention to have been sent here; if there was any, they pay very little regard to it, for they behave worse every day. Perhaps they think we are afraid of them on this occasion. I pray God that we may convince them of the contrary. They have no preparation of any kind for war. I suppose both parties despise the little assistance they can give them, and neither care to be troubled with their protection. They have prohibited several of our manufactories in iron, some sort of stuffs, and a law is expected to come out every day, prohibiting hats and stockings; so you see how little they mind your remonstrance.

Brindes,

Brindes, Dec. 20. We have just received letters, which positively assure that the Russians have retaken the island of Lemnos, and cut to pieces all the Turks which Hassen Bey had conducted thither. The castle has also surrendered, and some of the letters even mention the terms of capitulation.

Leghorn, Dec. 26. The Turks of the isle of Lemnos have violated the capitulation which they made with the Russians, in inhumanly massacring a great number of Greeks of that island, amongst whom, we are told, that they have not even spared their bishop.

Paris, Dec. 31. It seems confirmed that the

count de Mury hath at length accepted of the charge of minister of war, after having twice refused it. It is said, that the cardinal de Bernis will be re-established in the place of minister for foreign affairs, and that a courier hath been sent to Rome to carry him the news of his nomination. It is generally thought at court, that the bishop of Orleans will soon quit his dignities, and retire.

Brussels, Jan 4. In the memory of man there never was such weather as we have constantly had here of late; nothing but continual rains and high winds, so that the whole country is under water.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N .

OUR readers will see that since our last Number, a temporary expedient has been found by the Court of Spain, to gain time for their future hostile designs: a declaration (see p. 55) has been signed (the 22d. instant) by Prince Maserano, the Spanish Ambassador, to restore Port Egmont, in Falkland island to us, in order to enter into a Negotiation upon the respective claims of the two courts upon the whole island. We cannot pretend to foretel how long this negotiation may last; but it will, most probably, terminate like that of our commissaries at Paris after the peace of Aix la Chapelle—in a War. The reception this declaration met with in both houses, on Friday the 25th, when it was laid before them, in a great measure evinces the sense of the unbiassed part of the nation upon the occasion. The convention between this court and that of Spain, signed 1738-9, relative to our cutting of Logwood at Honduras, in the Bay of Campeachy, and our ships passing unsearched in the West Indies, was but the prelude to a long and bloody war, at length terminated by the memorable definitive treaty of Aix la Chapelle. That there seems but too striking a resemblance between this declaration and that convention, with all its fatal consequences, is the opinion of the uninfluenced members of the senate. The Manilla ransom makes no part of this declaration, nor is it to be entered into during the course of the ensuing negotiation; wherefore we may consider this object as tacitly given up: and the Spaniards do not even promise to make us any reimbursement for near two millions already expended in the equipment of our naval armaments, and the support of 24,000 additional seamen, besides 13,000 land forces, for at least a twelvemonth; towards which the landed gentlemen have been dipped out of 500,000l. by an additional Land-tax, in order to produce this—HONOURABLE CONVENTION. Shall we always be the ridicule of Europe, for our contemptible negotiations?

Dec. 29. THE following is a letter which was wrote to Mr. Stephens, Se-

cretary of the Admiralty, in consequence of an order from the Lords of that board for impressing 500 watermen.

“S I R,

“The rulers of the company of watermen and lightermen having received an order, under the hands of three of the Lords of the Admiralty, therein said to be in pursuance of his Majesty's order in council, requiring and directing them forthwith to impress and provide five hundred able watermen, fitting to serve his Majesty's ships as their Lordships shall direct; and the said rulers having applied to me as their solicitor on the occasion for my advice, I beg leave to inform you, that I and some of the rulers have waited on Mr. Jackson, to whom I communicated my sentiments, and he advised me to write my thoughts to you, in such a manner as might be proper to lay before their Lordships.

“Having maturely considered the case, I find that by an act made in the 2d year of the reign of King Philip and Queen Mary, intituled, “An Act touching watermen and barge-men upon the river of Thames,” it is, amongst other things enacted, that if any person or persons rowing betwixt Gravesend and Windsor, which in the time of the execution of any commission of pressing, that shall be had for the service of the King and Queen's Majesty, and the heirs and successors of the Queen's Majesty in their affairs, shall willingly, voluntarily and obstinately withdraw, hide, and convey him, or themselves, in the time of pressing, into secret places, and after such time of pressing is over-past, shall return again to the said river of Thames to row, and that duly proved, he or they so offending shall suffer two weeks imprisonment, and be banished from rowing on the said river for one year then next following.

“I also find, that by another act of parliament, made in the 4th and 5th years of the reign of Queen Ann, intituled, “An Act for the encouragement and increase of seamen,

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and for the better and speedier manning her Majesty's fleet, it is, amongst other things, therein enacted to the following effect: That in case such a number of watermen, barge-men, lightermen, and wherry-men, as the Lord High Admiral, or any three or more of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of England for the time being, shall, from time to time, give notice to the company of watermen, there shall be occasion for to serve her Majesty, her heirs and successors, (being duly summoned by notice in writing by the company) within ten days after such summons, shall not appear before the rulers of the said company, to be sent on board her Majesty's fleet, such person or persons so summoned, and being convicted thereof, shall suffer one month's imprisonment, and be disabled from rowing or working on the river of Thames for the space of two years.

"This being the substance of the laws now in force, I apprehend the said rulers are not authorized or justified by any order of council to impress, detain, or confine any men rowing or working upon the river of Thames, in order to their being disposed on board of his Majesty's ships, as their Lordships shall direct.

"I am most fully satisfied, that the rulers of the watermen and lightermen's company will be ever ready to shew every token of their duty and allegiance to his present most sacred Majesty, and the safety and welfare of this kingdom.

"The watermen's company are now applying to parliament, in order to have their voluminous laws, under which they are now governed, altered, amended, and reduced into one act, in which application they hope for the assistance and concurrence of their Lordships, to avoid the difficulties occasioned by pressing; and I am sure the rulers will be at all times ready to attend and give their assistance, (I think, and should hope, not unworthy their Lordships notice) to demonstrate that such disagreeable methods of raising Englishmen to defend their country may for the future be avoided.

"If the like order had been sent to the rulers before pre-f-warrants were issued, (as I have reason to think was the case in the late war) it would have been, in my humble opinion, of much greater benefit to his Majesty's service.

I am, S I R,

Walbrook, Your most obedient,

Dec. 4, 1770.

Humble servant,

[See p. 37.]

AR. BEARDMORE.

31. The late riot at North Carolina was occasioned by there having been a house built for the Governor, at an expence very disagreeable to the people. Instead of its being equal to a North Carolina Governor's house, it was judged more suitable for Hôy Vang Po, the present Emperor of China; the people

not chusing to pay for it, execution and seizure of person followed.

Jan. 2d. An embargo is laid on the exportation of Irish provisions into foreign countries.

3. It appeared from what came out in the debates at the last general court of the East India company, that the company had a demand of above 160,000l. on the government, for the reimbursement of the expences in taking Manilla; and that the ministry had reduced the demand to little more than forty, by confining it to such expences as were incurred before the taking that city. It likewise appeared, that the company had a large demand on the court of France, for the maintenance of the French prisoners; which, after many negotiations, attended with every artifice of procrastination and evasion on the part of the French, seemed to be reduced to a prospect of termination towards the end of last year. But the French, on receiving news of the destruction of the fortifications of Chandaganore, immediately set up that for a further pretence of delay; and declared their peremptory refusal till they could decide on that affair, in consequence of false intelligence of the facts relating to it; in order to which they further declare it to be necessary to send commissioners to India, to examine on the spot the particulars of that transaction.

5. A sum of about 150,000l. sterling is now lodged in the East-India company's treasury at Bengal; the interest of which, at the rate of 8 per cent. is to be annually disposed of in pensions to disabled and superannuated officers and soldiers, and to the widows of such officers and soldiers as shall die in the service of the company. Commissioned officers are to be entitled to half-pay as in the King's service; non-commissioned-officers and private men are to be entitled to the like pay as is allowed to the out-pensioners of Chelsea hospital of the same rank; and the widows of all officers, non-commission-officers, and private men, are to be entitled to a fourth part of their respective husbands full pay. These pensions, however, are not to be given indiscriminately. A superannuated, or disabled officer, if he should have acquired a competency in the service, will not be entitled, nor will a widow be entitled, unless her husband shall have died without leaving her a comfortable provision. Lord Clive, it seems, when he was in Bengal five years ago, paid into the company's treasury for this purpose the sum of five lack of rupees, which is nearly 70,000l. sterling; and the late Nabob, Syfa Doula, in order to complete the fund, added three lack, which is above 37,000l. The interest of these two sums at 8 per cent. which is the lowest interest of money in that country, makes the whole amount of the fund now established above 150,000l. so that it will allow of a distribution of 12,000l. a year and upwards, to those officers, soldiers, and widows, whose misfortunes entitle them to pensions.

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The following state of the French and English settlements in the East Indies, was given by Sir George Colebrooke at the last meeting of the proprietors of India Stock, in consequence of which a motion made for an application to government for naval assistance was withdrawn:

"It is very true that the French have been employed, for some time past, in sending out people to the island of Mauritius; but then, whatever is the cause, we have no right to assign it to an hostile intent, as will appear from a few considerations on this matter. The ships thus sent out are, in the first instance, by much too large for action in those parts, being pierced for 74 guns, and are constructed in such a manner, as must make them very unwieldy ships of war; they are besides, under an absolute engagement, agreeable to a charter party, to return to Europe immediately on the landing of these men, and nothing can possibly prevent them but an absolute embargo. What then is to be dreaded? The French, no more than other people, can attack these places without ships; and putting the case they were in possession of those, they are, as I before observed, inadequate to the purposes of fighting.

"In respect to the internal situation of India at present, I can inform this honourable court, there is not only a general peace among the several powers, but there appears that harmony, that bids fair for giving it a permanency and consolidation: However, as the Hon. General [Smith] has observed, such valuable places as Bengal and Bombay should be always objects of great attention to this company: and as on this principle I join issue with him, in thinking there is *not* at present a sufficient marine force in India, in case of a sudden war, I am therefore to acquaint him, and this court, in the name of direction, that, led by equal considerations for the safety of these places, we have already applied to government for some ships of war; and I have the pleasure at the same time of informing you, that we have been promised them."

7. At the election of one of the sixteen peers of Scotland, on Wednesday the 2d. inst. in the room of the late Duke of Argyle, when the Earl of Stair was declared elected, the Peers present were in number 28, of whom 17 voted for the Earl of Broadalbane, 11 for the Earl of Stair.

For the Earl of Broadalbane as follows: The Duke of Buccleugh, the Marquis of Tweedale: the Earls of Crawford, Buchan, Glencairn, Eglington, Moray, Home, Kelly, Haddington, Selkirk, Elgyn, Aboyn, Broadalbane, Hyndford, Elphinstone, Elibank.

For the Earl of Stair as follows: Earls of Dalhousie, Leven, Northesk, Dundonald, Stair, Roseberry, Glasgow: Lords Brothwick, Lindores, Colvil, Napier.

Signed lists were sent by the following Lords.

In favour of the Earl of Broadalbane, by Earl of Hopton.

In favour of Earl of Stair, by Duke of Athol: Earls of Errol, Rothes, Caithness, Abercorn, Loudoun, Lauderdale, Dumfries, March, Marchmont, Portmore, Delorane: Lords Forbes, Banff, Rollo, Newark.

In favour of Earl of Dysart, by Duke of Gordon.

A protest was entered against a signed list, pretending to be sent by Lord Forbes, alledging that it appeared plainly by the colour of the ink, that the name of the Earl of Stair had been inserted that morning, though Lord Forbes is in a remote part of the kingdom.

A protest was entered by the Duke of Buccleugh, to which the Marquis of Tweedale, 13 Earls, and two Barons, adhered, against the list sent by Lord Newark, alledging, that the peerage of Newark, being limited to the heirs male of the body of the first Lord Newark, the person assuming the title is not the heir male of his body. A protest was entered against some other signed lists by the Earl of Selkirk, alledging a defect in form. A protest was entered by all the peers who supported Lord Broadalbane, against the ministerial interposition which has been exercised upon this occasion. The resolution, which so great a part of the more considerable peers of this country have exerted in this attempt to overturn the ministerial practice of nominating, as it reflects the greatest glory upon them, so it affords an honourable example of particular opposition, not of indiscriminate faction; and though it has not met with all the success it deserved, it is believed that by bringing the matter relative to the independency of the peerage into general conversation, it has excited a spirit which upon a future occasion will triumph over a custom, so fatal to the reputation of the nobility. Nothing can exceed the pleasure it has given to all ranks of men, to see a young nobleman of the first rank and fortune, his Grace the Duke of Buccleugh, take so forward a part in supporting the freedom of election, and the independency of the nobility, not upon a partial principle of opposition to this or that administration, but, though friendly to the minister, yet rejecting his nomination upon a generous idea of resisting a practice, which under every administration has been so disgraceful to this country.

10. The trial of the horse grenadier, for imprisoning Mr. Rainsford the High Constable, and a petty Constable, who pursued a woman they had taken, as being disorderly, into the court of the building called the Horse-guards, Whitehall, came on at the late sessions at Westminster. The man was convicted; but only punished with a shilling fine.

12. A coinage of silver is now actually begun at the Tower, and is carrying on briskly; which will be ready to issue out about April next.

From the LONDON GAZETTE of Jan. 12.

St. James's Jan. 12. The King has been pleased to constitute and appoint the Right Hon. John Earl of Sandwich, (in the room of

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of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Hawke, knight of the Bath, who has resigned) John Buller, Esq; the Right Hon. Henry Viscount Palmerston, of the kingdom of Ireland, Charles Spencer, Esq; commonly called Lord Charles Spencer, the Right Hon. Wilmot Viscount Lisburne of the kingdom of Ireland, Francis Holburne, and Charles James Fox, Esqrs; to be his Majesty's commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of Great-Britain and Ireland, and the dominions, islands, and territories thereunto respectively belonging.

14. The following is the list of Post Captains, and masters and commanders promoted on Friday last: viz.—Post Captains; Alexander Irvine, William Hamilton, Philemon Pownel, James Wallace, Henry Bellew, Philip Carteret, Thomas Wilkinson, Anthony Hunt, George Farmer, William Maltby, Edward Meadows, William Peere Williams, Evelyn Sutton.—Masters and Commanders: Christ. O'Brien, John Moris, James Ayscough, John Collins, Edward Thompson, Archibald Dickson, Hugh Robinson, Robert Biggs, Isaac Sharpe, Gordon Skelly.

16. The following is a copy of the letter sent to many of the Scotch Peers, previous to the late election at Holyrood-house:

Whitehall, Dec. 21. 1770.

"My Lord,

"I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that many Peers of North-Britain have objected to the Earl Dysart as a candidate to be one of the sixteen Peers to represent that part of the united kingdom in parliament; and also having considered the Earl of Stair as a proper person to be chosen in the place of the late Duke of Argyle. Your Lordship will, therefore, I hope, allow me to express my wishes for Lord Stair's success. I am, with great truth and regard,

"My Lord,

"Your Lordship's

"Most obedient humble servant,

"SANDWICH."

18. The fleet for the East-Indies is now entirely settled. It is to consist of six sail of the line, with frigates, &c. and if a war breaks out, we hear there is a cautionary clause in the contract between Government and the East India company, for encreasing it. The Northumberland man of war, with five other vessels, is now fitting out with the greatest expedition for this destination, and the several stores are already prepared.

19. At a Court of common-council on Tuesday last, a motion was made to censure Mr. Alderman Harley for having yesterday forenoon backed the press warrants. Mr. Trecothick said, he thought the motion ought to be withdrawn, as Mr. Harley was not present to vindicate his own conduct. Mr. Raincock said, that for his part, so far from censuring the worthy Alderman, he thought he deserved their thanks: That it was his opinion

press-warrants were legal. He was answered by Mr. Merrey, who said, he believed that worthy gentleman would be of a different opinion, was he forcibly taken from his house and carried on board a tender for two or three days. After some debate, the motion was withdrawn, but it is supposed will come on again on Monday next.

When the motion was made for the thanks of the Court to be given to the Lord Mayor and Mr. Alderman Kite, who had refused to back the press warrants, Mr. Wilkes moved for an amendment to the motion, which was, that all those Aldermen who had discharged pressed men, might be included (who were himself, and Mr. Alderman Sawbridge.)

Mr. Alderman Townshend, whose name was inserted in the list, got up and declared, he had done nothing to deserve that honour; for that he had never been on the rota when press-warrants had been brought to be backed, nor had ever discharged a pressed man. Mr. Townshend was very severe on Mr. Alderman Wilkes, who, he said, had misled the public concerning the conduct of himself and other people, by having caused false intelligence (*puffing paragraphs*, he called them) to be circulated through the kingdom in the newspapers.

Mr. Alderman Wilkes answered him very coolly, and desired that the books might be brought, to prove that Mr. Townshend was on the rota; but that he believed Mr. Alderman Oliver attended for him.

Mr. Alderman Turner, finding the dispute become very warm and personal, and of a private nature, interposed; and after charging Mr. Wilkes with being the author of a letter in the public papers, called CITY POLITICS, (which Mr. Wilkes did not deny) hoped they might proceed to the business for which they were met; in consequence of which an end was put to the altercation between them.

Great opposition was made by the Court in general to the motion for prolonging the bounty to seamen entering into the King's service. The members in the opposition said, that the benefits arising from the bounty were totally defeated by Mr. Alderman Harley's backing the press-warrants; the city, they said, was no longer a sanctuary for their servants; that, notwithstanding near two thousand pounds had been paid in bounty money by the city, a set of lawless ruffians was let loose upon them again. Even persons now, who had a desire to receive the bounty, were prevented from doing so, by being pressed in the road to Guildhall, and carried on board the tender. The whole Court was quite clamorous to take off the bounty, till a message was brought from the Trinity-house, that they had resolved to add twenty shillings to the city's bounty, it was therefore agreed to enlarge the time for one month longer; at the expiration of which time it is generally believed the bounty will cease, except the Lords
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of the Admiralty withdraw their press-gangs from the city.

This being the first meeting of the Court since the new election, most of the new members attended, and very few of the old; but it was looked upon, a great acquisition has been made to the popular party by the new election.

From the London Gazette of Jan. 22.

At the Court at the Queen's-House, the 22d day of January, 1771.

P R E S E N T.

The king's most excellent majesty in council.

His majesty having been pleased to deliver the custody of the Privy seal to the right Hon. Henry Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, his lordship was thereupon, by his majesty's command, sworn of his majesty's most honourable privy council, and likewise keeper of the privy seal; and his lordship accordingly took his place at the board.

His majesty having been pleased to appoint the right Hon. George Dunk, earl of Halifax, to be one of his majesty's principal secretaries of State, his lordship was this day, by his majesty's command, sworn one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state accordingly.

23. Yesterday, at noon, the earl of Rochford, secretary of state for the southern department, sent a letter to the lord-mayor of this city, of which the following is an exact copy, viz.

St. James's, Jan. 22, 1771.

My Lord,

I TAKE the earliest opportunity of informing your lordship, that the Spanish ambassador hath this day, at two o'clock, signed a declaration relative to the expedition against Port-Egmont, in Falkland Island, which his majesty has been pleased to accept.

I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most obedient

Humble servant,

Lord-Mayor.

ROCHFORD.

24. Yesterday being the first day of Hilary term, the lords commissioners went to Westminster-hall, attended by his honour the master of the Rolls, the judges, &c. and held the seal; after which their lordships went to St. James's, to deliver the seals to his majesty, who was pleased to give them to Mr. Justice Bathurst, and to appoint him lord high chancellor of Great Britain, with the title of baron Apsley, of Apsley, in the county of Suffex.

The lord chancellor has appointed — Wilmot, Esq; to be his principal secretary; George Hill, Esq; Purse-bearer; — Pye, Esq; secretary of Lunatics; — Lambrecht, Esq; secretary of Bankrupts; Mr. Aldus, gentleman of the chamber; and Mr. Brooks, train-bearer.

Yesterday Edward Thurlow, Esq; kissed his majesty's hand on being appointed attorney-general; as did Alexander Wedderburne, as solicitor general; and Mr. De Grey, as chief justice of the court of Common-pleas.

25. On Wednesday there was a very numerous meeting of the proprietors of East-India stock at their house in Leaden-hall-street, for altering the 27th bye law, in regard to raising the salary of the directors. The speakers on this occasion were Sir George Colebrooke, Bart. Sir Thomas Robinson, Sir James Hodges, Gen. Smith, Mr. Creighton, Mr. Dempster, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. Salvadore, Mr. Orme, and Mr. Maclean. Upon a division 100 were for the question, and 63 against it.

26. A quarrel * that happened on the 25th in the Court of Requests between lord M—l—t—n, and lord P—l—t, having engaged the attention of the public, the following particulars are come to hand.

Lord M—l—t—n and lord P—l—t were seen walking together up and down the Court of Requests, and exchanging words with some warmth; all on a sudden lord M—l—t—n gave lord P—l—t a violent blow on his face with his open hand, and stepping back drew his sword; lord P—l—t put his hand on his sword; and spoke a few words; he then left lord M—l—t—n, and went immediately to the H—of C—s; in a short time his lordship returned with his brother, and they went away together with lord M—l—t—n, at the same time, in their different chariots. It was reported, about two hours afterwards, that they were both put under an arrest.

28. About three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, L—d N—th laid before the Lower Room of a certain Society, by his M—y's command, the two following papers.

Translation of the Declaration signed and delivered by Prince de Maserano, Ambassador Extraordinary from his Catholic Majesty, dated the 22d day of January, 1771.

His Britannick Majesty having complained of the violence which was committed on the 10th of June, 1770, at the island commonly called the Great Malouine, and by the English Falkland's Island, in obliging, by force, the commander and subjects of his Britannick Majesty, to evacuate the port, by them called Egmont; a step offensive to the honour of his Crown;—the Prince de Maserano, Ambassador Extraordinary of his Catholic Majesty, has received orders to declare,

* A servant of lord P—l—t had trespassed upon lord M—l—t—n's grounds in shooting of game, upon which he remonstrated to his neighbour, lord P—l—t, who said he would give up the servant, that lord M—l—t—n might prosecute him. Lord M—l—t—n accordingly commenced an action against the servant, and in which his lordship was non-suited. This verdict he ascribed to lord P—l—t's supporting and abetting his servant, contrary to his promise, and accordingly he resented it the first time they met, which was in the Court of Requests, on Friday last.

and

and declares, that his Catholick Majesty, considering the desire with which he is animated for peace, and for the maintenance of good harmony with his Britannick Majesty, and reflecting that this event might interrupt it, has seen with displeasure this expedition tending to disturb it; and in the persuasion in which he is, of the reciprocity of sentiments of his Britannick Majesty, and of its being far from his intention to authorize any thing that might disturb the good understanding between the two courts, his Catholick Majesty doth disavow the said violent enterprize; and, in consequence, the Prince de Maferano declares, that his Catholick Majesty engages to give immediate orders, that things shall be restored in the Great Malouine, at the port called Egmont, precisely to the state in which they were before the 10th of June, 1770: for which purpose his Catholick Majesty will give orders to one of his officers, to deliver up to the officer, authorized by his Britannick Majesty, the port and fort called Egmont; with all the artillery, stores, and effects of his Britannick Majesty, and his subjects, which were at that place, the day above-named; agreeable to the inventory which has been made of them.

The Prince de Maferano declares, at the same time, in the name of the King, his Master, that the engagement of his said Catholick Majesty, to restore to his Britannick Majesty the possession of the fort and port called Egmont, cannot, nor ought, any wise, to affect the question of the prior right of sovereignty of the Malouine Islands, otherwise called Falkland's Islands. In witness whereof I the underwritten Ambassador Extraordinary have signed the present Declaration with my usual signature, and caused it to be sealed with our arms. London, the twenty-second day of January, one thousand seven hundred and seventy one. Signed

(L. S.)

Le Prince de Maferano.

Translation of the earl of Rochford's acceptance, dated the 22d day of January, 1771, of the Prince de Maferano's declaration of the same date.

HIS Catholick majesty having authorized the prince of Maferano, his ambassador extraordinary, to offer in his majesty's name, to the king of Great-Britain, a satisfaction for the injury done to his Britannick majesty, by dispossessing him of the port and fort of Port Egmont; and the said ambassador having this day signed a declaration, which he has just delivered to me, expressing therein that his Catholick Majesty being desirous to restore the good harmony and friendship which before subsisted between the two crowns, does disavow the expedition against Port Egmont, in which force has been used against his Britannick Majesty's possessions, commander, and subjects; and does also engage that all things shall be immediately restored to the precise situation in which they stood before the 10th of

June, 1770. And that his Catholick Majesty shall give orders, in consequence, to one of his officers, to deliver up to the officer, authorized by his Britannick Majesty, the port and fort of Port Egmont, as also all his Britannick Majesty's artillery, stores and effects, as well as those of his subjects, according to the inventory, which has been made of them. And the said ambassador having moreover engaged, in his Catholick Majesty's name, that what is contained in the said declaration, shall be carried into effect by his said Catholick Majesty; and that duplicates of his Catholick Majesty's orders to his officers, shall be delivered into the hands of one of his Britannick Majesty's principal secretaries of state, within six weeks. His said Britannick Majesty, in order to shew the same friendly dispositions on his part, has authorised me to declare, that he will look upon the said declaration of Prince de Maferano, together with the full performance of the said engagement, on the part of his Catholick Majesty, as a satisfaction for the injury done to the crown of Great-Britain. In witness whereof, I, underwritten, one of his Britannick majesty's principal secretaries of state, have signed these presents with my usual signature, and caused them to be sealed with our arms. London, the 22d day of January 1771. Signed

(L. S.)

ROCHFORD.

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 4. Thomas Ackland, Esq; eldest son of Sir Thomas Ackland, Bart. to Lady Mary, daughter of the Earl of Ilchester.

9. — Fitzgerald, Esq; to Miss Columbies, daughter of Anthony Columbies, Esq; a merchant in Aldermen's-walk.

17. The Rev. Dr. Brownlow North, Dean of Canterbury, son of the Earl of Guildford, and brother to Lord North, to Miss Bannister, of Hill-street, Berkley-square.

24. Mr. Eaton, Attorney at Law of Gray's-Inn, to Miss Try, of Fleet street.

D E A T H S.

14. His Grace John Russell, Duke of Bedford, Marquis of Tavistock, Lord Lieutenant and Custos-Rotulorum of the Counties of Bedford and Devon, Colonel of the first regiment of the Devonshire Militia, Vice-Admiral of the Coasts of Devon, High Steward of the Corporation of Huntingdon, and Elder Brother of the Trinity-house, President of the Foundling-Hospital, one of the Governors of the Charter-House, Chancellor of the University of Dublin, Recorder of Bedford, LL. D. and Knight of the Garter, at his house in Bloombury-square.

16. Mr. Arthur Beardmore, Attorney, and Common Councilman of Walbrook Ward. See page 37.

* * * We are obliged greatly to curtail our lists of Marriages, Deaths, &c. on account of the great number of important domestic occurrences of the month.

THE

Town and Country Magazine;

OR,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

OF

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For FEBRUARY, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following Engravings: 1. The Portrait of the celebrated Miss HARRIOT L——BE. 2. A Head of the DISGUSTED SECRETARY. 3. A satirical political Print, called the SPANISH CONVENTION: and, 4. The EQUESTRIAN STATUE of the late Duke of Cumberland, erected in Cavendish-Square, cut in Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

1 State of Europe for February; containing an Account of Portugal	59	19 Solutions to Mathematical Questions	ibid.
2 Detached Thoughts on various Subjects	63	20 New Questions proposed	88
3 Histories of the Tête-à-Tête; or, Memoirs of L——d W——th and Miss Harriot L——mbe	65	21 Reflections on Gaming	89
4 Memoirs of Mrs. H——ff——y	67	22 Memoirs of Baron Montesquieu	90
5 ——— of a Nabob, continued	69	23 On the Duty of Sovereigns	93
6 A Remonstrance from Bristol	70	24 Answers to amusing Questions	ibid.
7 Strictures upon Eunuchs	72	25 New Questions	94
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12 Dialogue between the State Coblers	81	30 The Theatre, No. 25, containing the Plan of Clementina, with Remarks	100
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14 A noble Cheat detected	84	32 Poetical Pieces — Winter — February — Elegy — Prologue to the West-Indian — Epilogue to the same — To the Author of Verses on Miss Bowen.	103
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17 Anecdote of Montecuculi	ibid.	35 Domestic Intelligence	109
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LONDON, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE, Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

Aristides's *Advice* will be considered.
 The next Time Salopian Clericus communicates his Opinion, he is desired to frank it.
 R. A. B——'s Song is come to hand.
 M. D ——'s *Conquest of the Passion* is inadmissible.
 We are sorry for Maria's Loss, as we have Reason to believe, from a personal Acquaintance with the fair Authoress, that her Lays are the real Effusions of Grief: but they are not sufficiently correct for the public Eye.
 The Pieces signed Lucy Rob——n, T. W. Julio, Strephon, D. Marcus, R. N. R. Z. would probably not afford the Authors so much Pleasure upon their Perusal in Print, as they conceived in the writing of them.
 X. of Chelsea is received, and will be admitted in course.
 A Letter signed Traveller is received.
 J. L. Q——'s Dialogue cannot be admitted.
 ΠΑΛΑΕΣ is come to Hand.
 Mr. Thomas Sadler's, and Mr. Matthew Talley's Letters, arrived after the Mathematical Article was gone to Press.
 The Outline of T. S's. NABOB is finely imagined, but it requires a Polish, which we think it is in his Power to give it.
 A Member of the HARMONIC SOCIETY came too late for this Month, but will find a Place in our next.
 The Letter signed a Hostile Scribe appears fictitious and cannot therefore gain Admittance.
 We cannot think our Correspondent, who has sent us his Thoughts on Dreams, was quite awake when he penned them.
 Mr. Wise's Reflections upon Punishments are very well meant; but as he acknowledges they form an Object he has not studied, and that he has not had an Opportunity of consulting sufficiently Men and Books upon it, they cannot be presented to our Readers.
 The *Lame-Eyed Husband's Journal* is deficient only in three Points to render it interesting to our Readers, Wit, Novelty, and Decency.
 Ophelia's Favour is come to hand.
 Historicus is not admissible to the Vestal Toilet.
 We are obliged to H. T. for his Translation, and had it come in Time would have obtained the Preference; but it is contrary to our Rule to give the same Thing twice. His future Favours will be very acceptable, and when he writes upon a Subject that requires Insertion in the next Number, he must send it by the 10th of the Month.
 This Answer will also satisfy the Author, who should have sent a subjoined Translation.
 Under Consideration, Letters signed A Correspondent, Fra. Jukes, A Subscriber, J. T——t, W——e, E. J. Mercutio, A. B. Richardo, T. Sec. and Clér. Tem. Parl. and a Tragi-Comic Poem, inscribed to D. S.

PRICES of GRAIN,

At the Corn-Exchange, Mark--lane, London.

Wheat	-	37s od to 44s od
Barley	-	25s od to 28s 6d
Rye	-	28s od to 29s od
Oats	-	15s od to 18s od
Fine Flour		38s od
Second	-	35s od
Third	-	32s od
Br. Malt	-	28s od to 33s od
Pale Malt	-	29s od to 35s od
Pease	-	28s od to 29s 6d
Hog-pease	-	24s od to 27s od
Beans	-	20s od to 27s od
Tares	-	30s od to 36s od
Rape-feed	-	per Last.

Prices of Stocks, Saturday Feb. 23.

Bank Stock,	151 a 149 1-4th a 150
India ditto,	220 1half
South Sea ditto	
Ditto old annuit.	84
Ditto new annuit.	
3 per cent. bank red.	85 3-4ths a 7-8ths
3 per cent. consol.	86 a 85 1-4th a 3-4ths
Ditto 1726,	
Ditto 1751,	
India ann.	83
3 1-half Bank Ann.	1756.
Ditto 1758,	89 a 1-8th
4 per cent. consol.	1762, 95 1half a 3-4ths
India Bonds	28s. a 40s
Navy and vict. bills	1 3-4ths disc.
3 per cent Ex. bills.	
Long Ann.	



The Town and Country Magazine;

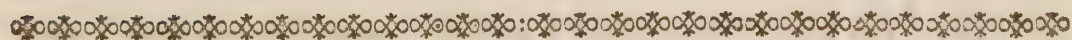
O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For F E B R U A R Y, 1771.



The State of Europe for February 1771.

An Account of the Kingdom of Portugal.

THE limits of the present kingdom of Portugal and Algarve are not the same as those of the antient Lusitania, of which, however, it contains a part. With respect to the etymology of its present name, nothing can be offered but uncertain conjectures, the most probable of which are scarce worthy attention. It is bounded on the south and west by the Atlantic ocean, and on the north and east by Spain; being in length above three hundred miles, and where broadest about one hundred and twenty.

The air in the southern provinces would be excessive hot, if it were not refreshed by the sea-breezes; but, in the northern, the air is much cooler, and the weather more subject to rains. The spring is delightful; and the air, in general, more temperate than in Spain. Lisbon hath been much re-

sorted to of late by valetudinarians, and consumptive persons, from Great-Britain, on account of its air. The soil is very fruitful in wine, oil, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, figs, raisins, almonds, chefnuts, and other fine fruits; but there is a want of corn, owing, it is said, in a great measure to the neglect of agriculture. There is plenty of excellent honey here, and also of sea and river-fish, and sea-salt. The horses in Portugal are brisk lively animals, as they are in Spain, but of a slight make: but mules, being surer-footed, are more used for carriage and draught. By reason of the scarcity of pasture, there are not many herds of cattle or flocks of sheep; and what they have are small and lean, though the flesh is tolerably good: their best meat is said to be that of hogs and kids.

The only religion tolerated in Portugal is that of the church of Rome, yet there are many concealed Jews, and those too even among the nobility, bishops, prebends, monks, and nuns; and the very inquisitors themselves. If a Jew pretends to be a Christian and a

Roman

Roman catholic, while he is really a Jew, by going to mass, confession, &c. or if after being converted, or pretending to be converted and pardoned, he relapses into Judaism, and is discovered, the inquisition lays hold of him. In the first case, if they renounce Judaism, they are only condemned to some corporal punishment or public shame, and then ordered to be instructed in the Christian religion. In the second they are condemned to the flames without mercy. Besides Jews and heretics, who breach or maintain any doctrines contrary to the religion of the country, the inquisition punishes all sodomites, pretenders to forcery and the black art, apostates, blasphemers, perjured persons, and impostors. The burning of those condemned by the inquisition, is called an *auto da fe*, or act of faith.

Though there are two universities, and several academies, yet while the papal power, and that of the ecclesiastic continue at such a height, true learning is like to make but a small progress. The language of the Portuguese does not differ much from that of Spain: Latin is the ground-work of both, but the former is more remote from it, and harsher to the ear than the latter.

With regard to manufactures, there are very few in Portugal, and those chiefly coarse silks, woollen cloths, and some linen; but their foreign trade is very considerable, especially with England, which takes a great deal of their wine, salt, foreign commodities, and fruits, in return for its woollen manufactures, with which the Portuguese furnish their colonies and subjects in Asia, Africa, and America. Their plantations in Brazil are very valuable, yielding gold, diamonds, indigo, copper, tobacco, sugar, ginger, cotton, hides, gums, drugs, dying woods, &c. From their plantations in Africa, they bring gold and ivory, and slaves to manure their sugar and tobacco plantations in Brazil. They have still several settlements in the East-Indies, but far less considerable than formerly, together with the Azores or Western

Isles, Madeira, and the Cape de Verde islands; but a great part of the riches and merchandize brought from these distant countries becomes the property of foreigners, for the goods they furnish the Portuguese with to carry thither. The king's fifth of the gold brought from Brazil amounts, communibus annis, to about three hundred thousand pounds sterling; so that the whole annual produce of gold in Brazil may be estimated at near two millions sterling.

As to the constitution of Portugal, it is an absolute hereditary monarchy. Both here and in Spain, there were anciently cortes, states, or parliaments; but they have long since entirely lost their share in the legislature. For the administration of the civil government, there is a council of state, and several secretaries; for military affairs, a council of war; for the finances, a treasury-court; and, for the distribution of justice, several high tribunals, with others subordinate to them, in the several districts into which the kingdom is divided. The cities have their particular magistracy. The proceedings of the courts are regulated by the Roman law, the royal edicts, the canon law, and the pope's mandates. Like the Spaniards, they transact most of their business in the mornings and evenings, and sleep at noon. The nobility are very numerous, and many of them are descended from natural sons of the royal family.

The revenues of the crown, since the discovery of the Brazil mines, are very considerable; but the real amount can only be guessed at. Some have said that it amounts, clear of all salaries and pensions, to upwards of three millions sterling: others make it a great deal less. Thus much is certain, that the customs and other taxes run excessively high. Besides the royal demesnes, the hereditary estates of the house of Braganza, the monopoly of Brazil snuff, the coinage, the money arising from the sale of indulgences granted by the pope, the fifth of the gold brought from Brazil, the farm of the Brazil diamonds, the masterships of the

the orders of knighthood, and other sources, yield very large sums. The forces, notwithstanding, of this nation, both by sea and land, are very considerable; their land-forces being the worst militia in Europe, and their navy of little importance. They would be an easy conquest to the Spaniards, if they were not under the protection of England.

The Portuguese are represented as inferior to the Spaniards, both in person and genius; as extremely haughty, treacherous, and crafty in their dealings; much given to avarice and usury; and vindictive, malicious, and cruel. The meaner sort are said to be extremely addicted to thieving: notwithstanding, it must be owned, that they have shewn themselves, on many occasions, a brave and warlike people. They are justly famed for their skill in navigation; and for the many discoveries they have made, both in the East and West-Indies. Nothing also is more certain, than that all countries have men good and bad, great and mean, with and without genius. The women here, and in other countries of the same degree of heat, are not so prolific as in the colder climates; but they are said to be very beautiful whilst young, though their complexion is somewhat upon the olive. Their eyes are very black and sparkling, and retain their brilliancy after all their other charms are gone. It is the fashion here, at present, as in most other countries, for the ladies to spoil and disfigure their skins and complexions, with paints and washes: but, though lively and witty, they are said to have a nice sense of female honour. Both men and women make great use of spectacles; often not so much to aid their sight, as to denote their wisdom and gravity. Their dress, like that of the Spaniards, never used to vary till of late, especially among the men; but, of late years, both men and women have given much into the French modes. The women, when they go abroad on foot, are wont to use long veils, which cover their heads, but leave their faces bare.

Portugal contains six provinces, and several islands in the Atlantic Ocean, of which we shall give a short description.

Entre Douro e Minho is so called from its situation betwixt these two famed rivers, and from thence also, in Latin, has the name of *Interamnenfis*. The Minho separates it from Galicia on the north; the Douro from Beira on the south; on the west it is bounded by the Ocean; and on the east by a ridge of mountains, which part it from the province of *Tras os Montes*, or *Over the Hills*: its extent from north to south being about seventy miles, and from east to west fifty. It is the most populous province of the kingdom, and one of the most fruitful, though mountainous, yielding plenty of pasture, wine, and fruit, but not a sufficiency of corn for its inhabitants.

In this province is Porto or Oporto, on the river Douro, which, a little below, falls into the sea. Here is a commodious harbour, much frequented by the English; but the bar at the entrance into it is somewhat dangerous. Next to Lisbon, it is the city of the greatest opulence, beauty, and trade, in the kingdom.

The province of *Traos Montes* is so called, because situated on the east side of a chain of hills, that separate it from *Entre Minho e Douro*. To the north it is bounded by Galicia; to the south by the province of Beira and Leon; by the last of which it is also bounded to the east. Its length from north to south is upwards of an hundred and twenty miles, and its breadth about eighty. It is full of mountains, and produces little corn, but plenty of wine, fruits of several sorts, and abundance of game. It contains two cities, fifty-seven small towns, five hundred and forty parishes, and above an hundred and thirty thousand inhabitants.

The province of Beira is the largest of the kingdom, and is bounded by the ocean on the west; by Spanish *Estremadura* and Leon, on the east; by *Entre Douro e Minho* and *Traz os Montes*, on the north; and on the south by Portuguese *Estremadura*, and the

the Tagus. It is about an hundred and forty miles both in length and breadth, and produces plenty of wine and oil, as it would also of grain, were it duly cultivated; but the people are lazy, and chuse rather to beg, than to supply their wants by labour and industry, which, it must be owned, are also greatly discouraged by the oppression and haughtiness of their superiors.

Portuguese Estremadura is a long narrow slip, bounded to the west by the sea, to the north and east by Beira, and to the south by Alentejo. Its extent from north to south is about an hundred and twenty miles, and from east to west about sixty. It is said to take its name from its remote situation, beyond the Douro, in respect of Leon. The river Tagus, which falls into the sea at Lisbon, passes through it, and the most westerly point of it is the Cape La Roca, or, as our sailors term it, the Rock of Lisbon. The soil of the province is very fertile, producing corn, wine, oil, millet, pulse, and fruits of all sorts, especially citrons, lemons, oranges, pomegranates, figs, dates, almonds, &c.

Lisbon, the capital both of the province and kingdom, standing near the mouth of the river Tagus, on the north side. It was anciently called Olisipo, Olisippo, and Ulyssipo, which are supposed to be derived from the Phenician *Ulis-ubbo* or *Olisippo*, signifying, in that tongue, a pleasant bay, such as that on which this city stands. It first became considerable in the reign of king Emanuel: from that time, it hath been the capital of the kingdom, the residence of its monarchs, the seat of the chief tribunals and offices, of the metropolitan, a noble university, and the receptacle of the richest merchandise of the East and West-Indies. Its air is excellent; being refreshed by the delightful sea breezes, and those of the Tagus. The city extends for about two miles along the Tagus; but its breadth is inconsiderable. Like Old Rome, it stands on seven hills; but the streets, in general, are narrow and dirty, and some of them are very steep; neither are they lighted

at night. The churches, in general, are very fine; but the magnificence of the chapel-royal is amazing. Here is one of the finest harbours in the world, and there were a great number not only of fine churches and convents here, but also of other public buildings, and particularly of royal palaces, and others belonging to the grandees; but the greatest part of them, and the city, were destroyed by a most dreadful earthquake, on November 1, 1755, from which it will require a long time to recover. The inhabitants, before the earthquake, did not, at most, exceed an hundred and fifty thousand. The government of it is lodged in a council, consisting of a president, six counsellors, and other inferior officers. The harbour has water enough for the largest ships, and room enough for ten thousand sail, without being crowded. For its security, there is a fort at the mouth of the river, on each side; and a bar that runs across it, and is very dangerous to pass without pilots. Higher up, at a place where the river is considerably contracted, there is a fort called *Torre de Belem*, or the tower of Belem, under whose guns all ships must pass in their way to the city, and on the other side are several more forts. Before the earthquake, most of the private houses were old and unsightly, with lattice windows; and the number of convents and colleges amounted to fifty, namely, thirty-two for monks, and eighteen for nuns. The king's principal palace stands on the river, and is large and commodious. Of the hospitals, that called the Great is obliged to receive all persons, of what degree, nation, or religion soever, without exception. At the village of Belem, near Lisbon, is a noble hospital for decayed gentlemen who have served the king, and have not wherewithal to maintain themselves. That called the House of Mercy is also a noble charity. In the center of the city, upon one of the highest hills, is the castle, which commands the whole, being large and ancient, and having always a garrison of four regiments of foot. The cathedral is a vast edifice of the Gothic kind, but heavy

heavy and clumsy : it contains, however, great riches, and is finely adorned within. The square called *Rosio* is large, and surrounded with magnificent buildings. The whole city is under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the patriarch, who was appointed in the year 1717. Here is also an archbishop, who has, or at least had before the erection of the patriarchate, a revenue of forty thousand crusadoes, or six thousand pounds. The university, which was removed for some time to Coimbra, but afterwards restored to its antient seat, makes a considerable figure, though much inferior to that of Coimbra. At Belem, a handsome village in the neighbourhood, is a royal palace, and a magnificent monastery of the order of St. Jerom. The country between Lisbon and Abrantes is a delicious plain, thick-set with olive, and other fruit-trees.

The province of Alentejo borders to the north on Estremadura and Beira, to the south on Algarve, to the east on Spain, and to the west on the sea ; its greatest length being about one hundred and twenty miles, and its breadth nearly the same. This province is, for the most part, level and fruitful, yielding in general, plenty of wheat and barley, wine, oil, fruits, and game, fish, and gems, with several sorts of beautiful stone and marble. It contains four cities, eighty-eight smaller towns, three hundred and fifty-six parishes, and about two hundred and sixty-eight thousand souls.

The kingdom or province of Algarve is bounded to the south and west by the ocean ; to the east by the Guadiana, which parts it from Andalusia ; and to the north by the mountains, called Serra de Algarve, or Caldeirao, and Serra de Monachique, which divide it from Alentejo ; its greatest length being about one hundred miles, but its breadth only about twenty-eight. Its name is of Moorish extraction, but geographers are not agreed about its meaning. Under it was comprehended formerly a much larger extent of country than at present. The present Algarve was given by

Alfonso X. king of Castile, to Alfonso III. king of Portugal, as a dowry or portion, when he married Beatrix, his natural daughter. Though very mountainous, it is very fertile in corn, wine, and oil, and all sorts of fruits, and contains four cities, twelve lesser towns, sixty villages, sixty-seven parishes, and about sixty thousand inhabitants.

The Azores or Tercera Islands, which are nine in number, derive the name of Azores from the great number of hawks found on them when first discovered ; and the other from that of the principal island among them. They are also called the Western Islands, from their situation in respect of Portugal, being situated in the Atlantic Ocean, between 25 and 32 degrees west longitude, and between 37 and 40 north latitude, nine hundred miles west of Portugal, and as many east of Newfoundland ; lying almost in the midway between Europe and America.

DETACHED THOUGHTS on various Subjects.

I.

THE gradual unfolding of the human mind while in a state of *childhood*, is similar to that of a *plant* expanding into maturity. The *plant* is liable to make *too rapid* a progress under the influence of an *unclouded sun* ; or to be *ript* in its growth by the inclemency of a *rigid season*. So that mind which is fostered by an overacted tenderness, expands itself *too fast* for the judgment to strengthen its excursions ; or if too much checked by disappointment and adversity, is *cramp'd* in its progress to maturity and perfection.

II.

As mountains, valleys, barren rocks, and blooming groves, diversify the face of the earth with a pleasing variety, so the different scenes we pass through in life afford much of its satisfaction. Without deformity we should entertain no peculiar ideas of beauty ; and perhaps were we totally exempted from pain, we should not have so strong a sense of pleasure. Human life without these sensations would be a state of listless indolence, without real enjoyment.

Marriage

III.

Marriage is an institution of the Deity. It is the sacred covenant which connects the *sexes* in the most tender and lasting union. The incitements to it are founded in *nature*, and strongly operate on human beings as soon as they are by nature qualified to fulfil its rites.

IV.

Charity, considered as a *principle of benevolence*, is the most noble of any that can actuate the *human heart*. It excites to every action that can possibly conduce to the *happiness* of mankind. It is the *genuine offspring* of the Deity, the sacred cement which unites together the whole family of God both in *heaven* and *earth*. It is charity that connects in an holy relation the *highest seraph* that inhabits *immortality* to the penfive inhabitant of an *earthly* region. It springs from God, and attracts all his intelligent creation to himself.

V.

Fear, in *imperfect* beings, produces, in a degree, the same effects as *love* in the most *perfect*. It is a *centinel* placed on the bulwarks of nature to give notice of every approaching evil. The prudent use of it preserves the order of the universe, and produces safety and happiness to all ranks of beings.

VI.

The *kindnesses* men receive from others, are like traces drawn in the *sand*. The breath of every passion sweeps them away, and they are remembered no more. But *injuries* are like inscriptions on *monuments of brass* or *pillars of marble*, which endure, unimpaired, the revolutions of time.

VII.

View the *groves* in autumn, and observe the constant succession of falling leaves; in like manner the generations of men silently drop from the stage of life, and are blended with the *dust* from whence they sprung.

VIII.

When a *taper* is extinguished, the grosser parts of flame and smoke mix with the air, and descend to the earth; but the quintessence of light and heat, the *essential fire*, rejoins its native element. In the same manner, when the moment of separation comes between soul and body, the terrestrial part of our composition returns to its origin, and mixes with the dust; but the *ethereal flame*, or *spark of divinity* called the soul, re-

turns to God who gave it, and it is consigned to its appointed station in the universe, where it will reside to all eternity.

IX.

Obedience to the laws of *God* and *nature* (which never contradict each other) so far as they are manifested to us, comprises the *whole duty of man*.

X.

The *perfection* of human excellence is to cultivate a *benevolent* disposition to all our fellow creatures, and to preserve an *awful, reverential* frame of mind towards the great author of our being.

XI.

God is *unchangeable*, because he is *all perfect*, and *completely happy*. All *change* implies a desire of something yet *unattained*; or, of *removing* from something which gives us uneasiness. Therefore as God possesses *all things*, there is nothing left for him to desire; and as he is *completely happy*, nothing can give him uneasiness. Consequently he is *unchangeable*.

XII.

The most exalted *created being* cannot, in a strict sense of the word, be said to be *completely happy* and *perfect*. Were this the case, he would be *independent*, which is one of the *incommunicable* attributes of God. *Happiness* and *perfection*, when applied to *creatures*, are always to be considered as *relative terms*, when to the Creator as *absolute*.

XIII.

The humble tribute of obedience from a *sincere heart*, is more acceptable to the sovereign lord of the universe, than the most pompous display of *ceremonious worship*. The *mental* aspirations of an *humble heart* are as intelligible to the sacred ear of the Lord Almighty, as the *loudest* exclamations of *vocal* prayer.

XIV.

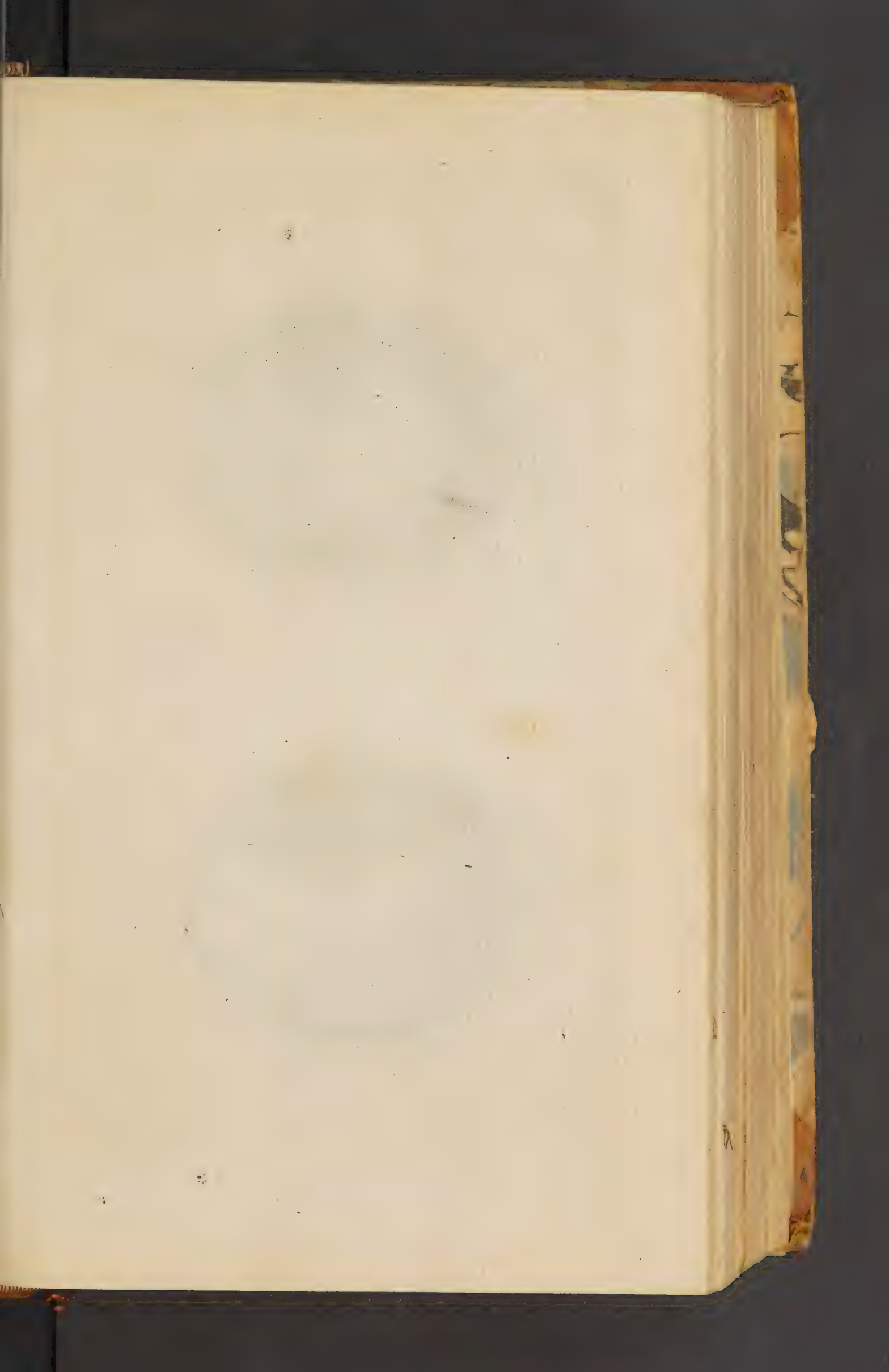
He who formed the heart of man is most intimately acquainted with its secret recesses, and knows what inhabits there. The most *latent seeds* of iniquity, the *embrios* of transgression, which are not yet ripened into action, are offensive in the sight of infinite purity and perfection.

XV.

Pain is the daughter of *sin*, their existence began and will terminate together.

EUSEBIUS.

HIST-





N^o IV.

Miss H-L-be.



N^o V.

The disgusted Secretary.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of L—d W— and Miss Harriot L—mbe. (N^o. 4, 5.)

OUR readers are going to be presented with the portrait of a man, who has done honour to every department of publick and private life which he has filled. The convivial friend, the tender parent, the accomplished statesman, are characters he has performed with general satisfaction upon the theatre of life; but as every picture without shade would be glaring and offensive, so the colouring of nature, without its foibles, would be but an imperfect representation, and L—d W—'s peccadilloes serve as foils to the lustre of his reputation.

His l—p was born in the year 1734, and succeeded his father in titles and estate at the age of seventeen, at which time his uncommon genius and acuteness of understanding, forerun the precepts of his tutors in every branch of polite learning. When he had attained his twentieth year, willing still more to enlarge his ideas by a personal acquaintance with foreign countries, and to divest himself of those national prejudices which we are too apt to imbibe, he set out on the tour of Europe, and visited almost every capital city upon the continent; where he made such judicious observations upon the laws and constitutions of those countries, and manners and customs of the people, as have greatly contributed to form the senator, the man of business, and the gentleman. In the year 1759, he married a very amiable young lady, daughter to the d— of P—, by whom he has a numerous issue. He was appointed one of the l—ds of the b—r to his present m—y soon after his coming to the throne: in 1763, he was nominated m—r of the h—e to the q—n: in 1765, he was declared l—d l—t of Ireland, but did not go over to that kingdom, being superseded by l—d H—d. In 1768, he was appointed s—y of st—e for the southern department, in which capacity he acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of his master, and the honour of his country. His resig-

FEB. 1771.

nation, which happened in December last, is variously accounted for. Some ascribe it to his disapprobation of the terms of the late convention with Spain respecting Falkland Islands; and assert that his l—p, resolving not to be answerable to the public for measures he thought dishonourable to the nation, he threw up that employ, which made him the immediate agent, before the signing of the declaration. Others suppose that the freedom with which he declared his sentiments upon this occasion to the Spanish ambassador gave umbrage to that minister, and he was desired to let l—d R—d supply his place to prevent the negociation being dropped. A third set of conjecturers differ from both the former by attributing his resignation to his natural disposition for gaiety, and the fatigue attending such a variety of business, which would inroach too much upon those hours he devoted to pleasure and relaxation. We are not so well acquainted with the secrets of cabinets as to determine precisely to which of these causes his l—p's resignation is owing, or whether each of them might not in some measure contribute towards it. As his conduct in office was irreproachable, we may venture to conclude the cause of his quitting it was honourable. He who could deserve the elogiums of the greatest antagonist * to the m—ry,

* When l—d W— said in a certain assembly, on the debate concerning the Spanish negociation, "My l—ds, I beg pardon for interrupting the noble l—d, but I think it necessary to remark to your l—ps, that I have not said a single word tending to convey to your l—ps any information or opinion with regard to the state or progress of the negociation. I did, with the utmost caution, avoid giving to your l—ps the least intimation upon that matter." L—d Ch—m replied, "I perfectly agree with the noble l—d, I did not mean to refer to any thing said by his l—p. He expressed himself, as he always does, with moderation and reserve, and with the greatest propriety."

K

whilst

whilst he composed part of it, has not certainly diminished his merit by retreating from power.

We shall not enter farther upon his l——p's political conduct, which has met with applause from both parties; let us now consider him as a gentleman, a *bon vivant*, and a man of gallantry.

The respect and attention he met with at the different courts of Europe, prove him to have been the accomplished nobleman; and the intercourse which he constantly kept up with the *literati*, and men of genius, demonstrate his talents and erudition. The gay hours, which he passed amongst his more intimate friends, display his taste for society and the pleasures of the table, when enlivened with female wit and pleasantry. His attachment to the ladies has at all times been conspicuous, and

In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,

his l——p's hilarity and proneness to the tender passion, were doubtless proportioned to his youth and the happy clime. We shall not however pretend to enumerate his amours upon the continent, but confine the circle of his gallantry to this isle.

We find him soon after his return from the *tour* intimately connected with Signiora F——i, a lady who at that time held as high a rank in the estimation of the voluptuous lover, as she did with the harmonious connoisseur. To examine her by the rules of beauty, she might perhaps, according to Hogarth, have been pronounced *clumsy*; neither were her features very regular or her complexion favourable; and yet she possessed a *je ne sçai quoi* that was altogether irresistible, when united to her melting eye and captivating voice. F——i was a woman so delicate in the distribution of her favours, that no sum could tempt her, unless she really entertained a partiality for her admirer; but let it not be imagined she despised the brilliant ore so much as to think it beneath her attention. Formed for the exquisite delights of love, she was a voluptuary

by nature, and an epicure in every appetite: she considered each moment lost that did not afford some gratification to the senses, and she spared no expence that would conduce to this end. Thus her table was sumptuous, her wines excellent, and her guests numerous and convivial. The circle of her life was one round of luxurious dissipation, and her house the temple of Indolence. Such a disposition for extravagance must necessarily have occasioned a great expence; and though her salaries from the opera, the oratorios, and concerts, were very considerable, when united to a settlement and handsome presents from a variety of lovers, she was still distressed for the *necessaries* of life, among which she considered a *cicisbeo*, in constant pay, the foremost upon the list.

Such was F——i when l——d W—— was intimate with her; yet her extravagance would not have been pernicious to his extensive estate, had his l——p studied his own countrymen as well as he had done foreigners, and considered that notwithstanding the characteristic honour and honesty of the English, there are men in the first walks of life who think the reputation of a gambler not beneath them. Being introduced among this noble set, at a certain chocolate house, his l——p was soon eased of every part of his fortune that could be burthensome to him. He cut down wood after wood, and mortgaged manor after manor; but they were still insufficient to gratify the insatiable knights of the four aces, till his eyes were opened, and he at length receded from certain destruction.

One evening in the month of May, as he was walking very pensively near the Serpentine River, ruminating upon his indiscretion, and resolving never more to be the dupe of the blind goddess, or rather her false representatives, his eye was caught by the appearance of a very elegant female, whose dress bespoke she was in disguise. In getting over the stile at the bridge she displayed a charming well turned leg, with a new white

fill

filk stocking, a pair of black fatten shoes, with very brilliant stone buckles. This no way corresponded with the other parts of her dress, a coarse linen gown, and a check apron. His l——p accosted her, and very politely told her that her masquerade was very imperfect, and that she would find much difficulty to support the character she had taken upon herself. The lovely female at first affected a rustic pronunciation; but his l——p laughed her out of the attempt, when she frankly acknowledged that her present dress was a disguise which she had put on to avoid being discovered in an appointment at the Cheese-cake House, which then subsisted in Hyde Park, and was a celebrated retreat for intrigue. His l——p was not so cool a sportsman as to give up the chase as soon as he had started the game. He pursued her, and in that pleasing easy persuasive manner, of which he is so complete a master, he diverted her steps, and had influence enough to prevail on her to accept of half a post-chaise to Richmond.

The lady, whom we shall now unmask, was Mrs. H—ffey, who then resided in Poland Street, sister to the present countess dowager of M—clesf—d, then Miss N—ib—t. Mrs. H—ffey was a fine tall woman, elegantly formed, with fair hair, and a blooming complexion, greatly heightened by a pair of exquisite blue eyes. Her conversation was as agreeable as her person, and her facility of temper still farther improved both. His l——p soon discovered who she was, and entered immediately into a negociation, in which he supplanted her future brother-in-law.

Mrs. H——y was at this time in keeping by a rich Middlesex justice, whose purse, more than his person, recommended him: her amorous passion, as well as her ambition, soared above him: she carried on at this time a *secret* correspondence with some of the cropt head ensigns of the guards, who afforded her gratification on the one hand; but nothing beneath a coronet could satisfy her ambition. Lord

M—ccl——d had joined her the night before at Vauxhall: she knew him, and was not ignorant of his blind passion for the sex, and therefore consented to a disguised interview at the Cheese-cake-house. But l——d W——'s rhetoric prevailed, and she disappointed the old peer, whose passion arose to such a pitch, that forgetting his former prudence, he repaired in a hackney-coach to her house. The door was opened by Miss N——t, who was then employed in the real capacity her sister appeared in—a house-maid. She desired his l——p to walk in, saying she expected Mrs. H——y to return every instant. He condescended to alight, and being shewn into the parlour, Miss N——t flew to dress herself, and presently returned to keep his l——p company. During the conversation, he was so well pleased with her good sense and modesty, that he lost his heart a second time in the family, and was resolved to plant his artillery against Miss N——t. She repulsed all his attacks of a dishonourable kind, and at length finding that she was really virtuous, notwithstanding her sister's irregularities, he offered Miss N——t his hand in marriage, and soon after conferred upon her the title of countess of M—ccl——d. How strongly this verifies the poet's assertion,

*A gen'ral doom on all mankind is cast,
And all are fools and lovers first or last!*

The president of the most learned society in Europe, to fall a connubial victim to Miss N——t, sister to the famous Mrs. H—ffey, is indeed scarce credible; but facts, those stubborn arguments, are incontrovertible.

L——d W——'s regard for Mrs. H——y, it is believed, continued till her death, which happened a short time after; and from that period we do not hear of any particular attachment his l——p has had, till his late alliance with Miss Harriot L——be.

Miss L——be is a lady that has appeared so conspicuous lately in all public places, that every one who has fre-

quented Vauxhall and Ranelagh, or the Theatres, must immediately recollect her by the subjoined portrait. She is a fine, genteel, elegant girl, about the middle size, with beautiful auburn tresses; her age about twenty-two, and her taste pomp and magnificence. She is the daughter of a gentleman of a small fortune, who leaving a numerous family at his death, with an incumbrance upon his estate, it was judged proper by his executors to place three daughters with milliners and mantua-makers. Miss Harriot was apprenticed near Leicester-Fields to the first profession, in which she would probably have been very expert, if her mistress's extensive business had not frequently called her abroad to wait upon her customers.

Mr. K—ne had often observed her in the shop, and found something so soft and engaging in her countenance, that he resolved, either by consent or stratagem, to obtain her. He sent his servant (an expert Mercury) to order some ruffles and handkerchiefs for a lady, whom he said lived in the house where his master resided. Miss Harriot was as usual dispatched with the goods; and upon her reaching Mr. K—ne's, she was shewn into a dining room, where she was informed the lady would presently appear. In the mean while Mr. K—ne entered the room as a visitor, and after some common-place conversation, began to declare his passion in the most fervent manner, professing his sincerity and honourable intentions.

Harriot was astonished at his declarations, and would have retired; but she found the door locked, which greatly alarmed her: she pulled the bell, but it would not ring. Perceiving by his rude behaviour his intent, she fell on her knees and implored his mercy; but this, instead of obtaining pity, did but accelerate his brutal purpose. She fell a sacrifice to his artifice.

After he had compassed his infamous treachery, he plied her with the false rhetoric of libertinism to reconcile her to her fate, in which he did

but too powerfully succeed. She returned home with a small present he gave her, and kept the secret of her misfortune to herself. She was soon so far reconciled to her seducer, that she had frequent interviews with him, the effects of which were, that she at length proved pregnant. He furnished her with the necessary sum to lie in privately, when the virtuous matron initiated her into all the mysteries of intrigue, and at length introduced her to Santa Charlotta.

Mr. K—ne was in the country, engaged in an election, when Harriot first went abroad. Being disappointed by his absence, she was compelled to apply to Charlotta for a small sum of money, when that priestess of Venus earnestly pressed her to come and reside with her. Harriot consented, and from this moment was considered as one of her nuns.

A variety of lovers succeeded each other, and Harriot's charms were very instrumental in advancing Charlotta's fortune; but Sir P—nn—g—n L—mbe (now lord M—ne) became so fond of her, that he allowed her a genteel maintenance, on a promise of fidelity to him, which it is believed she kept till his marriage, and from him she borrowed the name which she now bears.

When Charlotta had realized a sum sufficient to retire from *public* business, she took a house in Marlborough-Street, leaving the nunnery to the direction of a trusty deputy. A short time before the lady abbess changed her residence, Harriot made a conquest of Sir Robert D—e, who was so greatly enamoured of his new mistress, that he resolved to attach himself intirely to her charms, and place her under the care of Santa Charlotta.

The knight's generosity and munificence to Harriot, are scarce to be paralleled: he not only supplied her pecuniary wants to the utmost extent of female caprice, but made her some very valuable presents, as well in jewels as plate; and before his last voyage to Ireland, (where he now is engaged in raising fresh supplies for the

the extravagance of his mistress) he presented her with trinkets to the value of near four thousand pounds.

In her lover's absence she appeared at all public places, and has had a variety of transient amours, that have now yielded to an alliance with l—d W——, which commenced at Cornelys's masquerade, when his l——p testified his applause at her merit and beauty, and from that time an amorous correspondence has continued, which may probably last till Santa Charlotte shall procure her a more wealthy and generous keeper, or the return of her Irish lover. Knowing, therefore, upon what a sandy foundation Harriot's affection is raised, we have taken the earliest opportunity of giving this private history, lest avarice in a procrests, or infidelity in a mistress, should deprive our readers of it.

MEMOIRS of a NABOB. Continued from
page 30.

THE voyage to Asia was not attended with any remarkable accident, or an incident worthy relating. Upon Mr. White's arrival at Bengal, he disposed of his cargo to great advantage, far beyond his most sanguine expectations, and having, during the voyage initiated himself in lord C——'s good graces, he was allowed to trade in salt, one of the most profitable branches in that country. His emoluments were now immense, and in proportion as his capital increased, his gains accumulated tenfold; and he soon became a man of so much importance, that he was concerned in every article of advantageous traffic under lord C—— and his successor, general S——.

Being fruitful in imagination, he invented new modes of taxation upon the black merchants, and frequently received considerable *douceurs* for suppressing others that he hinted were in agitation. In fine, after a residence of about four years in Asia, he returned to England with a fortune of near three hundred thousand pounds, which he had accumulated by no other means than *honest industry*, properly seasoned with a little well timed *extortion*, some ingenious *fraud*, and a few strokes of delegated authority, which in Europe might erro-

neously be stiled *tyrannic rapine*. But to his honour be it said, he was never guilty of murder, either by treachery, force, or poison, *a rare instance in a nabob!*

Having settled his affairs with the company, and disposed of part of his money in the stocks, he employed proper agents to lay out two hundred thousands in freeholds in the different counties. His next step was to get into p——t, in which, however, he has been circumvented in two boroughs, but he has now one in expectation, which he thinks himself pretty sure of carrying: at all events, he has secured a seat at the next general election by one of his purchases, so that the zenith of his glory cannot be deferred but for a short time.

Having lived under the great, he is a perfect master of all their vices and follies; and he is so good a mimic of his former noble masters, that by his vanity and extravagance one would be inclined to think, he was himself a peer. But as imitations of this kind strongly resemble stage characters, which are drawn *outrés*, to be the more striking, so an *upstart* man of fashion constantly overtops his part, and instead of that ease and grace which accompany the actions of a real gentleman, the affectation and conceit of a *nabob* make every part of his character ridiculous; and the foibles of the well bred man, which by his politeness are almost rendered imperceptible, in the mushroom copy are glaring and insupportable, through his insolence and impertinence. The deference and respect which his servants ought to pay him, are, by his tyranny and oppression, the natural fruits of Asiatic power, rendered slavish obedience and bigotted adoration: to speak to him unquestioned is an unpardonable fault, and to break in upon his presence unsummoned, is a crime not to be expiated.

Notwithstanding the eminence to which riches usually raise individuals, the nabobs are, in general, of such low extractions and such mean pedigrees, that the antient English families seem unanimous in discountenancing them upon all occasions, and constantly avoid their society. To this is owing their insatiable thirst of being in p——t, in order to place themselves upon a footing, and gain access to the company of those who despise them. In the mean while, they have formed themselves into a club, and constantly meet to advance such schemes, as may level nobility to these fungus's of Asia. This laud-
able

able society is particularly attentive to the purchase of all landed estates, at almost any price that is asked, in order to obtain the disposal of boroughs, and thereby par—y influence. By their employing a great number of husbandmen and labourers upon their estates at extraordinary wages, labour is greatly enhanced; and by giving an exorbitant price for provisions of all kinds, the necessities and conveniencies of life are in a great measure sequestered from their less opulent neighbours. Thus luxury is on every hand promoted by them, and the gentleman of an ancient family, with a thousand a year, who was formerly a respectable character in his county, is now in the neighbourhood of a *nabob* sunk beneath an opulent tradesman in the city. These are some of the fatal effects of sudden riches, and which are still farther reasons, besides the obscurity of their origin, to make them condemned by every country gentleman.

Mr. White, upon his return from Asia, proposed uniting in marriage with some noble family, and he visited the court and all public places to make choice of a lady suited to his fortune. As he required no portion with his intended bride, he imagined the daughter of a poor earl, or even a duke with a numerous family, would not refuse so advantageous a match; but he has had the mortification to find that every proposal has been rejected with indignation; and that even the daughter of a simple squire in his neighbourhood, not possessed of above five hundred pounds a year, and who cannot give her sixpence, has politely told him, "he thought the disparity in their *fortune* was too great for such an alliance!"

The mortification our Asiatic hero felt upon this occasion, is not to be described; he scarce uttered any thing for several days, but "the insolence of beggars," "the insupportable pride of poverty," and similar phrases: and he is now in search of a lady to do the honours of his table in the capacity of a housekeeper, as he is determined to marry no woman but one whose rank, merit, and beauty, entitle her to a *triple plumb*. He is upon the point of taking a house near Berkley-Square, and resolves to shew the world, in a short time, the splendour and magnificence of a *NABOB*, in the elevated and noble character of JOHN WHITE, P. M. F. V. with which titles, perhaps, your readers are unacquainted, and I shall therefore explain

them at length, in the words *PERUKE MAKER, FRISEUR, and VALET*.

N. B. I shall send you a *NABOB* of a still greater fortune for a future Number.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

O Heavens! what a piece of work! Bristol is in such a terrible fermentation, that not even the great fluctuation in the price of American commodities or Gloster cheese, will, I fear, be able to allay the heat this month to come. Sir Bluster Blunder, Harry Croker, and Bob Cheshire, (Mat Mixum being very deeply *in* for't the preceding night, was unable to leave his bed to attend to the sage resolves of his enraged brethren) have called a convention of the citizens, to consult what measures to take for the discovery of the wretch who could so vilely degrade the *honour* of this *most honourable city* (see Supplement, page 701.) The American Coffee house was the Pandæmonium of this groupe of *disinterested* cits. A Bristolian's having *some* feeling is as certain as his having *no* generosity; without the former a coffee-house could never be supported in this city of red-nosed ale-sots. A magistrate of but a small degree of penetration, would save the citizens the needless expence of lamp-taxes. Lamps here, few as they are, are mere superfluities, as it is well known we may walk the streets in the darkest nights by the light of each other's noses, without endangering either the head or shins; but neither of our present magistrates can see quite through a mill-stone. To return, in the bar of the American is a piece of magnetism of so wonderful a nature, it attracts the young bloods by such an involuntary motion, that, spite of all their city-bred meanness, for Bristol and meanness were ever synonymous terms, they sometimes hide their real dispositions by forced acts of liberality: the great influence of this attractive power, Harry particularly has evinced by a living evidence. Thus it is plain there are sensations that may at times conquer the most avaricious minds.

Sir Bluster Blunder was the first who began to harangue; when, in a laboured speech, as usual, wherein something, I suppose, was meant, but nothing understood, he endeavoured to shew the expediency of making

making diligent search after the writer of such "blackguard stuff," and punishing him for his "audacious impudence in deriding this respectable city in so scurrilous a manner." Among many other as credible allegations, he says, "We have a *wise* and *sagacious* corporation,"—wise and sagacious indeed!—"who no sooner espy evils than they remedy them; who forego all private views of interest, for the interest and good of the public." Whether Sir Bluster meant the reverse of what he said, or not, is best known to himself; but whatever his meaning was, as such it must have been, and was understood. It is true they have at last, after incessant clamours from the populace, taken some steps towards improving the model of the city a little: pity but some plan could be fixed on for the amendment of the manners of the inhabitants; but can the Ethiopian be washed white? it is as true as trite an adage, "What's bred in the bone will never be out of the flesh." It will not be amiss to inform the reader, Sir Bluster, some time past, by a fall from his horse, being as unskilled in horsemanship as he is in the law, bruised his head in such a manner, that to effect a cure the faculty were obliged to open his skull, which being of a very thick contexture, they broke and rendered useless many instruments before they could enter the pericranium, when, to their no small surprize, they found his brain to consist of *ashes* and *milk*. This accident has shewn the cause of his *ash-hole* and *sappy* ideas.

Sir Bluster having ended his noise, Harry thought he must say something in his turn, when after many hems and ha's (having made no previous preparation, as at the petitioning meeting, when he could his lesson before he spoke it) "Why—why—to be sure, says he, it is a d——d hard thing, that a *body* must do nothing but what *every body* must know it. I thought it hard enough to be tricked, without being both bubbled and laughed at by every body too; but I am an independent man, and care for nobody; though for all that if I knew the dog of a writer, I would fouse him for it." Thus ended this Cicero's brilliant oration. Harry has been once or twice in the lobby of the h—— of c——, where he has learned to accompany each word with so graceful an action, that his coat is worn quite thread-bare at the breast by so often laying his hand to his heart, so great are his feelings.

Bob Cheshire next arose (albeit unused to the speechifying mood) to say his part.

"I don't care a pin, by G—d, exclaimed he, for his calling me a buck. No, I thank him heartily for it; but for telling all the world I am a cheefemonger, d——n him, I would knock his eye out if I knew him, be him who he will." The truth is, Bob is never more happy than when shining in the character of a buck; and never more unhappy than when in that shop, which is the only source, gaining excepted, from whence flow the springs of his so much loved character. Without the cheefemonger, the buck could never be; the former being the prime support of the latter.

The ultimate resolves of this meeting of wittings were, that on failure of discovering the writer, they would punish the publisher: so, Mr. Ham, though you have not taken a lodging in the King's-Bench for publishing Junius's Letter to the ——; yet you must not think to escape your destined fate for so heinous a crime as the printing a defamatory libel, interspersed with the most notorious *truths* against these more than kingly Bristolians.

Harry having some suspicion of an apprentice-clerk of his being the writer, on his return home accused him with it, and spite of the young man's asseverations of innocence, spite of his own publick declamation against such proceedings, and spite of the universally-known illegality of it, he, in the most unwarrantable manner, demanded his keys, and made an immediate seizure on every private letter and paper he could find, with threats of sending him on board a man of war, should he be found to have any concern in the affair in agitation.

This is the Bristol patriot, who complains of the injustice of power; this is the man, who, with all the fire of an enthusiast, would make mankind believe power can exist without oppression: but this too fully evinces how natural a consequence one is of the other, according to its extent. I wish one of your good-natured correspondents would point out some method for the recovery of damages for so unjustifiable an action, as the person injured wants the *unum necessarium* to go the regular way to work. This would make the patriot shake in his shoes, as much as does the present turn in politics on the great rise of stocks, and the pacific steps lately taken by Spain. Harry has been, to his cost, a warm advocate for hostile measures. He is once more *taken in*.

The young man, on Harry's demanding the keys, knew his master too well to say nay, a jerk under the ribs but ill agreeing

greeting with his slender frame, which he must have expected on a denial. Ay, ay, Harry knows full well where a man can feel most: not Slack or Broughton themselves could *aim* or *ward off* a blow with greater judgment than Harry. He has made *Profit and Loss Dr. to Private Expenses* for many an hundred by his manoeuvres and deep-laid schemes in manual dexterity. He may justly be ranked as a first-rate *knowing one* in the noble science of boxing. Harry too will pit a cock with any disciple of Bartlett's in the city, to say nothing of his *in* or *out-door* mistresses.

The intent of this, Sir, is purely to warn you of the impending cloud which thickens around, and is now ready to burst on your head; the seed is sowing, and will, ere long, unless they learn wit in their anger, ripen into a prosecution, by my *much injured* brethren.

A BRISTOLIAN.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you think the following dialogue, which lately passed at the Orange-Coffee-House, between a country gentleman and his town friend, deserving a place in your Miscellany, I beg you will give it as early a passport as possible.

NO EUNUCH.

C. G. THERE are a set of *beings* at that table, that I cannot tell what to make of. They certainly are not men, though they are dressed like them.

T. G. No, you are very right, they have no pretensions to be ranked as men; tho' they have more insolence and vanity than any men whatever. They are Italian opera fingers, who in their own country would probably have been glad to earn a groat a day at hard labour, and yet some of those *rascals* have had the impudence to refuse fifteen hundred pounds for squeaking a few hours for a few months upon the stage.

C. G. Incredible! You rally sure. By what infatuation can the public be induced to squander their money upon such a set of vagabonds?

T. G. The public indeed have very little to do with them; it is the nobility and gentry that thus lavish their money upon these *squeakers*, who, as the song says, *to no sex belong*, and particularly the ladies, who admire them to distraction: nothing can charm a fine lady so much as an *eunuch*.

C. G. Ha! ha! ha! I am sorry our countrywomen have such a bad taste; but

I suppose you mean they only admire them for their singing?

T. G. Why if Fame does not greatly belie them, there are some among that group who are the pensioners of one dutchess, two countesses, and three baronesses.

C. G. Astonishing! Pray what may the ladies names be?

T. G. I will tell you. [Whispers.]

C. G. Ay, what *Messalina* too! I thought she had a very different turn.

T. G. Oh! variety, Sir, dear variety, does every thing with our present women of fashion: a well dressed monkey, properly introduced, has as good a chance of an intrigue as the handsome colonel C——.

C. G. What with their singing and their intriguing they must soon make fortunes.

T. G. Their extravagance is as boundless as their impertinence; and this set of ladies support them in both. The other day when those gentry would not comply with the proposals of the opera-managers, they raised a subscription for the *dear warblers* to perform operas at C——e house gratis. But Justice, though blind, in Bow-Street, saw into the imposition, and fined the *empress of the vast regions of taste, elegance, and magnificence*, who has the management, and that embroidered squeaker, as the law directs.

C. G. Who is this empress?

T. G. Bless me, are you so ignorant! I thought her fame was spread over the whole globe; but I will tell you. This lady was an opera figure dancer, and having made a connexion with a gentleman of fortune, she took C——e house in Soho-Square, furnished it in a most brilliant manner, raised subscriptions for concerts, balls, and masquerades; and having a scribbling Cicerone to puff for her, the papers are every day filled with nauseous eulogiums upon her *uncommon taste and astonishing elegance*, in decorating her apartments, and displaying a sideboard. By these means she has gained very considerable sums, though she protracts her payments as long as she can, and has at this hour a letter of licence for two years.

C. G. I think that eunuchs, like capons, should, in imitation of the emperor of Morocco's custom, be confined in cages, and properly dieted; and, on the repetition of some Arabic lines, importing "That birds that can sing, and will not sing, must be made to sing," should be obliged to warble their squeaking notes, for the entertainment of the court and people; and if the empress of *taste* was appointed their keeper, it would be a very proper employment for her.

The

THE FATAL CONCESSION.

A MORAL TALE.

AT Cheltenham, in the year 1765, Mr. Hannam, a young gentleman of fortune, on his journey through Gloucestershire with some friends, saw a young lady whose personal charms forced him (we have in *certain situations* very little power over ourselves) to stay longer at that watering-place than he intended on his arrival at it.

The lady whose person had strongly attracted him was a Miss Derwell, about nineteen, and under the protection of an aunt, who had been some time drinking the waters.

Miss Derwell, by her politeness, modesty, and affability, together with her sprightly and sensible conversation, considerably strengthened the impression which her eyes had made upon Mr. Hannam's heart. In a few days, therefore, *unable to conceal his pain*, he declared himself her lover in form, and added, with no small earnestness, that he should be the most miserable creature in the world, if she rejected him.

Miss Derwell returned a very discreet answer.

"I shall receive no man's addresses, Sir, without my aunt's approbation."

That answer was neither animating nor discouraging; but it sent him immediately to Mrs. Berton.

Mrs. Berton's reply, delivered in a dry tone, disconcerted him a little.

"I cannot pretend, Sir, to give my consent to your addressing my niece as a lover, till I am better acquainted with *you*, and with your situation in life."

Imagining, however, that he should, by placing himself in a respectable light with regard to money, remove all her objections to him, Mr. Hannam told her that he had a handsome fortune in the funds; and that his father, who had retired from business with honour and affluence, was able to make a large addition to it.

To that information Mrs. Berton, as drily as before, replied, "What you say, Sir, may be very true; but as you are quite a stranger to *me*, I must make enquiries about you and your affairs, before I come to a resolution concerning the disposal of my niece."

Extremely chagrined by an answer which called his veracity in question, (though Mrs. Berton had, in fact, only acted like a wary woman) he turned from her with a contemptuous countenance; and meeting Miss Derwell soon afterwards, said to

her, "Your aunt is a strange old lady, madam;" and then repeated what had passed between them.

"My aunt, Sir," replied she, "was always reckoned a very prudent woman; and I do not think that she has discovered any want of sense in her behaviour to *you*."

With that speech she left him, and went to her aunt. They had no farther conversation together during the remainder of the day.

Hannam, having spent the first part of the night in a very restless manner, distractedly in love with Miss Derwell, but inexpressibly mortified at the behaviour of her aunt, fell into a slumber towards the morning, and did not get up so early as usual.

When he quitted his apartment, he enquired instantaneously after Mrs. Berton and Miss Derwell.

To his great surprize he was told that they had left Cheltenham several hours: to increase his disappointment and mortification, the person who acquainted him with their departure, could not inform him where they lived: he could only tell him that they set out towards the North.

Not quite dissatisfied with that intelligence, he took leave of his companions, and rode away in pursuit of a girl whose beauty had *fired his soul*, to borrow a phrase from the *Tragedians Dictionary*; and whose repressing carriage had only served to render him more passionately enamoured with her. Such is the power of love.

To the North he steered his course; but the coming on of night obliged him to give up the chase.

Finding himself near a town, on the approach of the evening, he thought he should act more discreetly by fixing his quarters at the first inn at which he could be tolerably accommodated, than ride all night, though he had a servant with him: he was doubly induced to postpone his journey till the following day, as the county he was in was as new to *that* servant, as it was to himself.

Luckily for him, the master of the house at which he was encouraged to stop, gave him the satisfaction which he wanted from the person whom he had questioned at Cheltenham, about Mrs. Berton and Miss Derwell. By his sociable and communicative landlord he was informed that Mrs. Berton had a house not many miles off; that she was a worthy old maiden lady, with a large fortune; that she was a very kind aunt to Miss Derwell, whom she

had taken to live with her upon the death of their father abroad, in a necessitous condition, occasioned by his extravagance; and that she was greatly respected and beloved by all who knew her.

As soon as the landlord had finished his speech, Hannam replied eagerly, "Why then I am determined to make another attempt," and went up to his apartment for the night.

The honest landlord, not being a man of deep penetration, put a wrong construction upon the word *attempt*, and imagining, from the wildness of his looks, that he had some bad design in his head, took his servant into a corner, in order to pump him.

Dick, being an arch fellow, and finding that the fat publican had mistaken the meaning of what he had heard, told him, with a very solemn face, that his master had a particular design to execute.

"Ay! I thought so; I am never out: but you may tell it *me*; it shall go no farther," (squeezing him by the hand) "mum's the word."

Dick enjoyed those broken sentences extremely; but left the deliverer of them without giving him the wished-for explanation. He left him also equally wondering at his fidelity to his master, and at the design they were both going to carry into execution. Like *Scrub* in the play, he concluded there must be a plot on foot, though he could not possibly make any thing of it.

In consequence of his zealous attachment to Mrs. Berton, as he had been under obligations to her family, and in consequence of his doubts, Mr. Tapaway dispatched one of his men, as soon as it was light, to Mrs. Berton, to let her know what remarks he had made upon a gentleman at *his* house, sending, at the same time, a minute description of his figure, face, &c. &c.

Mrs. Berton was not returned from her tour; but the maid, who received the message, thanked her intelligencer for it, and assured him that she should take care to give the suspected gentleman a proper answer, if he came to ask any questions of her.

Hannam left his *boft* in the morning in a fluctuating state, but rather in good spirits. The information, with regard to the place in which Mrs. Berton resided, gave him pleasure indeed; but his surmises concerning the reception he should meet with from her, prevented him from feeling any exulting emotions.

On his approach to the house to which

he had been directed, his heart was in a flutter.

When he had asked the maid who opened the door, if Mrs. Berton was at home, she stared at him for a few moments, and then telling him, pertly, that her mistress, if she *was* at home, would have nothing to say to *him*, shut the door in a hurry, without uttering another syllable.

Hannam was not a little hurt by so flip-pant a reply; but he would have been much more chagrined had he known what produced it. However, he made several efforts to gain another parley with the saucy servant, but to no purpose; and then, having been informed by a lady at the next house that Mrs. Berton was not returned from Cheltenham, he resolved to remain in the neighbourhood, if he could procure a lodging, till her arrival. This movement was inspired by love: he could not think of giving up the idol of his heart till he had made a new attempt to bring Mrs. Berton to approve of his addresses to her niece.

At a farm-house, not above a quarter of a mile off, he was accommodated to his wish; and heard some family anecdotes which rendered him still more desirous of an alliance with Miss Derwell.

No sooner had Mrs. Berton returned to her house, from which she had been absent several weeks, than Sally, her favourite maid, cried, "Oh! madam! I am glad you are come home! I have something very particular to tell you."

She then related the message she had received from Mr. Tapaway, and acquainted her mistress with her own behaviour upon the arrival of the suspected gentleman.

"You have acted like a prudent girl, Sally," replied Mrs. Berton; "but if *that* gentleman makes his appearance again, pray let *me* see him."

Sally wondered a little to hear her mistress express a desire to see the gentleman about whom Mr. Tapaway had entertained suspicions; (being, though an honest sober girl, not at all superior to *him* in point of sagacity) but curtsied obedience with a "Yes to be sure, madam."

In a few hours after her arrival Hannam appeared, and to his great joy, but almost equal surprize, was admitted by the very maid who had before so pertly repulsed him, with a smile in her face, and a civility in her manner.

Mrs. Berton, having stopped in her journey homewards to pay a visit to an old friend, a widow lady, for whom she had a
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singular esteem, found, in a short time, an opportunity to gratify her curiosity about Mr. Hannam's character and circumstances; and she was so well pleased with the communications concerning them both, that she was determined to give him an encouraging reception, if chance ever threw him in her way again; and if his prepossessions in favour of her niece had not been obliterated by others. With sentiments, therefore, strongly in his behalf, she received Mr. Hannam.

Hannam, charmed with the alteration in her behaviour to him, ventured to make enquiries after the mistress of his heart, in the language of a lover, and to re-solicit her consent to his union with Miss Derwell, as on *that* union the happiness of his future life entirely depended. "If you have still any doubts concerning my veracity, madam," added he, "let me intreat you to write to my father; you will soon find by *his* answer that I have not deceived you with a false account of myself: you will—"

"I am very well satisfied, Sir," replied she, interrupting him, with a smile, "with the account which you have given me of yourself and your affairs; but I shall write to your father to know if *he* approves of your alliance with *my* niece. *His* approbation will naturally procure mine; but if he is averse to the connection on which your happiness, you tell me, depends, you must not reckon upon *my* consent. You must then withdraw your attention from Sophy; for I will never connive at any clandestine proceedings."

Hannam, having no reason to believe that his father would oppose the completion of his wishes, begged Mrs. Berton to write immediately to him; and he wrote a letter himself to his father, by the same post, in which he urged every thing he could think of, to produce a favourable reply.

Such a reply came to his hands by the return of the post; and as Mrs. Berton was thoroughly pleased with the answer to *her* letter, the lovers were permitted to converse with each other with that sort of familiarity which is ever allowable upon similar occasions.

In a few weeks afterwards Hannam thought himself the happiest man in the world, by making Miss Derwell his wife. When he carried her to his father, to introduce her to him, he was highly complimented by the polite old gentleman on the goodness of his taste. In short, old Mr. Hannam was so much more satisfied with his son's choice than he expected to be,

that he made him an additional present, and drew the most grateful acknowledgments from his daughter-in-law by his liberalities to her.

Hannam, like a young married man, uxorious to excess, fondly imagined that his domestic felicity would not be at an end till death had divorced his Sophy from him: but many of his friends, who were not blinded by *his* prejudices, saw in *that* Sophy certain propensities which would, probably, render the happiness on which he plumed himself of no long duration.

The sequel will shew whether those friends received wrong information from their observing eyes. The propensities which they discerned were not indeed absolutely of a criminal kind; but they were such as are frequently attended with criminal consequences.

Hannam, though he was sufficiently enabled on his marriage, to set off in a very genteel style of life, found himself in a situation to enlarge his plan of living considerably on the death of his father and on the decease of Mrs. Berton, in less than two years after his wedding. From that time his domestic happiness was gradually diminished. His desires increased with the additions to his fortune; and his Sophy appeared to be full as well disposed as himself to figure in a more magnificent light.

By keeping the best company in town, Mrs. Hannam contracted *some* intimacies which her husband deemed imprudent; and he often endeavoured to make her sensible of the indiscretion of her attachment to women whose characters were disputable. Mrs. Hannam, however, having acquired notions, by keeping the above-mentioned company, which would not suffer her to listen to the advice of a husband, told him plainly, whenever he reproved her, that she knew too much of the world to stand in need of any of *his* instructions.

Mrs. Hannam, having one day, in the openness of her heart, informed a dear friend, who called upon her, a Mrs. Vincent, how disagreeable Mr. Hannam was become to her by his almost perpetual reproofs and reprimands, received the following laconic answer from her, emphatically delivered.

"You deserve them all."

"Deserve them, madam!"

"Ay, child; because you are tame enough to bear them: I would play the devil with Mr. Vincent, if he offered to wag his tongue against any part of *my* conduct; and if you have a grain of spirit, you will

make your husband's heart ach for his impertinencies. However, if you will come and play a game at picquet with me in the evening, I believe I can put you in a way to be even with Mr. Hannam for presuming to teach you how to behave yourself."

Mrs. Hannam willingly complied with her friend's request. After a short conversation, in which their husbands were heartily abused, they sat down to picquet.

When they had entered upon their second game, Sir James Frolick made his appearance.

"O, Sir James," cried Mrs. Vincent, "I am extremely glad to see you. I wish you would take my cards. I'll step to my lively neighbour, Miss Grig, and then we can have a snug party at quadrille."

Mrs. Vincent having looked significantly at Sir James at the close of that speech, hurried out of the room, that he might carry on his designs without being interrupted; but instead of going to Miss Grig, she only stepped up stairs into her own dressing room, in order to entertain her eyes with the gentest present which she had received, a few hours before, for her promised services.

Sir James played carelessly on purpose: he was a very expert gambler; but the design of the moment made it necessary for him to lose several games.

Mrs. Hannam's exultation was so great on her success, that she cared her partner to double the sums for which they had been playing.

He appeared, at first, somewhat averse, and cursed himself for his ill-luck: then cried out, "Come, madam, I will try one game with you upon your own terms, though I know beforehand, from the specimen which you have given me of your dexterity, that I shall be *capotted*."

To Mrs. Hannam's inexpressible mortification Sir James won the first game upon the new footing. Animated, however, with the hopes of being more successful, she played on: In short, she played on, grown desperate by repeated losses, till she was not only stripped of all her winnings, but deeply in debt to her successful adversary.

Finding herself accountable to Sir James for a sum which she could not possibly command, and being ashamed, as well as afraid to lay the grievances which she had brought upon herself before her husband, she burst into tears: "Oh! I am ruined! I am ruined!" These were the only words which she could for some time utter.

"You have been a little unlucky, my dear madam, to be sure," said Sir James;

but you may easily satisfy the demands I have upon you."

"Oh! no, no, no; it is impossible for me to satisfy them without acquainting Mr. Hannam with my monstrous losses, and I would not have *him* acquainted with them for the world."

"There is not the least necessity, madam," replied he, "for letting him know any thing about the matter; it is entirely in your own power to cancel all your obligations to me without stirring out of this room."

At the conclusion of that speech, he threw himself upon his knees before her, seized one of her hands, pressed it to his lips, and then proceeded in the following manner, looking at her with eyes full of tenderness and love. "Behold, madam, at your feet, the warmest of your admirers. I have long envied Mr. Hannam the sole possession of so much beauty: I have often wished that I had known you before you was married to him. He does not know the value of the jewel in his keeping; did he know how to estimate your worth, he would not be continually absent from you, and spend his evenings with the most abandoned prostitutes in town."

In this strain did Sir James run on, evidently gaining ground every moment. By his eyes and his tongue, by his elocution and his action, he raised commotions in her head, and conflicts in her heart, which proved ultimately favourable to him. After having made him solemnly promise not to inform Mr. Hannam of what *had* passed between them, she yielded to his wishes.

Sir James, when he had triumphed over Mrs. Hannam's virtue, pulled the bell. Mrs. Vincent soon appeared, and, having made some frivolous excuse for not going to Miss Grig, proposed a game at ombre: but Mrs. Hannam could not be prevailed on to touch another card. She complained of her ill-luck, but affected to laugh it off, and in about half an hour wished her friend a good night, who intreated her in vain, over and over, to stay supper.

It is easy to conceive, but it would be difficult to describe, the situation of Mrs. Hannam's mind while she was in the chair which carried her home. When she went up to undress, she was almost distracted. The arrival of Mr. Hannam threw her into a violent agitation. She had no reason to imagine that he had been informed of her criminal *concession*; but, conscious of having affronted him in the grossest manner, she dreaded the sight of him,

At

At the first sight of him she felt all her nerves convulsed : but as he accosted her in a very affectionate style, and was uncommonly chearful, the anguish of her mind was relieved till sleep had sealed his eyes.

Her eyes she could not close : she told every tedious hour ; and was before morning in a high fever.

Mr. Hannam, when he waked, and found his wife so ill, rose immediately, and dispatched one of his servants for a physician.

Doctor D—— came soon afterwards. While he was writing for his patient, Mr. Hannam was informed that Sir James Frolick wished to speak a word with him.

At the mention of Sir James's name Mrs. Hannam screamed : but *that* scream was not attributed to the real cause.

" I have the honour to wait on you, Mr. Hannam," said Sir James, with an infinite deal of ease, " to settle a small account with you."

" An account with *me*, Sir James!"

" Yes, my dear Sir, as the husband of Mrs. Hannam. As a man of honour, you will certainly discharge all her little card-debts ; and I was so *unfortunate* last night as to win more than her purse contained.

Mr. Hannam started : he was surprised, and was concerned ; but considering how much his wife had suffered from the concealment of the debt she had contracted, he begged Sir James to let him know his demand. He was immediately acquainted with it, and paid the money.

When he returned to his wife's chamber, he found her worse, and therefore endeavoured to do all in *his* power to alleviate the anguish of her mind. " Why would you conceal your last night's losses from me, my dear," said he to her, in the tenderest accents : " think no more about them. I have paid Sir James what he demanded."

" Sir James is a villain," cried she, raising her voice : then, softening it, " how very good you have been ! I have not deserved such goodness ; when you have heard all, you will hate me."

She then uttered a tale which fastened him to the floor. After a *long* pause, he cried, " Oh! Sophy, Sophy ! but I will demand satisfaction of the wretch for taking advantage of the distress into which he brought you, and for his unpardonable affront to *my* honour. She made an effort to detain him, but to no purpose. He went immediately in search of Sir James, and found him at home.

In consequence of a sharp conversation between them they met in a few hours afterwards in Hyde-Park, with pistols.

At the first fire Hannam lodged a ball in his adversary's side near his heart.

Sir James fell immediately, and after having confessed that he deserved the wound he had received, expired in the arms of his second.

Hannam, on his return to his own house, found his wife in her last moments, and in agonies which pierced his soul.

The DISSAPPOINTED HUSBAND.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

WHEN a man marries a woman merely for her money, without having the least regard for her, he is scarce to be pitied if she makes his life miserable, after having discovered that he was influenced only by mercenary motives.

Mr. Northton, a whimsical old widower, who had considerably improved his fortune by matrimony, was the less entitled to compassion for the domestic unhappiness which he endured with his *third* wife, because he had fair warning, as well as wholesome advice, before he tied the indissoluble knot with her.

A very particular friend of his having heard of his visits to Mrs. Waddely, in the character of a lover, waited on him, in the benevolence of his heart, and the following conversation ensued between them.

Mr. Drymore. My dear friend, I am come to talk with you about an affair in which you are very much interested.

Mr. Northton. Say you so, Mr. Drymore ? Why then prythee take a chair, and without any ceremony open your budget. Come, what have you to break ?

Mr. Drymore. I have heard a piece of news relating to *you* which I hope wants confirmation.

Mr. Northton. Well, what is it ? What is it ?—You are a d——d long while in bringing it out.

Mr. Drymore. You should not be in a hurry.

Mr. Northton. But I will, though—How *you* talk—Not be in a hurry to hear news, in which I am myself concerned, if you don't put a *bump* upon me,

Mr. Drymore. I do not indeed—I have heard that *you* are making your addresses to Mrs. Waddely.

Mr. Northton. So I am ; and why not ?

Mr. Drymore. Nay, I have nothing to do

do with your amours to be sure; but I cannot help telling you, as a friend, that if you marry Mrs. Waddely, you will find yourself in a disagreeable condition: she has a very bad temper.

Mr. Northton. O d—n her temper; if I marry the ugly toad I shall only marry her for her money; and as for her temper I believe I shall be able to match her whenever she gets upon the high ropes.

Mr. Drymore. She is a termagant.

Mr. Northton. With all my soul: my tongue is as long as hers, and she will have good luck to have the last word; and so, Mr. Drymore, you have been waiting your breath to no purpose, for I shall marry the old lady as fast as I can. Her money will make amends for all her noise and ill humour.

Mr. Drymore, finding all his efforts ineffectual to dissuade his friend from a connection, of which he thought he would severely repent, withdrew. Just before he quitted the room, he turned back and said, "Well, my old friend, remember that you have had not only advice but warning, that is all."

"Ay, ay," replied Mr. Northton, "I hear you, but I shall go my own way to work."

Pretty much about the same time Mrs. Waddely had a similar conversation with an officious lady of her acquaintance, who imagined that she should act in the most friendly manner by trying to set her against a man who had almost driven two wives out of the world by his brutal behaviour to them.

Mrs. Saunders hurrying into her friend's dressing-room one morning, cried, "My dear Mrs. Waddeley, I hope you do not think seriously of the filthy fellow whose visits you have lately very much encouraged. He is quite a beast. I would, by no means, have you receive his odious addresses. He has no more manners than a bear, his conversation is vulgar to a degree, and his ill-breeding can be only equalled by his ill-nature."

Mrs. Saunders having uttered the above words with her usual volubility, Mrs. Waddely, laying down her spectacles, and taking up her snuff-box, gravely replied, with great deliberation, "Pray, Mrs. Saunders have you any design upon Mr. Northton?"

"Design upon him! Not I—the wretch! I would not have any connections with him upon any account."

"You have no thoughts then of being his wife?"

"His wife! If there was not another

man in the world I would not be married to him. I would die first."

"I am of a different opinion, and shall therefore encourage Mr. Northton's addresses."

"If you knew his motives, you would reject them with a proper disdain: he only makes his addresses to your fortune."

"Why then we are even, as I only receive them for the sake of his."

By this cool way of proceeding Mrs. Waddeley rendered all Mrs. Saunders's attempts to divert her from an alliance with Mr. Northton fruitless. Mrs. Saunders, indeed, was so much mortified at her friend's calm behaviour upon the occasion, that she could not help saying, with tones which sufficiently declared her chagrin, "Well, madam, you must do as you please; but I fancy you will have reason to be sorry for your precipitation, and wish you had followed my advice when it is too late."

With these words, fretfully delivered, she left Mrs. Waddeley very sedately opening her snuff-box, and muttered all the way she went down stairs, "I never met with so obstinate a woman in my life: the next time I give her good advice she shall take it."

In a short time after the above-mentioned conversations, Mr. Northton and Mrs. Waddeley were married; and, agreeably to the opinions of their advisers, as miserable a couple in a short time as ever existed. They were both so inflexible in adhering to their respective sentiments, that neither of them would give up the most trifling point to the other. They lived consequently in a very discordant state: Mrs. Northton, however, being of a more composed disposition pointed her sarcastical speeches at her husband with a severe tranquillity, which made a deeper impression upon him than all his fire and fury did on her. She was actually an overmatch for him in the satirical strain, and without ever putting herself into a passion with him. Whenever, provoked by the steadiness of her countenance, when he expected it to be convulsed with anger and resentment, he loaded her with a double quantity of abuse for her *curst quakerly carriage*, she always doubled her serenity, and her demureness ever increased in proportion to his vehemence; so that she generally sent him out of the room foaming with rage, and swearing loudly that she was the most provoking devil in the universe.

While he was one day almost distracted, after having had a sharp dispute with Mrs. Northton,

Northton, in which she made him quit the field of altercation as usual, by dint of superior keenness, and Stoical composure, Mr. Drymore, the friend who had strenuously advised him against a connection with Mrs. Waddeley came to pay him a visit, being just arrived from his country-house, at which he had resided for several months.

"Well, my good friend, how do you like your matrimonial bargain?"

Mr. Drymore had not seen Mr. Northton since his marriage.

"Not at all, I assure you; I have suffered enough for marrying an old hag for the sake of her money. One may buy gold too dear, I find.—Ah, friend Drymore, if I had taken your advice!—But come, what is done cannot be undone, and so there's an end of the affair: however, between you and I, if my wife should *tip* to-morrow, I shall not shed a single tear. You understand me."

"Perfectly well: but you would not take warning."

"I know I would not, I know I would not; but prithee do not twit me with my folly. Shall you be at the *Alderman* to-night?"

"Certainly."

"Enough, I will meet you there, and bury all my vexations in a brimming bowl. I must think less and less about my wife, for she is the greatest plague that ever fell to a man's lot."

Mr. Northton was punctual to his appointment, and Drymore met him at the *Alderman*. The room was soon full, and several of the members belonging to the club, being merry fellows, contrived to keep the table in a roar. Among those who chiefly contributed to the mirth of the evening, there were two or three who sung ballads with humour and spirit. During the sonorous delivery of one of the anti-matrimonial songs, Mr. Northton sat quite *a la mort*: it happened to contain truths rather too strong for him, as he felt every syllable which he heard. Mr. Drymore, however, soon set his spirits afloat, and he became, in a few minutes, as facetious as he was before the little cessation of his cheerfulness.

While he was in the height of his festivity, he was called out by a waiter.

One of his own servants was the person who wanted to see him.

"My mistress, Sir," said John, in a flutter, "is taken speechless."

"Is she by G—d! Well, run away for a doctor, John, I will give her a chance for her life."

With these words he turned upon his heel, went back to the club-room, and almost deafened every man in it with his joy. His joy operated upon him so powerfully, with its accompaniments, that he was carried home dead drunk.

When he waked in the morning, sobered by sleep, he enquired immediately how his wife did.

"A great deal better, Sir," replied Sally: "she speaks as well as ever," and left him in a hurry, as she heard her mistress's bell.

Sally's unexpected reply was a shock which Mr. Northton was hardly able to sustain. It made such an impression upon him that he never held up his head afterwards: he did not indeed long survive it; for as the recovery of Mrs. Northton inflamed him more strongly against her, and as he grew every day more pained by his *disappointment*, he resolved to remove himself out of a world in which he had been doomed by matrimony to perpetual wretchedness. He had particular objections to a pistol or a halter: he had indeed, though not overburdened with religion, some idea of the criminality of suicide; but he flattered himself that he should not be a *jelo de se* by making his bottle his executioner: he, therefore, repeated his visits to the *Alderman*, till he had effectually compleated his design.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS you have dealt very sparingly with the female oddities of the age, I beg you will accept of a lady of my acquaintance, who thinks herself deserving of a place amongst the good company you frequently usher into public.

Dorinda is an evergreen demi-rep, who has figured upon this town for near thirty years. She married when young an officer in the army, by whom she had several children, and probably the first year of her marriage was devoted to fidelity. Upon her husband's being ordered to a command abroad, she threw aside all domestic regularity, and was a constant visiter of most public amusements. Ranelagh, Marybone, and the dancing breakfasting places, she alternately attended. In these public excursions, she was most usually accompanied by a daughter, a well-grown young lady of about eighteen; in her more *private* parties she always gave the preference to a *tête-à-tête* with a hand-

some

some young fellow of spirit, before the company of the most accomplished female in the world.

She soon made a very numerous acquaintance. Those of the male sex were chiefly of superior rank to the ladies. The men consisted of old debauchees of fashion and fortune, and young rakes of figure and family. The women ranked as demi-reps of small fortune, and giddy girls in the pursuit of a husband or a settlement.

The group usually met at her house once a week, when such assignations were made as advanced the great business of intrigue. It was Dorinda's peculiar passion to promote a happy intercourse between the sexes. Jealousy was not among the number of her vices; and she would rather be an eye-witness to the infidelity of one of her own admirers, than that an ignorant girl should go without a lover.

It may be surmised that *interest* was the basis of this conduct: far from it, she had no other motive in view than *universal benevolence*, except it was that natural propensity in most women whose reputations have been tarnished by indiscretions, to bring all their acquaintance on a level with themselves. In this pursuit she was very industrious, and very successful. Lord Pycbald, (see p. 121. Vol. II.) Mr. L——, Captain M——, &c. &c. &c. have much reason to praise Dorinda's skill in negotiations of this kind; and several ladies who have since figured in your *têtes-à-têtes* are indebted to this worthy matron for paving the way for their advancement in life. It was a constant and prevailing maxim with Dorinda, that *men and women were formed for each other, and that it should be the business of their lives to promote a reciprocal felicity*. This doctrine she strongly inculcated among her female acquaintance, and always maintained it with the men.

It may be supposed that such a round of diversions, and such a variety of company, must have been very expensive, and that she must necessarily have received some *douceurs* from the gentlemen, to enable her to pursue the plan she had chalked out. But when it is known that her greatest expence consisted in lights and tea at home, and that it may be supposed her squires defrayed the *extras* abroad, without ranking her as a mercenary priestess of the Cyprean Temple, she might be allowed virtuous at least in this respect; and the stipend allowed her by her husband, though but small, might snugly be found sufficient for her household demands; especially as she was so industrious as to sub-

mit, with her daughter, to work plain work in the morning, to enable her to entertain a peer in the evening.

Such a female character it is true is but seldom met with: a Dorinda vicious for the sake of vice only, even in others, may border upon the incredible, and seem the offspring of fancy; and the more fictitious will she appear when it is averred she made her most capital conquest, like Maintenon, when she was verging upon sixty, and is now married to a second husband of rank and fortune. Yet she lives and is well known by these *traits*, to almost every polite circle in town. Dorinda is, indeed, a *female oddity*, and as such I have sent her to obtain a proper place in the Town and Country Magazine.

A Hunter of Oddities.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Feb. 10, 1771.

AS you very obligingly honoured my little translation of a French epigram with a place in your Magazine for October last, I flatter myself that the following version of a Latin inscription by the same hand will not be deemed a disgrace to it. The original lines will, I am sure, appear to great advantage in any collection; and I shall think myself a fortunate translator, if I have not absolutely extinguished the spirit of my author by *transfusion*.

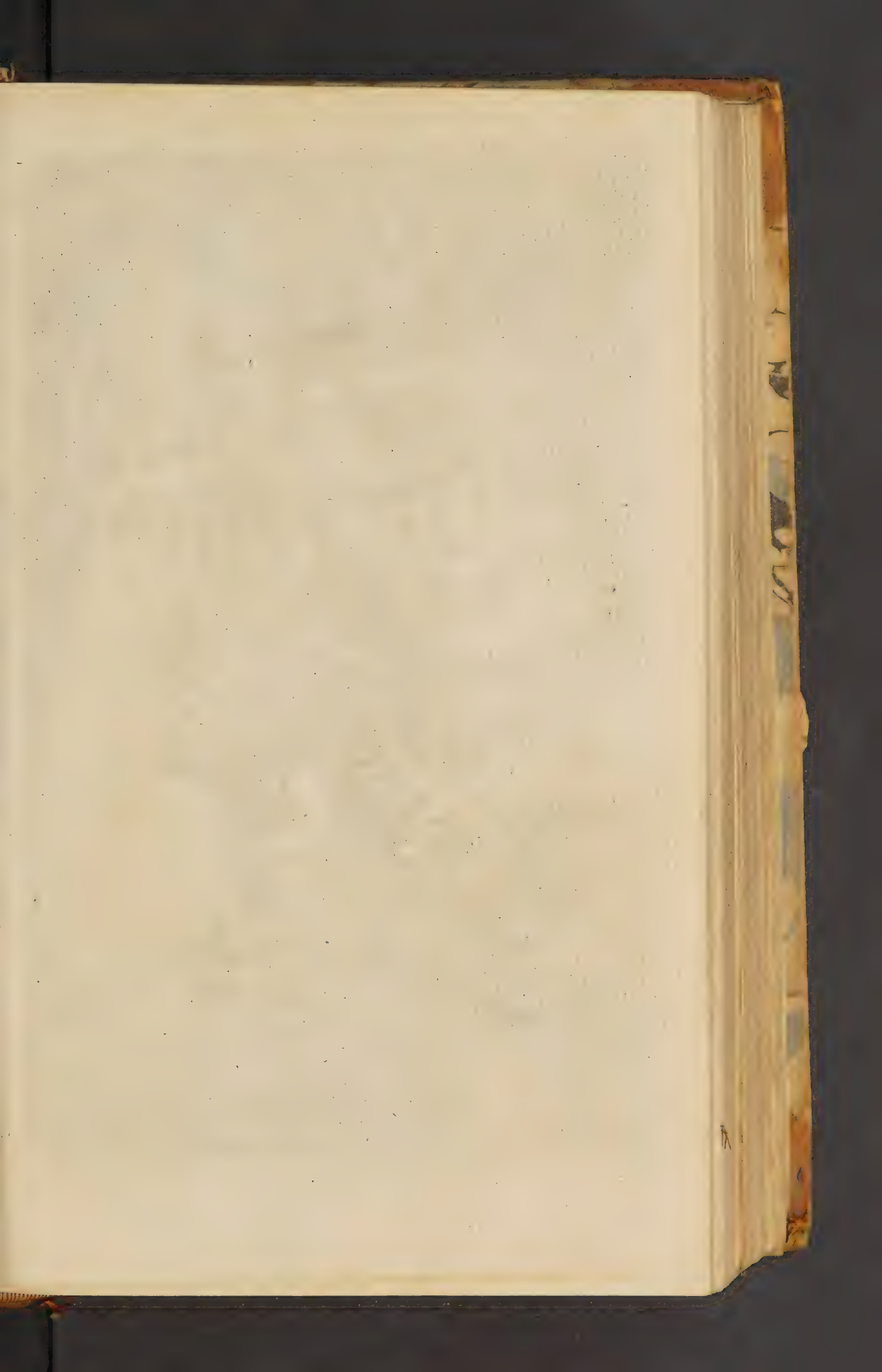
The following inscription, engraved upon black marble, on the Pont Notre Dame, at Paris, in letters of gold, was written by M. Santeuil, and is much admired for the elegance of its versification.

*Sequana cum primum reginæ allabitur urbi
Tardat præcípites, ambitiosus, aquas:
Captus amore loci, cursum obli-viscitur, anceps
Quo fluat, et dulces nectit in urbe moras.
Hinc varios implens, fluctu subeunte, canales,
Fons fieri gaudet, qui modo flumen erat.*

ENGLISHED.

When to the royal city flows the Seine,
Its brilliant sight his current does restrain;
Charm'd with *that* sight, he winds his mazy
way,
Meand'ring round it with a sweet delay,
And filling each canal, swells with more
pride,
To rise in fountains than to roll a tide.

Santeuil





The Convention & Makers.

Santeuil, in his earlier time of life, was equally celebrated for his wit and his satire: for the brightness of the one, and for the severity of the other. The famous Harlequin of the Italian theatre, Dominic, made a reply to Santeuil, after some rough liberties had been exchanged between them, which produced a very spirited answer. "I am the Santeuil of the Italian theatre," said the Harlequin. "Why then," replied the priest, "I am the Dominic of St. Victor's."

There is another anecdote of Santeuil which strongly marks the man. Somebody was ill-bred enough to complain in a conversation with him of having been cheated by a monk. Many persons present expected a very sharp reprimand for so unpolite an attack. Santeuil only looked very grave, and asked the aggrieved gentleman how long he had lived at Paris? "Many years," answered he. "You are not entitled to any pity then," added Santeuil, with equal gravity. "The man who has lived many years in a city abounding with monks, and is cheated by one of them, merits no compassion. While you live here, Sir, let me advise you to beware of four things; of a woman before, of a mule behind, of a cart sideways, and of a monk every way."

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

A MICO.

*The DOWNFALL of the CONVENTION;
or, a DIALOGUE between the COBLERS.*

Illustrated with a satirical and political Copper-Plate.

Cob. 1. VERY good! Very good! They are to restore the port, and keep the island.

Cob. 2. Certainly the king of Spain will never give up his right to his just possessions.

Cob. 3. No, no, that can't be expected.

Cob. 4. And then we must prove in print that we never had a right to the port or fort either, and then the people will be satisfied.

Cob. 1. Ay, let it be repeatedly set forth in all the papers, and the people will soon believe it.

Cob. 2. But will they not say, how came we to make such a noise and bustle, and spend so much money in preparing armaments, when we did not propose claiming the spot in contest?

FEB. 1771.

Cob. 3. Oh! that may easily be got over: it will only be telling them how watchful you are over their honour and property, whether they exist or not.

Cob. 4. Ah! ah! ah! that will do: that's excellent: none but Jemmy Twitchet could have hit upon such a lucky device.

Cob. 2. Ah! ah! ah! excellent, in-

Cob. 1. Indeed, Jemmy!

Cob. 3. Zounds! the convention begins to crack already; it will be about our ears.

Cob. 2. It is coming, egad!

Cob. 1. Oh! the devil (*it falls.*) I shall be crushed by it.

Cob. 4. I wish we had not tacked it up so tight.

Cob. 3. My neck is broke.

Cob. 1. And mine is in danger.

Cob. 2. This is d——nd ominous!

Cob. 3. It looks bad indeed!

Cob. 1. Well, let's get clear of it as well as we can.

Cob. 4. I am afraid it will be a very difficult matter, without the two *Turners* put it in a better frame.

Cob. 1. Oh d——n the convention, my back is not broad enough to bear it!

[Enter Britannia and the patriotic aldermen, who, it is expected will repair our national honour, and form a more stable convention.]

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

HAVING assisted at the masquerades at Mrs. Cornelys', I have transmitted you the best account my memory can afford me of each for the amusement of your readers.

The masquerade on Wednesday the 6th, which was a public one, the tickets being sold at two guineas and a half each, which admitted one gentleman, or two ladies, opened about ten o'clock at night; when amongst the remarkable characters were the following.

A friar, with a happily chosen mask, and a lady abbess, dressed with equal judgment, companions.

Two ladies in crimped crape, the *whimsicality* of their dress not a little pleasing---the misses L. and D.

A Spaniard, in scarlet sattin, with brown fur edgings, was very conspicuous---Mr. M---

A madman, with a four-square hat, ornamented with straw, a rather melancholy spectacle.

M

spectacle, Mr. F—, more especially as he was seldom or ever separated from an honest serjeant, who was so far *infected* as to take briefs without fees, the surest mark of insanity in one of his profession---Mr. G—.

A Dutchman, as *characteristically* dull as possible---Mr. W—.

Two smart quakers, if we confine our idea of smartness to the outside only, which is not usually understood when we speak of masquerades.

A tolerable imitation of lord Chalkstone.

A contrast seldom to be met with in the great world, a raw unbred country girl, and a celebrated fair lady, companions.

A Chinese, no less indebted to nature than art for the grace, elegance, and beauty of her appearance---L—y A. C.

A milk-maid, who seemed afraid of being lost in the gay wilderness; as she never ventured, during the whole evening, from the side of a tall mask, her companion.

Several sailors, who produced much pleasantry.

A hussar, a very elegant figure---L---d H—.

A conjurer, who seemed not to be perfectly acquainted with the virtues of his wand.

A watchman, with all due qualifications, youth, health, and vigour, with a lady of the town, a suitable companion.

Three devils, most industrious, though unsuccessful in their trade; innocence and simplicity alone laying us open to temptation.

Two other devils, who, contrary to all examples, told unpleasing truths to many of the company, consequently were universally thunned.

A Persian prince, very magnificently dressed.

A Turk, that seemed to mourn the threatening desolation of his country.

A black prince, of great humour.

A feathered man.—N. B. No uncommon character.

A tall punch, totally inactive.

A genteel lady, in an antique dress.

An Indian hunter, on a wrong scent.

A female ditto, dressed with much taste, but very mischievous.

An under-sized Spaniard, with the vivacity of a Frenchman.

A couple of tall girls in frocks, one with her doll; but their manners had little or nothing of the nursery in them.

A lady, for the honour of the French, dressed in all the taste and elegance of that nation, was esteemed the best figure in the whole assembly,

A countryman, whose heels and tongue proved him an excellent mimick.

Three harlequins, who, if merit was to be determined by weight, would have had the first claim to celebrity.

Two novices, in all the beautiful simplicity of that character, engaged universal admiration.

Two Negro women, with uncommon plenitude of person.

A Moorish chief, perfectly well-bred.

A Druid, who seemed to know little or nothing of religious rites.

An old woman, exceedingly lively.

Tragedy, in all the pomp and dignity of that character.

Sorrow and Joy, very agreeably contrasted.

A hermit, fit only for a cell.

A pilgrim, in quest of adventures.

A cricket-player, a peaceable animal.

A running man, of uncommon magnitude.

A light-horseman, pursuing the ladies.

A little Merlin, that paid great court to them.---Mrs. Vaughan.

A waggoner, with characteristic roughness.

A Jerry Sneak---an original.

Dorcas, Mrs. Phillimore; with her daughter in an elegant Indian silver muslin, representing a young girl in her native simplicity.

A shepherd and shepherdess---Mr. and Mrs. Streaker.

There were also present the dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, the dukes of Buccleugh, Bolton, Manchester; the earls of Huntingdon, Sandwich, Carlisle, Berkeley, Cholmondley, Spencer, Barrymore, Cork, March, and Sussex; lords * WEYMOUTH, Falmouth, Bolingbroke, Palmerston, Molyneux, Grantham, Stavordale, Pigot, Craven, and Aylmer; the countesses of Effingham, Berkeley, Spencer, Aylesbury and Cork, &c. lady Archer, lady Craven, lady Charlotte Dundas, lady Bridget-Lane, the celebrated * MISS HARRIOT LAMBE; the Imperial, Danish, Hanoverian, and several foreign ministers. The duke of Bolton, in an old woman, sustained his character with much humour. The Savoyard, (Mr. Hooke) leading a bear (Mr. Hodges) in a chain, dancing to the music of the Savoyard's hurdy-gurdy, gave great entertainment. When they offered their tickets, that of the bear was at first rejected, being only the moiety of one, or a lady's; but upon the Savoyard assuring

* See Tête-à-Tête, p. 65.

the door-keeper it was *a she bear* they were admitted.

Mr. Vaughan supported the country farmer with vast pleasantry, and an uniform adherence to nature. Mr. Webster, in the character of Guiderius in *Cymbeline*, masque was greatly admired. Mr. J. Goodaker gave much satisfaction (by the bulls he made) in the dress of an Irish haymaker: being asked by a domino, if there were any such diversions among the bogs of Kilkenny? Paddy made answer in the following repartee: "Upon my conscience, look you now, if the people in Ireland here had any occasion to conceal the thoughts they discover, we should be after following the manners of the English, and wear masks as they do all the day long, without paying a visit to my countrywoman, Mrs. Cornelys."

The appearance of one masque gave very high offence to the ladies; and he was not only pretty warmly rallied, but reproved: he appeared as a dead corpse, in a shroud and walking (strange powers, that allow a dead corpse to walk!) coffin, decorated with all its solemn ornaments. On the front was pasted the following printed inscription:

*Mortals, attend!---this pale unseemly spectre
Three moons ago was plump and stout as Hector.
Cornelys', Almack's, and the Coterie,
Caus'd, in the bloom of life, the change you see.
Oh! shun harmonic routs, and midnight revel,
Or you and I shall soon be on a level.*

This mask was erroneously supposed to be colonel Lutterel; but he appeared all the night in a pink domino; and it is now said he was the colonel's brother. The coffin was cut behind in such a manner, that he could sit down, which he did from half past eleven till three, soon after which he retired, leaving the coffin (which was made of pasteboard, with *papier maché* nails and ornaments) in the outer room, where the bear left his skin.

The coffin began at first to exhort the company to reform in a puritanic stile; but being told it was out of character for a dead man to speak, he remained silent the rest of the night.

The agreeable Mrs. D—— addressed herself to the shroud, saying, "I cannot help seriously telling you (and to shew you I am in earnest I unmask) that you must be an ill-natured spiteful wretch, that can neither enjoy the amusement this place affords yourself, nor let us partake of it, without casting a gloom upon our

spirits, by your horrid appearance, which is not only indecent, but illiberal and uncharitable: if you are dead, as you seem to be to all sense of pleasure, you have no business here; if you are alive, and capable of enjoying the pastime of the place, throw off that shocking covering, and assume the dress of mirth and festivity."

A sailor then came up and said, "What cheer, what cheer? alive or dead—he boy? or only in a trance? if that's the case, I and my fellow messmates here will give you a round dozen, and soon bring you to yourself." This address had the desired effect; the coffin retired, and it was believed the masque returned soon after in a domino.

A gentleman was very desirous of looking under a lady's veil, and attempted to draw it on one side. The gentleman who was with the lady asked the other, "what he meant by his presumption? that being with the lady, he was her protector; and if he made the least further attempt, he should resent it properly." The other replied, "that he was certain he knew the lady; that she herself would not be displeased with his seeing her face; and therefore he was determined he would see it." The lady's friend immediately took off his mask, and told the other, "that he might know his face, and where to find him; and that he insisted on meeting him wherever he pleased to name." To which the return, *was a direct slap on the face*, which caused immediate confusion in the room; and the gentlemen were taken into another apartment. It is said the affair was afterwards made up by the interposition of friends.

The gentleman with the lady was Mr. N—g—t, and the curious mask Mr. A—ht—n.

The masked ball on Monday the 13th was a subscription one given by the gentlemen of the Thursday night's club, at the Star and Garter Tavern, Pall-mall, when the expences amounted to a thousand guineas.

The convenient elegance and propriety to accommodate and please the company, were generally admired; the provisions were in abundance, and among them every thing remarkably good and rare; in short, the whole gave universal satisfaction to the happy crowd, and great credit to the conductress.

The following were the most striking characters.

A puritan in black strongly preached up repentance, and termed the place Vanity Fair; a pompous shepherd with a silver

M 2

crook;

crook ; two shepherdesses, among a large flock of sheep, in different disguises ; a nabob, superbly dressed, with two fair favourites ; a courier, in the character of Potter, with two grave Spaniards, supposed to be spies ; a Turk, very magnificently dressed, with a wonderful blaze of diamonds in his turban, and a sultana, equally magnificent ; a pretty milliner exposing her goods ; two girls with flowers and toys ; a droll chimney-sweeper ; two prattling Frenchmen, with monstrous brown hair muffs ; two good friars, with two nuns ; an elephant black prince ; a well-dressed cardinal ; a little coterie, composed of a group of characters, endeavouring to supply each other's wants ; a Portuguese inquisitor, and two abbés ; a Tancred, who lost his dagger ; two women pedlars ; two very elegant Grecian girls ; a Spanish commodore, with a laughing mask on one side, and an angry one on the other, on the right of his belt hung a Harlequin's sword, and on the left a sabre ; an excellent humorous Punch, with castanets, full of mirth, and

*Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles ;*"

an author, in the character of a tripe-man ; a monstrous wig on a block, with black robes pendant. Besides these were hundreds more remarkable for the richness of their dresses, than the fancy, or propriety of them.

A group of Indian chiefs, with their wives, attracted the greatest attention : at their entrance into the great room, they gave a loud war-hoop, which surprised many of the company. The women were dressed very much in character, having drops at their noses, and their faces without masks, painted and scarified not unlike Dr. Squintum's Parawanka in the Supplement of your Magazine for 1769.

A MASK.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IN this age of luxury and voluptuousness, the general complaint is the want of money and the dearth of provisions ; the truth is, whilst a hundred pounds are laid out upon a masquerade dress, or a trinket for a favourite sultana, the industrious and necessitous tradesman goes unpaid, and the useful artizans are unemployed, whilst male-milliners are tagging of laces, or pinking of dominoes. There is no real scarcity of money, but a general misapplication of it : the miser hoards for

his spendthrift son to squander, and the circulation of the money through improper channels produces as little advantage to the general weal, as it being confined to the strong-box. Whilst wh---s, bawds, pimps, panders, and gamblers are pampered with profusion, the honest and needy are no way benefited by the dissipation. If a just sense of honour prevailed among the rich, the good effects of it would be visible in the probability of the poor : but whilst the great are incessantly employed in over-reaching each other in elections, at horse races, and the gaming table, the lower classes of men will think themselves justified in following the examples of their superiors, as far as they are able : thus a general disposition for impoliture prevails, and the few whose morals urge them to attain a livelihood by honest industry have just reason to complain that virtue must, indeed, be its own reward, for it has no patron or benefactor in

*—This age of iron, grown an age of gold,
When who bids most, for all men would be sold.*

Sorry I am to observe that many of the ladies, those angelic forms, who make us antedate the bliss above, are sunk so far beneath even mortals, that they seem to consider their lives as one tissue of *chicane* ; and when they cannot, with the *adroitness* of Jonas, dispose of a *pool* in their favour, they practise his *legerdemain* upon a snuff-box, a purse, or a pocket-book. The celebrated lady, who was so dexterous a few years since at *Ragdale's* *, in conveying away a pair of valuable diamond earrings, and leaving a paste-pair in their stead, met with a very mortifying repartee last week at a card-table. The lady of the house, who sat next to her, retiring for a few minutes, left her gold snuff-box on the table : upon her return it had vanished ; she inquired if no lady had by mistake put it into her pocket : every one denied it, when a girl, about ten years old, said to the fair culprit, " Indeed, my lady I saw you put it in your pocket : " she coloured as much as her complexion would allow her, and produced the box, saying, " I am very absent. " " And I beg, my lady " (replied the proprietor of the box) " you may remain so, for I never desire to see your face here again. "

This anecdote needs no comment, as it is but too striking a *miniature* of many ladies of the first fashion.

I am, Sir,

St. James's-Place, Your constant reader,
Feb. 19, 1771.

ALONSO,

* A jeweller's in Bond-Street.



Ridiculum acri fortius et melius.

HOR.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

ON the perusal of a pamphlet just published entitled, "Critical Observations on the Buildings and Improvements in London," I was struck with the ingenious reflections and shrewd remarks to be found in every page of that performance. The author's strictures upon the new erected statue in Cavendish square, excited my curiosity so strongly; that I resolved immediately to go and view this extraordinary erection. While I was reading his Observations * (page 18, 19, which

I have flung into a note) I distinctly heard the following Dialogue, which I have sent you as accurate as I could take it down, together with a sketch of the equest.

to remain as it is. This would not only make it more *natural*, but also render it of use as a pattern suit for the regimental tailors.

The character of the inscriptive style is brevity, perspicuity, and force; and there is also a system of contraction established, different from those of a law bill. The reader will be able to judge how far this character is retained in the following inscription: I have distinguished it with Italicks in some particular parts;

W—— D—— of C——

Born April 15th, 1721, Died 31st October 1765.

This *Equestrian Statue*

was erected by

Lietenant General

W—— S——

In Gratitude

For his *private Kindness*

In honour

To his publick Virtue,

November the 4th Anno Domini, 1770.

* In Cavendish square is erected an equestrian statue. An officer, in the exact *modern* uniform of the guards, is mounted on an *antique* horse all very richly gilt and burnished. The figure, both in features and proportions, is extremely like the original; and so, I am told, is the hat. The general encomium bestowed upon it is, that it is *mighty natural*; but in my opinion, the resemblance would be much stronger, were it, in place of being gilt, to be painted in proper colours, the coat scarlet, the facings blue, and the lace

The

equestrian statue, to be cut in wood; hoping it will afford as much entertainment to your readers as it has done to me.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader

And admirer,

CURIOSUS.

A DIALOGUE between the ANTIQUE Horse in Cavendish-square and its MODERN Rider.

Rider. WHAT's the matter, Antique, why this foaming and blowing?
Thou seem'st, for some reason, d—mn'd ready for going. [equestrian,
Thou wou'dst not unhorse, sure, the statue
And reduce me, disgrac'd, to a figure pedestrian!
I'm no asinine statue, however bely'd,
If thou'rt hard of belief, turn thy head but aside, [name:
And read, in small compass, my title and
For my virtue and kindness, refer to the same.
You too, an't you stirrup'd, and housin'g'd, and
holster'd; [ster'd;
And my belly and shoulders in equipoise bold—
Don't thy erst flowing tail in ribbon'd knots
linger? [finger:
Hanst you veins on your flanks as big as my
When C—, Str—, and I, have done all
this to please ye,
One wou'd think, poor Antique, you'd be
placid and easy.

Horse. The Devil you wou'd! what in my
situation! [nation,

Thus expos'd to the gibes of the wits of a
(I who carry'd the Cæsars from Julius to
Nero,)

Between such a pedestal and such a hero?
One cued, lapel coated, triangular hatted,
Having both paunch and pate beyond all mean-
ing fatt'd;

The possessive pronoun *his* is very happily introduced here, because it may be applied to either of the antecedent persons, and will no doubt create subject of learned dispute some ages hence. If this fashion should prevail among great men and rich, of erecting public statues, to those who have been kind to them in private, it is not warriors in compleat uniform, bestriding gilded steeds, who would be most frequently seen in our streets and squares, but beauty simple, unadorned, like the Venus of Medicis, and (could art do justice to nature in this country) finer forms than ever Grecian chizze
graved.

The other a mason-hewn stone monumental,
With a one-ear'd inscription at which eyes are
bent all;

And you now astride a Mezentian shebus,
As fiery a courser as ever drew Phœbus,
I suspect, and' whoe'er in your history dips
Will believe you had rather have stuck to
Eclipse.

I will not submit then, I declare sad and sober;
For your general, you see, has abridg'd my
OCTOBER.

Rider. Nor am I content, in the pride of
my soul, [jowl,

To be coupled with St—, and pass cheek by
As Milton and Benson hang in the West-
minster; [spinster.
Tho' I know I look smart in the eyes of a
And imperial statues, as I have been told,
Were compos'd oft' of silver, and sometimes
of gold;

Yet St—, with pretended precision, has said,
His hero should be represented in lead:

But he splendidly gilt us, to make us go down,
And has mounted aloft on a quarry of stone.
So, horse, I'll dragoon ye, if thus you alarm me;
And ride ye, by G—d, as I once did the a— my:
To your back will I stick, like perpetual
blister, [f—ster.

With my breech to the town, and face to my
On this ruinous spot a grand-guard I keep,
To perambulate varlets, and "tend a few sheep."
Here my post I'll maintain in spite of bad
weather.

In defiance of Saxe and D'Esrees put together;
Of the ancient and modern a motley botch-potch,
And victor of taste too, as well as of Scotch.

*Anecdote of MONTECUCULI, the Italian
General, and Competitor to the great
TURENNE.*

THIS general when he commanded
the imperial army, had on a march
given orders, on pain of death, that no
one should walk over the corn. A sol-
dier returning from a village, ignorant of
the orders, came through a path in a corn-
field. Montecuculi, who perceived him,
commanded the prevot to hang him. In
the mean while the soldier advanced to-
wards the general, and pleaded his igno-
rance, to which Montecuculi replied,
"The prevot shall do his duty." As all
this occurred almost in an instant, the
soldier was not yet disarmed, when, full of
rage and revenge, he said, "I was not
guilty before, but now I am," and at the
same time fired his piece at the gene-
ral. It missed, and Montecuculi pardoned
him.

To

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

In favouring the following little remark
with a place in your agreeable and in-
structive Miscellany, you will much
oblige

Feb. 19, Your humble servant,
1771. A. T.

IT is an opinion generally received, that
the addition of the dagger to the arms
of the city of London had this original.
In the fifth year of the reign of Richard
the II. there was a rebellion in the county
of Kent, of which one Wat. Tyler, a
poor labourer, who had adopted that name
from his trade, was leader. This man's
infatuation was so much, that he even ven-
tured to enter the metropolis; where he
was met by the king, accompanied by
William Walworth, the gallant lord-

mayer, who not being able to bear the
traitor's insolence, arrested him by a vio-
lent blow on the head, and then stabb'd
him with his dagger, which was added to
the arms of the city, to commemorate the
bravery of that action. That this tradi-
tion is entirely false the following will
make evident: being lately at Staines, in
Middlesex, I observed, at a distance, on
the banks of the Thames, a little below
the famous Runny-Mead, a stone which
bore the appearance of antiquity: I found
it the boundary of the city's liberty. The
stone was about four feet high, and in the
middle was the mayor's name, with the
date thus, 1254: the third figure, which
seems to have been 5, is much effaced;
but that set aside, the dagger could not
have been derived from the above anec-
dote; for a little below the date are the
arms as they now stand. Now the year
1254 was long before Richard the II.
who came not to the throne till 1377.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the Supplement to the
second Volume of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. Tyrunculus.

Put x and y for the length and breadth of the required parallelogram, a for its area, and $2p$
for the periphery. Then $xy = a$, and $2x + 2y = 2p$, or $x + y = p$, $x = p - y$; but
 $x = \frac{a}{y}$, whence $p - y = \frac{a}{y}$, reduced, gives $y = \sqrt{\frac{p^2}{4} - a} - \frac{p}{2}$.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. Stephen Chadborn.

Put x for the greater, y for the less number sought, $40 = a$, and $96 = b$. Then $xy + yy = a$,
 $xy^2 = b$; from these equations we get $ay - y^3 = b = 40y - y^3 = 96$; whence $y = 4$
and $x = 6$.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. William Sedgwick.

For the number of crowns, A had put xx , and yy for those which B had.

Then $\begin{matrix} x + yy = 34 \\ y + xx = 86 \end{matrix}$ } per question.

Hence $y^4 - 68y^2 + y = -1070$, reduced, gives $y = 5$; consequently A had 81, and B 25
crowns.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. H. Hart.

The present worth of an annuity of 40 l. (which is the difference between the rent of the
farm, and that proposed by the tenant) to continue 21 years at 6 per cent. compound interest,
is, by the common rules, 470 l. 11 s. 3 d. and so much must the landlord receive, to comply
with the tenant's request.

QUESTION V. Answered by Mr. John Jewell.

From the two given equations we get, by proper reduction, $y^3 + 9y^2 + 18y = 80$; this
cubic equation, properly solved, gives $y = 2$; whence $x = 8$.

QUESTION

QUESTION VI. Answered by Mr. Thomas Barker.

First $\frac{540 \times 5}{34-5} = 93.1$ inches, the altitude of the conic section; and 633.1 inches that of the cone completed; whence 7.1654, and 48.7 are the number of laps round the section, and the whole cone respectively. The bottom and top circumferences of the section are 106.8144 and 15.708 inches; whence we have $106.8144 \times 48.7 - 15.708 \times 7.1654$ into 0.7071, which gives 3598.65 inches, for the length of the wood-bind required.

We received a very curious calculation of the moon's eclipse, which will happen in April next, from this gentleman; and are sorry we cannot insert it for want of room.

Mr. James Doo, of Linton, in Cambridgeshire; Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wisset, in Suffolk; Mr. William Sedgwick, of Cottingham, and Mr. John Lowe, school-master, in Birmingham, answered all the questions; Mr. John Jewell, of Biddeford, Mr. William Castieau and Mr. H. Hart, answered the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth, questions; Mr. B. Jones, of Hempstead, in Hertfordshire, Mr. Richard Bathoe, junior, of Jilstock, near Whitchurch, in Shropshire, flax-dresser, and Mr. William West, of Crick, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, answered the first, second, third, and fifth questions; R. P. Le Marchant, pupil to Mr. Adams, at Waltham Abbey, Tyrunculus, Mr. John Garton, Mr. Stephen Chadborn, and Mr. Isaac Gumley, of Countesthorpe, answered the second, third, fourth, and fifth questions; Mr. J. Tarratt, of Epsom, answered the second, third, fourth and sixth questions; Mr. John Mastin, at William Wilson's, esq; at Louthwater, near Rickmansworth, Herts, answered the first and second questions; R. A. B—e, answered the fourth and fifth questions; Mr. William Cave answered the second and fifth questions; master George Grand, of Beverly, in Yorkshire, answered the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth questions.

New MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. By Mr. John Mastin.

Given $x \times \sqrt{x} = 125$, required the value of x .

QUESTION II. By Mr. John Doo.

Given
$$\left. \begin{aligned} x + 2\sqrt{y-z} &= 38 \\ x + \sqrt{z-z} &= 38 \\ 5y + 2\sqrt{z-z} &= 38 \end{aligned} \right\} \text{required } x, y, \text{ and } z; \text{ the value of } x \text{ being my present age, } y \text{ the month, and } z \text{ the day thereof in which I was born.}$$

QUESTION III. By Snip.

The area of a right-angled triangle, and the difference between half the sum of the three sides, and the hypotenuse being given, to find the sides of the triangle.

QUESTION IV. By R. A. B—e.

Given the differences between the hypotenuse, and each of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle, to find the sides of the triangle.

QUESTION V. By Master George Grand.

Required the value of x and y from the following equations; $x^3 + \frac{xy^2}{3} = \frac{14y^3}{3} + x^2y$ and $324y = \frac{3x^3}{8} + 18xy$; wherein x represents my age, and y the month in which I was born.

QUESTION VI. By Curiosus.

Required a general theorem for finding two such fractions, the sum of whose square shall be a square number; and, moreover, the product of the said fractions being subtracted from either of them, shall leave a perfect square.

To the Authors of the TOWN and COUNTRY
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

By inserting the following reflections on
gaming in your instructive and entertain-
ing Miscellany, you will confer a far-
ther obligation on,

Gentlemen,

Your constant reader,

A. B.

THE practice of playing at games of
chance and skill, though it has been
greatly objected to, and highly censured
by several writers, *viz.* Hartley, Harvey,
Shenstone, *cum multis aliis*, is not simply
and in itself *absolutely* unlawful. Reason
does not disapprove it, neither does our
holy religion forbid it, as far as it is con-
sistent with the rules of honour and inte-
grity, and as far as it contributes either to
the relaxation of our own minds, or to the
obliging and diverting our friends. But
then every virtuous person should be care-
ful not to abuse this liberty; not to yield
himself so much to his diversions and re-
creations, as to suffer them to divert the
attention of his mind from a steady ad-
herence to the important business of his
life; not to play for such high stakes
as, if he loses, will either discompose
his mind, or injure his family or estate.
Under such restrictions, the playing at
cards, or any other game, is an innocent
and agreeable amusement. But in the pre-
sent age, these rules are little observed;
nay, entirely neglected, by the generality
of our nobility and gentry, both male
and female, who should be the great exam-
ples and encouragers of all virtue and in-
dustry, as well as by the trading part
of the nation, who vainly attempt, by
luxury and dissipation, to rival the nobi-
lity in the least amiable part of their cha-
racters. Health, fortune, reputation, se-
renity of mind, and every thing valua-
ble in life, are sacrificed to the love of
play. Whole nights and days are con-
stantly spent in the trifling and despicable
employment of throwing a dye, or in
shuffling, cutting, and dealing a pack of
cards; and such large sums ventured and
lost, as often reduce families in a flou-
rishing condition to the greatest misery
and distress.

What age so large a crop of vices bore,
Or when was avarice extended more?
When were dice with more profusion thrown?
The well fill'd fob not empty'd now alone,

FEB. 1771.

But gamesters for whole patrimonies play;
The steward brings the deeds which must convey
The lost estate: what more than madness reigns,
When one short sitting many hundreds drains;
And not enough is left him to supply
Board-wages, or a footman's livery?

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

What a shame and disgrace is it for a
rational creature thus to live idly and un-
profitably, to consume his time, and to
abuse his talents, in employing them to no
better use than the constant and despicable
business of throwing a piece of ivory, or
handling a set of painted baubles!

But well would it be if this was the
worst consequence attending immoderate
play. The modern gaming-table is
the scene where all kinds of thefts and
cheats are practised; and where lies,
oaths, and the most bitter and opprobrious
expressions are vented, which often destroy
the most sacred bonds of friendship, and
produce in their stead, envy, dissimulation,
malice, and revenge, with a long train of
other diabolic passions.

Candor obliges us to hope that things are
never carried to such desperate lengths among
the ladies at play: though the tongue of scan-
dal proclaims, that many of them, through
their frequent and high gaming, are often
reduced to great necessities and meannesses;
and that many sums, which should belong
to the honest and industrious tradesman,
are by them squandered away at the gam-
ing table. But certain it is, that the hours
pass away unheeded, when at play, with-
out any improvement, or rational delight;
and that all conversation is suspended a-
mongst them, except the frequent repeti-
tion of a few gambling phrases, and poi-
gnant altercations

Lord! madam, you have lost codille:
I never saw you play so ill.

"Nay, madam, give me leave to say,
It was you that threw the game away;

When lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a mattadore:

I saw you touch your wedding ring
Before my lady called a king:

You spoke a word began with H;
And I know whom you meant to teach,

Because you held the king of hearts;
Fie, madam, leave these little arts."

That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the king of clubs,

And makes her partner understand
A mattadore is in her hand.

"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
I swear, I saw you thrice renounce."

And truly, madam, I know when
Instead of five you scored me ten.

N

Spadilla

Spadillo here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark;
I guess the hand, it seldom fails,
I wish some folks would pare their nails.

SWIFT'S MISCELLANIES.

A stranger, unacquainted with the ways of the world, if he should chance to stroll into some of the polite gaming-houses in the metropolis, would be apt to imagine that great advantages must accrue from play, either to individuals, or to mankind in general, or else it would not be pursued with such unwearied assiduity and application. But how greatly would he be surprized, if informed that no good, but abundance of evil, results to mankind in general; that only a few rascals and villains, *who delight in the miseries of their fellow creatures*, are benefited by it; and that many of its most ardent votaries, men of rank and fortune, frequently ruin their estates and themselves; reducing their family to the greatest misery and distress.

A variety of instances might be produced of the fatal effects of high gaming; but I shall only enumerate two. The wife of a clergyman, in the neighbourhood, who is my particular acquaintance, has lately fallen a victim to this fatal vice. By an incessant attendance at the quadrille-table, she had brought her husband into many difficulties; and when at length he remonstrated to her upon the abyss that was before them, and into which she was upon the point of precipitating herself, her husband, and her children, unable to bear the pangs of conscience which she felt at the horrid perspective, she attempted to destroy herself; but not having accomplished her design, she still breathes a shocking spectacle of the terrible effects of high gaming.

Mr. D——, whose credit was considered equal to that of any merchant on Change, who carried on an extensive traffic, and married a woman with ten thousand pounds, a short time since made an acquaintance with some men of *fashion*; and Mr. D. thinking himself honoured by their friendship, readily acquiesced in every proposal that was made by them. They soon made him a member of their *hazard* club; and he was unanimously voted in. At the expiration of three months he was reduced to the necessity of forging several bills, in order to support his credit: he was immediately detected, narrowly escaped the punishment he merited, and now wanders a beggar abroad, without the necessaries of life,

whilst his wife and children are inhabitants of the parish work-house.

The foregoing reflections are made, not with any hopes to reform those pests of society, common sharpers and gamblers, because they are irreclaimable, being destitute of all sense of shame, honor, or religion; but with an intent to prevail upon our nobility, gentry, and persons of property, to live as become persons of their rank and fortune; to be the honour and the ornament, as well as the defence and security of the nation; to be useful to all who are under them, by expending their money in encouraging industry and ingenuity; paying proper attention to their laudable pursuits; and not in enriching a pack of rascals and scoundrels. In a word, to exhibit shining examples of morality, sobriety, and every other virtue to all that behold them, and thereby obtain the highest degree of human felicity.

MEMOIRS of the LIFE of Charles Secondat, Baron (De la Brede et) de MONTESQUIEU.

THE most profound ideas, often bold, dressed in lively animated language, a great knowledge of the different governments of Europe, and a tender regard for the happiness of mankind, will make Montesquieu ever revered in his works.

Montesquieu was not less amiable for the qualities of his heart, than those of his mind. He ever appeared in the commerce of the world with good humour, cheerfulness, and gaiety. His conversation was easy, agreeable, and instructive, from the great number of men he had lived with, and the variety of manners he had studied. It was poignant like his stile, full of salt and pleasant sallies, free from invective and satire. No one could relate a narration with more vivacity, readiness, grace, and propriety. He knew that the close of a pleasing story is always the chief object; he therefore hastened to reach it, and always produced a happy effect, without creating too great an expectation. His frequent flights were very entertaining; and he constantly recovered himself by some unexpected stroke, which revived a conversation when it was drooping; but they were neither theatrically played off, forced, or impertinent. The fire of his wit gave them birth; but his judgment suppressed them in the course of a serious conversation: the wish of pleasing always made him suit himself to his company, without

without affectation or the desire of being clever. The agreeableness of his company was not only owing to his disposition and genius, but also to the peculiar method he observed in his studies. Though capable of the deepest and most intricate meditations, he never exhausted his powers, but always quitted his lucubrations before he felt the impulse of fatigue. He had a sense of glory; but he was not desirous of obtaining without meriting it. He never attempted to increase his reputation by those obscure and shameful means which dishonour the man, without increasing the fame of the author. Worthy of the highest distinction, and the greatest rewards, he required nothing, and was not astonished at being forgot: but he dared, even in the most critical circumstances, protect, at court, men of letters who were persecuted, celebrated, and unhappy, and obtained them favour. Although he lived with the great, as well from his rank as a taste for society, their company was not essential to his happiness. He sequestered himself, whenever he could, in his villa: there with joy he embraced philosophy, erudition, and ease. Surrounded in his leisure hours with rusticks, after having studied man in the commerce of the world and the history of nations, he studied him even in those simple beings, whose sole instructor was nature, and in them he found information. He cheerfully conversed with them: like Socrates he traced their genius, and he was as much pleased with their unadorned narrations as with the polished harangues of the great, particularly when he terminated their differences, and alleviated their grievances by his benefactions. Nothing does greater honour to his memory than the oeconomy with which he lived: it has indeed been deemed excessive in an avaricious and fastidious world, but little formed to judge of the motive of his conduct, and still less to feel it.

Beneficent and just, Montesquieu would not injure his family by the succours with which he aided the distressed, nor the extraordinary expence occasioned by his travels, the weakness of his sight, and the printing of his works. He transmitted to his children, without diminution or increase, the inheritance he received from his ancestors: he added nothing to it but the glory of his name, and the example of his life.

"Upon my immersing in life," he said one day, "I was announced to the world as a man of wit, and received a tolerable recep-

tion from the people in power; but when by the success of my *Persian Letters*, I had perhaps proved I was possessed of some, and I had obtained esteem from the public, that of the people in power began to cool, and I met with a thousand mortifications. Consider," he added, "that being latently hurt at the reputation of a man of merit, they humble him through revenge; and that none who are not deserving of great praise, can patiently endure the elogiums of another."

The freedom with which Montesquieu speaks in his *Persian Letters* of the government and abuse of religion, excluded him from a place in the French academy, through the influence of cardinal Fleury, when he solicited it in 1728. "He took," (says the author of the age of Lewis XIV.) "a very judicious step to make the minister his friend. He printed, in a few days, a new edition of his book, in which every thing was omitted that could be condemned by a cardinal or a minister. Montesquieu himself carried the work to the cardinal, who seldom read, and he perused part of it. This air of confidence, supported by the influence of some persons of credit, regained the cardinal's interest; and Montesquieu obtained a seat in the academy."

This illustrious man consecrated, as he himself acknowledges, twenty years to the composition of "the Spirit of Laws." When he found so many great men in France, England, and Germany, had written before him, he was amazed; but he did not lose courage, and might have said with Corregio, *ed io anche son pittore*; "and I am also a painter." It may easily be suggested that a vast number of volumes must have passed through his hands. His method was to make an extract of every thing he read. He never lost sight of his object: he had it incessantly before him, in the course of all his reading; he transcribed the passages which suited him, and underneath he placed his own ideas and reflexions. Thus were the materials of "the Spirit of Laws," compiled.

Montesquieu had made several voyages to gain a personal acquaintance with the manners, genius, and laws of the different nations of Europe. Whilst he was at Venice he wrote much and inquired more: his writings, which he did not keep sufficiently secret, had alarmed the state; he was informed of it, and it was hinted to him that he had some reason to be apprehensive that in crossing from Venice to Fucina, he might probably be arrested.

With this information he embarked: about the middle of the passage, he saw several gondolas approach, and row round his vessel: terror seized him, and in his panic, he collected all his papers which contained his Observations on Venice, and cast them into the sea. The author of the *New Memoirs of Italy* says, that the state had no design against his person, but only ad to discover what plans he might have formed.

When the Spirit of Laws made its appearance, the Sorbonne found in it several propositions contrary to the doctrine of the Catholic church. These doctors entered into a critical investigation of the work, which they generally censured; but as among the propositions condemned, there were found some concerning ecclesiastical jurisdiction which were attended with many difficulties, and as Montesquieu had promised to give a new edition, in which he would correct any passages that had appeared against religion, this censure of the Sorbonne did not appear.

The systematical part of the Spirit of Laws was that of which Montesquieu seemed the most tenacious; this indeed was the most important and the most difficult. His system of the climates, nevertheless, appears borrowed from *Bodin's Method of studying History*, and *Charon's Treatise on Wytem*. But the numerous useful observations, ingenious reflections, salutary plans, and strong images, that are dissolved through the work, added to the admirable maxims we there meet with for the good of society, will immortalize this inestimable production of human genius.

It were to be wished, that this great man had given us an history. He had finished that of Lewis XI. of France, and the public was upon the point of reaping the benefit of his labours, when a singular mistake deprived them of it. Montesquieu one day left the rough draught and the copy of this history upon his table, when he ordered his secretary to burn the draft, and lock up the copy. The secretary obeyed in part, but left the copy upon the table: Montesquieu returning some hours after into his study, observed this copy, which he took for the draft, and threw it into the fire, in the opinion that his secretary had locked it up. It might be observed without appearing forced, that the elements, as well as men in power, seemed jealous of his superior merit, as water and fire deprived us of two of his most valuable productions.

In the year 1751, a literary dispute arose concerning the translation of the Bible into French: the question was whether the second person singular, which is dismissed in all polite colloquies, should be preserved? Fontenelle was on the affirmative side, as well as Montesquieu. Remarks were written on this determination, in which the writer, among other things; observes, "That the author of the Persian Letters, with his Eastern taste, could not fail being an advocate for *thou*."

Fontenelle was one day the subject of animadversion in the presence of Montesquieu, when, among other investives against the philosopher, it was remarked, "that he loved no one." *He is then the more amiable in society*, replied Montesquieu.

Montesquieu was in general very kind to his servants: nevertheless, he was compelled one day to reprove them; when turning towards a visitor, he said with a smile, "These are clocks that must be occasionally wound up."

In 1752, Daffier, who was celebrated for cutting of medals, and particularly the English coin, went from London to Paris, to engrave that of the author of the Spirit of Laws; but Montesquieu modestly declined it. The artist said to him one day, "Do you think there is not as much pride in refusing my proposal, as if you accepted it?" Dismayed by this pleasantry, he yielded to Daffier's request.

When Montesquieu found himself at the point of death, he acquitted himself of all the duties of a Christian, and turning himself towards those who assisted him, he said, "I always respected religion: the moralities of the scripture is an excellent thing, and the choicest gift that God could make to man." These words have been considered as retracting every passage that might seem to attack religion either in his Persian Letters or his Spirit of Laws.

Montesquieu was born at the castle of Labrede, Jan. 18, 1689. He was descended from a noble family of Guyenne. He was president of the parliament of Bourdeaux, and member of the French academy. He was author of the Persian Letters, the Temple of Gnido, A Treatise on the Greatness and Decay of the Romans, and the Spirit of Laws, which have been ranked amongst the original works that have done honour to the age of Lewis XIV. He died at Paris the 10th of February 1755.

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you think the following Observations on the Duty of Sovereigns worthy a place in your Miscellany, I beg you will insert them as soon as you can conveniently spare room. They are new, and I think they are just.

Oxon,
Dec. 26. 1770.

SCHOLASTICUS.

On the DUTY of SOVEREIGNS.

Regis ad exemplum, totus componitur orbis.

A Sovereign owes to his people an exemplary conduct, free from any real grounds of reproach; for most commonly the prince's way of living is a model whereby the manners of his subjects are formed. Diodorus and Athenæus say, that amongst the Ethiopians it was a custom, that when unfortunately the king was lame, through illness, or any unlucky accident, or if even he should be obliged to undergo the amputation of a limb, immediately all his courtiers, and those who appeared before him, lamed themselves or underwent a similar amputation. The words of Diodorus are, *turpe existimantes, rege claudo, non & omnes subditos claudicare.* This was probably done to prevent the confusion under which the prince might otherwise labour, and at the same time to pay their court to him: this is called *qualis rex, talis grex.*

A prince does not only owe an upright, virtuous, and just conduct to God, but he is doubly obliged to it with regard to his people, who usually consider their monarch as the example of their own conduct. King Theodoric wrote to the senate of Rome, *Facilius est, si dicere fas est errare naturam, quam ut dissimilem sui princeps possit formare rempublicam.* Cassiodor. lib. 3. A good prince does not only frame just and salutary laws for his people, but he also observes them himself. He may govern his subjects, but the laws must govern him.

An anecdote is related much to the honour of James II. whose character was in most respects exceptionable. He was one day stopt in his coach in the streets of London, by some sheriffs officers, when his guards were going to demolish them; but the king prevented them, and enquired of the officers the cause of their proceeding. He was informed

that they acted at the suit of his majesty's sadler, to whom a debt of fifty pounds had been for some time owing; when the king ordered the money immediately to be paid, adding these remarkable words, "There is nothing more just than that he who makes the laws should also observe them; it is from hence alone they derive their force."

It is easy to prescribe to others an exact regimen of life, when we do not think ourselves under the necessity of following it ourselves. Commaza says, *That a prince's council should be considered as his father, and the law as his mother.* This being really the case, the sovereign owes as much respect to the laws as the people; and he should take the greatest care to infringe in no shape upon them, or diminish their force, either by his private or his public conduct; for the actions of princes, in their most retired moments, are one time or other revealed and become the topics of general animadversion. His pursuits should ever be such as will bear public disquisition, founded in reason, virtue, and justice. Quintillian finely says, *Hæc conditio superiorum est, ut quidquid faciunt præcipere videntur, et perniciosissimus est malæ rei maximus quisque autor;* and to this let us add that thought of Pliny in his panegyric upon Trajan, *Vita principis censura est, eaque perpetua. Ad hanc dirigimur, ad hanc convertimur: nec tam imperio nobis opus est quàm exemplo, quippe infidelis recti magister est metus.*

Amusing and instructive Questions in History, &c.

THE four following questions are by a constant reader.

- I. Had the ancients diamonds?
- II. Were they brought from the Indies?
- III. Were they dear?
- IV. What use did they make of them, since they did not know how to cut them?

Question V. By a Lover of Experiments.

Perusing your entertaining Magazine for October last, p. 537, in the conclusion of Mr. J——T——w——r's, of St. Peter's, Berkhemptead, observations on the properties of heat and fire, I observe he mentions, that glass, under water, may be cut like

like leather; therefore should be glad you would request him to explain that experiment. And, quere, if glass can be made as soft by water as leather, whether by the same method it cannot be made to bend also?

ANSWERS to the amusing and instructive Questions, proposed in our Magazine for November last, p. 596.

Question I. By Mr. A. B.

The death which our Saviour is said to have abolished by his death, or which he promised those that kept his sayings, or believed in him, should not see or taste of, is not a mere dissolution of the body: because it is not true that any good Christians are exempt from it: but it is the death of the whole man, or an utter deprivation of being; or, as it is expressed in Scripture language, everlasting destruction, death eternal, or the second death. This death, our Saviour may be said truly to have abolished by his death; and they that believe in him shall never see it, but are passed from it unto life; because God, in recompence for his obedience to the cross, raised him from the dead; and also endued him with power to raise all mankind at the last day, and to bestow upon all his faithful followers and disciples glory, honour, and immortality, or everlasting life. See Matt. chap. x. ver. 26. Rom. chap. v. ver. 23. II. Thess. chap. i. ver. 9. Rev. chap. xi. ver. 11. chap. xx. ver. 14.

This question was also answered by E. Lant—id, Anonymous, John Adams, and H. M.

II. By the Same.

I apprehend our present translation of the first book of Cor. chap. xi. ver. 10. is erroneous. It ought to be rendered thus: "Therefore ought the woman to have a veil or covering on her head, because of the messengers."

Angelos signifies messenger as well as angel. It was unlawful at that time, as well as at the present, for a woman in the East to be seen in public without being veiled. And Correnus Nepos informs us, that the Grecians never admitted their wives to go to a feast, unless of relations; nor suffered them to sit but in the inner part of the house, which was called the women's apartment, whither nobody was permitted to go, unless nearly allied to them. We may also reasonably suppose, that the women had separate apartments for religious worship, where some one of them used

to pray or prophecy, or instruct the rest of the company. That they had such a method of procedure is evident from the reproof which St. Paul has given to a *preaching* woman in the preceding verses. And as the husband is the head of the wife, and therefore has a right to inspect into her behaviour, so we may naturally suppose, that those *Corinthian* husbands used to send messengers into the women's apartment, or separate place of worship to see if they, upon those solemn occasions, behaved themselves with a suitable decency and regularity.

III. By Mr. John Adams.

The evangelist having recorded the method Zacharias took to discover the child's name at his circumcision, I presume Elizabeth might be previously acquainted with it in the same manner.

This question was also answered by Adolescents.

IV. By the Same.

The merit or demerit of an action, *with regard to the actor*, depends entirely on his good or ill *design* in doing it, and not upon the *intrinsic nature* of the deed itself. Wherefore, though the crucifixion of Jesus Christ was an event necessary to the salvation of all mankind, yet being done by the Jews with an envious and malicious *intention*, and being the greatest piece of ingratitude for the benefits they had received from him, it is justly deemed to have been *in them* a criminal action.

This question was likewise answered by Mr. Holdiworth, who in answer to the Vth. question says, "I think it is needless to suppose a thing that eternal wisdom never intended should happen."

IX. By Mr. William Cave.

The manner of the fire passing from the outside of the jar to the inside, is by having communication with the cushion of the machine, where the fire passes from the outside coating to the cushion, where all the fire is collected, hence drawn off by the points, and conveyed to the inside of the coating. But to prove it beyond dispute, hand a condensing phial on the conductor by the wire, which comes from the inside, and not let the outside have any communication with the cushion, and you will get but a very small charge of the jar, *viz.* no more than is conducted by the air from the outside coating to the cushion. But if you apply one end of a wire to the cushion,

cushion, and having a knob on the other, bring it near the outside coating, you will have a continual repetition of sparks so long as the machine is in motion, till the jar is perfectly charged.

We have received no answers to the VIIth, VIIIth, and VIIIth Questions.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Agreeable to my promise I here send you the dissection of a modern coxcomb, well known in the purlieus of St. James's, Covent-Garden, and the Temple. I know he reads your Magazine, as one of the *bon ton*, and if this striking mirror does not reform the most ridiculous parts of his conduct, I shall in my next give some farther anecdotes of him, which will make him so contemptible, that he will be unable to *shine* in any of those circles, to which he now piques himself upon being an *ornament*.

Temple,
Feb. 8.
1771.

NO BEAU.

A LIVING CHARACTER.

JACK STAMFORD, has exactly two hundred pounds a year in the funds. He dresses as well as any man in town, and keeps as good company. His taylor and his hosier's bills generally amount to one hundred and twenty; so that he has a neat eighty remaining to pay his hair-dresser, EAT and make a figure.

Jack's lodgings is not very expensive: he resides in a blind alley somewhere by Fetter-Lane, and pays the yearly rent of forty shillings for an *attic* apartment, which he himself furnishes with a flock-bed, and two broken chairs. Jack's greatest diurnal expence is his breakfast; this constantly stands him in eight-pence at the coffee-house, where his *friseur* attends to dress him. Hence, he sallies forth a fop, and if no one invites him to dinner, he generally takes a light repast with Duke Humphry. He has a regular set of tea acquaintance among the ladies; and never fails to pay due respect to the bread and butter, and toast. He retires about nine to the *New-Exchange* or the *Cecil*, and eats a six-penny cold supper, with an appetite that does credit to his constitution. He is a constant attendant at the BEDFORD, after a dinner, in order to gain admittance into the boxes as a genteel figure, at a poor house. By this means he is frequently in the front and side-boxes, at no expence, at

both theatres: and is a tolerable good dramatic critic, considering he has no ideas of his own; and is the echo of the green room. He seldom sees a new play that meets with a tolerable reception, but he never fails to give his opinion of it as a member of the Bedford. Jack is a professed dangler after the ladies, where no expence is incurred; but he dreads a jaunt to Richmond, or a party to Vaux-Hall, as much as a young poet does the appearance of the Reviews upon his first publication.

Jack dropt his memorandum-book last week at Georges, and a gentleman picking it up read the following journal of his life for two days, which may serve to *illustrate* this *illustrious* character.

Jan. 1.

Waked at nine. Very cold---could have wished for a fire; but no grate. Sat up in bed to tack on my laced ruffles. Rose at half past nine. Cleaned my shoes and buckles---shaved---cleaned my teeth; and tried for the first time the new almond paste-- but has not a good effect in cold water in frosty weather.

Memorand. To use it at the coffee-house at breakfast. Half past ten, went to the coffee-house---a good fire and very comfortable. Read the papers; but no news.

A new play.

Memorand. To be early at the Bedford to catch the reports between the acts, in order to speak of the piece when-over.

Walked in the Park to meet with an invitation to dinner. Unlucky---a windy day, and nobody there.

Purchased a Memorandum-Book, and amused myself till five with my journal.

Drank tea at Mrs. Gillingham's, where were the two Miss Frasers, and lady Wishfort.

Low-spirited, owing to a rattling in my bowels; which lady Wishfort rallied me upon.

At the Bedford till nine---got good intelligence---made a figure upon the new play after supper at the Cecil---*Note*, Excellent roast-beef.

Jan. 2.

My taylor brought me home a new suit---surprized I lived so airy---seemed to have some doubts of his bill.

Memorand. To pay him off and buy the lace myself.

Got into bed again to mend a hole in my silk-stockings.

A

A fine morning, and resolved to dine.

Met Sir Thomas Williams at *Christie's*. Invited to dinner. My new suit admired by the ladies.

The turbot excellent.

The venison done to a turn.

In great spirits. Complimented with a vacant seat in Sir Thomas's box. Sit next to Foote, who is very smart upon me.

Memorand. To change my lodging, as I believe the wag has discovered it.

Sup with the knight---recover my spirits.

Memorand. The servants look cool at my going away.---Vails are an abominable custom.

Note. The widow Bromly has forty thousand pounds; and, I think, she squeezed my hand as I handed her into the coach at the play.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Take the liberty to trouble you again, because the perusal of my letter in your last Magazine has been attended with very happy consequences.

When I dispatched that letter, I was really in a very uneasy state, on my daughter's account, as Mr. Swinton's equivocal behaviour left me quite at a loss to know whether he ever intended to make his addresses to her in form; and my uneasiness was increased when I reflected upon the obligations I was under to that gentleman; obligations which had tied up my tongue, because I was not willing to give offence to so generous a benefactor. However, agreeable to my intentions, I waited a few days, and determined, after having given him several broad hints, but in the most delicate manner I could think of, to ask Mr. Swinton plainly (for my daughter grew more and more dispirited) to make a full declaration of his designs, by repeating, and seemingly in the most friendly manner, his visits to my poor girl.

Just when I had so resolved, Mr. Swinton was announced.

When he came into the parlour, he advanced to me with an uncommon cheerfulness in his countenance, and enquired after my daughter's health with particular earnestness.

I told him, with a dejection which I could not conceal, "that she was extremely

ill, and that I had many doubts concerning her recovery."

He replied, "I hope your fears are groundless. I am almost ashamed to impute Miss W-----s declining health to any prepossessions in my behalf, lest you should charge me with insufferable vanity; but I cannot help flattering myself that I am not an object of indifference in her eyes."

"Indifference, Sir?" replied I, with a sigh! "She is but too strongly attached to you for her peace, and her health."

"She shall be no longer injured," cried he, eagerly interrupting me, "by her suspense, with regard to my sentiments concerning her. I will throw myself immediately at her feet, and intreat her to pardon me for the apparent cruelty of my carriage. I will make her mine by the strongest ties. Where is she?" added he, moving in a hurry towards the door.

"Stay, Sir," said I, stopping him. "Give me leave to prepare her for this unexpected, though happy decision in her favour: you will overpower her spirits."

I then quitted him with a pleasure which I cannot describe: as little able am I to express the satisfaction which I at this moment feel, by informing you that my dear daughter became this very morning Mrs. Swinton.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

And very humble servant,

W. W.

P. S. I have the greatest reason to believe that the sudden revolution in Mr. Swinton's mind so favourable to my daughter was occasioned by the perusal of my letter relating to him in your popular Magazine.

STRICTURES *against* QUACKS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

TO be quacked to death by the nostrum of an ignorant empiric who has never been regularly trained to dispatch his fellow creatures into another world, is to die in the most unreputable manner imaginable. To be sent *secundum artem* to the shades below by a member of the college, is to die covered with honour.

Where is the man of spirit, who would not rather be killed by the paw of a lion, than by the hoof of an ass?

The

The adventurers in physic, who pretend to make all diseases fly before, them do not certainly act with common policy, not to mention a word about *honesty*; because they put every considering man upon his guard against them: for how in the name of Esculapius, is it possible for them to perform their pompous promises?

It fills one with melancholy reflections to think on the havoc which the brazen pretenders to medical knowledge have made in all ages, and in all nations; and it fills one with astonishment to think that their power is still considerable enough to be lamented by those who are capable of reasoning with accuracy upon the human frame. The men most intimately acquainted with that frame will ever be doubly astonished to see persons, with no contemptible understandings, pay an implicit obedience to the prescriptions of a self-taught physician, who really knows no more of the *Materia Medica* than a ticket-porter does of the British Constitution.

Licentiatu Facelious.

To the PRINTER of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Shall now transmit you the most material occurrences in the upper and lower rooms of our club, upon the examination of the Spanish papers. On the 25th of last month, in the upper room the D. of M——r observed, “that such silence was extraordinary; that though upon the face of the declaration it appeared very inadequate and insufficient, yet he would form no final judgment without further information, and therefore made a motion in substance that all the information which had been received by administration of the designs of Spain upon Falkland’s Island, and the papers that passed in the subsequent negotiation for the reparation of that injury, should be laid before the room.”

L—d R——d, with great candour, said, “he wished every information relative to this matter to be laid before the room; and should not therefore oppose the motion: but would add a few words to it, to restrain it to the business of Falkland’s Island, which he thought was not sufficiently guarded in the words of the motion.”

L—d S——w—h was not satisfied with this, and so altered the amendment as to make it unintelligible, in order to furnish pretences upon which papers of consequence might be suppressed.

The D. of R——d observed, “that L—d S——ch’s words were moved evidently on the ground of some reservation; that the motion confined the enquiry to the business of Falkland’s Island, which ought to be the only restriction, and therefore the amendment was

FEB. 1771.

unnecessary, or meant something that it should not.”

L—d R——d—r said, “that as L—d R——d had first moved the amendment, there was no harm in it, though it was unnecessary; but he suspected something since L—d S——ch had altered it.”

L—d S——ch then said, “his amendment, instead of narrowing, enlarged the question.”

L—d C——m remarked, “that this generosity, in giving more than was asked, was very suspicious; that if administration had no objection to what was asked, why not give it without making any alteration in the motion? People would suspect that something was meant to be kept back. He said he would not go into the matter of the declaration; but that upon the face of it, it appeared to be an *ignominious compromise*. It was no satisfaction; no reparation. The *right* was not secured; and even the *restitution* was incomplete; that *Port Egmont* alone is restored, not *Falkland’s Island*.”

L—d L——n earnestly advised the administration, for their own sakes, not to create suspicions; that they ought to begin to inspire the people with some confidence, the want of which was the great defect of the present age.”

L—d C——m—n said, “the defence of the amendment proved there was something meant by it.”

L—d R——rd then finding that his plain meaning lost all credibility and effect, by L—d S——ch’s having meddled in it, withdrew his amendment, and the original motion was agreed to without alteration.

The d— of R——d then said, “he had another motion to make. That which had been agreed to would bring out all the negotiation with Spain; but as the world had strange suspicions that *France had too much to do in this transaction*, it was necessary to clear this matter, and therefore moved for the papers that had passed between our ministers and those of France in this negotiation.”

L—d R——rd said, “he had agreed to giving the other papers, because they existed; but must object to these, because no such were in being.”

The d— of R——d said, “that, though he would not dispute the credibility of L—d R——f—d, the nation ought not to take the word of any minister. Let the motion go: if no such papers existed, the king would say so, and then the king’s word, which every body must believe, would be pledged; but if any negotiation with France had been carried on, it was fit the public should see it, and punish those concerned; for it would be giving efficacy to the family compact.”

As to the declaration, he said, “he could not leave the room without making one observation upon it, which was distinct from all information that the papers might produce; and it was, that he wondered any minister should dare to accept, in the king’s name, a declaration in which *the right of sovereignty of*

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the

the island is brought into dispute; that in the time he was in administration, the Spanish ambassador had attempted to make it a matter of discussion; but that he, and he believed all other ministers to this day, had never suffered it to be so much as made a matter of doubt."

L—d C—m strongly supported the d— of R—d's motion. He said, "that society should never take the word of a minister; that the refusing this motion shewed that some transaction with France had passed, perhaps not papers or memorials. As l—d R—d said none had passed, he believed him; but that France had interfered," he said, "he knew to be a fact that could not be denied."

L—d R—d got up again, but made no answer to this part of l—d C—m's charge of verbal communication and negotiation with France. He said, "he would answer all other charges when the day of examination should come."

Prince Prettyman, the new p—y f—l, then got up, and said, "he had the utmost confidence in the ministry; that as they said no negotiation with France had passed, he thought that assurance fully satisfactory."

The d— of R—d repeated, "that the nation had a right to more; that the king's word alone would satisfy them; that he would have the ministers shew the whole of their conduct to the public; if right they would receive their thanks; but for his part, while they pursued their present system of oppression at home, and meanness to foreign powers, he should never alter his opposition to them."

The majority over-ruled the question as usual.

In the Lower-Room the same day Mr. D—ll, moved for all the papers which could give light into the merits of the late negotiation, and the present convention. He moved also, for all those which tended to shew the negligence of the ministry in not taking early and vigorous steps, on the first notice they had of the hostile intentions of Spain. This, he observed, was the tendency of his motion, and that he was guided in the wording of it by the k—'s speech, to which he had religiously adhered, in order that the room might be enabled to judge, whether the convention was such, as that speech gave the room a right to expect. That in this early stage of the business, he was free to declare, that he thought the convention not only not adequate, but highly unsafe and disgraceful. That it had neither provided reparation for former hostilities, nor security against future. That it was equally dishonourable to the crown itself, which the ministry considered as the only object of reparation. He said, "that the king of Sardinia was indeed a respectable monarch; but in comparison of the power of France, he was a little prince. Yet when the territorial rights of that prince had been infringed, only in the pursuit of the dangerous and notorious *Mandarin*, a smuggler and a murderer, yet the

king of France sent an ambassador extraordinary, in the most solemn and public manner, and made an apology for it. The king of Portugal was respectable too; but inferior certainly to the crown of Great-Britain; yet when our fleet under Mr. Boscawen, in pursuit of their enemies, destroyed some French ships on the coast of Portugal, we sent an ambassador extraordinary to the court of Lisbon, to make reparation in honour; for if," said he, "the rank of the power injured, the nature of the offence, the delay, the expence, and the unwilling, poor, and forced apology, were compared with those made by France to Sardinia, and by Great-Britain to Portugal, it would easily appear how far the ministry had provided for the honour and dignity of the crown."

L—d North said, "that he would reserve himself for the day on which this business should become the object of that room's consideration. That he was sure it would then appear, that the agreement was equal to whatever the k— or the ministry had promised to obtain, or that the k— or the subject had a right to expect. He was ready," he said, "to avow, and to glory in the share that he had in it. That he freely put himself, for his life and his honour, upon that room, for whose judgment he ever had implicit deference, and whose opinion was his only guide in all his actions."

Col. B—re then spoke with infinite life and spirit; charged the ministry to have been actuated by the only one poor motive of keeping themselves in office, to which principle they had sacrificed the honour of their country. "Yes, Sir," (addressing himself to the speaker) "we are stabbed to the heart. I feel it; you must feel it; and England will feel it, and rue it."

Upon this occasion Mr. B—ke, Mr. C—F—x, Mr. D—nn—g, Mr. D—n also spoke. "On the 4th instant the subject was again canvassed in the lower room, when the papers relating to the negotiation being, notwithstanding some opposition from the minority, read at the instance of the ministry, it appeared from the correspondence of the Spanish and British officers in South America, that the former did not act without express orders from the catholic king. Words to that purpose are to be found in the second or third letters that passed between them. And as their date is very early, our ministers must have had early intelligence of Spain's hostile intentions. What excuse then can they offer for not sooner alarming the nation, and for considering don Bucarelli's violent proceedings at his own act? In that affair it appears that he complied not only with his official oath, but with the Spanish ministry's orders. It is indeed true, that, in the correspondence between Mr. Harris and Grimaldi, Spain disavowed the act, and owned from the first, that Great-Britain had been injured. But this tergiversation evidently proceed from the distracted state of France, which found itself in no condition to execute the original plan con-

certed between the two crowns, and therefore obliged Spain at present to relax, and to preserve her claim of right for a future and more favourable opportunity. Such is the substance of the papers, and of the observations which they naturally suggest.

Here it is observable, that these papers, which were produced, referred only to the two last of the three propositions, into which Mr. D—w—w—l's motion was divided. No papers relative to the previous claims of Spain appeared. When the ministers were desired by Mr. C—rn—ll to explain how they came not to comply with the first proposition, they answered, that after a diligent search in the proper offices, they could find no such papers; and that therefore if any claims previous to the taking of Falkland Island, had been made by Spain, they must have been made verbally, and could not be laid before the room.

The minority finding that there was a great chasm and inexplicable mystery in the correspondence of Mr. Harris with the Spanish court, began to suspect that some papers had been kept back, or that the most material part of the negotiation had passed through another channel. These suspicions were raised by this circumstance. While Mr. Harris, our envoy at Madrid, was giving our court an account of the pacific and amicable sentiments of Spain, prince Massareno held a quite different language at London; and Mr. Harris was, to his great surprise, recalled by lord Weymouth. In order to develop the dark transaction which ensued upon the resignation of lord Weymouth, and lord Rochford's acceptance of his seals, Mr. S—ym—r desired lord N—h to inform the room whether France had interfered in the convention, as he was well assured she had. He answered that she had not interfered as a mediator. Did she interpose then in any shape, asked Mr. S—ym—r? That question I will not answer, replied lord N—h; the word interpose is of too extensive a signification. Mr. B—ke and some other members then got up, and the result was, that Mr. S—ym—r, at the instance of Mr. D—w—w—l, moved, that an humble address should be presented to his majesty, requesting him to inform the room, whether France had interfered in the negotiation, and if she had, how far, and in what manner, she had interfered?

To this measure the ministry objected, that, when all the papers demanded by the former address had been produced by his majesty as far as was possible, a fresh demand would look like a suspicion of juggling and insincerity; that there were no papers; that the motion did not call for papers; that the measure was unprecedented; that the minister had made a sufficient answer, by declaring, that France had not interfered as a mediator; that if she had it was the more honourable for England; that it would be more

reasonable to present this address to the French ambassador, the French king, or Madam Barré.

A motion was then made to address his majesty to inform the room, whether the French king did interfere in the negotiation. After debate, it passed in the negative 178 against 35.

On the 5th, the following questions were proposed in the upper room by lord C—m.

Question I.—“Whether in consideration of law, the imperial crown of this realm can hold any territories, or possessions, thereunto belonging, otherwise than in sovereignty?”

Question II.—“Whether the declaration, or instrument, for restitution of the port and fort, called Egmont, to be made by the Catholic king to his majesty, ‘under a reservation of disputed right of sovereignty, expressed in the declaration, or instrument, stipulating such restitution,’ can be accepted, or carried into execution, without derogating from the maxim of law before referred to, ‘touching the inherent and essential dignity of the crown of Great-Britain?’”

After an interesting debate, in which lord R—d the dukes of R—d and M—r, and lord Ch—m spoke, it was carried in the negative, 69 to 22.

On the 13th the following motion was made in the lower room.

“That an humble address be presented to his m—y, to return his m—y the thanks of this room for the communication which his m—y has been graciously pleased to make of the declaration signed and delivered by the prince of Masserano, on the part of his Catholic Majesty, the 22d of January last, and of his m—y's acceptance thereof.

“To testify to his m—y our sincere satisfaction at finding that the king of Spain has, in compliance with his m—y's just demand, disavowed the violent enterprize against Port Egmont in Falkland's Island, and engaged to give immediate orders, for restoring all things to the situation in which they stood before the time of the said enterprize. To express our hope that the spirit of moderation, as well as the firmness which his m—y has manifested in his conduct upon this occasion, will, by inclining the other powers of Europe to concur with his m—y in his views of preserving the general tranquility, prove the means of securing to his m—y and his people the permanent enjoyment of honourable peace.

“And to assure his m—y, that in every situation his faithful C—ns will steadily persevere in giving his m—y their most affectionate and zealous support.”

Yeas, 275. Noes 157.

Mr. D—def—ll moved to leave out from the end of the first paragraph to the end of the question; but it was not carried.

Mr. D———ll, then proposed that instead of the address of thanks, a resolution of censure should be voted upon the convention. It passed in the negative.

Many debates arose, which being nearly the same in substance as those of the 4th, a retrospective view of the business of that day will convey an idea of the speeches of the 13th.

On the 14th a similar address was moved for in the upper house, and carried, 92 against 35, when a protest was signed by 19 dissenting members present, containing, among other reasons, the following:

“Because the declaration, by which his majesty is to obtain possession of Port Egmont, contains a reservation or condition of the question of a claim of prior right of sovereignty in the Catholic king to the whole of Falkland’s Islands, being the first time such a claim has ever authentically appeared in any public instrument, jointly concluded on by the two courts. No explanation of the principles of this claim has been required, although there is just reason to believe, that these principles will equally extend to restrain the liberty, and confine the extent of British navigation. No counter claim has been made on the part of his majesty to the right of sovereignty, in any part of the said island ceded to him; any assertion whatsoever, of his majesty’s right of sovereignty, has been studiously avoided, from the beginning to the accomplishment of this unhappy transaction; which after the expence of millions, settles no contest, asserts no right, exacts no reparation, affords no security, but stands as a monument of reproach to the wisdom of the national councils, of dishonour to the essential dignity of his majesty’s crown, and of disgrace to the hitherto untainted honour of the British flag.”

R——d,	K——g,
B——n,	T———n,
M———r,	M——n,
T———e,	A———y,
C——m,	F———m,
W——c,	P——y,
C——n,	S———h,
B——c,	A———r,
D———c,	R———r,
A——y,	

A.

The THEATRE. No. XXV.

ON Saturday, February 23, was represented, for the first time, at the theatre-royal, Covent-garden, a new tragedy entitled *Clementina*, said to be written by a young clergyman in America, who chuses to conceal his name: this, at least, is set forth in a prologue spoken by Mr. Bensley. We shall present our readers with the plan of this piece, from being present at a first night’s representation,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Anselmo, doge of Venice, Mr. Savigny.
Rinaldo, - - - - - Mr. Bensley.
Palermo, - - - - - Mr. Wroughton.

Citizens of Venice, Mr. Gardner, &c. &c.

WOMEN.

Clementina, daughter to Anselmo, Mrs. Yates.
Elizara, her confidant, - - - Miss Pierce.

Messengers, attendants, priests, and officers of the procession, &c.

SCENE, the City of Venice.

The first act opens with a dialogue between Clementina and Elizara, in which it appears Clementina had been secretly married to Rinaldo, whom she imagines is killed in the war between the Republic and Spain. Her father, unacquainted with her engagements to Rinaldo, presses her to marry Palermo; but having an aversion to his person, she rejects the proposal, even when she supposes herself a widow. Anselmo, however, by his parental authority and the most persuasive intreaties, at length compels her to yield to his insurmountable influence.

The second act begins with an interview between Elizara and Rinaldo, whom it seems was only wounded in the field of battle; and being, assisted after the carnage, by a young French officer, who fought by his side, Rinaldo, after his recovery, accompanied his friend into France; where, having ingratiated himself into the favour of the nobility of that court, he is appointed, greatly to his satisfaction, (as he thereby promises himself an opportunity of seeing his Clementina) ambassador to the Republic of Venice, to propose an alliance; but having been guilty of some misdemeanor against the state, which would endanger his life if he were to appear as Rinaldo, he takes upon himself the name of Granville. Elizara having obtained this intelligence, flies to Clementina to communicate the glad tidings.

Having already presented his credentials to Anselmo, a conference takes place, in which Granville endeavours to represent the terms proposed by his master to the state, as the most beneficial occurrence that could happen to the Venetians; asserting, that though they would apparently be dependent upon France, they would enjoy their liberties with greater freedom than ever. Anselmo rejects these terms with the greatest contempt, and displays the real patriot in even tearing to pieces a commission with which Granville presents him, and which constitutes Anselmo vice-roy of Venice. The doge, nevertheless, testifies his private friendship for the ambassador, and gives him an invitation to be his guest during his stay in Venice; which Granville readily accepts, as it will accelerate an interview with Clementina.

Elizara

Elizara having ere now communicated the joyful news to Clementina, she flies to her husband; when a very tender scene ensues, in which the most endearing emotions of the heart are reciprocally expressed, and she agrees to embark with him, and take refuge in France.

In the beginning of the third act Palermo comes to inform Anselmo, that his suit had not only been rejected by Clementina with haughty disdain, but that she was absolutely enamoured with the stranger, and that he had discovered them in a secret alcove conversing in the most tender manner. The old man fires at this intelligence, and will not credit it: however, when he is informed he may himself still be an eye-witness of the scene, he resolves to repair to the spot, threatening vengeance on his daughter if he finds it true; but that if it be false, he tells Palermo he has by such an accusation ever forfeited his title to Clementina.

Anselmo detects them while they are embracing. They are greatly alarmed—Clementina, after having somewhat recovered herself, endeavours to pacify her father, whilst he upbraids Granville with a breach of hospitality, which no law of nations can justify. Granville attempts to vindicate himself; but Anselmo will not listen to him, but orders his guards to conduct him to his ship, and see him set sail, whilst Clementina remains distracted at their separation.

The fourth act commences with a dialogue between the citizens, which is interrupted by a procession of officers of state, priests, &c. This ushers in Anselmo under a canopy, when he offers to resign his employ, as peace had now happily taken place; but the citizens so far from being satisfied with his relinquishing his present station, strongly press him to accept of the title of king; but he refuses it, urging that his views all pointed to the preservation of their liberties, and not the suppression of them. Anselmo, being left alone, is acquainted by a messenger that Granville's ship has veered about, and is steering towards his garden-wall. Anselmo immediately conjectures Granville's design, and retires to secure Clementina.

Palermo and Clementina now appear, when she upbraids him with persisting in a passion that must render them both miserable, especially as he now knows she is doatingly fond of another. Whilst she is thus expostulating, Granville appears, and it is with difficulty she prevents their fighting. Palermo is, however, at length secured by Granville's attendants, between whom and the Venetians a skirmish ensues, and Granville flying to their assistance is taken prisoner.

A critical scene now takes place between Anselmo, Granville, and Clementina, in which she declares she has not dishonoured him, for that Granville is her husband, and not what he appears. Anselmo gives no credit to this assertion, but orders him to prison, and resolves to confine her in a convent.

The fifth act opens with Granville in prison, when he makes some reflections suitable to his situation. Hearing, as he imagines, Clementina's voice, he flies to her assistance.

In a dialogue between Anselmo and Palermo, in which the latter conceals his sentiments of Clementina, and wherein he depicts the anguish of her soul with an apparent sympathetic feeling, he advises her father to gain the secret from her, who Granville really is, as there may be some means still left of procuring a general reconciliation: but after Anselmo departs with this design, he declares he believes all her chagrin arises from pride, and a detection of her dishonourable passion. Whilst he is thus expressing himself, he is broke in upon by Granville, who is fettered. After Palermo has insulted him in his situation, he, nevertheless, frees him from his chains, that Granville may give him satisfaction.

In the mean while Clementina reveals the secret to her father, who, after some hesitation, restores her to his parental affection, and is even reconciled to Rinaldo (though his father had been Anselmo's declared foe) and when he leaves her in order to acquaint him with the happy event, her husband enters mortally wounded, who says that in his last breath he is come to clear her honour. Clementina now becomes frantic; she upbraids Palermo with the murder of her husband; and in her phrenzy fancying him present, she makes a blow at him with a dagger, and thinking she has killed him, then stabs herself.

Anselmo, after lamenting his unfortunate situation, concludes with saying, this is a LESSON against FILIAL DISOBEDIENCE.

The language is in many parts elevated. The sentiments are noble and patriotic. Most of the characters are well drawn: and the moral is, doubtless, just. Yet we cannot help thinking that the character of Rinaldo is rather forced, and the revolution of his fortune improbable: neither are the incidents altogether natural: we can neither suppose Palermo's being so *opportunistically* in prison to fight Rinaldo the effect of chance, or Anselmo's sudden reconciliation the operation of nature.

Mrs. Yates made the most of her part; and very deservedly received great applause. Mr. Savigny, considering he had not above a week to study the part, was pretty correct, especially after the first act. Mr. Bensley performed Rinaldo greatly to the satisfaction of the audience; though it was not the original character he proposed filling: and Mr. Wroughton, we think, acted better than usual. As to Miss Pierce, we can only observe, she had very little to say or do; and, indeed, she made very little of it.

The Prologue was rather flat; but the Epilogue made amends, containing several strokes of comic humour upon the manners of the Venetians, as well as our own; and was very happily delivered by Mr. Yates.

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POETICAL

POETICAL PIECES.

W I N T E R.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

THYRSIS.

BEHOLD the last of dreary Winter's reign!
Hail, silver-bearded *February*, hail!
More early morn now climes the east again,
And once more cheers our habitable vale.—
Come Delia, tune thy ever pleasing strains,
Thy song can charm, tho' desolation reigns.

DELIA.

My soul, no object but my Thyrsis knows,
I wish to love—to love my wish shall be;
While on my Thyrsis ev'ry thought bestows;
What is the wish of other hearts to me?—
Thyrsis, the lovely subject of my songs,
Inspires the strain—the raptur'd strain pro-
longs.

SONG.

I.

Alike, if my Thyrsis is near,
Each season that chequers the year;
In Winter's rude lap tho' we freeze,
Still morn brings contentment and ease.

II.

In Thyrsis my wishes conjoin,
Whate'er be his fate—be it mine:
No joy but in him can I know,
No distress but when Thyrsis knows woe.

THYRSIS.

My song, alas! but half my heart reveals,
For verse can ill express what Thyrsis feels:
Still Delia hear, but judge not from the strain,
Tho' much my passion blends of joy and pain—
While gentle Delia shall return my flame,
Not more my fondest wish—but long the same.

SONG.

I.

When first I saw thee, beauteous maid,
Thy love-commanding face:
With rapture tip-to'd, I survey'd
Each soft attractive grace.

II.

Now shall my days unclouded roll
Secure from all alarms;
Possessing her, my rapturous soul
Knows heav'n within her arms.

DELIA.

When gath'ring storms from ev'ry quarter rise,
And clouds on clouds obscure the dusky skies;
In vain their envy intercepts the day,
For Thyrsis' eyes dart forth each gladd'ning
ray.

SONG.

Ye pow'rs above, around him shed
Ev'ry treasure worth possessing,
Send, O send, each choicest blessing,
On my blooming Thyrsis' head.

THYRSIS.

Tho' fur-clad Winter, with her nipping train,
The groves has blasted, and laid waste the plain;
Still, still, my Delia, shall my thoughts be gay;
Nor feel the low'ring season's iron sway.

SONG.

Humble tho' our hamlet be,
Ever dwelling here we'll see
Faithful hearts in pleasure join'd;
Constancy, with peace of mind.

DELIA.

With careless freedom I'm with Thyrsis blest!
My heart how gay! and how serene my
breast! —
Sacred to thee, I'll tune my grateful lays,
Hills, dales, and groves, shall echo Thyrsis'
praise.

SONG.

Ah! how grateful 'tis to find
Two in mutual concord join'd;
Rapid fly the hours away,
Short appears the longest day.

THYRSIS.

In Delia's voice, enchanting notes I hear;
And when she sings, 'tis Spring throughout
the year:
Creative beauties shine with matchless grace,
And laughing nature in her form I trace.

SONG.

The softest transports let me prove,
While rapture crowns united love—
Come, *Hymen*, make the bliss complete,—
And may we thus for ever meet.

*Bridgewater-Square,
Feb. 20, 1771.*

J. SEALLY.

F E B R U A R Y.

THE sister regent of the op'ning year,
Now sways the scepter of revolving
time;
With keener looks, her chilly train appear,
And lengthning days, attendant, onward
climb.

Septentrion blasts, (stern Winter's forces)
blow,
And Boreas with ungovern'd fury roars:
With earth and sea, at variance below,
Whilst foaming surges lash the sandy shores,
In Pisces now, the sun ascending rides,
And ends the circlet of horizon's round;
With feeble pow'r o'er nature's works pre-
sides, [ground.
And sheds its scarce-felt influence on the

In furrow'd tracks, beneath the frozen plain,
(O'er which the rustic peasant cheerful
treads;)

Unseen, unthought-of, bursts the hidden grain,
And vegetative spreads throughout the meads.

Shelter'd within the shed, the lowing herds
Defy the raging of th' inclement storm:
And fled from leafy groves, the tenant birds
Find in the straw-topped barn, a refuge warm.

Descending snow conceals the well-known
way!

No trodden path invites the wand'ring eye!
O'er the white meads (well pleased) the rusticks
stray,

And hurl the harden'd ball, with eager joy.

Off' on the surface of the frozen lake,
With clouted shoes, they strike the glassy
slide;

Whilst some more daring, swift meanders
And eager skating, skim from side to side.

By instinct taught, the airy songsters rove
To seek their mates; and ease their am'rous
fires:

Harmonious warblers testify their love,
And tuneful strains declare their soft de-
sires*.

Content and happy, in the little thatch,
The honest villagers with joy regale;
Whilst the droll jest, loud laugh, and merry
catch,

Alternate cheer them o'er the flowing ale.

Reviving nature views the Spring's return,
And with propitious smiles denotes it near:
The desolated plains her absence mourn!—
And time revolving, drives the fleeting
year. * * * *

E L E G Y.

OFF! off! ye vain officious friends, away!
Nor think to sooth my troubl'd heart to
rest;

No more your useless sophistry display, [breast.
For peace and comfort both are fled my

The laughing scenes of Spring no more delight,
In Summer's charms I can no pleasure find;

Ripe Autumn's treasure gives me no delight,
Tis Winter only suits my troubl'd mind.

Then welcome Winter with thy horrid train!
Welcome thy boist'rous winds and nipping
frost;

The silver mantle of the snowy plain,
Welcome to one who to himself is lost.

Garrick to me has lost his usual charms.
His art no more the tedious hours beguile;
His mimic woe no more my breast alarms,
Not Shuter's comic face can make me smile.

* Alluding to the coupling of the birds on Va-
lentines-day.

The gay toupee, by Wakeham's dext'rous art
In powder'd curls no more my head shall
My hair shall never contradict my heart, [grace;
But like a *Welch-man's*, hang about my face.

The taper cane no more shall deck my hand,
Nor silken hose my crooked legs adorn;

Let awful silence reign throughout the land!

No more let Chanticleer salute the morn.

Let all be silent as the realms of death,

Be hush'd! ye *sweet melodious* London cries;

Ye *tender-hearted* bawlers, keep your breath,

Nor feast our ears again with *tarts and pies*.

Ye razor-grinders, cease to turn your wheel,

No more, you shrill-ton'd damsels, cry your

Ye buxom chamber-maids for others feel, [milk;
And cease to sparkle in the cast-off silk.

Put on your mournful-weeds, and *hang your*

Like bulrushes before the solar-ray; [heads

By night with tears bedew your *milpuff* beds,

And you, ye cook-maids, join the elegiac lay.

O list attentive, 'till the muse complain,

And I my troubles mournfully rehearse;

In broken numbers vent the gloomy strain,

Dismally sad, like *Smith's poor wooden verse*.

Ye gay half-witted beaux with sorrow pine,

Ye sympathizing belles, grow wan and lank;

Come join your sorrows, mix your tears with

mine,

For Delia's ticket rose at last, a blank!

Bristol, January

10, 1771.

J. T-T-W-E.

PROLOGUE to the new Comedy called the WEST-INDIAN.

Spoken by Mr. REDDISH.

CRITICS, hark forward! noble game and
new;

A fine West-Indian started full in view: [birth,

Hot as the soil, the clime, which gave him

You'll run him on a burning scent to earth;

Yet don't devour him in his hiding place,

Bag him, he'll serve you for another chace;

For sure that country has no feeble claim,

Which swells your commerce, and supports

your fame. [find,

And in this humble sketch, we hope you'll

Some emanations of a noble mind;

Some little touches, which, though void of art,

May find perhaps their way into the heart.

Another hero your excuse implores,

Sent by your sister kingdom to your shores;

Doom'd by religion's too severe command,

To fight for bread against his native land:

A brave, unthinking, animated rogue,

With here and there a touch upon the brogue;

Laugh, but despise him not, for on his lip

His errors lie; his heart can never trip.

Others there are—but may we not prevail

To let the gentry tell their own plain tale?

Shall they come in? They'll please you, if

they can;

If not, condemn the bard—but spare the man.

For speak, think, act, or write in angry times,

A wish to please is made the worst of crimes;

Dice

Dire Slander now, with black envenom'd dart,
 Stands ever arm'd to stab you to the heart. [ise,
 Rouse, Britons, rouse, for honour of your
 Your old good humour; and be seen to smile.
 You say we write not like our fathers—true;
 Nor were our fathers half so strict as you;
 Damn'd not each error of the Poet's pen,
 But judging man, remember'd they were men.
 Aw'd into silence by the times abuse,
 Sleeps many a wise, and many a witty Muse;
 We that for mere experiment come out,
 Are but the light-arm'd rangers on the scout:
 High on Parnassus' lofty summit stands
 The immortal camp; there lie the chosen
 But give fair quarter to us puny elves, [bands!
 The giants then will fall forth themselves;
 With Wit's sharp weapons vindicate the age,
 And drive ev'n *Arthur's* magic from the Stage.

EPILOGUE, written by D. G. Esq; spoken
 by Mrs. ABINGTON.

CONFESS, good folks, has not Miss Rusport
 shewn [one?
 Strange whims for seventeen hundred seventy—
 What, pawn her jewels!—there's a precious
 plan!

To extricate from want a brave old man;
 And fall in love with poverty and honour;
 A girl of fortune, fashion!—Fie upon her.
 But do not think we females of the stage
 So dead to the refinements of the age;
 That we agree with our old fashion'd Poet;
 I am point-blank against him, and I'll shew it;
 And that my tongue may more politely run,
 Make me a Lady—Lady Blabington.
 Now, with a rank and title to be free,
 I'll make a catechism—and you shall see }
 What is the veritable Beaume de Vie :
 As I change place, I stand for that, or this,
 My Lady questions first—then answers Miss.

(She speaks as my Lady.)

‘Come, tell me, child, what were our modes
 and dress, [Queen Bess?—
 ‘In those strange times of that old fright
 And now for Miss—

(She changes, and speaks for Miss.)

“When Bess was England's Queen,
 ‘Ladies were dismal beings, seldom seen;
 ‘They rose betimes, and breakfasted as soon
 ‘On beef and beer, then studied Greek till
 noon;
 ‘Unpainted cheeks with blush of health
 did glow,
 ‘Beruff'd and fardingal'd from top to toe,
 ‘Nor necks nor ancles would they ever
 shew.”

Learnt Greek;—(laughs)—Our outside head
 takes half a day;
 Have we much time to dress the inside, pray?
 No heads dress'd a la Greque, the ancients
 quote,

There may be learning in a papillote.
 Cards are our classics; and I, Lady B,
 In learning will not yield to any the,
 Of the late founded female University.
 But now for Lady Blab—

FEB. 1771.

(Speaks as my Lady.)

‘Tell me, Miss Nancy,
 ‘What sports and what employments did
 they fancy?’

(Speaks as Miss.)

“The vulgar creatures seldom left their
 houses,
 ‘But taught their children, work'd, and lov'd
 their spouses;
 ‘The use of cards at Christmas only knew,
 ‘They play'd for little, and their games
 were few, [Lantera Loo;
 ‘One-and thirty, Put, All-Fours, and
 ‘They bore a race of mortals stout and boney,
 ‘And never heard the name of Macaroni.”

(Speaks as my Lady.)

‘Oh, brava, brava! that's my pretty dear—
 ‘Now let a modern, modish Fair appear;
 ‘No more of these old dowdy Maids and
 Wives,

‘Tell how superior beings pass their lives.’—

(Speaks as Miss.)

“Till noon they sleep, from noon till night
 they dress,
 ‘From night till morn they game it more or
 less,
 ‘Next night the same sweet course of joy
 run o'er,
 ‘Then the night after as the night before,
 ‘And the night after that, encore, encore.”

(She comes forward.)

Thus with our cards we shuffle off all sorrow,
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow!
 We deal apace, from youth unto our prime,
 To the last moment of our Tabby-time;
 And all our yesterdays, from rout and drum,
 Have lighted fools with empty pockets home.
 Thus do our lives with rapture roll away,
 Not with the nonsense of our Author's Play:
 This is true life—true spirit—give it praise;
 Don't snarl and sigh for good Queen Bess's
 days:

For all you look so sour, and bend the brow,
 You all rejoice with me, you're living now.

To the AUTHOR of the PICTURE and Verses
 to Miss BOWEN, in the Magazine for De-
 cember last.

YE twilings give o'er the contest as vain,
 For Pelly has chose for her partner, a
 swain,
 That fancy and reason approve;
 Who laughs to behold you your talents em-
 ploy

In lectures on pleasures you cannot enjoy,
 While he's blest with the charmer you love.

The passions of women to attempt to confine,
 By Stoical rules, is an idle design;
 For nature obey'd still will be,
 And Cupid delights with his bow and his dart
 To break the weak spells and enchantments of
 art,
 And set his fair votaries free.

W.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Extract of a letter from Count Roumiantzow, from Jassy, dated Dec. 24, 1770.

"IN my last I informed you (but in a few words) of the taking of Brahilow. Now I must add, that we found in that town 74 pieces of cannon, and a large magazine of military stores. During our operations upon Brahilow, brigadier Goudowitz drove out of Boukarest 5000 of the enemy's troops; and after having pursued them to the Danube, took possession of that town on the 14th of November last. This attack was conducted with such skill that the enemy could hurt, in no way, either the town, or the magazine, which was filled with provisions. General Olitz has already taken his quarters in this town, and extends his operations according to my orders, as far as possible, in order totally to extirpate the enemy from this side of the Danube.

"I was tired with suffering the Grand Vizir, with the rest of his defeated army, to remain so long near Iakezy, especially as he constantly threw into Brahilow large supplies; I therefore found means to dislodge him from his post. A party of brave hunters under the command of Major Meknob, passed over the Danube between Ismailow and Kilia, attacked Toulski, on the 10th of last month, took its citadel, killed many thousand Turks, and dispersed the rest. As it was not possible to carry the 13 pieces of cannon with them, they threw them into the river. After such a signal display of the force of her Imperial Majesty's arms, this party returned safely back on this side of the Danube; for it was dangerous for such a small number to stay there any longer, as that place is distant from Iakezy, and from the army of the Grand Vizir, only 23 wersts.

"This courageous passage of our troops to the other side of the Danube greatly alarmed the Grand Vizir; for two days after the 13th of November, most of his troops decamped, and flew into the mountains towards Babadan; but the deserters assure us that the Grand Vizir is marching towards Adrianople, to winter there."

Leghorn, Dec. 29. A Russian officer, who is at the Lazaretto, has furnished us with the following anecdote.—Mr. Fort, of Marseilles, who, in the last war of France with the English, commanded the ship called the Swallow, having entered since the beginning of the campaign into the Russian service, was received in the quality of first lieutenant on board the admiral's vessel, and greatly distinguished himself at Napoli de Romana; but in the sea-fight at Chesne shewed an unexampled intrepidity on board a vessel, whose fate is well known, and where he commanded three guns on the first deck. Half an hour after the commencement of the

engagement a ball carried off his nose and part of his cheek; he only covered his face with a handkerchief to stop the blood, and would neither quit his guns, nor afford any time for an application. A quarter of an hour after a ball carried off his right arm, near the shoulder, and knocked him down: he yet had sufficient force to get up, and attempted to take his sword with his left hand, when a third ball cut his body in two, as he was attempting to rise. He has been greatly regretted, and Count Orlov was much affected at the loss of this brave man. The combat was no sooner over, than he enquired if Mr. Fort was married, if he had children, and where his family lived; he ordered that nothing should be neglected to gain that information; desiring to procure for his widow a comfortable pension, for the remainder of her days.

Lublin, Dec. 30. A body of confederates, to the number of 1500, commanded by marshal Miacinski, and General Shutz, have been defeated by the Russians in two several engagements near Sendomir.

Malaga, Dec. 30. Three Spanish chebecs, from Barcelona, with eight vessels of other nations, laden with warlike stores for his Majesty, cast anchor in this port yesterday. Two of them have landed cannons, bombs, mortars, and powder, for this place, as well as for our fortresses on the coast of Africa; and the others are waiting for a favourable wind to sail for Cadiz.

Leghorn, Jan. 2. All the letters from Spain say, that the Catholic King is firmly resolved to remain sole master of the navigation of the South Sea, and consequently not to tolerate any foreign nation that should establish settlements there, not even in the straits of Magellan.

Constantinople, Jan. 3. Advice having been received here, that the Russians had a great number of flat-bottomed boats in the Black Sea, our government caused to sail for that sea, on the 27th ult. ten half galleys, which will soon be followed by many others that are equipping with all diligence, notwithstanding the Ramesan.

The sailors still continue their excesses here, and the plague hath recommenced its ravages. The agent of the former Grand Vizir is just put under an arrest, to render an account of his conduct.

Madrid, Jan. 3. There is a squadron of 12 ships of the line at Cadiz ready to put to sea, which is to be commanded by the Sieur Tillie; there is besides at Ferrol another squadron ready equipped, consisting of 12 ships of war, among which are one of 112 guns, five of 80, and six of 70, with six frigates, which wait only for the first notice to put to sea under the command of the Sieur Reggio.

Vien-

Vienna, Jan. 9. A courier dispatched from Versailles has brought us advice, that the Dauphiness is pregnant.

Vienna, Jan. 10. We learn from Ratibon, that the diet of the Empire has consented to the demand of their Imperial, Royal, and Apostolic Majesties, for the eventual succession and the investiture of the Duke of Modena's fiefs, in favour of the Archduke Ferdinand, and his descendants, and in case of extinction to his collateral heirs. The comital letters for that purpose are to be drawn up immediately.

Petersburg, Jan. 12. The Grand Signior having rejected the terms of accommodation proposed by our Court, military operations are carried on here with the greatest vigour.

The following is a list of the grand Russian army.

Total Cavalry,	-	-	8,340
Infantry,	-	-	79,000
Artillery,	-	-	1,500
Cossack Calmucks,	-	-	14,000
Cossacks of the Don,	-	-	15,000
Tatars of Nogai,	-	-	15,000

132,840

The militia of Courluk and Ritski forming a body of 25,000 men, with two regiments of dragoons, of 1600 men each, supported with five regiments of infantry of 2150 men, are ordered to take possession of the Crimea, Otschakow, and Kimburn; 6000 Cossacks, from the banks of the Dniپر are ordered upon this expedition. At Kinkermen there is now a fleet of fourteen ships of twenty guns, with thirty-six transports, nine bomb vessels, and three fireships; a naval force that commands the sovereignty of the Black Sea. The Imperial Court is determined to admit of no preliminaries for a pacification between the two Empires, unless the *sine qua non* of the treaty is the actual and immediate possession for ever to the Russian Empire of the Crimea, of Taman, of Asoff, of Kimburn, of Otachakow, Bielgorod, Kittianowa, Smil, Ren, and Onibzia, with a port upon the Black sea, to her Ally of Persia, and likewise three isles in the Archipelago.—Besides the above, 30,000 Cossacks are marching from the Ukraine, to form the advanced parties of the grand Russian army.

Pisa, Jan. 14. For some days past frequent shocks of an earthquake have been felt at Leghorn, which so terrified the inhabitants, that many fled from their houses; some went on board the ships in the mole, others slept in boats on the canals, and many in coaches in the great square: they were scarce beginning to recover from their fears, when they were again alarmed by some small shocks yesterday, which have so much terrified them that many are come hither, and no business is attended to.

Cadix, Jan. 15. M. Buccarelli, Governor of Buenos Ayres, is just arrived at Court, and is most graciously received by the King.

Warsaw, Jan. 16. The news we receive from the neighbourhood of Czenstochau, is

very contradictory. Some accounts say that on the 10th, the Russians stormed the place, but that the ladders being too short, the enterprise miscarried. Other advices assure that on the 11th, the confederates made a sally, in which the Russians cut off their communication with the fortrefs, and entered it with the run-aways; that on this occasion, the confederates had 3000 men killed or wounded, and that Brigadier Unger actually commanded the Russian garrison in that place.

According to some advices, Marshal Pulawski, not having thought proper to stay in Czenstochau, had entrusted the defence of that fortrefs to Colonel Zawoyiski.

Dantzick, Jan. 27. We have received from Constantinople a confirmation that the Grand Signior hath haughtily rejected the propositions of peace which have been made to him on the part of Russia; and that in consequence thereof his Highness is preparing to take the field with a very formidable army.

According to advices from Poland, the Austrian troops are near Cracow, and those of the King of Prussia, are in the neighbourhood of Warsaw.

Berlin, Jan. 29. Sir Andrew Mitchell, Knight of the Bath, his Britannic Majesty's Minister at that court, died here yesterday, after having filled that post fifteen years.

Paris, Feb. 1. The court of aids has resolved to make remonstrances to the King, beseeching his Majesty to recall all the members of his parliament. It is not doubted but the other parliaments will petition the King upon an event which they cannot look upon with indifference.

Hague, Feb. 8. The council of state has presented a petition to the states general, strongly recommending a considerable augmentation in the troops of the republic this year, as a measure absolutely necessary in the present situation of affairs in Europe, which is almost generally threatened with new troubles. Whether this petition will meet with the desired success, is nevertheless a matter of doubt with some people. It is likewise said, that the Field Marshal Duke of Brunswic has offered to procure a body of 6000 men from his brother, the reigning Duke of Brunswick, for an annual subsidy; which many people think is an offer that should be accepted, on account of the great expence that would attend the raising of fresh troops.

According to an authentic list of the presents which the republic has made to the young Princess of Orange, it appears that the several provinces together contribute 36,300 florins per ann. during her life.

They write from Warsaw, that the Magnates of Poland, have published a manifesto, by which they protest against the cession made not long since of the district of Sandek to the house of Austria, as a step not only very disadvantageous to the crown, but likewise contrary to the fundamental constitutions of the republic.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

IT appears from the Spanish papers laid before a certain club, that Mr. Harris, our minister at Madrid, gave intimation of the designs of the Spaniards against Port Egmont, Aug. 23, which came to hand the 10th of Sept. that the Spanish ambassador informed his lordship about the same time, "that he had good reasons to believe the governor of Buenos Ayres had taken upon him to make use of force to dispossess the English at Port Egmont, that he was directed to make this communication to prevent the bad consequences which might arise from its coming through other hands." Lord Weymouth wrote to Mr. Harris, Sept. 12, to demand a disavowal of those proceedings from Mr. Grimaldi. Potter (the messenger) arrived at Madrid with this dispatch, Sept. 24; and Mr. Harris answered lord Weymouth's letter the 28th, which came to hand Oct. 8; in which we find the negotiation was to be conducted in London by prince Masserano, who then proposed a convention, "in which he was to disavow any particular orders given to M. Bucarelli, upon this occasion; at the same time he was to acknowledge that he acted agreeably to his general instructions, and to his oath, as governor; and he was further to stipulate the restitution of Falkland's islands, without injury to his catholic majesty's right to those islands; and he expected his majesty was to disavow the menace of captain Hunt*, which he said gave occasion to these steps taken by the Spanish governor." These terms were rejected, and in lord Weymouth's letter to Mr. Harris, October 1, which he laid before M. Grimaldi, it was observed, that "his majesty cannot accept, under a convention, that satisfaction to which he has so just a title, without entering into any engagements, in order to procure it; that the idea of his majesty's becoming a contracting party upon this occasion, is entirely foreign to the case; for having received an injury, and demanded the most moderate reparation of that injury his honour will permit him to accept, that reparation loses its value, if it is to be conditional, and to be obtained by any stipulation whatsoever on the part of his majesty." The matter remained thus unsettled till Nov. 23, when lord Weymouth wrote to Mr. Harris, "Prince Masserano's language does not hitherto look like accommodation;" and he was advised to intimate the same to the governor of Gibraltar, and the consul at Cadix, to put them on their guard, particularly the first. Lord Weymouth's let-

* Captain Hunt, commander of the Tamar frigate, threatened to fire upon Mario Plata, lieutenant of foot, commissioned by the governor to visit the harbours of the Malouine or Falkland islands, if he prosecuted his commission.

ter of the 28th of Nov. says prince Masserano still holds the same language, and Mr. Harris is directed to acquaint the lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar of the uncertain state of affairs; and that general Cornwallis, and other officers of the garrison, were ordered to their posts, and were to embark immediately; and the consuls at Cadix, Alicante, and other ports of Spain, were to be apprised of the danger of a rupture. This was lord Weymouth's last letter, he resigning the 15th of December, and Mr. Harris was recalled from Madrid by lord Rockford, who succeeded to the southern department, Oct. 21. We are told that here the king of France interfered. He declared positively against a war. In consequence of this interposition, the king of Spain sent fresh instructions to prince Masserano, to the following effect: "The king of Spain condescends, out of regard for his loving brother, the king of France, to relinquish Falkland's Island. But at the same time protests against any claim the English may set up to the right." Lord Rockford wrote to Mr. Harris, Jan. 18, that the king had reason to believe that prince Masserano had orders to make fresh proposals, and directed him to return immediately to Madrid. The declaration was signed Jan. 22.—See page 55, of our last.

Feb. 1. THE following particulars of the dispute between E—l P— and L—d M—n having come to hand, we think it incumbent on us to lay them before our readers.

A dispute arising between these two noblemen concerning some rights of a manor, the same was put unto a course of law for decision: during the litigation some tenants of L—d M—n raised some disputes with his L—p, which likewise went into the courts of law. L—d M—n being informed that E—l P—t had instigated L—d M—n's tenants to these litigious courses, and likewise furnished them with money to carry them on, wrote to the E—l, declaring the intelligence he had received; and that he considered this conduct as unbecoming a gentleman, and therefore as proper foundation to demand personal satisfaction, which he expected the E—l would give him. E—l P—t replied by letter that the charge was not true; that upon his honour he had not interfered between L—d M—n and his tenants, nor furnished them with money. L—d M—n was satisfied for the moment; but in the course of the trials it came out by evidence on oath, that E—l P—t had incited L—d M—n's tenants to these law suits, and that he furnished them with money to carry them on. In consequence of this discovery L—d M—n, on

on Friday last, spoke to E—l P—tt in the H— of L—s, and desired the E—l to give him a few minutes aside; they accordingly withdrew to the court of requests, where L—d M—n charged E—l P—tt with double meanness and falsehood, both for the act itself and the subsequent denial; and demanded instant satisfaction. E—l P—tt said he could not use a sword, on account of a stiffness in his little finger: L—d M—n proposed pistols. The E—l said he had no second; his L—p told him the D— of B—n, the E—l's cousin, was in the H—, he might call him out. The E—l replied, "No," he would go with him when Mr. Kelly could attend;—"Where is this Mr. Kelly?" said his L—p. The E—l answered, "Mr. Kelly is at the Custom-house, I cannot tell when he will return." After some altercation and endeavour used by L—d M—n to persuade E—l P—tt to give him satisfaction, the E—l still evading it, L—d M—n gave the E—l a violent slap on the face, and cried,—"Will you go now?" E—l P—tt then consented. Hyde-Park was appointed. L—d M—n took with him L—d J—n C—sh. These two L—ds waited forty minutes at the place, when an officer galloped up towards them, and addressing L—d M—n, said,—"My L—d, I have orders to attend your L—p, in order to prevent your fighting a duel, for which purpose I now find you here." L—d M—n replied, that there was no one present with whom he could fight, except L—d J—n C—sh, and he assured him, they were very good friends, and had no hostile intentions to each other. The officer desired his L—p to give him his honour that he would not fight with any one else.

L—d M—n desired the officer to withdraw, that he knew no authority the officer had to ask such questions, or to attend his steps, and insisted on his keeping at a distance, and not listening to their conversation. L—d M—n then pulled out his watch, and observed the time, after which L—d J—n C—sh and himself walked for twenty minutes. L—d M—n then went to his own house; the officer followed at some distance, and with his troopers entered his L—p's court-yard; placed two centinels at the door of his house, and two at the door of his court-yard, with orders to them not to suffer his L—p to quit his house.

On Tuesday morning, about nine o'clock, L—d M—n and L—d P—t fought a duel behind Montague house. L—d M—n's second was Lord John Cavendish, and L—d P—t's was Capt. Kelly. When they came to the ground, L—d M—n insisted upon L—d P—t firing first, which was attempted, but the pistole missed fire; upon which L—d M—n insisted upon his firing again, which he did, and struck his L—p: this which was thought to be fatal by my L—d and the seconds,

stopt any further firing; but it has since appeared that the wound was not dangerous.

2. Last Friday a post-chaise came into Maidstone from the Ashford road, with a very large trunk behind it, changed horses and proceeded towards London by Farningham. In the chaise was only one servant. An officer of the Customs suspecting the contents of the trunk, pursued and seized it near Farningham. The servant readily acknowledged the trunk contained cloaths from France, the property of Mr. C. F. whose servant he was, and to whom the chaise belonged. He offered to give the officer a neat 100 l. if he would but suffer it to pass, which the officer refused, and then sent the cloaths to the Custom-house at Rochester. There are near eight compleat suits of very rich embroidered velvets, &c. two pieces of cambrick, some shirts made up with C. F. marked on them, and other things of the same nature.

The storm which began on the 27th ult. at night, has done incredible damage to the shipping in Yarmouth Roads.

Private letters from Charles-Town, South-Carolina, speak positively of the non-importing association being broke up, and that they have agreed to import British goods, except tea, like the other colonies. There were no public annunciations of their resolution, as these letters came off the day after the meeting, but the next ships are expected to bring the particulars, with orders for all the commissions that were stopped to be shipped immediately.

4. A new literary war has just taken place between Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Maclean, and Major Maclean; occasioned by the publication of a letter in the Morning Chronicle, in which some secrets (we are informed) were misrepresented that had been entrusted only to Mr. Wilkes; wherefore Mr. Maclean supposed him to be the author of the letter, and upon Mr. Wilkes's declining to contradict the passages in print, a challenge was given, and some severe letters appeared against him, to which he has replied.

The Hon. Richard Nassau is appointed one of the principal clerks of the board of green cloth.

5. Yesterday, and not before, Lord Hinchinbrook was appointed Vice-Chamberlain to his Majesty, in the room of Lord Grantham, who is appointed Ambassador to the Court of Spain.

8. The Court goes into mourning on Sunday next, for the late princess Mary Frances Dorothea, third daughter of the king of Portugal.

Yesterday morning, about eleven o'clock, Taylor, the Scotch Serjeant, was brought to the Court of King's-Bench, Westminster-hall, for the murder of Mr. Smith, when Lord Mansfield gave it as his opinion, he was guilty of manslaughter; and he received his sentence accordingly, to be burnt in the hand; there was a charcoal fire prepared on purpose, and when Clarke's man, the keeper of the

Gate-

Gate-house, burnt him, he roared out *Oh, d—n ye, you son of a b—b!* He was then remanded back to prison.

9. Lord Hinchinbrook Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, and Sir William De Grey knight, Lord Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas, are sworn members of the Privy-Council.

SHERIFFS appointed by his Majesty in Council, for the year 1771, viz.

Berkshire. Sir William Stonehouse, of Radle, Bart.

Bedfordshire. Charles Barnett, of Stratton, Esq;

Buckinghamshire. Thomas Dorrell, of Fingest, Esq;

Cumberland. John Spedding, of Airmathwaite, Esq;

Cheshire. John Crew, of Boleworth, Esq;

Camb' & Hunt'. Christopher Ansley, of Trumpington, Esq;

Cornwall. John Call, of Whiteford, Esq;

Devonshire. Richard Doidge, of Elford Leigh, Esq;

Dorsetshire. John Newton, of Spetisbury, Esq;

Derbyshire. William Milnes, of Langstone, Esq;

Essex. Charles Raymond, of Ilford Ward, Esq;

Gloucestershire. Thomas Master, of Cirencester, Esq;

Hertfordshire. George Prescott, of Theobalds, Esq;

Herefordshire. Sir Chandois Hoskins, of Warewood, Bart.

Kent. William Daniel Master, of Mereworth, Esq;

Leicestershire. Lebbeus Humphrey of Kibworth, Harcourt, Esq;

Lincolnshire. David Field, of Ulceby, Esq;

Monmouthshire. Thomas Fletcher of Monmouth, Esq;

Northumberland. Thomas Charles Bigge, of Little Benton, Esq.

Northamptonshire. Sir William Wake, of Courten Hall, Bart.

Norfolk. William Smyth, of Topcroft, Esq;

Nottinghamshire. George Dunston, of Workop, Esq;

Oxfordshire. William Draper, of Nether Worton, Esq;

Rutlandshire. Thomas Bullivant, of Ashwell, Esq;

Shropshire. Joseph Griffiths of Dinthill, Esq;

Somersetshire. Thomas Coward the younger, of Freshford, Esq;

Staffordshire. Thomas Hoo, of Barr, Esq;

Suffolk. John Freston Scrivener, of Sibton, Esq;

County of Southampton, Edward Goddard, of East Woodley, Esq;

Surry. Thomas Kent, of Kingstone, Esq;

Suffex. William Richardson, of Milland, Esq;

Warwickshire. Sir William Wheler, of Lemington Hastings, Bart.

Worcestershire. Edmund Pytts, of Kyre, Esq;

Wiltshire. William Langham Jones, of Ramsbury, Esq;

Yorkshire. Sir Griffith Boynton, of Burton Agnes, Bart.

SOUTH WALES.

Brecon. Marinduke Gwynne, of Garth, Esq;

Carmarthen. Vaughan Horton, of Llechterlleetty, Esq;

Cardigan. Lewis Gwynne, of Mynachty, Esq;

Glamorgan. William Thomas, of Llanblethian, Esq;

Pembroke. Thomas Lloyd, of Cumgloine, Esq;

Radnor. Charles Gore, of Divanner; Esq;

NORTH WALES.

Anglesey. Paul Panton, of Plas Gwyn, Esq;

Carnarvon. Rice Thomas, of Coed Alen, Esq;

Denbigh. John Vaughan, of Groes, Esq;

Flint. Thomas Eyton, of Leefwood, Esq;

Merioneth. Richard Parry, of Plasfynyddol, Esq;

Montgomery. John Lloyd, of Talwrn, Esq;

12. Yesterday a chapter of the Most Noble Order of the Garter was held at St. James's,

when the right hon. Earl Gower was elected, and invested with the insigns of the said order.

On Friday last the complaint of Mrs. S—

was opened against her husband in a great ecclesiastical court. The principal charge against

him was, that he was incapable of performing matrimonial rites according to the law of nature. The depositions furnished great enter-

tainment to the gentlemen of the long robe. It seems the lady was a widow, with a jointure of 1000l. per annum, was in possession of

a town and country-house, elegantly furnished, with an equipage, &c. Mr. S— was a

young man of small fortune, and plyed the widow so closely, that she soon consented to

give her hand in marriage. On the wedding-day they went with a number of friends to

Salt-hill in order to celebrate their nuptials; and on the lady retiring after supper, the

bridegroom followed her, and after expressing great uneasiness, explained the coldness of his

disposition; on which the lady declared, that as long as he behaved with politeness and good

humour to her, she would never publish the secret he had trusted her with. About two

years elapsed; during which time they to all appearance lived very happily, when Mr. S—,

(as it is said) began to use his wife with great neglect, and sometimes beat her; on which

she discovered her situation to a relation, who advised her to apply for a divorce, which she

has accordingly done.—This is the lady's part of the story. Mr. S—, on the other hand,

denies her charges; offers to prove the falsity of them, by an appeal to any of the faculty,

and accuses her of many misdemeanors. The matter is deferred to a future day; when, no

doubt, justice will be done to all parties.

13. Yesterday morning Mr. Marener, book-seller, in James-street, Covent-garden, was

brought up to the court of King's Bench Westminster-hall, to receive judgment for selling a

paper called the *Whisperer*, No V. and VI. when he was sentenced to six months imprisonment for each number, and to find security for his good behaviour for two years.

14. This day Hugh Roberts, the returning officer for the borough of New Shoreham, who has been in the custody of the Serjeant at Arms since Tuesday, was brought to the bar of the Lower Assembly, where he was severely reprimanded on his knees by the Speaker, and then ordered to be discharged upon paying the fees. This punishment was inflicted for Mr. Roberts taking upon himself to judge of the validity of the voters, though they had taken the proper oaths, and making a return contrary to the number upon the poll.

15. On Tuesday last they began paying at the bank, 1,500,000l being the capital of the three and a half annuities 1756, together with six months and thirty-eight days interest.

Their Majesties have ordered 1000l. to be distributed to the poor of London, on account of the present severe season.

From the *LONDON GAZETTE* Feb. 16.

St. James's. The King has been pleased to appoint Robert Gunning, Esq; at present his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Denmark, to be his Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Berlin; Robert Murray Keith, Esq; at present his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Dresden, to be his Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of Denmark:

And this day John Osborn, Esq; had the honour to kiss the King's hand, on being appointed his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Dresden.

19. Yesterday Robert Powell was committed to the Poultry Compter by the sitting Aldermen at Guildhall, on suspicion of being the person who forged the name of Taylor Barrow, and thereby defrauded the East India Company of 400l. capital East-India stock, about three months ago, as advertised in the papers.

20. Mrs. Cornelys has been twice fined 50l. for having operas (stiled Harmonic meetings) at Carlisle house, Soho-square. Guadagni has been fined 50l. for singing in the same, and there are two other informations against him for the same. There is also another information against Mrs. Cornelys for having public masquerades at the same house.

21. A certain cause of recrimination is for some time suspended, on account of there being great probability that matters between the parties will be compromised, through the interest of their common friends.

25. Thursday, at five o'clock in the afternoon a messenger arrived at Lord Rochford's office from Madrid, with the King of Spain's approbation of Prince Masserano's declaration, relative to Falklands Island, together with an order for the restitution of Port Egmont; upon which notice was instantly sent to Lord North, in the Lower Assembly, where this

intelligence was immediately made known. And yesterday morning notice was sent to the coffee-houses about the Royal Exchange, to prevent the merchants making further applications for protections; as matters were finally adjusted between England and Spain.

BIRTHS.

The Lady of the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, of a son at Dublin.

The Countess of Moray, of two sons, at Edinburgh.

The Lady of Coote Purden, Esq; of a daughter, in Portman square.

MARRIAGES.

24. Charles Kightly, Esq; of Basing-lane, to Miss Susannah Hutchinson, of Great Queen-street, Westminster.

Capt. Francis Fortescue, of the *Osterly* Indianman, to Miss Traherne of Edmonton.

27. William Holdford, Esq; of Hatfield in Hertfordshire, to Miss Charlotte Brown, of Highgate.

28. — Lowndes, Esq; to Miss Osborne, of Panton-square.

29. Duncan Maclane, Esq; of Hackney, to Miss Rebecca Bradney, of Great Eastcheap.

Thomas Ledbeater, Esq; of Argyll-buildings, to Miss Eliz. Winfield of Dean-street, Soho.

31. William Everest, Jun. Esq; of Orford, Kent, to Miss Titchborne, of Bromley, in Kent.

Feb. 1. William Smith, Esq; of Town-malling, in Kent, to Miss Ann Armstrong, of Leadenhall-street.

2. The Rev. Mr. Hoskyns, A. M. (a near relation of, and domestic chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Chandos) to Mrs. Cotton.

5. M. B. Hawke, Esq; eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Hawke, to Miss Cassandra Turner, youngest daughter of the late Sir Edward Turner, Bart. of Ambroden, in Oxfordshire.

7. Mr. Stones, apothecary in Parliament-street, to Miss Gomm, only daughter to Mr. Richard Gomm of Clerkenwell Close.

The Rev. George Duteens, to Miss Ann Halfey, sister of Thomas Halfey, Esq; Knight of the Shire for the county of Herts.

8. Joseph Turner, Esq; of St. Mary le Bonne, to Miss Elizabeth Mason of the same place.

The Rev. Dr. Robert Markham, Rector of St. Mary, Whitechapel, to Miss Croft, of Bedford Row.

12. James Thomson, Esq; to Miss Hannah Lee, of Greenwich.

Dr. James Lecht, to Miss Amelia Edwards, of Charing-Cross.

George Munro, Esq; Captain in the 68th regiment of foot, to Miss Pye, daughter-in-law to John Ord, Esq; of Morpeth.

14. William Weddell, Esq; Member for Hull, to Miss Ramsden, daughter of the late Sir John Ramsden, Bart.

18. James Charles Sholto Douglas, Esq; of Jamaica, to Miss Mary Bullock, of Dry Drayton, in Cambridgeshire.

William Martin, Esq; of Dover-street, to Miss Perkins, of Fulham.

21. Nicholas Caesar Orsellis, Esq; of Woodford-bridge, to Miss Hunt, of Bloomsbury-square.

D E A T H S.

Jan. 15. Emanuel, Prince of Lichtenstein and of the Holy Empire, &c. at Vienna.

24. Lewis Way, Esq; Sub-Governor of the South Sea Company, and President of Guy's hospital, aged 73.

25. Benjamin Burton, Esq; in Red Lion-square.

George Carter Esq; of Cheldon, in Oxfordshire.

26. Thomas Halfpenny, Esq; one of the six clerks in Chancery.

27. John Rook, Esq; formerly a Spanish merchant in Coleman-street.

Miss Daniel, by whose death John Astley, Esq; comes into the immediate possession of upwards of 3000l. a year.

31. John Joliff, Esq; late Representative in parliament for Petersfield Hants, and father of William Joliff the present Member.

Feb. 1. Theodore Reynolds Esq; many years clerk to the board of green-cloth.

Mr. Pratt, one of the clerks of the South Sea-house.

2. Robert Foreman Esq; on Epping-forest.

Mr. John Lockman, in Brownlow-street, Long Acre, Secretary to the British Fishery.

Philip Hammond, Esq; merchant, at Jamaica.

3. Mr. Westphall, master of the Ewry office to the Princess Dowager of Wales, at Kew.

4. Henry Osborn, Esq; in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, aged 74.

5. John Bellamy, Esq; an officer in the Royal Navy, in Woodstock-street, Oxford Road.

— Wheles Esq; senior Alderman of Cambridge.

John Mead, Esq; at Chiswick.

The Right Hon. Arthur Trevor, Viscount Duncannon, in Ireland. His Lordship is succeeded by his only son Arthur, born Dec. 1738.

6. Counsellor Short, in Cary-street,

7. Mr. George Angel, many years a Page of the back stairs to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Walter Thong, Esq; Senior Alderman of the Corporation of Huntingdon.

8. John Baddiston, formerly an officer in the Royal Navy, in Bolton row, Piccadilly.

Adam Johnson, Esq; formerly a West India merchant, in Coleman-street.

Thomas Egerton, Esq; at Knarebrook, in Essex.

Mr. Nevin, Groom of the chamber to his Majesty.

9. Thomas Scottowe, Esq; at Ayton in Cleveland, Yorkshire.

The Widow Carrman, aged 122 years, at Fethard, in Ireland.

Mr. Wellings, aged 109, at Norwich, formerly a clothier, by which he had acquired upwards of 10,000l.

The Rev. Dr. Burton, Vice-Provost of Eton College, and Rector of Wenstone, in Surry.

Mrs. Marbyn, wife of — Marbyn, Esq; at Deptford.

10. James Nelson, Esq; aged 96, in New Bond-street.

General Macartney, a native of Ireland, and many years in the Hungarian service, aged 96, at Brussels.

William Lowden, Esq; at Mary-le-bone.

11. George Tomlinson, Esq; of Bishopsgate-street, aged 104.

Mendes Da Costa, Esq; in Bow-street Covent Garden.

12. John Darell, Esq; Fellow Commoner of Queen's College, Cambridge, and only son of John Darell, Esq; of York-street St. James's-square.

13. Thomas Sims, Esq; in Scotland-yard, formerly a South Sea Director.

John Hildesly, Esq; a Rear Admiral on the superannuated list, in Green-street Grosvenor-square.

Miss Sweetingham, a near relation to Sir Gilbert Herbert, Bart. at Kensington Gravel-pits.

14. John Gibson, Esq; in Scotland-yard, formerly a clerk to the board of works.

15. John Hyde, Esq; in Charter-house-square, Governor of the London Assurance Fire-Office.

James Hammon, Esq; formerly a Russia Merchant, at his apartments in New Broad-street.

John Corrie, Esq; formerly a Merchant, in George-yard, Lombard-street.

James Peachy, Esq; in Queen street- Golden-square, in the 88th year of his age, formerly in the East India Company's service.

18. James Harris, Esq; in Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

20. Phillip Hazeland, Esq; in Gerrard-street.

21. James Bathurst, Esq; nephew of Lord Bathurst, and an officer in the company's military service at Cuddalore, in the East Indies.

Mrs. Barton, aged 103, at Portsmouth.



THE

Town and Country Magazine;

OR,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

OF

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For MARCH, 1771.

Illustrated and embellished with the following elegant Copper-plates : 1. A striking Portrait of Lord C——GH. 2. A fine Engraving of Mrs. D—v—s. 3. A beautiful historical Piece, finely imagined, and masterly executed.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

AN Observer of Oddities must undergo a severe Purgation, if he proposes figuring in Company with the Hunter of Oddities. His Character has Matter, but his Style is utterly inadmissible.

The Features of A. B.'s Oddity are not sufficiently striking and contrasted to bring him under this Denomination.

The Story of Adolphus Belmour is precisely under the Predicament he suggested, and therefore left under Cover at the Printer's.

We are sorry ever to refuse a Lady's Favours; but Clementina must excuse our not introducing her Bevil, as he is not sufficiently polished for our polite Readers.

Murcaus's Thoughts are not new, any more than the Latin Epigram subjoined, which is a sufficient Reason for our not inserting them.

We are obliged to Lady Bel for her Card, and shall not fail to make Use of the Anecdote she has sent us.

Had we not previously fixed upon a Tête-à-Tête for next Month, we should have followed the Advice of Curioso. He will, however, find his Materials wrought up in some future Number.

The Inquirer shall be satisfied, if he will transmit his Address.

So! ho! has some Humour; but such a general Strain of Indelicacy prevails, that we cannot admit his Detection in its present undress, nor do we think any Garb would suit it.

A Traveller is come to hand.

The Lines from Komney cannot be admitted—Modestus's Verses are under the same Predicament—L. M. Z.'s Oh! horrid thought, must be dismissed.

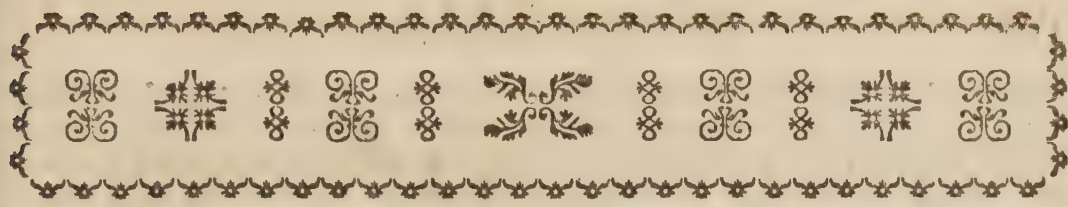
J. H.'s Poetry requires a Deal of Improvement, before it can be laid before our Readers.

R. S. M.'s Muff carries with it an indelicate Allusion.

Mr. Jukes's Pastoral Elegy is defective in more Respects than Orthography.

We must refer X——m to our former Acknowledgments.

Under Consideration, Letters signed J. T——e; E; J. Fowler; Reginensis, and some others, whose Merits will be duly attended to.



The Town and Country Magazine;

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O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For M A R C H, 1771.



The State of Europe for March 1771.

Account of ITALY.

THE antient names of this country were Hesperia, Saturnia, Ausonia, Oenotria, Canicula, and Latium; but these were at first appropriated to particular districts. The present name is by some derived from Italus, an ancient king of Sicily, who came with a colony, and settled in this country. Others derive it from the Greek words Italos, signifying an ox, because it formerly bred those animals in great numbers, and of an extraordinary size; but the most probable derivation is from Etolia, a country of Greece, which lies opposite to this, Etolia and Italia differing little in the sound. The south part of Italy, or the kingdom of Naples, was antiently called Magna Grecia. Italy lies between the 7th and 10th degrees of east longitude, and between the 37th and 46th de-

grees of north latitude. On the north, north-west, and north-east, it is bounded by France, Switzerland, the country of the Grisons, and Germany; on the east by the Adriatic, or Gulph of Venice; and on the south and west by the Mediterranean; its figure being not unlike that of a boot. Its length from Aosta, at the foot of the Alps in Savoy, to the utmost verge of Calabria, is computed at about six hundred miles; but its breadth is very unequal, being in some places near four hundred miles, but so narrow in others, as not to exceed twenty-five or thirty miles.

With respect to its original inhabitants, the most probable conjecture is, that the posterity of Gomer, the son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, came soon after the dispersion into Europe, and peopled the greater part of it, especially the southern countries, namely, Greece, Gaul, Italy, and Spain. The nations, which in antient authors are said to have made the first settlements in Italy, were the Umbri, the Ausones, the Opici, the Osce, the Siculi, the Tusci, the Ligures.

gures, and the Veneti; afterwards the Celtes of Gaul, and the Greeks, possessed themselves of a great part of the country. In those early ages, when the Romans first began to extend their territories, Italy, like most other countries, was parcelled out into a great number of small states, who were all gradually subdued by the Romans. Upon the declension of the Roman empire, the Huns, Goths, Vandals, Heruli, and other northern nations, passed the Alps, and seized on the greatest part of it. After them came the Lombards, or Longbeards, and erected a kingdom in the northern part of it, which was overturned by Charlemagne, who founded a new empire in the west. Of the history of Italy since that period little need be said, since it is generally well known. The emperors, residing in Germany, divided Italy into several governments, the governors whereof at length assumed sovereign power, the popes inciting, aiding, and supporting them, in order to weaken the emperors, and thereby to increase their own power, and render themselves independent. Thus a great many small principalities and states were erected, which, however, still professed to acknowledge the emperor their head; and many of them procured grants from the emperors, to confirm their respective titles, which they generally purchased with sums of money. The popes too, for a considerable time, acknowledged that they held their territories of the emperor; but at last, impatient of all appearance of subjection and dependence, by exciting insurrections, embroiling the emperors affairs in Germany and Italy, and other indirect unwarrantable methods, they not only rendered themselves independent, but assumed an authority to judge of their actions, as well as those of other princes; and in consequence of that, to absolve their subjects from their allegiance, and transfer their dominions to others.

The principal mountains in Italy are the Alps and Apennines. The former extend from the river Var,

near Nice, to the Adriatic. Some branches of them are called the Maritime, others the Cottian, others the Greek; others the Rhetian, others the Peninian, and others the Noric and Carnician Alps. The Apennines run the whole length of Italy from the north-west to the south-east. The rivers of most note are the Po, in Latin, Padus, which rises in Piedmont, and falls into the Adriatic; the Adige, in Latin, Athesis, which rises in Tyrol, and falls into the Adriatic; the Arno, which rises in the Apennines, and falls into the Tuscan sea near Pisa; the Tyber, which has its source in the Apennines, passes by Rome, and falls into the Tuscan sea at Ostia. The smaller rivers are the Adda, the Tesino, the Oglio, the Mincio, the Tanaro, the Trebia, the Carigliano, antiently Liris, the Voltorno, the Brenta, and several others still less. The chief lakes are the Lago Maggiore, di Como, di Garda, di Parugia, di Fundi, di Tarni, di Lugano, di Vulfino, di Celano, d'Iseo, di Bracciano, &c.

The air of Italy is very different, according to the different situations of the several countries contained in it. In those of the north of the Apennines it is more temperate, but in those on the south generally very warm. The air of the Campania of Rome, and of the Ferrarese, is said to be unhealthful, which is owing to the lands not being duly cultivated, nor the marshes drained. That of the other parts is generally pure, dry, and healthy. In summer the heat is very great in the kingdom of Naples, and would be almost intolerable, if it was not somewhat alleviated by the sea-breezes. The soil of Italy in general is very fertile; being watered by a great number of rivers. It produces a great variety of wines, and the best oil in Europe, excellent silk in abundance, corn of all sorts, but not in such plenty as in some other countries, oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, almonds, raisins, sugar, mulberry-trees without number, figs, peaches, nectarines, apricots, pears, apples, filberts, chefnuts, &c.

Most

Most of these fruits were at first imported by the Romans from Asia Minor, Greece, Africa, and Syria, and were not the natural products of the soil. The tender plants are covered in winter on the north-side of the Apennines, but on the south-side they have no need of it. This country also yields good pasture, and abounds with cattle, sheep, goats, buffaloes, wild boars, mules, and horses. The forests are well stored with game, and the mountains yield not only mines of iron, lead, alum, sulphur, marble of all sorts, alabaster, jasper, porphyry, &c. but also gold and silver, with a great variety of aromatic herbs, trees, shrubs, and evergreens, as thyme, lavender, laurel and bays, wild olive-trees, tamarinds, juniper, oaks, and pines.

With respect to the Italian language, it is the old Latin, blended and corrupted with the jargons of the northern nations that over-ran this country, after the declension of the Roman empire; but hath been so polished, refined, and improved since, that it is now esteemed very elegant, soft, smooth, and harmonious, and consequently very fit for music and poetry. In proportion, however, to the smoothness it hath acquired, it hath lost its strength, force and energy. It is said to be spoken in the greatest purity in Tuscany. The predominant religion is the Roman catholic: no protestant sect is tolerated, excepting at Leghorn; but Greeks and Jews are found in several places. At Leghorn Jews, Greeks, and Mahometans, have an entire liberty, and the English factory have a chapel. There is no country in Europe of the same extent, where there is such a number of archbishoprics, bishoprics, universities, and abbies, as in this. The power of the pope however, and of the priests, is daily losing ground, even in this country, the seat of that spiritual empire, upon which the Roman catholic states are making continual encroachments, rapidly resuming those rights and possessions of which priestcraft, and the blind zeal and superstition of former ages, had deprived them.

A very extensive trade is carried on in many places in Italy, particularly at Leghorn, Genoa, Bologna, Venice, and Naples; the country having a great variety of commodities and manufactures for exportation, especially wine, oil, perfumes, fruits, and silks. Travellers also bring large sums of money into Italy, besides what they lay out in pictures, curiosities, relics, antiquities, &c.

With respect to the persons of the Italians, they are generally well proportioned, though their complexions are none of the best. As to dress, they follow the fashions of the countries on which they border, or to which they are subject, namely, those of France, Spain, and Germany. With respect to their genius and taste in architecture, painting, carving, and music, they are thought to excel greatly, and to leave the other nations of Europe far behind them; but their music seems too soft and effeminate to deserve all the praise bestowed on it; and their houses are far inferior to those of England, in respect of convenience. No country hath produced better politicians, historians, poets, painters, and sculptors, we mean since the revival of the arts and sciences, exclusive of those of ancient times. The Italians are very affable, courteous, ingenious, sober, and ready witted; but extremely jealous, vindictive, lascivious, ceremonious and superstitious. In respect to jealousy, indeed, we are told, that a very extraordinary change hath lately taken place; and that the Italians are now no less indulgent and complaisant to their wives, than the most polite husbands in France itself. In their tempers, the Italians seem to be a good medium between the French and Spaniards, neither so gay and volatile as the one, nor so grave and solemn as the other. Boiled snails, served up with oil and pepper, or fried in oil, and the hinder parts of frogs, are reckoned dainty dishes. Kites, jackdaws, hawks, and magpies, are also eaten, not only by the common people, but the better sort. Wine is drank here both in summer and winter cooled by ice

ice or snow. The women affect yellow hair, as the Roman ladies and courtesans formerly did. They also use paint and waihes, both for their hands and faces. The day here is reckoned from sun-set to sun-set, as the Athenians did of old.

We shall now describe the several states into which this country is divided.

The kings of Sardinia are said to be descended from Figuado, who was king of Saxony about the middle of the seventh century. Until the year 1713, they were only dukes of Savoy; but then Victor Amadeus II. assumed the title of king of Sicily, which he obtained at the peace made that year. In the year 1718, however, he was obliged to accept of Sardinia in lieu of Sicily; upon which he took the title of king of Sardinia.

The first of this family, who took the title of duke of Savoy, was Amadeus VIII. in the year 1397. The king of Sardinia is now ranked among the greatest princes of Italy: he is absolute in temporals; and has as much power, as any catholic prince whatsoever, in spirituals; for all ecclesiastical preferments are at his disposal; and the inquisition at Turin can lay no one under arrest, without first acquainting the council. All civil causes, also, even such wherein ecclesiastics are plaintiffs or defendants, are tried before the temporal judges.

Some have computed it at five hundred thousand pounds sterling per annum; but, without doubt, it greatly exceeds that sum now. That of Sardinia, however, in particular, is hardly equal, it is said, to the charges of the government. The chief branches of the revenue are the crown lands, the duties on silk, rice, hemp, and cards.

The taxes, in general, are said to be screwed up to the highest pitch, and levied with the most inflexible severity; and as the king's power is greater and more unlimited in civil affairs, than that of any monarch in Europe, and as great in ecclesiastical, as that of any other of the catholic powers, he may augment or diminish them at pleasure.

With regard to the king's forces,

they amount, commonly in time of peace to about fifteen thousand men, besides the militia, horse guards, and the train of artillery. There are several regiments of foreigners, especially Germans, in his service; and many of his towns are strongly fortified and garrisoned.

The king of Sardinia's dominions on the continent, consist of the duchy of Savoy, the principality of Piedmont, the duchy of Montferrat, and a part of the duchy of Milan, of which in order.

The name of Savoy is derived from the Latin Sabaadia, altered afterwards to Saboia, and Sabojia.

This country was antiently inhabited by the Celtes, whose descendants therein were subdivided into the Allobroges, Nantuates, Veragri, Seduni, Salassi, Centrones, Garocelli, and some others of inferior note. Of all these the Allobroges were the most considerable. The reduction of these tribes, in which Julius Cæsar had made a great progress, was compleated under Augustus. Afterwards this country shared the fate of the rest of the western empire, and was over-run by the northern Barbarians. The Burgundians held it a considerable time: but when, or how it first became a distinct earldom under the present family, is what historians are not agreed about; thus much however is certain, that Amadæus I. who lived in the twelfth century, was count of it. In 1416, Amadæus VIII. was created by the emperor Sigismund, duke of Savoy, and Victor Amadæus II. as we observed above, first took the title of king of Sicily, and afterwards of Sardinia. The present king is Charles Emanuel III. who is far advanced in years: the heir apparent to the crown has the title of duke of Savoy, and prince of Piedmont. Savoy is bounded to the south by France and Piedmont; to the north by the lake of Geneva, which separates it from Swizerland; to the west by France; and to the east by Piedmont, the Milanese, and Swizerland: its greatest length being about eighty-eight miles, breadth about seventy-six.

As

As it lies among the Alps, it is full of lofty mountains, which in general are very barren: many of the highest of them are perpetually covered with ice and snow. The summit of those, called *Montagnes-Maudites*, the cursed mountains, are said to be more than two English miles in perpendicular height above the level of the lake of Geneva, and that level itself is much higher than the Mediterranean. In some few of the vallies there is corn-land and pasture, and a good breed of cattle and mules, and along the lake of Geneva, and in two or three other places, a tolerable wine is produced. Mount *Senis* or *Cenis*, between Savoy and Piedmont, over which the highway from Geneva to Turin lies, is as high, if not higher, than the *Montagnes-Maudites*; but of all the mountains of the Alps, the highest is mount *Rochemelon*, in Piedmont, between *Fertiere* and *Novalesa*. The roads over these mountains are very tedious, disagreeable, and dangerous, especially as huge masses of snow, called by the Italians *avalanches*, and fragments of rocks, frequently roll down into them from the impending precipices. The way of travelling is either in sledges, chairs, or on the backs of mules: in some places the path on the brink of the precipices is so narrow, that there is but just room for a single person to pass. It begins to snow on these mountains commonly about the beginning of October. In summer, in the months of July, August, and September, many of them yield very fine grass, with a great variety of flowers and herbs; and others box-wood, walnuts, chefnuts, and pines.

The chief rivers are the Rhone, which on the side of Geneva separates Savoy from France; the Arve, which has some particles of gold in its sands; the Isere, the Seran, the Siers, and the Arc. There are also a great many lakes in this country, which yield plenty of fish, but none of them are very large, together with medicinal and reciprocating springs and hot baths.

The language of the common peo-

ple is a corrupt French; but the better sort, and those that live in the great cities, speak as good French as they do in Paris itself.

In their temper, however, and disposition, the Savoyards resemble the Germans more than the French, retaining still much of the old German honesty and simplicity of manners, which, no doubt, is partly owing to the poverty and barrenness of the country. To this also, joined to their longevity, and the fruitfulness of their women, which are the effects of their cheerful disposition, healthy air, activity, temperance, and sobriety, it is owing, that great numbers of them are obliged to go abroad in quest of a livelihood, which they earn, those at least who have no trades, by shewing marmottes, cleaning shoes, sweeping chimneys, and the like. It is said, that there are generally about eighteen thousand of them, young and old, about Paris. In summer they lie in the street, and in winter forty, fifty, or sixty of them lodge together in a room: they are so honest, that they may be trusted to any amount. The children are often carried abroad in baskets, before they are able to walk. In many villages in Savoy there is hardly a man to be seen throughout the year, excepting a month or two. Those that have families generally set out and return about the same season, when their wives commonly lie in, and they never fail to bring home some part of their small earnings.

The nobility of Savoy, and the other dominions of the kingdom of Sardinia, labour under great hardships and restrictions, unheard of in other countries, which we have not room here to particularize.

No other religion is professed or tolerated in Savoy, but that of the church of Rome. The decrees, however, of the council of Tr  nt are not admitted; nor are the churches asylums for malefactors.

This dutchy is divided into those of Chablais, Genevois, and Savoy Proper, the counties of Tarantaise and Maurienne, and the barony of Faucigny.

DETACHED

DETACHED THOUGHTS on various Subjects. Continued from p. 64.

XVI.

PERFECT happiness is not the growth of a *terrestrial* soil; it buds in the gardens of the *virtuous* on *earth*; but blooms with *unfading* verdure only in the *celestial* regions.

XVII.

A *new sentiment* is to the *mind* what a *new dish* is to the *palate*. We relish them with eagerness; and are often apt to value them more for their *novelty* than *use*.

XVIII.

The *organs* of the body are the inlets to *sensation*; and as *these* are *more or less* perfect, our ideas are *more or less* agreeable to the truth of things. Doubtless when the *soul* is stripped of its *organs*, and beholds in *open vision* the *immaterial world*, its perceptions will as far surpass those in its present state, as those of an *idiot* now are to the *greatest philosopher*.

XIX.

Prayer is the going forth of the mind in the desire after some good *not* in its possession. *Praise* is the overflowing of gratitude in the soul from the sensation of *present* enjoyment, and the hope of its *continuance*. It is a duty arising from the *creature* to the *Creator* for blessings enjoyed. Prayer is likewise a duty proper to be exercised for the continuance of *present*, or addition of *future* good. The end of its institution is to keep the mind in a state of *humble dependence* on the source of its mercies, and stedfast looking up to him for the renewal of them.

XX.

It is the perfection of *wisdom* to steer in the middle path between *bigotry* and *libertinism* in sentiment. The *latter* is too often productive of *licentiousness* in conduct; but the *former* excludes that *charity* which the apostle

has declared to be the *greatest* of all Christian virtues.

XXI.

Without *speculation* there will be little *right action*; but if *action* is not the consequence, *speculation* will be vain. Life is short and uncertain: the business of it is great and important.

EUSEBIUS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THERE is so little gratitude in the world, that I am particularly pleased to mention every instance of it which I meet with.

Returning from London a few mornings ago, to my lodgings at Fulham (having slept with a friend of mine the night before, as I had staid in town to pay my respects to *Mother Shipton*;) I saw, pretty soon after my entrance into the Five-Fields, leading to Chelsea, a very fat lady extremely embarrassed; for she was situated in such a manner between a couple of the posts which are put up near Eaton-Street, (to keep off impertinent cattle, I suppose) that she could not get either backwards or forwards: she was actually wedged so closely that she *stuck* in no small distress.

When I came upon a line with her she addressed me in the politest manner imaginable.

"Pray, Sir," said she, "give me a push."

I obeyed immediately, but gently.

"Harder, Sir."

I obeyed again, with a little more vigour. By the second push, I happily disengaged her from her embarrassment.

Turning round to me, as soon as she found herself at liberty to move without any farther assistance, she made me a very low courtsey, and said, "Thankee, Sir."

I am,

Dear Mr. Hamilton,

Your occasional correspondent,

And very humble servant,

GEORGE AMBLER.

HISTORIES





No VII.

M^{rs} D-v-a.



No VIII.

Lord C-g-h.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of L——d C——gh and Mrs. D-v-s. (N^o. 7, 8.)

IN the various revolutions of the wheel of fortune, how capriciously is the fate of man displayed! How opposite the lots of a K—— and a Rice, both defrauders of a great company, both fugitives abroad to avoid the hand of justice! The one transmits to posterity a noble fortune, procured by chicane, in the person of a p——r whose title was obtained by part of these dishonest gains. The other falls a sacrifice to a co-temporary negotiation, and blots the escutcheon of his ancestors with an ignominious death.

Mr. K——, who about the year 1720, was c——r of the South-Sea company, and decamped with a very considerable sum in his possession, lived unmolested at Brussels and Paris for several years. Elegance, luxury, and polite dissipation, reigned in his house: his taste and his equipages vied with those of the princes of the blood of France; and, what is still more extraordinary, the English nobility who visited those cities condescended to be his frequent guests.

Thus pampered and caressed, he closed the career of his life, and left a son to enjoy a splendid fortune, and the most distinguished titles in this kingdom, from whence he was himself proscribed for obtaining those possessions which were the foundation of his family's rank and power.

Far be it from the writer of these pages to ascribe to the son his father's crimes; that would be cruel and unjust. The hero of this history is a man of *letters*, a man of *sense*, and a man of *probity*; but at the same time, we do not hold him forth as that *monster* PERFECTION, and he himself cannot deny that he is duly qualified for a place in this department of our Miscellany.

Mr. K—— had represented two boroughs in p——t, in four successive sessions, when he was created an Irish peer in 1746. The countess of Y——th was then in power, and had for her privy purse the produce of

ribbons, titles, and b——ks. Her usual method of negotiating this traffic was, upon a vacancy, a promotion, or a creation, to wager with the requesting party a certain sum, that he should be appointed or created to the desired place or rank before the expiration of a limited time. Every department of preferment within her controul had its fixed *bett*; and it seems she always wagered *ten thousand pounds* that a candidate for an Irish p——r——e should obtain his coronet. This sum, therefore, we have reason to believe his l——p lost to gain his title.

Mr. K—— married a sister of the late celebrated Lord B——gb——ke, so far back as the year 1727, by whom he had one son, the first husband of the present lady D——ne, (*see* Vol. II. page 627.) and a daughter. Since the death of Mrs. K——, he has constantly been engaged in a domestic alliance with some amiable female, who does the honours of his table; and if not *religiously* faithful to his bed, is at least so *prudent* as to give his l——p no suspicions of her infidelity; as it is a maxim with him to share no woman's favours with another man, *if he knows it*. Accordingly we find that the first fair one who was thus allied to him in domestic partnership, reigned but a short time over his affections. This lady was the much admired Miss Charlotte D——y, so fond of auction and china hunting; that Mr. K—— said humorously, that if she had lived with him a twelvemonth longer he should have been obliged to mortgage *Barrels** for *cups and saucers*. This makes us call to mind a pun, which Miss Ch——h, then maid of honour, made at *Cock's* auction. Miss D——y and Mr. K—— were both present, and the first had been bidding for a favourite lot of china in the usual stile of the *nod*, when a dealer bid over her: Mr. K——, fearful of losing the lot, which he knew would put his *Dulcinea* out of temper for the whole week, *nodded* the last time just as she *nodded*. "Who is the buyer?"

* The name of our hero's estate.

said the auctioneer. "D—y, K——," replied the parties both speaking at one instant. "Which must I put it down to?" "It is all the same, said Mr. K——, D—y or K——." "Indeed! said Miss Ch——h to Colonel Br——l, who sat next to her: pray what season of the year is this that *Day* and *Night* are both the same?"

Miss D—y, besides a china fancier, was a professed coquette: nothing less than universal conquest would satisfy her: every man she saw in public she attempted to captivate; but her weapons often recoiled upon herself, and where she meant nothing more than to extend the dominion of her charms, she was obliged to capitulate upon *dishonourable* terms for their depredations. Some of these concessions reached the ears of Mr. K——, who finding that she carried on a regular intrigue with lord M——h, politely desired her to decamp with her monkey, parrot, and crockery ware, to make room for a successor.

For some time, however, his l——p ranged at large, till a celebrated procuress, well known by the name of *Moll Clever Legs*, afforded his l——p's amorous passion an asylum at her own house, which was in every respect commodious. Here a succession of *grizettes* solaced him in his leisure hours, till meeting, by accident, Miss M——s at Vauxhall, his domestic affections were once more established.

This alliance continued till she was detected in an intrigue with the famous immured baronet, Sir Richard P——t (*see* page 92, vol. II.) when he discarded her, and she fell a prey to this insidious ensnarer of the sex.

A whimsical conference happened upon this occasion. His l——p having several hints given him by a trusty servant, whilst he was at his seat in Warwickshire, that a correspondence was carried on between Miss M——s and the baronet, who had taken lodgings at an inn in the neighbourhood; and that she frequently visited his rival after his l——d—p had retired to rest, he was re-

solved to detect them, and prudently ordered Miss M——s to repair to her chamber as soon as his l——p did to his, and then locked her in. She found herself thus confined on the night she had made an appointment with her paramour, who being very uneasy at her want of punctuality, which she had never been guilty of before, repaired to his l——p's house, where he found his mistress at the window, from whence she imparted the cause of the disappointment. The window was on the first floor, and rather low, and upon his advising her to take the lover's leap, she immediately jumped into his arms. His l——p, who lay in the apartment over her head, being disturbed at the noise, opened the window just as his mistress was in the baronet's embrace. Enraged at this conviction of her infidelity, the first emotion of his passion had nearly induced him to fire at them with a blunderbuss which he always kept in his room; but reflexion soon taking place, the following dialogue ensued.

L—d C——. Who are you, Sir?

Sir R——. Sir Richard P——t, my l——d.

L—d C——. What business have you with that lady?

Sir R——. A great deal, I can assure your l——p.

L—d C——. Sir, she is my property, and I insist upon your relinquishing her immediately.

Sir R——. Your property, my lord, in her, I believe, is very small; and I can assure you, I shall not relinquish her without she requests it.

L—d C——. What are your pretensions to her, whilst she lives with me?

Sir R——. They are these; I am thirty-five, and your l——p sixty-five; in the vigour of my life, stout and athletic; your l——p sinking under the weight of age and decrepitude.

Miss M——s. Ah! ah! ah! that is just the case, my l——d; and so good night.

It were, perhaps, needless to add that his l——p's doors were from that

time shut against Miss M——s, or that after she was stript by the baronet of what money she had saved, she was deserted by him; and her misfortunes, added to a retrospect of her imprudence, preyed so strongly upon her reason, that she died a short time after in a mad-house, see p. 93, vol. II.

His l——p, though highly disgusted at a single female, had still so strong an attachment to the sex, that he soon resolved to supply the place of his faithless mistress, by another more worthy of his protection.

He immediately came to the metropolis, and employed some of the most expert Mercuries and procuresses to provide for him a companion, young, innocent, beautiful, and constant. He had for some weeks every morning a levee of *candidate sultanas*, and whilst he drank his chocolate, he examined into their different merits and pretensions; and, doubtless, found a temporary relief from their assiduities to please: but though the nunneries were ransacked, and Cranbourn Alley and Tavistock-street poured forth their choicest *virgins*, his lordship could not find one *entirely* to his mind; and after sojourning about a month in town, he resolved to repair again to the country, and select one whose innocence and ignorance of the intrigues of the metropolis should insure her fidelity.

Santa Charlotta, Mrs. Pelh—m, and Mrs. W—lch (three celebrated priestesses of Venus) touched upon this occasion for their good offices, and contingent expences, though they did not *accomplish* the negotiation, upwards of a thousand pounds; for which they complimented his l—d—p with the title of an *impotent valetudinarian*, who stood in more need of an *old nurse*, than a *young mistress*: but the sequel has evinced the mistake.

Soon after his return to Warwickshire, riding over his estate, he stopt at a farm house belonging to one of his tenants. He beheld the farmer's daughter with an eye of rapture: her form was elegant, though unpolished; her height above the middle size; her features uncommonly regular and

captivating. Her innocence and simplicity greatly heightened her charms, and his l——p felt the little god flutter round his heart as the herald of her conquest. His l——p's visit to farmer D-v-s was occasioned by his being greatly in arrears for rent, and fancying his steward was too lenient in his demands, he came himself to tell the farmer peremptorily that he must immediately either pay his arrears, or quit his farm. But the power of beauty disarmed his wrath, and he only told the husbandmen to send him what money he could the *next day* by his daughter. The unhappy tenant, who had met with considerable losses by bad crops, and the distemper among the cattle, unable to pay two years rent that was due, expected every day an ejection, and upon seeing his l——p, was convinced the fatal hour was come. But before the farmer had time to implore his clemency, the persuasive rhetoric of his fair daughter's eyes, proved her the best advocate he could employ.

She waited upon his l——p the next day, agreeable to his orders, with a small sum, which was all her father could possibly raise. When she presented it to him, he returned it to her, and bid her dispose of it as she pleased. Miss D-v-s, astonished at his generosity, was incapable of making a reply. His l——p soon explained himself, and informed her if she would comply with the proposals he made her, that he would not only forgive her father all the rent that was due, but settle an annuity upon her for life.

The terms were accepted, Miss D--v--s accompanied his l——p to town, and took up her residence with him at his house in Golden-Square. Her behaviour charmed him more than her person. He provided her several masters, and she soon made a proficiency in dancing, French, and music, and appeared a very accomplished woman. She has now lived with him near seven years, and has never once given him the least reason to suspect her fidelity, or reproach her for her conduct, though she has borne

borne him four children, who are all living.

His l—p's political conduct so little resembles that of his late brother-in-law, that he has never since he has had any p—l—y influence, steered one single point from the magnet of ministerial attraction, whereby he has obtained a more exalted title, and very lately a ribbon. His constant friend and companion lord Pyebald reveres l—d C——gh for his sense and judgment, and is entirely guided by his advice in all his affairs, but more particularly his amorous pursuit. It is really pleasant to hear these libertines, passed their grand climacteric, relating their intrigues, and planning new schemes of seduction upon the sex. L—d C——gh, who prides himself upon his amorous abilities, considering his infant progeny as sufficient testimonies of his vigour, is a walking skeleton, which he still more deforms by a dress, that might have been fashionable and most probably worn in the reign of queen Anne. A full bottom grizzle wig with scarce a crooked hair in it, adorns his meagre countenance; an antiquated mourning coat, with a tarnished laced waistcoat, array his puny body; and his rolled worsted hose to the middle of his thighs, make his callous legs still more resemble a pair of German flutes.

Such, ladies, are the assailants of your hearts—Beware, beware of these intrepid heroes! who lay wait for you in every public and every private assembly. The harmonic meetings at Cornelys's may in this respect prove as fatal as her masquerades; and even lady D—nh—ff's card-parties, are now no certain asylums.

MEMOIRS of the Life of Marshal Turenne.

HENRY de la Tour D'Auvergne, viscount Turenne, was born at Sedan, Sept. 11, 1611. He possessed all those virtues which constitute the hero, and which were heightened still more by a simplicity of manners that served them as a foil. He was in stature above the middle size, well proportioned. He possessed

none of those brilliant qualities which make a man shine in a drawing-room or a rout; but, on the other hand, he had great military skill, profound judgment, and invincible courage. Cool and steady in the heat of action; but quick and ready to seize the most sudden advantage. He never fought any of those decisive battles that determine the fate of empires; yet he was esteemed the greatest general in Europe, at a time the military art was brought to its greatest perfection, as he knew always how to repair a mistake, and make the smallest incidents turn to much advantage. Lewis XIV. learnt under him the art of war, and made several campaigns only as a spectator, without executing or deciding any thing. Though Turenne had so much reason to be proud, he was exemplarily modest. He possessed, in an eminent degree, that virtue, so rare, and yet so ornamental, and worthy of humanity, disinterestedness. He never knew whether he was possessed, or in want of money; and to complete his character, he cultivated friendship. The only weakness with which he could be reproached, and all men must pay the tribute due to humanity, was his vanity with respect to his family.

Turenne from his youth displayed the strongest passion for the military art, which was one day to confer upon him so much glory. The delicacy of his constitution seemed, nevertheless, to oppose this pursuit, and his friends endeavoured to dissuade him, for this reason, from engaging in a military life; but Turenne, so far from listening to this advice, when he was only ten years old, took a singular resolution to silence these remonstrances. In a very cold night he left the castle, and repaired to the ramparts of Sedan, where he proposed remaining till morning. As soon as his absence was observed, messengers were sent throughout the city in search of him; but they returned without gaining any tidings of the young gentleman. His governor, who had also been in pursuit of him, had given up all hopes of finding his pupil, when accidentally passing by the batteries of the rampart, he discovered him fast asleep upon the carriage of a cannon; and it was with much difficulty he was persuaded to return home. From this time a silence took place with respect to the delicacy of his constitution, lest it should excite him to some imprudent measure.

The young viscount made his first campaigns under prince Maurice of Nassau, his uncle. This prince, who was justly esteemed one of the first captains of his time, was

was willing that his nephew should enter upon his military vocation as a common soldier, and carry a musket before he raised him to any rank. He was created field-marshal when he was twenty-three years old, marshal of France at thirty-two, and marshal general of the king's armies at forty-eight.

The generosity and disinterestedness of Turenne, were upon every occasion manifest. In the campaign of 1673 a general officer proposed to him the means of obtaining the sum of four hundred thousand livres, without the court being ever able to discover it. "I am much obliged to you," replied Turenne; "but as I have often had these opportunities, without profiting by them, I do not believe at this time of life, I shall ever alter my conduct."

About the same time the magistrates of a city offered him a hundred thousand crowns not to march over their district. "As," said he, "your city is not in the route which the army is to take, I cannot accept of your money."

The success with which the campaign of 1673 was crowned, procured the general the most gracious reception at Versailles. Lewis XIV. failed not to bestow his commendations on Turenne; and that prince told him that the marquis of S. Abré should serve no longer under him, as he had in his letters to the minister condemned some measures taken by Turenne. "Why did he not," said the general, "communicate his opinion to me, I should have availed myself of his advice." He apologized for S. Abré, praised his conduct, and obtained promotion for him.

The hard service of the campaign of 1674, had occasioned many disorders in the French army. Turenne was seen on every side talking to his soldiers like a father, with his purse constantly in his hand: when his money was exhausted he borrowed of the first officer he met, telling him to receive the loan of his steward; but his cashier suspecting that sometimes a greater demand was made than was due, hinted that it would be proper to give draughts. "No, no," said the general, "pay all that is asked; it is impossible for an officer to ask a greater sum than he has lent, unless he is extremely necessitated, and in that case it is just to assist him."

An officer was quite in despair at having lost two horses in a battle, and which his circumstances would not allow him to replace. Turenne gave him two of his horses, and strongly recommended to him not to reveal the secret, saying, "others

will come and make a like request, and I cannot assist every one." Thus did he modestly conceal, under the appearance of economy, the merit of a generous action.

Another time Turenne perceived in his army an officer of distinguished birth, but poor, who was very ill mounted. He invited him to dinner, and after the repast took him on one side, and told him in a very friendly manner, "I have a favour to beg of you, Sir; you will, perhaps, think it a little bold: but I hope you will not refuse your general. I am old," he continued, "and somewhat indisposed. Swift horses fatigue me, and I have observed you have one that I think will suit me. If I thought it would not be too great a sacrifice for you to make, I would request it of you." The officer replied with a low bow, and immediately brought the horse himself to the general's stables. Turenne the next day sent him one of the finest and best in the army.

The continence of Scipio Africanus has been greatly applauded: Turenne gave a similar example of virtue to his army; but with that modesty which accompanied all his actions. After the taking of the fort of Solre, in Hainault, in 1637, the soldiers, who first entered the place, meeting with a very beautiful woman, conducted her to the general, as the most precious part of their booty. Turenne feigned believing that they only designed to protect her from the brutality of their companions, and highly praised their honourable behaviour. Then sending for her husband, he publickly said to him, "To the noble conduct of my soldiers you are indebted for the preservation of your wife's honour."

The campaign of 1675 conferred the greatest honour upon Turenne, and this skilful general did not only know how to profit of his enemies faults, but even foresaw them. After the victory he gained over the Germans commanded by the duke of Lorraine and Caprara, his officers came round him to congratulate him upon the occasion: "Gentlemen, said Turenne, with such soldiers as you, it is only necessary to attack boldly, as we must conquer."

His reputation was so completely established for rigid probity, that his word was considered as the surest guarantee, even by foreign nations. A French army had approached the Lake of Constance under pretence of levying contributions upon some territories of the house of Austria. The Swiss, who suspected the ambition of

Lewis

Lewis XIV. were apprehensive of a sudden invasion. They immediately sent deputies to Turenne to inform him, that with other generals they should think they could not take too many precautions, but that with him his word would be sufficient, if he gave it that he would not attack them.

The circumstance from whence he derived the title of *father of the soldiers*, must not be omitted. The French army was making a difficult retreat, during which Turenne was constantly in action night and day, to cover his troops from the insults of the Imperialists. In the course of this march the viscount having turned about, to observe that every thing was in proper order, perceived a soldier who had not strength enough to support himself, lying at the foot of a tree to wait the end of his misery. Turenne immediately dismounted, assisted the soldier to rise, placed him upon his own horse, and accompanied him on foot, till he could reach the wagons, in one of which he placed him.

This general one day observed several troopers, who bowed their heads, to avoid some shot that came from an eminence, and who immediately recovered themselves at Turenne's perceiving them, fearful of being reprimanded. "There is no harm, said he, in that; those balls are very deserving of a salute." Turenne communicated one of his most signal victories in this laconic billet. "The enemies attacked us, we beat them, thank God, with some little difficulty. Good night, I am going to rest." Turenne said, that girls fancied married men did nothing but caress their wives, and priests imagine that soldiers are always fighting, and yet they make ten campaigns without drawing their swords.

The great Condé asked him what plan should be followed in the war in Flanders? "Attempt but few sieges, replied this illustrious general, and fight many battles. When you have made your army superior to that of the enemy by the number and goodness of your troops; when you are master of the field, villages will be as useful to you as strong places. But it is a point of honour to take a fortified city, sooner than conquer a whole province. If the king of Spain had expended in troops what it has cost him in men and money in carrying on sieges and fortifying places, he would be the most powerful monarch on earth."

The treaty of the Pyrennees, in 1659, having terminated the long and bloody war between Spain and France, the two

monarchs had a conference, in which they mutually presented to each other the most eminent of their courtiers. As Turenne, whose modesty ever prevailed, did not appear, Philip asked to see him; when having viewed him with attention, he turned to Anne of Austria, his sister, and said, "There is a man who has made me pass many disagreeable nights."

Rousseau gives us the following anecdote of this general. Once in the dog-days, M. Turenne being very warm had stripped himself, and was looking out of his window in the anti-chamber, in a linnen waistcoat, and white night-cap. One of the servants coming in, and taking him for an under-cook with whom he was very familiar, came softly up, and with a pretty heavy hand, hit the general a very smart slap upon the breech. He immediately turned about, when the servant, perceiving his mistake, fell on his knees, saying, "My lord, I thought it was George." "Well, and if it had been George," said Turenne, rubbing the part aggrieved, "you need not have hit him so cursed hard."

Marshal Turenne was so great a man that he acknowledged his foibles and blushed at them. Lewis XIV. who held him in much esteem, had entrusted him with the secret of a private negociation with Charles II. of England. Turenne, who was enamoured with the marchioness of Coagnin, was so much her dupe, that she wormed the secret out of him and it transpired, which made the king reprimand him. Some time after the chevalier de Lorraine, upon a visit to the marshal, happened to mention the affair, when Turenne interrupted him, saying, "Chevalier, if you propose entering upon that subject, let us put out the candles."

Turenne towards the close of his life was desirous of retiring from the world; but Lewis XIV. who still wanted his service, opposed him, in 1675, to the celebrated Montecuculi. These two great generals were upon the point of coming to action, and of consigning their reputations to the arbitration of a battle, near the village of Saltzbach, when the French general was killed by a cannon ball. St. Hilaire, a lieutenant-general of artillery, was pointing out to him a battery, when the same ball carried away St. Hilaire's arm, and killed Turenne. St. Hilaire's son, drowned in tears, was lamenting his father's misfortune, when St. Hilaire heroically said to him, "It is not me you should weep for, but the loss of that great man."

Montecuculi,

Montecuculi, on his arrival, being informed of the event, which promised him great advantage, could not however refrain saying, "Then the world is deprived of a man who did honour to human nature."

This happened on the twenty-seventh of July 1675, when he was in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

The third Royal Race of the Capets. From the first Branch of the Capets, sprung fourteen Kings. [Continued from Page 35, of our last.]

Hugh Capet, first King of the third Race, and the Thirty-sixth of France, reigned ten Years. 987.

THIS prince, descended from the ancient dukes of France, and nominated by Lewis V. his successor, in preference to his uncle, Charles duke of Lorrain, son of Lewis D'Outremer, the lawful heir to the crown, was proclaimed king at Noyon. The estates of the kingdom confirmed this election.

Charles, duke of Lorrain, endeavoured by force of arms to put himself in possession of the kingdom; but he was defeated and taken prisoner by Hugh, who shut him up in a prison at Orleans, where he ended his days.

After this victory Hugh was crowned and consecrated at Rheims; and six months after he caused his son Robert to be crowned also, that he might be sure of succeeding him.

There was scarce a single lord in his time, who had not erected his lordship into a sovereignty, or usurped some seigniority from the crown. They formerly enjoyed these lordships for a limited time; but Hugh gave them the perpetual possession, to attach them more firmly to his interest. This greatly diminished the power of the crown; but, nevertheless, he was still looked upon as the first king in Europe, and called by some foreign historians, the king of kings. The titles of the great men then in use, were those of duke and count only; the title of baron being common to all the lords of the kingdom, who were in general called the barons of France. Hugh died in the year 997. He was surnamed Capet, because he was the first that wore a cap. He was a wise, valiant, and munificent prince.

Robert, thirty-seventh king, reigned 34 years. 997.

Robert, Hugh Capet's son, was one of the most learned men of his age, a great mathematician, and an elegant Latin poet, for that time. He wrote in honour of the Holy Ghost the hymn *Veni sancte spiritus*, &c.

He reduced the duchy of Burgundy under his obedience, and gave it to his third son, Robert, in the year 1001, which the descendants of this prince kept possession of near 400 years, till 1364; when the last duke of the race of Robert dying without children, king John gave it to Philip the Hardy, his son. Robert fed a thousand poor every day, and was one of the most virtuous princes of the French monarchy, equally conspicuous by his wisdom, piety, courage, and beneficence. He lived to the age of sixty, and died at Melun in the year 1031. He was buried at St. Dennis.

Henry I. thirty-eighth king, reigned 29 years. 1031.

Henry, Robert's eldest son then living, had been associated in the government, and crowned two years before his father's death. His youngest brother, Eudes, was bishop of Auxerre. Robert was engaged in a war against the Normans, whom by force of arms he compelled to receive for their sovereign, William the Bastard, the conqueror of England. He went with him into Normandy, and put him in possession of that duchy in 1035, when he was but nine years of age.

Pope Leo came to France, and held a council at Rheims. Henry died at Vitry in 1060, having founded at Paris the priory of St. Martin in the Fields. His wisdom made his reign peaceable and glorious.

Philip I. thirty-ninth king of France, reigned 48 years. 1060.

Philip, Henry's eldest son, had been crowned and consecrated at Rheims a little before his father's death. He was then but seven years old, therefore Henry appointed Baldwin, earl of Flanders, his tutor, and regent of the kingdom; who acquitted himself of the trust with great honour and fidelity. Philip was engaged in different wars with various success; in the first he conquered the Gascons in 1062: but he was defeated in the second near St. Omer, by Robert and Trifon, counts of Flanders. He was not more fortunate against the English.

He was excommunicated by Urban II. in 1096, in the council of Clermont, for having

having seduced Bertrade the wife of Fulk, earl of Anjou, from her husband, and divorced queen BIRTHA his wife.

In this reign began the long war between the popes and the emperors, for the right of investitures to bishoprics and abbeys; and the holy war of the Christians against the Turks and Saracens in Asia, called the first crusade.

Philip was not of an enterprising genius: he chose to live in peace and quietness in his own kingdom, rather than leave it in quest of fame and glory. The eight last years of his life were sunk in inactivity and voluptuousness. He died at Melun, and was carried to the Abbey of St. Benedict, upon the Loire, where he was buried.

Lewis VI. surnamed the Gros, fortieth king of France, reigned 29 years.

1108.

Philip had entrusted to his son Lewis all the affairs of the kingdom some time before his death; and he conducted them with greater wisdom than could have been expected from his youth, and want of experience.

Lewis VI. was crowned at Orleans by the archbishop of Sens, which occasioned a controversy with the archbishop of Rheims, who pretended that it was his right to crown the kings of France.

Lewis began his reign by quelling the insolence of the barons, who refused to pay him their lawful obedience, being assisted by Henry I. king of England. He made war upon the English in Normandy; but he was defeated by Henry, who took the great standard of France, and carried it in triumph to Rouen. This war, which began in 1118, lasted upwards of three hundred years; for though it was interrupted by several treaties of peace, none of them were able to establish a good understanding between the two crowns.

Lewis adjudged the earldom of Flanders to William, duke of Normandy, nephew of Henry I. king of England, purely because he was an enemy to his uncle; his eldest son Philip having been killed by a fall from his horse. His son Lewis was crowned at Rheims by pope Innocent II. in 1131. To reunite the duchy of Aquitaine and the earldom of Poitou to the crown, the king concluded a marriage between Eleanor, daughter and heiress of duke William, and his son Lewis, in 1137. He founded the abbey of St. Victor before he died; and was buried at St. Denis. He was a polite, brave, and prudent prince. He reduced under his obedience almost all the lords of the king-

dom who had withdrawn themselves from their dependance upon the king. He left five sons, and one daughter; his fourth son was Peter de Courteney, from whom the present family of the Courtenays are descended.

Lewis VII. called the Young, forty-first king of France, reigned 43 years.

1137.

Lewis was in Aquitaine when his father died. The acquisition of that great province made him so powerful, that all the princes, subject to the crown, continued in perfect submission.

The second crusade began in 1147, most of the Christians having perished in the conquest of Syria. Lewis, by the persuasion of St. Bernard, departed for this expedition with an army of eighty thousand men, accompanied by most of the nobility in the kingdom. The emperor having done the same with a numerous army, Lewis was forced to raise the siege of Damascus, capital of Asia Minor, by the perfidy of the Syrians, and returned into his own dominions after this unsuccessful errantry.

He caused his marriage with Eleanor to be declared null by an assembly of prelates and great men of the kingdom, under pretence of consanguinity, in 1152. He married afterwards ADES, the daughter of Theobald, count of Champagne: and Eleanor immediately after her separation, married Henry, earl of Anjou, and duke of Normandy, declared successor to Stephen king of England. He became by this marriage the most powerful prince in Europe.

Philip, Lewis's son, was crowned at Rheims in 1179. Lewis after the ceremony went into England, to visit the tomb of Thomas Becket; and died at his return to Paris, aged 60, an inconsiderate, fickle, and superstitious monk. In his reign the university of Paris became first celebrated.

Philip II. surnamed Augustus, forty-second king of France, reigned forty-three years. 1180.

Philip was crowned again at Rheims with his consort Elizabeth of Hainault. He deprived the Jews of their estates, and banished them out of the kingdom, in 1182. He entered the territories of the English with an army, took the cities of Mons and Tours, and defeated the English wherever they opposed him.

Philip went with Richard I. king of England, to assist the Christians in Palestine, against the Infidels.

The third crusade began in 1190. A general assembly of the states granted the king leave to raise a tenth upon the possessions of all his subjects, which tax was called the Saladin.

The French laid siege to the city of Acre, upon the confines of Phenicea and Palestine, in 1191, and obliged the besiegers to surrender, in carrying the tower by assault. Upon which occasion Alberic, the king's marshal, was slain; which is the first time mention is made in history of a marshal of France being a considerable officer. After the reduction of Ptolemaid, Philip returned into France. On his arrival there, he entered the territories of the English with an army, and took several towns in Normandy during Richard's absence. This war continued almost six years.

Philip summoned John, king of England, to appear before the peers of France, there to be tried for the murder of Arthur, his nephew. John was declared a rebel for not appearing, and as such deprived of all his possessions in France. This decree was in part executed, for Philip reduced all Normandy under his obedience. Philip obtained a glorious victory at Bovines in 1214, against the emperor Otho, the earls of Flanders and Boulogne, and the English, his allies. Lewis, his son, a few days afterwards, vanquished the English forces in Poitou. Philip, after a long and glorious reign, died at Mante. He built Notre-Dame and the Louvre.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

SEVERAL motions and debates having occurred in the upper and lower rooms of our club since my last, I shall give a brief account of them, knowing that you cannot allot any great part of your diversified Miscellany to any one subject.

On the 27th ult. the lower room went upon the *nullum tempus* bill, brought in by the friends of the duke of P—t—d, to recover his grant of Inglewood-Forest, which has been given to Sir J—s L—th—r. The debates were long and interesting, many speeches being made both for and against the intended amendment. At nine o'clock a motion was made for the president to quit the chair, and the house to form itself into a committee; but the previous question being put, the lobby was cleared, and they divided, when the non-

MARCH, 1771.

amendment carried it by 9 votes; the numbers 164 to 155. As the majority were going into the room again, a gentleman, no member, whose name was Hunt, mixed along with them and went in; but being almost immediately discovered, he was ordered into custody, and the room divided a second time, when the numbers were as before. When the division was over Mr. Hunt was called to the bar, and questioned why he came in; he answered, "that he did it for no other reason than in hopes of getting into the gallery:" he was then asked, what members he knew? he replied, "he was acquainted with several; among others, he was known by Mr. Dunning and serjeant Glynn, and he ought to be known to the president, for he had been his client upwards of twenty years." The room, considering his coming in as an act of inadvertency, more than any designed offence, he was ordered to be discharged, and then (it being half past eleven) the assembly broke up.

On the 1st instant in the upper room the order of the day being read for the second reading of the bill, intitled, "An act to enable his majesty to licence a play-house in the town of Liverpool, in the county palatine of Lancaster,"

The said bill was accordingly read a second time.

It was then moved to commit the said bill.

The same was objected to.

After debate.

The question was put thereupon;

It was resolved in the affirmative.

Contents, 22 Proxies, 5 Content.

Not contents 21 Proxies, 2 not Content.

L—ds R—d—r and K—g protested against the bill.

On the 4th, the debate which arose in the lower room upon the bill for the more effectually raising a military force for the protection of the settlements and possessions of the East-India company, appeared to be carried on more free of m—st—l influence than any thing of equal importance since the revolution. The independent country gentlemen were pleased to see Sir G—t E—t and Mr. D—l, Mr. St—y, and L—d G—e G—ne, join so cordially in support of the bill; while on the other side, the gentlemen of the army, L—d B—n, Col. B—e, &c. were as heartily united in opposing even any discussion upon it. The division was almost *two to one* for the bill.

The 5th Mr. P—ll made the following motion in the same room: "That in the late negotiation with the court of Spain concerning Falkland's islands, his majesty's

S

ministers

ministers having neglected to demand an expiation of the oath of office taken by the Spanish governors in America, their general orders, and the established laws of America under which these governors pretend to act, and under which the court of Spain doth pretend to justify them in commencing hostilities, his majesty's rights and possessions in America remain thereby exposed, and liable to be disturbed by the said governors, under pretence of such oath of office, their general orders, and the established laws of America."—On the division, 43 were for the motion, and 130 against it.

The 6th the cause so long depending between the E—l of P—t and T—s Smith, attorney at law, which was tried at the last assizes at York, concerning a valuable lead-mine, and afterwards tried in the Court of Chancery before the lords commissioners, and given against the E—l at both places, was given, after twice hearing at the bar of the upper room, by a majority of seven voices, in favour of the E—l to have a new trial.

The same night the lower room came to the following resolutions on the supply, viz. That provision be made for the pay and cloathing of the militia for 1771. That 1,800,000 l. be granted for paying off Exchequer bills, made out by virtue of an act of last sessions.—And on the ways and means: that there be licensed an additional number of hackney-coaches, not exceeding two hundred; and that the new licences to be granted be extended to all places in the cities of London and Westminster, and the liberties thereof, and the limits of the weekly bills of mortality.

That there be reserved on every one of the said licences, five shillings per week, to be paid during the continuance of such licences; and also, that all the monies arising therefrom be applied in the same manner as the rents of hackney-coaches are directed by an act of the 10th of queen Anne.

Contents 17. not Contents 10.

On the 7th came on, in the lower-room, the Durham-yard embanking bill; upon which there were three divisions.

The first motion made by Mr. M—h was to the following effect: that the city should be restrained from examining evidence to the same points that had been amply proved in the committee; the numbers were 53 for the question, and 12 against it.

The foundation of the second question requires to be explained: a new petition appearing against the embankment, from

15 lightermen, out of more than 600, who navigate the Thames, the council for the city were asked, "Whether or not they were employed also by the petitioning lightermen?" They replied, "That they were for the city only; but, after hearing the debate on the former question, and being properly instructed by Mr. Alderman Townsend, they then said, "that they were credibly informed, that they were employed by the new petitioners, though it appeared they received neither brief nor fee."—A motion was then made, "Whether evidence should be examined for the new petitioners, whose petition was, *mutatis mutandis*, the same with that of the city; it having appeared, that the council were for the city only; though they were now credibly informed, that they were for the new petitioners also." It was carried not to indulge 15 out of 600 lightermen, by breaking through the established forms of the house. The numbers were 57 to 17.

The third question was, "Whether the city should be indulged in a long day, for an inquiry into their right to the soil of the river, or whether it should be discussed on the Friday following; their whole evidence arising from one roll of parchment, which their counsel pretended he could not read?" The numbers the Friday were 49 against 13.

On the 8th, a proclamation appeared in consequence of an address resolved upon the 4th from the lower room, promising a reward of fifty pounds for apprehending J. Wheble, (publisher of the Middlesex Journal) and R. Thompson (publisher of the Gazetteer) they not having obeyed an order of the room for attending, to answer a charge of their having in those papers misrepresented the speeches, and reflected on the members of that room. This proclamation had no effect till the 14th, when it produced a letter from John Wheble to the speaker, setting forth his reasons for not attending the room, in consequence of the order, inclosing counsellor Morris's opinion on his case.

The next day (the 15th) Wheble was brought before alderman Wilkes, at Guildhall, by Edward Twine Carpenter, a printer, being apprehended by him in consequence of the proclamation; when Wheble was discharged, and entered into recognizance to prosecute Carpenter at the next sessions, in London, for assaulting and unlawfully imprisoning Wheble. After which Mr. Wilkes wrote a letter to lord Halifax, as secretary of state, to acquaint him with the proceeding. The same evening

evening R. Thompson was apprehended for the same reason, and carried before Alderman Oliver, at the Mansion-house, when he was also discharged. The two persons who apprehended these publishers, had certificates of their having acted in pursuance of the proclamation, to obtain the reward of fifty-pounds.

On the 12th in the lower room great debates arose about ordering the printers to attend the room for printing the speeches. There were on this occasion 23 divisions, an instance of which has not, perhaps, before been known. Col. B——é, Mr. T——d, Mr. S——b——dge, Sir J——h M——b——y, and several other gentlemen, were advocates for the printers. Nevertheless, six printers were ordered to attend the 14th, after debating till five in the morning. Four of the six attended; namely, Baldwin, printer of the St. James's Chronicle, Wright, printer of the Whitehall Evening Post; Bladon, publisher of the General Evening, and Evans, publisher of the London Packet, (the last retired before he was called in.) W. Woodfall, who was also ordered to attend, was then before the upper room for another complaint. Baldwin and Wright received a reprimand upon their knees as printers, and Bladon escaped this punishment, as he pleaded he was only publisher.

Miller, who did not attend, was the next day taken up by a messenger. Mr. Miller, finding the messenger had no warrant from any magistrate of this city to take him into custody, sent for a constable, into whose charge he delivered him, and he was in consequence taken to the Mansion-house; when the lord-mayor appointed six o'clock for hearing the merits of the cause. At the hour appointed Mr. Miller and the messenger were brought before the lord-mayor, and Messrs. Aldermen Oliver and Wilkes; when, previous to the examination, the deputy-serjeant at arms appeared, and declared, that hearing the messenger was in custody, he was come, by order of the speaker, to demand that the said messenger, together with John Miller, should be delivered up to him; but his lordship proceeded in the business, and declared, that the seizing a freeman of London in that city, without a warrant signed by a magistrate of the said city, was contrary to its laws and constitution; he therefore discharged Mr. Miller. Mr. M. then fully proved, by three witnesses, the assault made upon him by the messenger, when he was ordered to give bail, to take his

trial at the quarter sessions to be holden for this city, when several gentlemen present offered to be bound for his appearance; but this having been absolutely refused, the lord-mayor ordered a warrant to be made out for his commitment, which was signed by his lordship, and Messrs. Oliver and Wilkes. The deputy serjeant then, and not till then, declared, that he had orders to refuse giving bail for the messenger till after the lord-mayor should have signed the commitment (supposing that his lordship would not have proceeded so far) but that, now having seen the commitment signed, he was willing to give the bail required, and it was accordingly accepted. The deputy-serjeant then returned to make his report.

In consequence of this, on the 18th, the lord-mayor and alderman Oliver were ordered upon a division of 250 to 80, to attend the lower-room, *in their places*, which they accordingly did the next day.

On Tuesday the 19th, after the lord-mayor had informed the room that he thought himself obliged by the oath he had taken as lord-mayor, to preserve the liberties of the citizens of London, &c. granted by several charters, he desired he might be heard by council on that point. Debates ensued hereupon, and he was suffered to retire on complaining he was very ill. Mr. Wilkes was ordered to attend next day.

On Wednesday the 20th, great debates arose again upon the subject, which were carried in favour of the M——ry, 194 against 83: whereby the lord mayor was allowed to have council; but not to plead contrary to the privileges of the room; the messenger's recognizance was erased out of the lord-mayor's book, and it was resolved, "That no other prosecution, suit, or proceeding, be commenced, or carried on, for, or on account of the said pretended assault, or false imprisonment."

Mr. Wilkes did not attend, but wrote a letter to the speaker, to acquaint him that as no notice was taken of him in the order, as a member, and as he was not required to attend in his place, he did not think proper to comply.

Mr. Evans, the publisher of the London Packet, also sent a letter (dated the 19th) assigning his reasons for not attending the house, in consequence of the second order, founded upon the same reasons as those of Mr. Miller, &c.

On the 15th, W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning Chronicle, attended the upper-room, in consequence of their order; when

when he was condemned to be imprisoned one month in Newgate, and fined 100*l.* for having inserted in his paper, the Friday before, a paragraph reflecting on the members of that room; but upon a petition presented the 20th, setting forth the present situation of that prison, the rooms in the press-yard being lately pulled down, and there remaining no other choice for a state prisoner, but to be put among the felons, or on the debtor's-side, which is at present much crowded with prisoners, he was immediately released.

On Friday the 22d, the speaker informed the lower-room that the lord-mayor had by letter acquainted him, that his late attendance upon that room had increased his disorder, that he was at present unable to go abroad; but would attend in his place, as soon as his health would permit.

On Monday the 25th, the lord-mayor, and alderman Oliver, attended in their places.

Mr. W—re E—s moved, that the discharging of the printer of the London Evening Post out of the custody of the messenger, was a breach of privilege. George O—, esq; seconded.

Sir George S—e moved the previous question.

A long debate ensued.

At length the room divided on the previous question; 272 against, and 90 for it.

The debates relative to the lord-mayor turned principally upon these three points, censure, expulsion, or the Tower. Very early in the evening they had divided twice; and the numbers on the second division, which was an adjournment, were 214. yeas to 97 nays.

Sir George S—e, and some other members were of opinion, that by refusing to hear council to the whole defence of the lord-mayor and city of London, the room had put itself out of the capacity of a just procedure in any future step in that cause; he therefore moved the previous question, declaring that if it was not carried, he would think it his duty to retire from that business.

The lord-mayor finding his strength exhausted, and being utterly unable to bear the pain and fatigue any longer, begged permission to retire; which being granted, he returned to the city, attended as before by a vast concourse of people, who took the horses from his coach, and drew it all the way to the Mansion-house, testifying their approbation of his lordship's conduct by the loudest acclamations and repeated shouts of applause.

A motion was afterwards made "that Richard Oliver, esq; a member of this assembly, having signed a warrant for the commitment of the messenger of this room for having executed the warrant of the speaker, issued under an order of this room, and having held the said messenger to bail, is guilty of a breach of the privilege of this assembly: the question was then put, "That Richard Oliver, esq; alderman of the city of London, and a member of this assembly, be for his said offence committed to the Tower of London."

An amendment was then proposed to leave out the words, "Committed to the Tower of London," and to insert, "Reprimanded by Mr. Speaker in his place." After a long debate, the commitment was agreed to, 170 for it, and 38 against it.

In the course of the debate Mr. William B—ke said, "that no part of the business, from the complaint to the judgment, had been wisely, or equitably conducted; that he would therefore wish them a good night." A few minutes after, lord George G—ne, Mr. C—all, and six or seven more, withdrew. Colonel B—é afterwards spoke with much force and vehemence against their proceedings, and then left the room, with many more. Mr. Edmund B—e stood a little longer; he spoke so low that he could scarcely be heard. His speech, as much as could be distinguished at some distance, was lamenting the miserable conduct of the room, in which hardly any thing prudent was left for them to do, and that they had chosen the most imprudent of all the methods in their power. He then retired: very few of the minority were left.

Mr. Alderman Oliver behaved in a manner suitable to his former conduct, and persevered in his opinion. Mr. J. T—d, though extremely ill, supported himself with great firmness. Mr. S—e and he declared, that had their situation been the same with that of the mayor, they would have acted in the same manner. They denied the charge of opposing the just privileges of that assembly, in sending for evidence, or committing for manifest contempts; but they distinguished these cases from the wanton calling before them any persons on trivial, or no occasions, merely for the vexatious and oppressive exercise of their power.

Wednesday the 27th, the lord-mayor went in his coach, much afflicted with the gout, accompanied by alderman Wilkes in his mother's chariot to the lower room,

(the

(the alderman waiting at the King's-Arms tavern during the sitting) when after long debates, and two divisions, the first 239 to 30; and the last 202 to 39, the lord-mayor was committed to the Tower, with leave to return to the Mansion-house, and lie there that night.

These debates continued till past twelve, when his lordship returned in his coach, without horses as before, drawn by the populace. When they entered the city at Temple-Bar, a stop was made for some minutes, the populace crying, "*Out with the serjeant.*" But the lord-mayor interceding for him to the bye-standers, the coach was permitted to pass on to the Mansion-house without farther interruption.

A. T.

The Session of Parliament in Ireland was opened February 26th, 1771, with the following Speech from Lord Viscount TOWNSHEND, Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, to both Houses of Parliament, at Dublin.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

IT is with the truest satisfaction that I obey his majesty's commands to meet you again in parliament.

The affection which his majesty bears to his faithful subjects of Ireland, and his readiness to concur with you in every measure which may conduce to their prosperity, have determined his majesty to call you together at this time, that you may take into your serious consideration such laws as shall be found to be immediately necessary for the general good of this country.

The present high price of corn is an object of the first importance, and demands your utmost attention; and I also recommend to you the continuance or revival of such laws as from experience have proved of advantage to the public.

I have particular pleasure in being able to inform you that not only the usual bounties on the exportation of Irish linens have been continued by the British parliament; but that they have been still further extended, a circumstance which I hope will be productive of beneficial effects to that manufacture.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

As I have reason to expect that with very strict œconomy the duties, which were granted last session of parliament, and which will not expire until Christmas next, may be sufficient to answer the expences of his majesty's government, I am not now to ask for any further supply.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

The increase of his majesty's royal family by the birth of another princess since the last session of parliament is an event in which we are all interested, and must afford us the sincerest pleasure.

His majesty's paternal care of this kingdom requires every return of gratitude on your part, and I have no doubt, from your known loyalty, that you will manifest your sense of his goodness by the temper and unanimity of your proceedings.

I rejoice in this opportunity of co-operating with you for the public welfare, and I flatter myself our endeavours will be mutual to bring this session to a speedy and happy conclusion.

On the 4th of March, the house of lords presented their address to his majesty, together with their address to the Lord Lieutenant, to him at the Castle. The following lords protested against that part of the address to the king, which returns his majesty thanks for continuing Lord Townshend in the vice-royalty.

Leinster,	Molesworth,
Louth,	Mornington,
Powerscourt,	Beckwith,
Lisle,	Moir,
Shannon,	Mountcashell,
Longford,	Charlemount,
Balinglass,	Bellamont.
Laneborough,	

The House of Commons unanimously resolved, (on the second) an address in which they expressed themselves concerning the Lord Lieutenant in the following terms.

"We return our most humble thanks to your majesty, for continuing his Excellency the Lord Viscount Townshend in the government of this kingdom, from whose approved integrity, and from whose long knowledge and experience of us and our sentiments, we are persuaded a just representation will be made of our loyalty and duty to the best of princes."

To the PRINTER of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IN an age of general indulgence and dissipation, too great commendation cannot possibly be paid the Westminster justices, by the few remaining friends of virtue and the constitution, for the vigorous and effectual support they have given the informants against one of the greatest pests of society in modern times, the syren of

of destruction in Soho-square, who, like another Circe, is constantly employed in weakening the restraints of virtue, and heightening the gusto of false pleasure, by every adscititious embellishment that can make the descent to vice, sensuality, and insignificance, more enchanting and voluptuous. To obviate which, those worthy magistrates have boldly thrown open the portals of justice, and stepped forth in support of decency and order, and the insulted laws of their country: notwithstanding the threats of a confederacy formed to support her interest amongst the tattered shreds of n—y and dissolute commoners who attend her nocturnal orgies, and encourage her extravagance; for certainly those deserve no better epithets, however great and elevated in rank and fortune, who dare attempt to trample on the laws they have enacted, and have changed the comely garb of public and private virtue, which sat so graceful on their forefathers, for the insipid frivolity and infidelity of modern *je n-maitris*, who take greater pleasure in listening to the squalling of an Eunuch, and aping brutes at a masquerade, than in supporting their real dignity as patriots, or gentlemen of independent fortunes in their proper stations.

I have often amused myself with drawing a parallel between the manly, spirited pursuits and conduct of our ancient nobility and gentry, who lived independent on their estates in an hospitable manner in the country, diffusing joy and gladness around them, rough, bold, and hardy to pursue the sports of the field, or wield the spear and battle-ax against the enemies of their country, and their present, weak, sickly, degenerate, puny successors, who tremble at the appearance of fatigue and danger, and know no toils but those of the toilet, where they spend more time in a day, than their great grand-mothers did in seven; disguising themselves with powder, essence, and washes, till their sweet faces have lost all the distinguishing traits of sex and gender, and every beholder is ready to take them for females in disguise; for their manners and sentiments are as effeminate as their dress and appearance, a motley kind of beings who having caught the contagion of every vice and folly on the continent, in their travels, import them on their return to contaminate the principles and customs of their native country. Such are the descendants of those glorious barons who fought at Cressy and Poitiers, and challenged and secured from tyrants the

great charter of liberty, which they are endeavouring to subvert and render ineffectual by venality and corruption, and a tame and abject submission to court favour, both in their private and senatorial capacities; who never think of matrimony till disease and penury remind them of a dower, and chaster connections, and when fleeced at the hazard table, sell their votes and interest to the minister for present subsistence.

Where general luxury prevails, liberty cannot long reside; she, sweet goddess, is the hand-maid of industry and commerce, and her supporters are temperance and fortitude: in her right-hand is the scepter of equity, and in her left, the horn of plenty; and yet so ungrateful are mortals, that they suffer the blessings she confers to contribute to her total extinction; of which her sad fate, amongst the Grecian and Roman republics, is a melancholy proof. Similar causes will always produce similar effects: it is therefore wise and magnanimous in our magistrates, to curb the licentiousness of the people as much as possible in the capital, and convince those of birth and fortune they are equally subject to the controul of penal laws with the meanest of their fellow-subjects. In them licentiousness is doubly criminal, and profligacy productive of the most baneful effects, by subverting the foundations of religion and morality, and introducing anarchy and confusion amongst the subordinate ranks in the state. Encouraged by their example, already we see the ordinances of the church more and more ridiculed and despised by the vulgar and illiterate, marriage neglected, gaming encouraged, intrigues carried on; and an affectation of dress and ostentation prevailing, inconsistent with their circumstances. And are not these strong symptoms of the weakness and cachectic state of the body politic, which, if not timely remedied, must soon produce a fatal change, or dissolution of one of the most perfect and equal forms of government that ever the wisdom or genius of man contrived for permanency, happiness, and true glory? As a lover of my country, therefore, I cannot but warn the magistrates in general of our danger, and earnestly exhort them to pursue the same great line of action with the Westminster justices, by enforcing the laws against every new species of luxury and dissipation; and when the laws are defective for suppressing the hydra-headed monster, which assumes such various forms and appearances, let me encourage them to apply to parliament for

for fresh powers, penalties, and restrictions, that our children may not have reason to curse our weakness and timidity, in suffering them to be habituated to modes and fashions of life inconsistent with their present and immortal interests; and to be duped and gulled by a parcel of needy eunuchs, trumpets, and buffoons.

W—t—y,
Feb. 21, 1771.

M.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have sent you the inclosed letter which I have just received from a friend at Paris, for the entertainment of your readers.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

Piccadilly,

And admirer,

March 20.

R. B.

Paris, March 12, 1771.

S I R,

AS I know your curiosity with respect to every thing that relates to madame Du Barré, the following chit-chat of this metropolis may not be disagreeable to you.

This lady, since her elevation to power and influence at the court of Versailles, is haughty and insolent even to her royal benefactor, of which she has given a recent instance. One evening this Lent she had assisted at a concert *spirituel*, and on her return to the *petit souper* in her own apartment, found that her paramour had made pretty free with *la soupe anglaise* (anylike rum punch); when he said to her, with a hic-cough, "*Madame, estes vous grije?*" to which she replied, "*Non, monsieur, je suis brune, à l'ordinaire, mais je vois que vous êtes gris d'haut en bas.*"

The sequel of this ill-timed repartee, it is assured, has been fatal to the haughty beauty. The king, piqued at her insolence, retired to rest alone that night: he went the next day to Marli, without madame Barré, where he saw a black eyed *fille*, who caught his present unsettled heart. The girl in question is named Mazelot, and was in no higher rank than that of a milliner; neither hath she any extraordinary personal charms, and her mental endowments are as yet unknown: she is, however, it must be acknowledged, a genteel figure, and is very vivacious.

This, probably, will be but a transitory attachment, if madame Barré is prudent enough to make a concession for her ill-timed *jeu de mots*. In the mean while, this affair is in the mouths of all Paris; and the event is waited for with the most eager impatience, particularly by the friends of *Cosifant*, whom some pretend are the instigators of mademoiselle Mazelot's conduct.

I am, &c.

J. L—t.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The entertainment and satisfaction I have received from the perusal of your interesting Miscellany, have made me ambitious of becoming your occasional correspondent, which I will, with your permission, appear in the character of *The Man of Pleasure*. I have accordingly sent you the first Number, which I propose continuing when the *cacothés scribendi* prevails.

Pall Mall,
March 10.

A. B. C. D.

The MAN of PLEASURE. N^o I.

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
For, not to live at ease, is not to live.
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying
hour

Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live whilst thou livest, for death will make
us all,

A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.

DRYDEN'S PERSEUS.

PASSIONS are the gales of life; when these once subside the bark remains becalmed: the pilot of our wishes quits the rudder, our desires are regulated, and every impulse to action is suppressed. Such a state of apathy the most rigid philosophy must condemn, as it degrades humanity beneath the animal creation, and reduces it even below an automaton.

Nature, that kind and indulgent mother, hath not only given us appetites, but strongly pointed their objects: she has bestowed nothing in vain, and whilst we make her our guide, we cannot err. Wherefore the true man of pleasure is he who does not attempt to suppress, but regulate his passions: the good things of this world are not pernicious from their use,

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but their abuse: the gorged glutton pays a severe tax for his brutality; and the penalties of intoxication far surpass the joys of the inebriating cup. A debauchee of every class is indeed the very direct opposite to a man of pleasure.

When we consider the delicate mechanism of our frame, and that the smallest irregularity must disorder some part of it, he who is desirous of preserving his health, without which there can be no real enjoyment, will shun intemperance as the bane of felicity: yet in the commerce of the world, it is almost impossible to avoid, at all periods, associating with those whose pursuits or dispositions prompt them to an eccentric conduct; and as the character of a valetudinarian is equally to be shunned as that of a professed libertine, a sacrifice will become sometimes necessary to your friends, though it be at the price of a head-ach, or the loss of appetite the next day. But those whose constant vigils are devoted to Bacchus or Plutus, and conceive every hour lost that is not employed in the circulation of the glass, or the shuffling of the cards, are so far from being men of pleasure, that the dreadful chasms of their lives, unoccupied in their favourite pursuits, are attended with all the horrors of reflexion, and the keen anguish of self-condemnation, added to an impaired constitution.

Whilst I explode a too constant attention to play, I would not be understood to condemn a social party at whist or quadrille for a few hours, to relax the mind, and give it time to recover its necessary vigour to pursue more laudable studies. Books, doubtless, form the greatest solace bestowed on mortals: to converse familiarly with the most celebrated geniuses of ancient and modern times, is the highest gratification to a man of taste and sentiment. To view the revolutions of states in the historic page: to find the greatest characters of our own and other nations delineated with truth and impartiality: to trace the different laws, customs, and manners of various nations, afford at once instruction and entertainment of the noblest kind; yet even here the line should be drawn, lest too close an application might impair those organs which communicate health and vigour.

Exercise is absolutely necessary to keep this curious machine in a proper state, and none is more natural than walking, though at present unfashionable: the man of pleasure may, therefore, be allowed to ride, to dance, to fence, play at tennis,

or any athletic game, provided he is not too passionately fond of it, or it does ingross too much of his time: for the true art of enjoying *Life*, is to play off our different appetites against each other, that neither should predominate. It may be compared to a well made *olio*, where you have a proper relish of every thing that is good, without determining to which particular ingredient you owe the excellence of the dish.

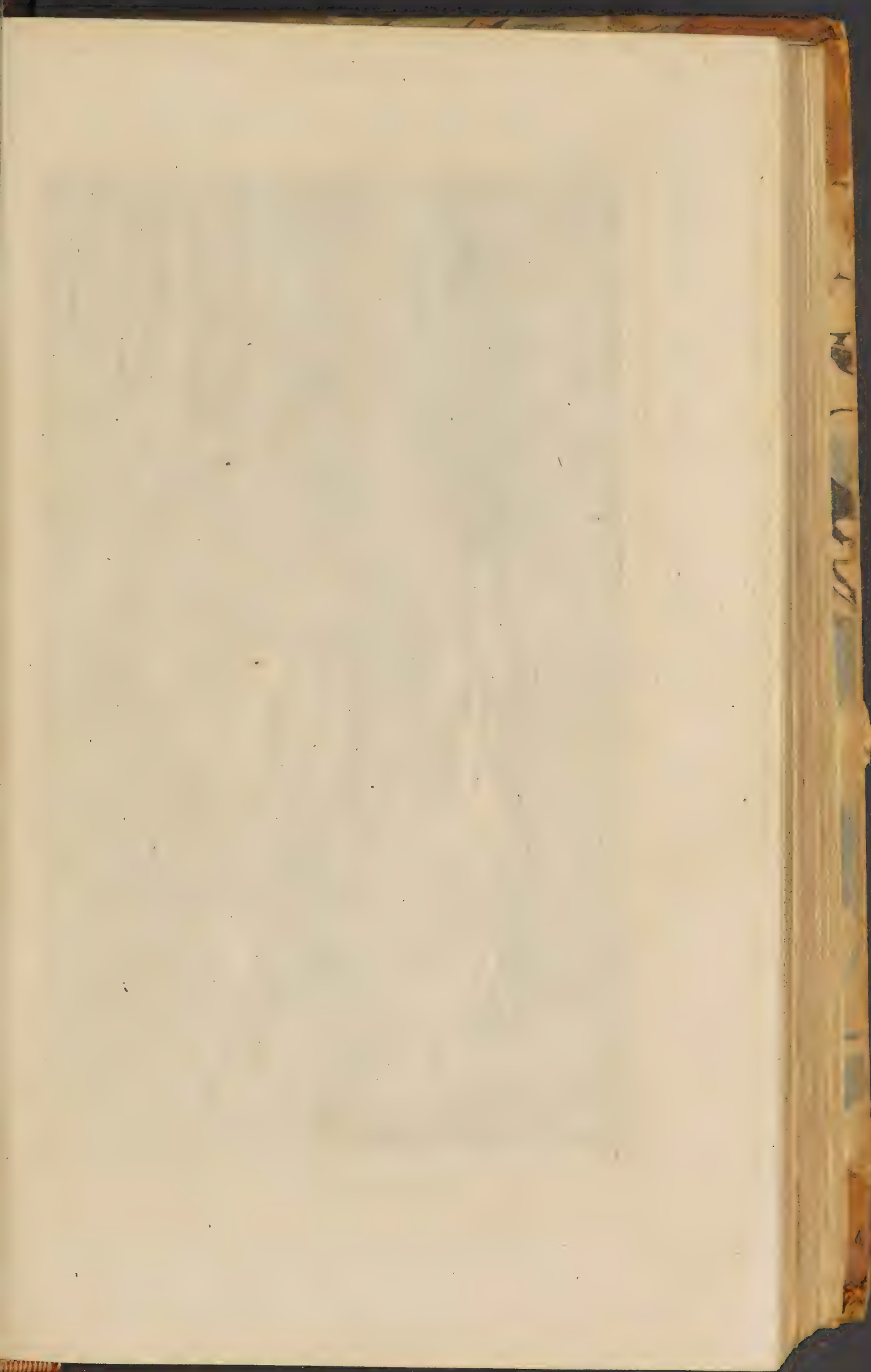
The true man of pleasure should be a scholar and a gentleman; he should have perused books, and read the world. He should have travelled, to surmount those prejudices which we are apt to imbibe and retain, for want of a personal knowledge of foreign nations. He should be a master of the genteel exercises, and even fashionable games, as they at once afford recreation and exercise, so conducive to health. He should have an intercourse with the polite world, to polish his manners, and give him a just notion of taste and elegance: for even the happy medium of dress should not be an object beneath his attention. He should likewise have a due respect for the refined conversation of the fair sex, who give a zest to all our pursuits, and prompt us to the noblest actions of our lives.

If such is the character of the man of pleasure, he hopes for the correspondence of the learned and ingenious, and flatters himself that even the ladies will not think him unworthy of their notice; and though he shall be so vain as to publish their favours, he is convinced, that instead of diminishing, it will increase their reputations.

ANECDOTE of FONTENELLE.

HE tells us that at an age when he was the most amorous, "my mistress left me, for another lover. As soon as I learnt the disagreeable news, I went to her and upbraided her infidelity: she listened to me, and replied with a smile," "Fontenelle, when I made choice of you, it was pleasure that induced me to give you the preference: I now find more with another: would you have me give up a greater pleasure for a less? Be just, and answer me." "Faith," said Fontenelle, "you are in the right; and if you will not allow me to be any longer your lover, permit me, at least, to be your friend."

There seems to be more philosophy than passion in this reply.





The fatal Interview.

The FATAL INTERVIEW.

A MORAL TALE.

Illustrated with an elegant Engraving.

MISS Melcombe, a young heiress with a large fortune, had a numerous train of admirers. Two of them were professed lovers, and exerted themselves with equal spirit and assiduity to gain her affections. As they were both extremely amiable, and agreeable also, she knew not well to whom to give the preference for some time; but the singularly tender behaviour of one of them, on her being thrown from her horse in Hyde-Park, turned the scale of her inclination in his behalf, and she, from that day, received him with particular marks of her favour.

The name of the successful lover was Huntley: he was of an exceeding good family, and had a genteel fortune, but, according to the language of the *world*, he was far inferior to the lady whom he addressed. However, as Miss Melcombe was not of a mercenary disposition, she preferred him to his rival; whose fortune was superior to her own. Mr. Dighton was highly deserving of her esteem; but she thought she saw more affectionate propensities, more sensibility, and more domestic virtues, in Mr. Huntley.

Mr. Dighton, when he found himself absolutely rejected, was so deeply chagrined at his disappointment, having presumed not a little upon his person as well as his pocket, that he set out immediately for the continent, in order to recover the tranquillity of his mind by travel.

One day while Miss Melcombe was with a secret satisfaction reflecting upon the happiness which she should, probably, enjoy by being united to Mr. Huntley, and wishing to hear him make a verbal declaration of his passion for her, which had only been (so much was he checked by natural diffidence) discoverable in his looks, a female friend of hers, a Miss Dillingham, called to make her a morning visit.

Miss Dillingham was the daughter of a half-pay officer upon the Irish establishment: he had besides his half-pay a small annuity; but as his whole income was in no proportion to his taste, he was always in strait circumstances. He had good principles, and paid his debts with a laudable punctuality; but he could not, with all his oeconomy, lay up a shilling at the end of the year. Charlotte Dillingham, inheriting her father's taste, (her mother died a few hours after she was born) felt the narrowness of his finances

MARCH, 1771.

severely, and therefore it was the perpetual study of her life to set off the charms which nature had given her to the utmost advantage, and make the best use she could of the accomplishments she had acquired at the boarding-school at which she had been educated. Miss Melcombe and Miss Dillingham were brought up at the same school. The former took a fancy to the latter, and did not, upon coming into the possession of her fortune, forget her favourite companion in her girlish days.

Miss Dillingham having coquetted a good deal with Huntley, in hopes of drawing him from her friend, (she had few scruples of any kind), was cruelly mortified when she found that an alliance between them was in great forwardness, and determined to put a stop, if possible, to proceedings of which she could not think with the least composure.

When the usual compliments were exchanged between them, Miss Dillingham accosted Miss Melcombe in the following manner: "I am going to communicate a little piece of intelligence to you, my dear friend, which will give you, I am aware, some uneasiness."

"Give me some uneasiness!"

"Yes; for I imagine that any intelligence to the prejudice of Mr. Huntley will be unwelcome to your ears."

"To Mr. Huntley's prejudice!" replied she, colouring, and looking very much concerned at the same time. "You surprise me, I confess, because he is mentioned every where in the handsomest terms."

"Why indeed I had myself a very high opinion of Mr. Huntley till last night; but after what I have heard concerning him, I cannot help beholding him in a very different point of view; and I am now come, out of pure friendship, to communicate it, that you may not rashly throw yourself away upon a man who is not entitled to the partiality which you, I know, feel for him: but if"—

"For Heaven's sake, my good girl," replied Miss Melcombe, eagerly interrupting her, "be quick with your communications, for I am on the rack to hear what calumny has invented to lessen his uncommon merit."

Just when she had pronounced these words with an unusual vehemence, arising from the various emotions which Charlotte had excited in her gentle bosom, Mr. Huntley entered the room.

Miss Melcombe's face glowed like fire at his entrance, and her mind was painfully agitated. Very unwilling was she to

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suppose that her lover had done any thing to forfeit the regard which she had entertained for him; but Charlotte had alarmed her, had roused her curiosity, and she ardently wished, at that interesting juncture, and for the first time, for Huntley's absence.

Three more embarrassed figures were perhaps never seen. Miss Dillingham's agitations, though different, were not less tormenting than Miss Melcombe's; and Huntley was so exceedingly confounded, so dispirited, by the coolness with which he was received, that he quitted the room soon after he made his appearance in it. He quitted it almost driven to despair, and in the highest degree perplexed. So considerable, so mortifying an alteration in the woman who till then had given him sufficient encouragement to open his heart to her, though he had not been able to conquer his timidity, and to make his tongue articulate his wishes, was an inexplicable enigma: the more he exercised his intellects to come at a solution of it, the more entangled were his ideas.

The departure of Huntley gave Miss Melcombe an opportunity to pre's for the gratification of her curiosity, and she seized it.

"Now, Charlotte," said she, "tell me all that you have heard relating to Mr. Huntley. I am deeply, too deeply interested in every thing relating to him."

"Mr. Huntley is a married man," said Charlotte, with a solemn and compassionating face; but on perceiving the shock which those few words had given to the features of her friend, she turned about to hide a malicious smile which she felt rising in her own.

"Married!" cried Miss Melcombe, with an astonished countenance, and fell back in her chair: however, soon recovering herself, she added, "but are you sure he is? If he is married, farewell happiness!—Are you sure, I say, that he is married?"

"I cannot absolutely swear that he is married," replied Charlotte; "but a lady in the country, with whom I have been long intimately acquainted, and whose veracity was never questioned, has assured me in a letter that Mr. Huntley was married some years ago to a low-bred artful girl, who drew him in when he was in a state of intoxication, to make her his wife."

To render this galling intelligence the less disputable, Charlotte mentioned the name of the lady who had transmitted it to her.

As Miss Melcombe had always looked upon Mrs. Mendish in the most respectable light, and almost venerated her character, she felt herself insensibly impelled to give credit to the account which she had communicated with regard to her lover; but having no words ready to express her sensations upon the occasion, she burst into tears.

Charlotte pitied her friend with her lips, but every tear which dropped from that friend's eyes delighted her envious heart. Having thrown her mind into such exquisite confusion, she rose, and wished her most cordially a good morning. "I hope Mrs. Mendish has been misinformed, my dear," added she, while she went down stairs, "it is a lying world; we must not believe half what we hear."

Miss Melcombe was not to be told that the world was full of lies; but Charlotte's last words were very insufficient to heal the wounds which the preceding ones had inflicted.

Charlotte went home directly, and dispatched a note to Mr. Huntley's lodgings, desiring the favour of his company as soon as possible, as she had particular business with him.

Huntley was at his lodgings when the note arrived, reflecting with an inexpressible disquietude on the forbidding reception he had met with from Miss Melcombe. He read it with some surprise, and could not conceive what Miss Dillingham meant by her *particular business*; but hoping from the intimacy between her and his Maria to have the sudden change in the carriage of the latter to him developed, he hurried to Westminster on the wings of curiosity, but in a fluttered condition.

The salutation between them was short, Huntley, eager to know why he had been summoned in so urgent a manner, very soon intreated Miss Dillingham to give him the wished for intelligence; and she, quite ready to explain herself, addressed him in the following terms: "I took the liberty, Sir, to beg the favour of you to come hither, because I had something of consequence to communicate to you. Your appearance, your disconcerted appearance, this morning, at Miss Melcombe's, made me very unhappy. I could not help pitying the embarrassment into which you was thrown by her altered behaviour."

"Altered indeed, madam, cruelly altered! I was never so shocked in my life. Can you account for it, Miss Dillingham? you are her bosom friend, perhaps you can account for it."

"I am

"I am extremely sorry to inform you, Sir," replied she, shaking her head, and putting on a look full of compassion, "that I can account for it; I wish, with all my heart I wish, that I could suppress what I know concerning the singular change which you have observed in her carriage to you: I wish I could exculpate my friend from the charge of caprice; but we are all fickle creatures, Mr. Huntley. Maria has received a very moving letter from Mr. Dighton."

"From Mr. Dighton! distraction! Then I have no hopes of being re-instated in her favour."

"Mr. Dighton is in a declining state at Montpellier, and the contents of his letter has affected her so much, that she is determined to give him her hand on his return to England; as he assures her, in the most pathetic language, that his recovery depends entirely upon her consent to be indissolubly united to him."

Huntley sat for some moments without uttering a syllable, seemingly buried in thought: he then started up, took his leave with abruptness, and left the house with precipitation.

Early next morning he set out to a little estate he had in Berkshire. Before he had travelled many miles, however, he began to repent of his having resolved to give up his mistress entirely, without being actually discarded by her, and therefore ordered the chaise back to London.

In a short time after his arrival he repaired to Miss Melcombe's apartments.

Miss Melcombe having, after Charlotte's departure, reflected seriously for a considerable time, upon what she had related to her, could not restrain herself from writing to Mrs. Mendish upon the occasion, though she never had visited her, nor corresponded with her: not that she in the least suspected Charlotte of having deceived her with regard to that lady's intelligence; but still prejudiced as she was in Huntley's favour, she was willing to hope that Mrs. Mendish herself might have been imposed upon by a malicious and artful circulator of scandal, and therefore pressed her very earnestly to make the strictest enquiry into the report concerning Mr. Huntley's marriage about which she had written to Miss Dillingham.

Having sent her letter to the post, she bade her servant refuse Mr. Huntley admittance, not chusing to see her lover till she received a satisfactory answer from Mrs. Mendish.

Huntley was so totally unhinged by his dismissal, and his spirits were so much

depressed, that he got into his chaise a second time in order to pay a visit to his estate, in a very melancholy situation.

In that situation he remained several days: he was then seized with a slow fever, which gradually increasing, became formidable. He was attended by an eminent physician, who was also his intimate friend, and as celebrated for his successful prescriptions, as for his humane and tender behaviour to his patients; but that friend, that physician, could not save his life. Finding that he was absolutely given over, he intreated doctor ——— to go from him to Miss Melcombe, and to endeavour to prevail on her to come and see him before he died.

When the doctor had delivered his dying friend's message to Miss Melcombe, she was in the most agitated situation imaginable. She had not received any sort of answer from Mrs. Mendish: she was still in a state painfully perplexing with regard to her lover's marriage; yet she knew not how, humanity would not permit her, at so critical a juncture, to refuse his request: she, therefore, after a little hesitation, declared her intention to set out directly to Mr. Huntley's house in Berkshire.

As soon as her name was announced, Huntley felt a fluttering at his heart; but it was a fluttering of delight, as he had, after the departure of the doctor, disquieted himself considerably by fearing that she would not condescend, supposing her to be now as much attached to Mr. Dighton as she had appeared to be to him, to indulge him with a *last* interview. He was fluttered at the mention of her name. On her entrance into the room, he fainted upon his pillow.

The doctor, who had accompanied Miss Melcombe, and who led her towards the bed-side, perceiving that she was extremely affected at the sight of the pitiable object before her, stretched his hand to bring a chair, at a little distance, nearer to him, and having placed her gently in it, begged her not to be alarmed, as Mr. Huntley was only in one of his fainting-fits.

In a few moments Huntley recovered, Miss Melcombe then quitting her chair, approached the bed-side, and with looks, and with a voice strongly expressive of compassion, asked him how he did.

"I am dying, madam," replied he, with a feeble voice, raising up his head: "but this kind condescension in you will make me happier in my last moments than I should otherwise have been; and though I am not conscious of having done any thing

thing to deserve the loss of your regard, I sincerely wish you may never know an uneasy hour with Mr. Dighton, whose moving letter from France induced you to abandon *me*.

"How, Sir!" said Miss Melcombe, full of astonishment. "Is he not delirious, doctor?" added she, in a whisper to him aside.

"No, madam, answered Huntley," overhearing her, "I am not delirious, though I am dying. I must again tell you, that I impute the sudden alteration in your behaviour to me to the letter which you received from Mr. Dighton."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said she, "you amaze me, I never received a line from Mr. Dighton in my life."

"Miss Dillingham then"—

"Miss Dillingham? what of her?"

"She told me that you had received a letter from Mr. Dighton at Montpellier, in a declining state, and that you had determined to give him your hand on his return to England, in consequence of his having assured you, that his recovery depended entirely upon your consenting to be married to him."

This intelligence occasioned a violent commotion in Miss Melcombe's mind. She was now necessarily led to imagine, that Charlotte had also invented the information which had given her so much concern, and with more than ever for an answer from Mrs. Madish. Almost distracted with what she had heard, and severely reproaching herself for her credulity, she fell back into the chair which she had quitted, and burst into tears.

Huntley at that instant cried out, "This, this, is too much, these tears pierce me to the soul.—O Charlotte, Charlotte!"

"Yes—Charlotte—cruel Charlotte, has destroyed us both. But live—live, my dear Huntley—(starting up)—we will laugh at all her malice—shan't we, Sir?" fixing her eyes wildly upon the doctor.

The doctor, finding that her head began to be affected by the melancholy scene before her, and by the discovery which her lover had made, would have conducted her into another room; but she sprung from him, and said, "No, Sir, I will not leave him while he is alive."

At that moment Huntley fell into strong convulsions, and in those convulsions soon afterwards expired.

Maria screamed when she heard the final groan, and sunk to the floor, on which

she lay for some time with hardly any signs of life; and it was with great difficulty that she was removed, when she came to her senses, from the mournful spot: with still greater difficulty was she prevailed on to leave a house in which she had received so dreadful a shock to her spirits. Repeatedly did she importune those who busied themselves in administering to her all the relief in their power, to allow her to view the corpse of her departed lover. They had too much consideration for her to comply with her intreaties. When the first sallies of her grief were over, reason began to operate with less and less interruption, and the humane doctor, partly by argument, partly by persuasion, convinced her of the propriety of a speedy return to London.

Scarce had she sat down in her own house, when her servant put a letter into her hands which the post-man had brought a few hours before. It contained the following lines:

"Madam,

"I was from home when your letter arrived here, or should have answered it sooner. I cannot conceive what Miss Dillingham meant by attempting to make me pass for the writer of a falsehood. Be assured that I never, at any time, mentioned Mr. Huntley in any of my letters to her: be assured also, that I firmly believe Miss Dillingham was instigated by envy to endeavour to make you imagine that Mr. Huntley was married. I always thought my lively friend in a violent hurry to be married, but I never suspected her of being guilty of so scandalous a proceeding. Wishing you a great deal of happiness with Mr. Huntley, who is extremely well spoken of in all companies, I am,

Madam,

Your very humble servant,

A. MENDISH."

P. S. I shall have no farther connections with Miss Dillingham: she is a very dangerous girl.

This letter had it arrived the day before might have given Miss Melcombe the highest satisfaction; but the perusal of it planted daggers in her heart, and the reflections which crowded into her mind on the perfidy of her friend, added to those on the death of her lover, flung her into a disorder that soon carried her to her grave.

Charlotte,

Charlotte, being shunned by every body who was acquainted with the share which she had in bringing two of the most amiable people in the world to untimely ends, lost her senses, and in a flight of frenzy, she one day cut an artery in her arm, and expired before the blood could be stopped.

The UNFORTUNATE RELAPSE.

A MORAL TALE.

SIR Charles Mildmay, a gay young baronet, with a large estate, happening to meet with an English girl at Paris just when she was in a little *embarras* occasioned by the death of the gentleman who kept her, was so struck with her beauty, and charmed with her vivacity, that he immediately made flattering overtures to her; and she listened to them with the attention which he expected.

Extremely happy with his new connection, he thought he could not be too liberal to his blooming mistress; and she availed herself of the talents nature had given her, talents improved by education, with so much address, that he promised her one day in an ecstatic moment, that he would marry her on his return to England.

Delighted with a promise by which her vanity and her pride were so richly gratified, and imagining that she was of consequence enough in Sir Charles's eyes to secure his hand, she left France with him in high spirits, studying to make herself more and more agreeable to him every hour, and thought herself, every hour, nearer the brilliant point she had in view.

To that point, however, she could not with all her dexterity, arrive. Sir Charles, on his return to England, meeting with a young lady of family and fortune at the house of a friend in the country, to which he had been earnestly invited a few weeks after his arrival, became desperately in love with her, made his addresses to her, and was exceedingly well received, not only by her, but by all her relations.

The young lady with whom he became enamoured at Barley-bottom, the seat of his friend, Sir George Tyson, was a Miss Swymmer, whose father had considerable possessions in Wales, by having married an heiress in that principality.

Miss Fanny Swymmer was full as handsome as Harriot Bodens, to whom Sir Charles had been several months strongly devoted, and far better qualified to make an exemplary figure in domestic life; hav-

ing, with the most winning attractions, all those virtues which render a woman completely amiable.

Harriot, finding that Sir Charles's visits to her grew less and less frequent, began to imagine that she should be deserted by him if she did not double her attentions; she therefore behaved to him one day, on his coming to see her, with such an excessive fondness, and discovered such unusual warmth in her expressions, that he, for the first time, suspected the sincerity of her language and her love. In order to satisfy his curiosity with regard to her real sentiments concerning him, he appointed the following evening for their next interview, secretly intending to be with her again on the same.

He returned agreeably to his intentions, and surprised her in a very familiar *tête-à-tête* with the man to whom she had always declared an insurmountable aversion.

Irritated by that discovery, he threw out some very severe reproaches, charged her with the most flagrant ingratitude, and left her apartment with a firm resolution to have no farther connection with her.

Feeling himself now totally attached to Miss Swymmer, for he had till the above-mentioned detection been wavering, he hurried the preparations for his marriage, and it was, in a few weeks, consummated.

Fickleness is not confined to the fair sex. Men are as mutable as women, and frequently behave, particularly in their amours, with a levity which makes them contemptible: their levity is sometimes attended with serious consequences.

During the honey-moon, Sir Charles thought himself the happiest married man in the kingdom; and was often ready to cry out with Castalio, when his Fanny was by his side,

Where am I? sure Paradise is round me:
Sweets planted by the hand of Heav'n grow
here,
And every sense is full of thy perfection.
To hear thee speak might calm a madman's
frenzy,
Till by attention he forgot his sorrows:
But to behold thy eyes, the amazing beauties
Would make him rage again with love, as
I do.

So wildly joyful, indeed, was his behaviour in his new character, that all his sober friends prognosticated a discontinuance of his raptures: and their predictions were not too hastily pronounced; for when the beauty of his bride grew familiar to his eye, her virtues had very little power
over

over his heart. Before he had been married three moons the husband and the lover were separated.

That separation may be naturally if not rationally accounted for.

Walking home one morning through the Park, Sir Charles saw Harriot sitting on a bench in a very melancholy attitude, but dressed with a becoming simplicity, and bewitchingly beautiful.

He started, he stopped, he was insensibly attracted to her.

Placing himself close to her, he took hold of the hand next him, pressed it gently to his lips, and intreated her, with the most persuasive accents, to tell him what had happened since they parted to occasion the melancholy diffused over her charming countenance.

Forgetting the discovery which had produced his separation from her, he felt only, at that instant, those emotions which returning love inspired.

She did not withdraw her hand from his; but she kept her face averted from him as much as she could, and made no answer. Deep sighs, accompanied with tears, were all her replies.

Sir Charles, doubly affected by her tears and her sighs, became still more eager to be acquainted with the cause of them, and she, at last, uttered a tale so exquisitely distressful that it shook his soul. On her concluding her mournful narrative with informing him that if she did not carry home money enough with her to satisfy the demands of her landlady for arrears due to her, she should be thrown into the street, he hastily cried, "No, Harriot, no, never shall you be so reduced while it is in my power to relieve you. I will go home with you immediately and make all the necessary payments."

With those words he gave her his hand, and then proceeded with her to the house to which she had directed him.

Sir Charles, when he had thoroughly satisfied the owner of his Harriot's apartment, desired her to give orders for a dinner, telling her, at the same time, that he would finish the day with her.

Harriot transported at the success of her stratagem, for seeing her *deserter* at a distance in the park, she had put herself into a dejected attitude on purpose to allure his attention, and had invented a pitiable tale to recover his affections, (the only true part of her narrative was that relating to her landlady, whose demands, however, she was able to answer) issued proper orders instantly, with such an air of satisfaction in her face, that her deluded ad-

mirer was more passionately fond of her than he ever had been.

He supped where he dined, and about midnight moved homewards, rather in a state of intoxication, having made too free with Almack's Champagne.

Not far from his own house he was very rude to a young woman, under the protection of her lover, who had treated her with a play: but meeting with a rough reception from that lover, he had no reason to boast of his nocturnal heroism; for he was left on the pavement, by an unlucky blow from the hard fists of his antagonist, with few signs of life.

The young fellow who had given the blow, fearing that he had committed a murder, hastened away with his girl, and seeing a watchman advancing, told him, *en passant*, that there was a gentleman in a fit about two hundred yards behind him.

The watchman found Sir Charles in a bloody condition, and scarce able to speak. He could only say, "D—mn the impertinent scoundrel, he has almost done my business!"

One of his intimate acquaintance at that time coming up, assisted him in rising, after having expressed no small surprise to behold him in so deplorable a situation, and putting him into a chair sent him home.

Lady Mildmay, having fully expected him to dinner, as several of his friends were to dine with him, was very much disappointed at his not coming home at the usual hour. To a more uncomfortable repast indeed she never sat down; with difficulty she eat a few morsels, and her anxiety on Sir Charles's account naturally threw a damp upon the spirits of the guests invited. Those guests retired early, as her ladyship was quite unable to stay with them when the cloth was removed.

Before night lady Mildmay was inexpressibly alarmed: she began to apprehend that Sir Charles had met with some shocking accident, and dispatched servants to the houses of all his friends, who had not dined with her; but no relief for her tortured mind did she obtain by the answers which she received.

Just when the clock was going to strike one, a violent rap at the street door terrified her to such a degree that she fainted.

When she recovered, she enquired about the noise which had so much frightened her. They told her that Sir Charles was brought home a little indisposed, and carried up to his own apartment.

"O then he is dead, he is dead!"

"No,

"No, madam," said Mrs. Boodie, her housekeeper, "he is not."

"Yes, but he is, he is, and I shall be the wretchedest creature in the world!"

Having uttered these few words with a wildness in her countenance which indicated the derangement of her intellects, she attempted to run out of the room; but Mrs. Boodie detained her, assuring her that Sir Charles had only drank a little too freely, and that he would be well in the morning.

Lady Mildmay, however, could not be prevailed on to believe that Sir Charles was alive, and, therefore, breaking from her faithful attendant, hurried up stairs.

The first object she beheld was Sir Charles stretched upon a sofa, like a corpse, and bloody.

She screamed—she fainted—she fell—she died.

Sir Charles did not know till the next morning the catastrophe which he had occasioned. When he knew it he was almost out of his senses; he smote his breast, he wrung his hands, he loaded himself with the keenest reproaches for having been accessory to the death of his amiable wife, by an unpardonable absence from her. The recollection of her numerous virtues, accompanied with the recollection of all his unmerited behaviour to her, severely tormented him.

While he was lamenting over his deceased Fanny in the language of the fondest husband, which was probably at that time, the language of his heart, a note was delivered to him.

It came from Harriot.

He tore it into a thousand pieces, and abused the writer of it in the bitterest terms. "Seducing devil," cried he, bursting into a furious apostrophe. Thy allurements have made me a murderer. Had I not seen thy bewitching face yesterday, I should not have been in this dreadful state.

Harriot made several efforts to bring Sir Charles back to her, but he never would renew his intimacy with her: he never thought of her afterwards but with the utmost abhorrence.

ON RAILLERY.

THERE is no species of wit so little understood, or more practised, than raillery. When managed with discretion and good-nature, it is like a sword in the hands of a dextrous fencer, who will scar without wounding; it then becomes the greatest promoter of mirth, and the

salt of conversation; which, without it, would often be found as insipid and tiresome as the most fulsome romance: yet so few know how to use it with propriety, that it frequently merits rather the name of buffoonery than wit; and so often dwindles into scurrility and abuse, that it is generally productive of the most fatal consequences. How often by an ill-timed jest has the strongest friendship been dissolved, and two men, who before were the sincerest friends, become irreconcilable enemies!

In raillery there are two things principally to be avoided, obscenity and slander; the first is despised by every person of politeness, and is a true indication of a barren understanding and corrupt heart; the second proceeds from an envious disposition, from a depraved soul, whose company should be more shunned than a cheat or pick-pocket; for as Shakespeare finely says,

*He that steals my purse steals trash;
'Twas his, 'tis mine, and hath been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which doth not him enrich,
But makes me poor indeed!*

We should particularly consider the occasion given for raillery, before we ever exercise it. Foibles, imperfections, or whimsical accidents, are the only subjects proper for good-natured satire: any thing which amounts to vice, or that will cause more than a transient blush, should never be the object: such reproaches go to the quick, and will therefore undoubtedly draw on us the hatred and resentment of the person ridiculed.

There are also three sorts of persons on whom our raillery should never fall: upon the unhappy, for they already have enough to complain of; they demand our pity, and it would therefore be ungenerous and unmanly to insult them: upon the wicked, for fear of their revenge; and upon our relations, because it recoils upon ourselves.

Nothing can be a stronger proof of folly than to rally another upon a subject for which we ourselves are equally deserving of satire. What would be more absurd than for a man to reproach a person with the disgrace of his brother, whose own had been hanged? or more ridiculous than for the duke of G——n to rally lord G——n on the inconstancy of his lady?

On the whole, delicate raillery is so seldom and so difficult to be acquired, and

that which is not refined and managed with propriety so often productive of ill consequences, that however agreeable it may sometimes be, it is more prudent intirely to avoid it, than to expose ourselves to cry after having made others laugh.

R. W. S.

THE PATRIOT'S SOLILOQUY.

LET me reflect a little upon the condition into which I have brought myself by opposing administration *totis viribus*, with the utmost violence and impetuosity. What have I got by roaring, to the detriment of my lungs, against the reigning measures? My ears, indeed, have been frequently stunned by the shouts of an ignorant mob; and I have been almost adored for my patriotism by half the rag-gamuffins in the metropolis; but have I acquired the least property or honour by the intemperance of my conduct? Have I received a single plaudit from my own conscience *in private* to strengthen the satisfactions which I have felt during the riotous acclamations of surrounding crowds *in public*? No; I have impaired my fortune; I have sullied my honour; I have injured my health, by forcing myself into the first ranks of opposition, and boldly bidding defiance to all the procedures of the ministry, right or wrong. I was in hopes, it is true, at my setting out in the character of a patriot (which I, artfully I thought, assumed to facilitate my designs) that I should make myself considerable enough, by the exertion of my oratorical powers, to be taken out of my patriotic walk, (for I never had the interest of my country at heart) and to be largely provided for. But oh! how bitter is my disappointment!

AN ADVENTURER.

THE chevalier G—— is a self-created knight of the order of *industry*, who figured in this metropolis a short time since, in the character of the man of fashion, the author, the politician, &c. &c. He had the art of living, as many foreigners do, without any visible resource; yet he kept a genteel house in the new buildings, which was elegantly furnished, and gave to eat upon the *bon ton* to the literati, and the whole *harmonic body* of the Hay-market.

He had obtained some small consequence in the republic of letters, by a work which

he published here under the title of the *Chinese Spy*, and he engaged in the controversy between M. d'Eon and count Guerchy, in defence of the ambassador; but if his profit arising from this altercation did not surpass the honour he obtained from it, the Chevalier's pen was used to very little purpose.

He had access to several of the foreign ministers, and is supposed to have been their *Mercury* in more respects than one. His connexion with the *empresse of the vast regions of taste, elegance, and magnificence*, (see p. 72) was very conspicuous; but it is difficult to say from which side the pecuniary resources flowed, as the finances of her imperial majesty were at that time at as low an ebb as those of the Chevalier. Most probably they played into each other's hand a game that turned to their mutual advantage: the traffic of *beauty*, in opposition to all other trades, is the most fatal to those possessed of the stock; and the brokers in this commerce are always the greatest gainers.

The Chevalier G—— was a man of fashion in many respects, and in none more than forgetting to pay his debts: his servants perfectly understood their cue, and he was too much of a gentleman ever to be at home to a tradesman, after he had delivered his goods. When he unluckily turned a short corner, and ran against a creditor in the street, he pleaded his privilege as a foreigner, unacquainted with the English tongue, and never spoke any other language than that of Harlequin, by shaking his head and an empty purse. This rhetoric did not, however, always prevail, and the myrmidons of justice sometimes gained a scent of him, and presented their credentials to him in the form of a bit of stamp parchment. It happened he was one day coming out of the Orange coffee house, with his favourite monkey under his arm, in company with Signior T——, when a sheriff's officer, in spite of the Chevalier's ignorance of English, soon made G—— comprehend the meaning of his address. The Chevalier was conducted to the officer's house, where he remained all night. He here made acquaintance with a *quack doctor*, and a *fille de joye*, under the same predicament: he dealt with them both, and had a fee to pay each in the morning. When the plaintiff appeared next day, the Chevalier pleaded his protection from a foreign minister, and the tradesman was glad to take what money G—— had in his pocket, as part of payment, not a little displeased, however, to find there were two such *opposite* claims upon

upon the *stock in hand*, as those of the doctor and the lady.

The race of a *Chevalier d'Industrie* is but of short duration in any one place. His circumstances are known almost as soon as his face; and though the English traders are as generous and unsuspicious as any upon the face of the globe, it would be madness, and the highest injustice to themselves, to give credit to a man, whose whole conduct tended evidently to impose upon the credulous and unwary. G—'s arrest got wind, and the circumstance of his being protected, alarmed all his creditors. The *empress of taste* could not assist him, and from *giving to eat* upon the *bon ton*, he could now scarce *get to eat* upon any *ton*. As a Frenchman thinks himself entitled, from his *rank, genius, and talents*, to live in London in as sumptuous a manner as any one in the metropolis, the moment he finds any of his extravagancies retrenched, he begins to complain of the *barbares*, who cannot distinguish merit and *politesse*; and if he ranks himself a gentleman, he is usually so much affronted, that he quits the kingdom in a violent rage, after he has tricked every man in it as far as he was able: yet he is *politician* sufficient to stifle his resentment to his creditors, and takes (what is from hence properly called) a *French leave*.

The Chevalier G— had too much his order at heart, not to support this part of his character. He is now in Flanders, most probably performing the sequel, which though comic in appearance, may perhaps have a tragical catastrophe.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT is a saying, that "when rogues fall out, honest men come to their own;" and "when fools quarrel, they generally reveal the ridiculous mystery that connected them." The public have been amused in print with the supposed laws and regulations of the COTERIE; but in these they have been greatly imposed upon, as they were promulgated by their secretary to give a gloss to their establishment, founded upon very different principles. A general misunderstanding in Albemarle-street, which will probably terminate in a total dissolution of this *laudable* association, hath brought to light the hitherto latent mysteries of this institution. Lady B—, who is already a deserter, read them last night publicly at Lady C—'s rout, and asked if it was possi-

MARCH, 1771.

ble for any woman, who valued her character, any longer to be tied down by such abominable laws? She allowed me to take a copy of them, and I transmit them to you for the information of your readers.

Pall-Mall,
Feb. 26, 1771.

RICHARDO.

EDICTS and ORDINANCES made and instituted by the Members of the Coterie.

Imprimis. BE it enacted, and it is hereby enacted, that every lady have a free liberty of speech; on which all female rights and liberties depend.

Item. No lady who is not a known avowed toast, shall speak defamatory of the beauty of one who is.

Item. No female member of this assembly, who useth the art cosmetic, shall find fault with her limner that he has not done her justice in her picture, unless she will own that she makes a better face herself every day she lives.

Item. That no lady who abstemiously keeps at home, denying herself to come to this assembly, shall be esteemed a contemner of vanities, when the real cause is the want of fashionable cloaths to appear in.

Item. That no lady in the assembly-room shall stand before any glass under the pretence of adjusting her dress, &c. above the space of three minutes, unless she has no admirers, male or female, besides herself.

Item. No lady, who with an easy free wit and humour keeps up the conversation, shall be deemed immodest, whilst she keeps within the limits of a *double entendre*.

Item. Nor shall any lady who sits silent for want of wit, be thought to have more wisdom or modesty than the speaking members, unless she has made more than one *faux pas*, or ever attended Mr. Madden's conventicle.

Item. Whatever maiden, or married lady, boasts of her virtue and honour, shall be immediately suspected of having made a false step.

Item. Nor shall any lady be complimented for her chastity, who was never suspected to have had the question asked her.

Item. No lady, when speaking of a gentleman, shall, with indecent familiarity, call him *fellow*, unless there is a known intrigue between them of a long date; or, unless speaking of a beau, they term him a *pretty fellow*, a *smart fellow*, or a *lively fellow*.

Item. The lady who is always fondling her husband in public company, shall

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be deemed, at that instant, to have a gallant waiting for her in private.

Item. It is resolved, *nem. con.* after the question put, that it is in the power and jurisdiction of this female court, to extend their laws to wh tever men do or may frequent this assembly; and also, to any of the *harmonic society* who may be incorporated.

Item. Amongst the fine things which the sparks may whisper to the ladies, none shall talk of flames or fires, but from the beginning of November to the end of March inclusive; nor shall they mention hearts as cold as ice, or breasts as white as snow, but from the first of July to the thirty-first of August inclusive.

Item. No wit, or reputed wit, that begins to argue with a lady, and wants sense to carry him through the dispute, shall attempt to redeem his credit by putting her to silence by obscene discourse, beyond the limits already specified, under the penalty of being expelled the assembly with the utmost disgrace.

Item. Each married lady to be allowed one *Cucifero*; but if she *coquets* with two, her husband may have a right to call the second to account, agreeable to the laws of honour, and the institutions of this society.

Jan. 31,

1771.

—Sec. & Cler. Fem. Parl.

MEMOIRS of Pope Sixtus V.

THE father of Sixtus, who was a vintager, and very poor, was incapable of maintaining his son, and therefore placed him, when very young, under a husbandman in the neighbourhood, who employed him to watch his sheep. He acquitted himself so badly in this employment, that he was degraded to the rank of attendant upon the hogs. One day whilst he was fulfilling this servile office, he was accosted by a priest of the order of St. Francis, who inquired his way, being ignorant of the road. Felix Peretti * not only pointed out to him the path to Ascoli, whither the monk was going to preach during Lent, but desired to accompany him. The lively and ingenious answers of the boy prepossessioned the priest in his favour, and he suffered the lad to accompany him. He was conducted to the convent of Cordeliers, at Ascoli, where he soon obtained, by dint of tears and prayers, the habit of a lay brother. He was taught to

* Sixtus's real name.

write and read: he studied grammar, and displayed so much genius, that he was at length received amongst the number of novices. His haughty and melancholy temper made him, however, much disliked by his inferiors, his equals, and his superiors; the last of whom frequently punished him, and were often ready to expel him the order.

It is astonishing in perusing his history to find, that notwithstanding the intrigues and efforts of his enemies, his own petulance, and the untowardness of his disposition, that he should, by dint of merit and address, surmount every obstacle, and at length gradually attain the papal chair.

He obtained a bishopric, and afterwards the cardinal's hat.

He had altered his name from *Felix Peretti* to that of *Montalte*; and probably this nominal change, by throwing a veil over his juvenile years, was not a little conducive to his elevation. When he saw himself invested with the purple, the *tiara* became the object of his secret ambition. But in order to blind more successfully the cardinals who were able to oppose his elevation, and flatter those who might hope to reign under his name, he curbed his temper, and affected a way of living which seemed to estrange him from a knowledge of public affairs. He never left the retreat which he had chosen, but to visit the sick. He caressed every one, gave alms to the poor, modestly offered his opinion in the consistories to which he was summoned, flew from honours and employments, was upon every occasion inclined to the most moderate side, and affected great ignorance and want of penetration: he also appeared bent under the weight of years and infirmities, and prepared himself for an approaching death. The cardinals were the dupes of these artifices and impositions.

Upon the death of Gregory XIII. many intrigues arose, and cardinal De Montalte favoured them all, or rather attached himself to no one. He flattered every cardinal in private; and made him expect that he should have his suffrage. By these means he succeeded: he was put upon the list; he knew it, but seemed ignorant of his being a candidate. When he was informed that probably he would have the majority of voices, a violent cough seized him, and he appeared expiring. When he had recovered himself a little, he said he had not strength enough to support such a heavy burthen; that his want of experience in business, rendered him incapable of taking upon himself that of the

the church, unless he was assisted by his colleagues; and that he could never resolve to mount the throne of St. Peter, unless they promised not to abandon him, but to govern jointly with him.

When he found himself secure of the election, he rose from his seat before the end of the ceremony, and throwing away the staff that had before supported him, he raised his head, and joined the *Te Deum* in so loud a voice that the vault of the chapel re-echoed.

He took the name of Sixtus V. in honour of Sixtus IV. who had like himself been a Cordelier. When some of the cardinals testified their surprize at the sudden alteration of his person, and the removal of his infirmities, he replied, "Before I was pope I sought the keys of Paradise, and in order to find them I bent my body and bowed my head; but now I have got them, I look only up to heaven."

His pontificate was ushered in with the execution of the severest justice, which displayed more his sanguinary disposition than his love of good order. He had prohibited the wearing of arms in the city of Rome; and several persons were taken up and hanged for this offence: even the prince of Farnese, son of the duke of Farnese, escaped his fate only by a stratagem of the cardinal his uncle.

When Sixtus heard that Elizabeth, queen of England, had beheaded Mary, queen of Scots, he cried out with a kind of enthusiastic frenzy, "What a lucky woman to taste the delight of striking off a crowned head!" He always held this princess and Henry IV. of France in the highest esteem; and often said there were but one man and a woman in all Christendom worthy of reigning, and to whom he could communicate the great designs he had planned against the Turks for the good of Christianity.

Sixtus had a sister, named Camilla, whom he tenderly loved. Being born, like himself, in an abject station, she had formerly followed the profession of a washerwoman; and a severe pasquinade appeared upon this occasion. One morning Pasquin had a very dirty shirt on. Marforio asked him the reason of his being such a sloven? "Why, to tell you the truth," (replied Pasquin) "my washerwoman is become a princess." Sixtus, in order to discover the author of this insult, offered a reward of two thousand pistoles, and promised that his life should be secure. The imprudent author was caught in the snare: he was bold enough to wait upon the pope, and declared that he was the person who had

produced that pasquinade. The pope fulfilled his promise, payed him the money, and did not deprive him of life: but sentenced him to lose his hands and his tongue.

Philip II. of Spain had sent the constable of Castille to Rome, to pay obedience to the new pope, whose ambition and secret designs gave Spain uneasiness. Sixtus, struck with the youth of the ambassador, thought that the king designed to insult him. "What," said his holiness to the constable, "is your master, the sovereign of so many states, in want of subjects, that he sends me an ambassador without a beard?" "Holy father," replied the Spaniard, "had my master known that merit consisted in a beard, he would have sent you a he-goat, and not a gentleman like me."

The most prevailing passion of this pontiff being to eternize his memory, he applied part of his revenues to the embellishment of Rome with fountains and superb edifices. He founded an hospital, several colleges, and the library of the Vatican. Though his severity may appear the offspring of a cruel disposition, its effects were, however, salutary, as Rome was indebted to it for the reformation of morals which it introduced into that capital.

Sixtus was born in 1521; was elected pope in 1585, and died in 1590, aged 69.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you judge the following reflections worthy of a place in your monthly Miscellany, you will oblige a subscriber and constant reader, by inserting them as soon as possible.

OBSERVATOR.

THOUGHTS on the two opposite Paths pursued by Man through this Life.

THERE are but two general roads to go through this world; the agreeable and the useful. The first is taken by those who are in search only of pleasure, and devote themselves to the imaginary delights of delusive felicity; the second is pursued by those sages, whose sole ambition is solid advantage, even in the social commerce of mankind.

The path of pleasure wears an agreeable aspect, adorned on each side with fruit-

trees of exquisite beauty that delight the eye: but when a traveller is desirous of tasting them, they appear like the apples of Sodom, to contain nothing but ashes. As we advance a little, fountains are to be met with, from whence flow the most exquisite wines: on every side are large fields covered with a variety of the finest flowers; and their fragrance exceeds even their charming appearance: this enchanting prospect is bounded by little eminences, on which are erected magnificent palaces, with fine gardens, laid out in the most elegant taste: orange and citron trees form the groves and bowers which invite to love. In these palaces mirth and festivity reign. In some apartments tables are laid out with Epicurian repasts, and side-boards with delicious wines: in others are the most lovely females, who sue you to their embraces. Here is a concert of harmonious music, there is a ball in masquerade, and play of every kind: in another saloon dramatic performers repeat the lively sallies of the most brilliant wits. In fine, whatever passion can desire, or fancy can suggest to please and gratify, is here called forth to amuse and delight the traveller.

In this pursuit of gaiety and dissipation, three fourths of his life has already elapsed, when, on a sudden, he finds a weariness seize him from the extent of the road, which induces him to traverse a horrid desert, at the extremity whereof is a thatched cabin. He perceives at the door an old man of shocking aspect, wan and meagre, his eyes sunk in his head, with grey locks interspersed with black flowing down his shoulders, whilst his garment bespeaks a variety of wretchedness. The traveller, though terrified at the stranger's shocking appearance, has nevertheless the fortitude to ask him who is? "I am MISERY," replies the ghastly spectre, "placed here by the decrees of fate, to receive and lodge such travellers as come this way by the road of pleasure." The traveller, astonished at this reply, inquires if there is no other place in the neighbourhood, where he may repose himself? "Yes," rejoins *Misery*, "ten paces from hence resides my neighbour *Despair*; but I must inform you, that of all the number who have thought proper to visit him, not one has ever returned; and your choice is now confined to fix your abode either with him or me, for such is the certain termination of that career of pleasure which you have so long pursued.

As to the *useful* path it is of more difficult access; it can only be obtained by

scaling steep mountains. In this arduous toil is the traveller's juvenile years passed: ere he can attain the summit of the eminence, he is in a thousand of the greatest perils, being surrounded by the most dangerous precipices. During this period he has no other constant companions than labour and anxiety, who indeed solace him with the charms and advantages of riches; and sometimes hope attends him for a minute, and persuades him he will soon accomplish his journey. His own wishes and desires give credit to the flattering intelligence, and being satisfied by the charm of these seducing promises, he gradually reaches the pinnacle of this tremendous mountain. Here he observes a fine plain, and a sumptuous palace of beautiful construction, standing in a happy situation. He gains intelligence of the name of this edifice, and to whom it belongs; and finds it is called *Convenience*, and the host's name is *Repose*. He is greatly pleased with this information, and hastens to reach the agreeable spot, in order to rest and refresh himself, after his fatigue and toil. The master of the mansion allots him an apartment agreeable to his request, and *Hope* now whispers to him, "Here are you, at length, settled for the remainder of your days." The traveller is enraptured at this information, and begins to meditate on the means of making himself master of the whole palace. He forms schemes, and bewilders himself with projects to compass this design, as he is far from being contented at occupying only his little chamber; and when he fancies he has just suggested the plan that will secure him success, *Death*, with his ghastly mien, appears and beckons him. He at first pays no attention to the summons; and when the grim tyrant approaches nearer, the traveller repulses his attacks, and bitterly complains of the cruelty of fate, which compels him so soon to quit a situation that promised him felicity, after it had cost him so much labour and trouble to attain it: but *Death*, ever inexorable, seizes him without pity, and casts him in a ditch, six feet in length, where, covered with earth, he serves for food to the worms, and obtains no other recompence for all his toil, but a few words graven on marble, which tells posterity, that such a one *was a prudent, industrious man, and made his way in the world by dint of incessant application and indefatigable vigilance*.

VANITAS, VANITATUM, ET OMNIA
VANITAS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Never thought to have been a correspondent upon so melancholy an occasion. Oh! dear Sir, you cannot conceive what a cruel condition mine is. In few words my piteous case is this :

About three months ago I danced with a young gentleman at a city-ball, who waited upon me next day to tea, and has been an ardent lover, as I imagined, till within these four days. He had in a short time, as he told me, the sanction of my mama's approbation to pay his addresses to me; and there seemed not the least obstacle to our future felicity till the beginning of this week. On Monday last my mama came into my room whilst I was dressing, "Well, Nancy, said she, "as you know how things are, and he is in such a hurry, I think we may as well buy this wedding suit to-day as not; but pray let me ask you two or three questions: and I beg, as things are come to such an upshot, that you will throw off all reserve." I blushed consent, and she went on. "Tell me sincerely what you think of Mr. Manly. He is very much of a gentleman, in my opinion, seems extremely fond, and, I believe, will make a very good husband: what do you say?" To these interrogatories I gave a tacit acquiescence, and the coach being at the door, we drove to Ludgate-hill. I will not pretend to depict the pleasing perturbation of my mind, or the agreeable agitation of my heart during this little journey. We stopt at Palmer's, and being ushered in by one of his sprucest shopmen, a proper quantity of white and silver, which we both fixed upon, was presently cut off, and we returned with the purchase, which also met with Mr. Manly's approbation, upon his coming to dinner.

I had the most pleasing dreams that night I ever conceived in my life, and rose the next morning to prepare my jewels for this happy occasion. But what was my astonishment whilst at breakfast, when the mantua-maker came to take measure for the wedding-suit, to find my mama undergo the operation, whilst she gave the most precise orders to make it fit her as nice as possible. I could not bear it, but flew out of the room to give vent to my tears. When Betty came to my assistance, I did not suppress the emotions of my mind, but told her the lamentable tale; when she informed me it was no secret to her, for that my mama had made her a confi-

dant, and told her the wedding-day was fixed for Sunday sennight, and that she should then, thank heavens! be Mrs. Manly.

I know not what to do; I have not yet seen Mr. Manly since this strange event; nor can I when he appears come to an explanation. Your Magazine will be published before that time; he always reads it, and I flatter myself still he will, as soon as he peruses this letter, make an *éclaircissement*, as he has all along told me he had been obliged to pay great respect and politeness to mama in order to secure her interest, and I hope she has taken this civility for a declaration of a passion which does not exist.

I am,

In great perplexity,

Yours,

March 26.

ANNA ERSKINE.

*An original Letter from a Gentleman in Town
to his Friend in the Country.*

Dear Tom,

St. James's-Street.

IT is amazing to me that you with your talents can be contented to live lazily in a state of obscurity, when you might, by the exertion of these talents stand a fair chance to make your fortune, and to appear with considerable lustre in a public character. You tell me that you are extremely well satisfied with the small income arising from your small fortune in the funds; and that, as you have all the real comforts of life within your reach, you feel not the least desire to leave your "cottage of felicity," as you fondly call your rural habitation. But do you think, my dear Tom, (can you with your sense possibly think) that there is no felicity to be enjoyed out of the narrow circle of the hermit? Can you suppose that happiness is confined to a sequestered spot far from the "busy haunt of men?" I am afraid I am wasting my time, and blunting my pen to no purpose: however, if you have any spirit, if you are not stone deaf to the animating voice of Fame, you will, after the perusal of the sequel of this letter, feel some public-spirited emotions springing up in your solitary bosom; and you may, perhaps, be spurred by those emotions to emerge from your monkish cell, and to push for the palm of glory on the great theatre of the world.

I acquainted you some time ago with my advancement, by the particular favour of lord North, whose kindness to me deserves the warmest returns. Such a man, Tom, is
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an honour to his species, such a minister is a treasure to his king. So able, so amiable a minister never held the reins of *our* government in his hand. His abilities are very great, and he employs all his political sagacity for the good of his country. You have seen him scandalously abused in the public papers; but he rises superior to the malevolence of his enemies, and appears with additional brilliancy after every triumph over the impotent attacks of opposition. Were I under no obligations to lord North I should write with as much zeal in his behalf, because I sincerely believe that we are saved by his activity and address from a ruinous war: as I *am* under obligations to him, I shall make no supplement to the abovementioned encomiums, lest you should impute the effusions of the panegyrist to the emolument of the placeman.

I am,

Dear Tom,

Your sincere,

And would be your servicable friend,

C—— D——.

P. S. You do not know how much I wish to be a servicable friend: could you but get rid of some strange notions which you have rivetted in your head by poring over the writings of Milton, Locke, Sidney, and Mauley, I might hope to infuse more liberal ones in the room of them: but while you are attached to *those* writings no reformation can be expected—Prythee, Tom, throw them away, follow my example.

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I perceive variety and originality are the great objects you have constantly in view, and which render your Miscellany so valuable and entertaining: I have therefore endeavoured to contribute my mite to your undertaking, by sending you a real character, very different from any of your former oddities.

CLERICUS.

A CLERICAL ODDITY.

SAMON was brought up at the university, and designed for the church; but he displayed a disposition for every species of libertinism that a college life could possibly comprehend. Fond of his bottle

to excess he seldom retired to rest sober; the itch of play was strong upon him, and if he was more circumscribed with regard to the ladies, it was not owing to any deficiency of passion for them, but the want of opportunities to gratify it in its greatest latitude. In fine, his irregularities would have procured his expulsion, had he not been much befriended by a near relation, who had great influence in the university, and who interceded in his behalf.

As soon as he left college he was, in despite of his stars, and natural propensity, compelled to take orders, a small living being all the provision that could possibly be made for him; and it was his misfortune that this living was very near the metropolis. Hence he had an opportunity of residing constantly in London, and partaking of all the dissipation and debauchery of this corrupt capital.

Samon, notwithstanding his gown, threw off all reserve, and was a buck of the first head in the Garden. He was a champion for Fame at Wetherby's, and could beat a watchman, or bully a constable, with any Templar in the King's-Bench Walks. Our hero was tall and athletic, and he united to his natural strength the art and mystery of boxing, which he learned from a celebrated bruiser: so that Samon was armed at all points for making a very *respectable* figure upon the town; and he frequently wore the badges of the art in a brace of black eyes, even in the pulpit.

As he advanced towards the meridian of life, these juvenile freaks in some measure subsided: but if he was less conspicuous in a brothel, he was far more celebrated at the gaming table, where he learnt all the chicane of gambling, and was as expert at a *brief-card*, at all fours, or cribbage, as any *black-legs* at Epsom or Newmarket. In these pursuits he frequently got into scrapes; and a bloody face, which was easily *tapped* from a number of protuberant carbuncles, was a customary index of Samon's ill fortune.

In proportion as the influence of the Cyprean goddess diminished, that of the jolly god of the tun increased; and the circle of Samon's life is a continued round of intoxication. Not long since, after a gambling debauch over night, Samon was obliged to preach on a Sunday, when he fell asleep in the middle of his sermon, whilst the congregation were keeping him company in a general snore: the clerk pulled him by the sleeve and waked him, when, rubbing his eyes, he bawled out, "What's trumps?"

We

We cannot finish Samon's character without adding that he is a very zealous patriot, and that he is more s—dulous in propagating his political than his religious creed; he preaches liberty in every alehouse in town, and would even now exert the arm of flesh for Wilkes and 45. Yet Samon, we will venture to pronounce, will never get a bishopric; he has too many *offensible* vices, and too few latent virtues.

To the Authors of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

The inclosed letter is handed about here in manuscript, supposed to be written by a certain eminent divine. If you think it worthy of being preserved in your valuable collection, your inserting it in your next Number will oblige many of your readers here, and particularly

Your very humble servant,

Southampton,
Mar. 1771.

MENTOR.

A Letter of Remonstrance to a certain P—— of the B——, concerning his connexion with Mrs. B--yl--y, of Hatton Garden.

S I R,

AS it has always been a maxim with politicians of every degree in every state, that the examples of persons of elevated rank form the precedents for the conduct of the inferior classes of the people; and that the more elevated the character, the more are the eyes of the multitude attracted, we must necessarily suppose that the conduct of a p—— of the b——d, the brother of the greatest S——n upon earth, must be an object of the constant attention of not only the subjects of this nation, but the whole world.

Sorry I am, Sir, after this reflection, to have reason to censure your conduct, which has justly drawn upon you the severest sarcasms that wit and satire could jointly produce. Your behaviour has, since you first emerged from boyhood, been constantly reprehensible. Public stews and private brothels have been the places of your incessant resort. Not contented with being notoriously connected with women of abandoned characters, you have launched out beyond all bounds of common decorum, and are the only man of rank and family that has been

convicted of adultery during the reign of your r——l b——r—a circumstance that must sorely grieve his virtuous breast. The illicit commerce which you carried on with lady G—— was scarce publicly proved in a court of justice, ere you appeared at a summer watering-place, playing the same shameful part with another married woman; as if lost to all sense of decency and shame, you seem to brave censure, contempt, and obloquy.

Consider, Sir, what you owe yourself, your family, your high alliance, and the public. I shall not mention religion or morality, as I suppose you are too much the man of pleasure to listen to any dictates from those sources. If the peace and felicity of families are thus to be broke in upon by rank and power; if virtue and chastity are to be banished from this isle by titles and elevated stations, will not the rational part of the nation consider such distinctions as fatal to their welfare, and justly lament the dreadful influence of superior birth and fortune?

You cannot, Sir, yet be so far plunged in vice, so callous to reflection, so lost to every sense of honour, as not to feel the force of this observation. No, Sir, I will not entertain an opinion so contemptible of your heart; you may yet recede, and convince the world that you still possess the virtue of repentance.

Adultery, Sir, notwithstanding the modern doctrine of the times, is a crime of the blackest die, and the most pernicious of any to society. Think, then, Sir, how much are you indebted to that society, and how little you are entitled to infringe upon its choicest privileges!

If these considerations will not reclaim you, I can only add you are unworthy of any farther advice from

Your well wisher.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I AM astonished that none of your correspondents have yet taken up the pen in defence of our society; surely they must be the most unpolished scribblers of the age: it is worthy of a Junius! Have they no harmony in their souls, and remain untouched by the sweet melody of delightful sounds?

To hear the sweet Guadagni warble his thrilling airs, melts one into such extasy,
as

as nothing can equal. Oh! that charming creature, that more than man—to think that fines, penalties, and even flagellation, should be the reward of his delightful sonnets, is intolerable. Is this justice? No indeed, Aftrea has taken her flight. Had I the riches of Peru I would bestow them upon him for an hour's charming conversation blended with the ductile quavers of his dear, dear pipe.

Mr. Printer, if no one of your correspondents will vindicate us, take up the pen yourself: set forth the insults we have already received, and those with which we are still menaced; tell Mr. What's his name, the blind pedlar in warrants, that we set him at defiance, and will take the dear enchanting warbler under our own wings, sooner than he shall run the risque of displaying his more than alabaster skin to the impious eyes of the populace, under the flagellating hand of a ruffian, a common executioner, who might have such an obdurate heart as to lay his unhallowed stripes upon the charmer of our souls. No, Sir, we should ravish him from such danger; for were the event to take place every woman of fashion and spirit in England would attend the infernal car, and when he was stript even naked as he was born, would bear him off in triumph.

Such, Sir, are the resolves of every female member of our society, who are the very essence of harmony, and die in extatic raptures at the thrilling shakes of the divine Guadagni.

A female member of the harmonic society.

N. B. If you think the above will have any effect, you may insert it, and I shall in return for the favour send you a ticket for our next meeting.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE preparations of antimony, in all ages since their first discovery, have been held in the highest esteem; insomuch that the old chymists boasted, they had discovered the universal medicine, which was to cure every disease; and notwithstanding the excessive pains the Galenists took to prevent chemical preparations gaining ground, yet, in a few years, near fifty different methods were known of procuring even the regulus of antimony. The good effects of these pre-

parations were so very apparent in acute diseases, such as fevers, rheumatism, inflammations, &c. that they soon became the basis of many empirical medicines, and still continue that of Ward's and James's.

From the many and repeated publications in the daily papers in favour of Dr. James's fever powders, and the declarations of its superiority above all other preparations of antimony whatever, I was induced to procure his specification (as it is termed) in order to examine how far his powder merits those encomiums so profusely bestowed on it. I will here beg leave to make one or two observations on the different preparations of this semi-metal.

The preparations of antimony I would divide into three classes: in the first class I would place all those which have their action depending on an acid in the stomach, and whose doses, therefore, must ever be uncertain; such as the pure regulus itself, the crocus metallorum, the nitrum antimonii, the kermes minerale, the sulphur amatum antimonii, and in short, every preparation in which the regulus is acquired by decomposing the ore (i. e. separating the sulphur from it) let it be either by roasting, and afterwards mixing phlogiston with it, or by separating the sulphur by fixt alkalies; or, by deflagrating it with nitre, and afterwards reducing it, by the addition of an inflammable substance; or, by fusing it with iron, or any metal which has a greater attraction to the sulphur than the antimony, &c. &c. All these are only different methods of procuring the regulus of antimony, whose chemical properties, after each operation, are ever the same; but the medical effects which they may have on the system, depend (next to their solution in the acid of the stomach) on the minuteness of their particles: hence it is, that a small quantity of the kermes, or the sulphur lunatum, will frequently act very violently; while the perpetual pill, as it is termed, which is only a lump of regulus, and fifty times the quantity of the kermes, shall purge or vomit very moderately.

The calces antimonii I would form into a second class, and these may also be acquired by various different processes; but, if properly conducted, the same substance is always produced, viz. an earth or calx of antimony, which has no effect whatever on the human system; of this class we have only one in use at present, which is that procured by deflagrating antimony with thrice its weight of nitre; this forms the calx antimonii of the College pharmacopoeia.

macopoeia. Here I must observe, that the inactivity of this medicine wholly depends on the accuracy with which the process is conducted; for the least error in quantities, or in suffering any inflammable matter to fall into the crucible, will reduce part of the antimony, by which we get a compound, in part active; and as this activity depends on the quantity reduced, of which we are wholly ignorant, so also must we be of its proper dose, unless from many and repeated experiments we ascertain it.

In the last class, I would include all preparations of this semi-metal which are soluble in water; but of this we have only one in use, viz. a salt formed from the combination of antimony with the acid of tartar: this salt may either be had pure, in its chrytallized state, as the tartarum emeticum; or, dissolved in wine, as in the *vinum antimoniale*; but the dose of the latter will ever be uncertain, as the quantity of salt formed must depend on the quantity of the tartar in the wine, which is different in different wines, and in the same wine in different degrees of heat. From these considerations, there can remain no doubt, but that of all the preparations of antimony, emetic tartar is that which most deserves our attention, it being ever active, and its dose always certain, as also in acute diseases, men would undoubtedly wish to lose no time at the beginning, by using medicines whose effects depend on accidental circumstances, while they are possessed of one, on whose effects they can with certainty depend.

Having thus pointed out the different classes of the preparations of antimony, and shewn which was to be depended on, and which not, I shall next endeavour to shew in which class Dr. James's powder should be placed: the method of preparing his powder is thus, from the copy of his specification. "Take antimony, calcine it with a long protracted heat, in a flat unglazed earthen vessel, adding to it, from time to time, a sufficient quantity of any animal oil or salt well dephlegmated; then boil it in melted nitre for a considerable time, and separate the powder from the nitre, by dissolving it in water." By this process is formed a calx of antimony, with more or less of the regulus, according to the quantity of nitre used: if therefore a sufficient quantity be added, a pure earth or calx is formed, which is quite inactive, and must be referred to the second class. If less nitre is used, part of the antimony will remain uncal-

cined, and in its regulial state: this will claim a place in the first class.

Now of all the descriptions of chymical processes which I ever read, this is one of the most inaccurate: the quantities not being ascertained, it never can be procured twice alike, even by the same operator; how far therefore this medicine deserves those encomiums given it by Mr. Fleming French, of St. Alban's-street, and others; or how far it exceeds the tartarum emeticum in the certainty of its action and dose, I shall leave to the unprejudiced and learned reader to judge. It may be urged against me, that I am condemning a medicine which the first men in physic often use, and which therefore, in their opinion, must be of considerable importance. If by the first men in physic were meant the best physicians, I deny the assertions; for a good physician is always a good chymist, and is well acquainted with the action of medicine on the system, as far as it is yet known; nor will he ever be so imprudent, as to put the life of a patient in danger, by the administration of a medicine, of whose action and composition he is utterly ignorant*: that there are physicians in this town weak enough to administer quack medicines, I do not deny; but with what propriety to their own dignity, or justice to their patients, I must leave their own breasts to determine.

I cannot conclude without observing, how beneath the dignity of a physician it must be, to become the patentee of any quack medicine: it implies either he is so ignorant of diseases, as to imagine that he has discovered a medicine which may be administered with safety, in all their different stages, and with a certainty of success; or he must be a man of principles very dangerous to society, to endeavour to impose on the credulous part of mankind, in a matter of so much importance to them as their lives. If by arts of this kind men were deluded of their property, it would be but of little

* One great mischief which often arises in taking James's powder is that very often the doses will be accumulated in the stomach, and not act, until a sufficient quantity of acid is formed, and then its operation is very violent indeed! and if in weak people this accident was to happen, I have not the least doubt of its proving mortal. The doctor, I am told, is so well aware of this, that in cases where he orders it, he generally orders some acid with it.

moment to undeceive them; let them buy wit, let them pay for their folly: but in cases of this nature, when the lives of his majesty's good subjects are often sold for half a crown, it then becomes the duty of every honest man to point out his neighbour's danger, and the mercenary views of designing men.

Yours,

Chelsea.

X.

P. S. Since writing the above, I find Dr. James's powder is strongly recommended in Vol. IV. Medical Observations, &c. which is just come out; page 164, l. 7. by Dr. Bradenock, who says, "He must acknowledge it (speaking of Dr. James's powder) deserves the preference to other preparations of antimony." From this declaration it would naturally have been imagined, that, being possessed of a preparation of antimony, which deserved the preference to all others, he would have used that and no other, in cases where antimonials were required: Yet, page 163. l. 17. he says, "I gave antimonials in different forms, the most frequent was one grain emit. tart. with five of the pulv. contray. c." Amazing! He tells us James's powder deserved the preference to all other preparations of antimony, while it is evident he thought otherwise, as may be demonstrated from his own practice: for emetic tartar he acknowledges was the antimonial he most frequently used; and that a physician would use the medicine he thought best and most likely to relieve his patient cannot be doubted.

I have before observed that the knowledge of chymistry cannot be dispensed with in a physician: this is evident in the case before us, where we see emetic tartar mixt with calcarious earth, which immediately decomposes it; yet with this share of chymical knowledge, the same person takes upon him to judge of, and point out to the public the medical effects and properties of chymical compounds.

As an antimonial medicine which may always be depended on, I would recommend the following: the only objection that can possibly be made to it is its price, which, with some people, may probably be of great weight; for a penny will purchase as much of this, as five shillings will of Dr. James's. The dose of this powder is five grains, which is to be taken every half hour, in the beginning of all acute diseases, as in fevers, rheu-

matism, &c. until the patient vomits plentifully. If he is any ways plethoric, bleeding is to precede these powders, otherwise not. After vomiting has been procured, the dose is to be repeated every five or six hours: in twenty-four hours it will generally remove all the pains in the head, the uneasiness and sickness in the stomach, and perfectly cleanse the whole primæ viæ: this powder will have every good effect that can possibly be wished for from James's, but without any of its bad effects; especially if exhibited by a person of sagacity. Some people will bear six grains, some even seven; but if it makes them in the least sick, the dose must be diminished a grain or two: all the visible operation it has, is to keep the patient in a very easy breathing sweat.

The powder. Rub one scruple of emetic tartar in a glass mortar, till it be very fine, then add by degrees twenty scruples of double refined loaf sugar, let them be rubbed together for half an hour, after which put it in a close stopped bottle for use.

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS and PAMPHLETS.

Public Accounts of Services and Grants, shewing how the Money given for each Year has been disposed of, what Parts remain unsatisfied, and the Balance of Overplus and Deficiency, &c. By Sir C. Whitworth, Chairman of the Committee of Supply and Ways and Means. Folio. Price 5s. Robson.

These accounts, which are authentic, are properly digested under their respective heads, and will certainly be useful to the gentlemen of the honourable house of Commons, as well as instructive to the public in general.

A Voyage to China and the East-Indies, by Peter Osbeck: Together with a Voyage to Suratte, by Olof Toreen; and an Account of the Chinese Husbandry, by Charles Gustavus Ekeberg. Translated from the German, by John Reinhold Forster, F. A. S. To which are added, a Faunula and Flora Sinenfis. Two Volumes. 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. White.

This production is among the number of voyages that are not penned in the closet, but the effect of real observation, founded upon judicious inquiries.

Papers relative to the late Negotiation with Spain, and the taking of Falkland Island from the English. 4to. Price 3s. Almon.

See an abstract of these papers in our last, p. 108,

An Essay on national Pride. Translated from the German of Mr. Zimmermann, Physician in Ordinary to his Britannic Majesty at Hanover. 8vo. Price 3s. Wilkie.

Doctor Zimmermann's merit as an essayist is so well established throughout Europe; that this piece has gone through four editions, and been translated into most of the fashionable languages. We are glad to see it at present in English, as we are certain it must be entertaining and instructive to our countrymen, who will find the sentiments of the doctor upon the different nations of Europe divested of prejudice and partiality.

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The Temple of Compassion, a Poem, addressed to a Lady by an Officer of the Guards. 4to. Price 1s. Ridley.

This specimen of the poetical talents of this nominal military gentleman, is, we hope, not the real production of any officer in the honourable corps whose name he has introduced in the title; as we entertain too high an opinion of their abilities to believe he is in the smallest degree, the representative of their literary merit.

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Doctor Goldsmith, we are assured, is the author of this piece, which is penned with his usual elegance and candour.

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The piece before us may be considered rather as the heads of an essay, than as a complete disquisition. Our author seems, however, a master of his subject, and a candid reasoner.

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The gentleman whose work we now examine, is very desirous of improving the streets and markets of London: we wish he were equally solicitous of improving his style and language, before he communicates his thoughts again to the public.

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This novel, we are assured by the editor, is the production of a lady, and in many places it breathes the soft and sentimental dictates of a female bosom.

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Mr. Brooke has established his reputation in Ireland as a writer, and he has many admirers here; yet, with great deference to the critics, we cannot think him a pleasing historian, or an agreeable novelist; and we are inclined to believe if his works had been published at some particular Circulating Libraries, without the Author's name being prefixed, he would have met with a less favourable reception from the public.

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Instead of a poem, we meet with a collection of detached thoughts in rhyme, indeed, upon the use and abuse of satire.

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Methodistical poetry, and truly characteristic.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. William Sparks.

From the given equation $x \times \sqrt{x} = 125$, we get $x^3 = 15625$; whence $x = 25$.

The Same answered by Mr. George Grant.

$\sqrt{x^3} = 125$ per question. Hence $x^3 = 15625$. Therefore $x = \sqrt[3]{15625} = 25$.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. B. Jones.

From the two last questions we have $38 - 5y = 76 - 2x$. And by substituting the value of x in the first equation, there will arise $\frac{38 + 5y}{2} - 38 = 2\sqrt{y - 2}$. $\therefore y^2 - 15.84y = -59.04$. reduced, gives $y = 7.92 \pm \sqrt{3.6864} = 6$, and $x = 34$. Hence $x = 18$. So that the proposer's age is 34 years, 6 months, and 18 days.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. Thomas Barker.

Put a for the given area, d for the given difference, (which is the radius of the inscribed circle,) and let x represent half the periphery. Then $dx = a$, and $x = \frac{a}{d}$; whence $\frac{a}{d} = d$. or $\frac{a - dd}{d}$ is the hypotenuse sought.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. William Castellan.

Let the difference between the hypotenuse and the lesser side be y , the other difference z , and for the greater side put x . Then per question, $x + z = \text{hypotenuse}$, and $x + z - y = \text{lesser side}$; therefore $x^2 + 2xz + z^2 = 2x^2 + 2xz - 2xy + z^2 + y^2$ Eu. 47.3 Hence $x^2 - 2xy = 2zy - y^2$, consequently $x = \sqrt{2yz} + y$.

QUESTION V. Answered by Mr. C. Sleight.

The two equations reduced gives $\frac{x^3}{y} = x^2 + \frac{14y^2 - xy}{x}$, and $\frac{x^3}{y} = 864 - 48x$, which equations being equal, we have $x^2 + \frac{14y^2 - xy}{x} = \frac{x^3}{y}$; from whence we get $x = 12$ and $y = 6$.

QUESTION VI. Answered by Mr. Thomas Barker.

Let $3x$ and $4x$ be the required numbers; then per question $3x - 12xx$, and $4x - 12xx$ must be square numbers; therefore put $3x - 12xx = aa$ and $4x - 12xx = bb$, from these equations, by exterminating x , we get $\frac{3}{12 + aa} = \frac{4}{12 + bb}$; whence $48 + 4aa = 36 + 3bb$. $\therefore 4aa = 3bb - 12$. $\therefore bb = \frac{4aa + 12}{3} = \frac{4aa}{3} + 4$; this must also be a square; let therefore $ra - 2$ be the square root thereof. Hence $\frac{4aa}{3} + 4 = r^2 a^2 - 4ra + 4$, or $\frac{4aa}{3} = r^2 a^2 - 4ra$, and $a = \frac{12r}{3rr - 4}$. Here r may be assumed at pleasure; and thence the value of x , which is $\frac{3}{12 + aa}$ may be determined. Let $r = 2$, then will $a = 3$ and $x = \frac{1}{7}$; consequently $\frac{3}{7}$ and $\frac{4}{7}$ are the fractions required. If r be taken equal 4, a will be $\frac{12}{11}$ in that case $\frac{363}{532}$ and $\frac{484}{532}$ will answer the condition of the equations. Proceeding on in this manner other answers may be found.

The Same answered by Mr. William Casticau.

Let a represent any number greater than 2, then will the required fractions be

$$\frac{a-1}{2} \text{ and } \frac{\frac{a^2}{2}-a}{\frac{a^2}{2}-1}. \text{ If } a=3, \frac{4}{7} \text{ and } \frac{3}{7} \text{ will be the fractions sought.}$$

Mr. William Casticau, Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wisset, in Suffolk, Mr. Joseph Hicks, pupil to the Rev. Mr. Wades, of Boxford, and Mr. Jeremiah Tooke, of Halesworth, in Suffolk, answered all the questions; Mr. C. Sleight of Nottingham, Mr. Gervase Cliff, of Ruddington, Mr. John Lowe, of Birmingham, Mr. Isaac Gumley, of Countesthorpe, near Leicester, Mr. John Reynolds, pupil to Mr. Harvey, of Bungay, Tyrunculus, of Rofs, and Mr. John Jewell, officer of excise at Dartmouth, answered the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth questions; Mr. Thomas Saddler, of Whitchurch, in Shropshire, Mr. B. Jones, of Hempstead, and Mr. John Andrews, of Totness, answered the first, second, third, and fourth questions; Mr. Thomas Adcock, answered the first, second, and fifth questions; Mr. James Holworthy, of Market-Bosworth, in Leicestershire, Mr. William Sparks, school-master, at Pewsey, in Wiltshire, and Mr. George Grant, of Beverly, in Yorkshire, answered the first, second, and third questions; Mr. John Skermer, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, answered the first, second, and third questions; Mr. R. Spakeman, of Warrington, answered the third and fourth; R. A. B——c, of Durham, answered the first and fourth questions; Mr. R. P. Le Marchant, of Waltham-Abbey, answered the first, second and fourth questions; Mr. William Peter Le Cocq, of the same place answered the first and fourth questions.

New MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. *By Mr. J. Hicks.*

My age is now just 16 years, my father's 36; how long is it since the number of my father's years was exactly three times mine.

QUESTION II. *By Mr. Jones.*

A young lady's age is in proportion to her fortune in pounds, as 1 to fifty; but her age multiplied by its half, and the product added to twice the square of her age, gives the young lady's portion.

QUESTION III. *By Mr. Jeremiah Tooke.*

Given $\sqrt{\frac{xy}{x}} = 512$ and $\sqrt{\frac{xy^2}{x}} = 8192$. Required the value of x and y .

QUESTION IV. *By Mr. George Grant.*

In a certain cylinder, whose solidity is three cubic feet, there are inscribed three equal spheres touching the internal surface thereof. The sum of the three diameters of the equal spheres is the length of the cylinder. Required the diameter of the cylinder, and the content of the globes.

QUESTION V. *By Mr. William Sparks.*

Required a general theorem for dividing a given right-angled parallelogram into any number of equal parts by lines drawn parallel to the diagonal.

QUESTION VI. *By Curiosus.*

Required the nature of a curve, wherein the abscissa-minus, the subtangent, shall be equal to the tangent.

POETICAL

P O E T I C A L P I E C E S.

M A R C H.

AT length stern Winter's frigid sway subsides,
 And leaves progressive this auspicious isle;
 With softer aspect gentle Spring presides,
 And universal nature wears a smile.
 Impulsive drove, by nature's strict commands,
 The winds loud whistle o'er the rural plain;
 Whilst Boreas collects his raging bands,
 And, with reluctance, quits his finish'd reign.
 Array'd in mantles of reviving green
 The fields and meadows with fresh beauty
 rise!
 The yellow crocus aids the verdant scene,
 And the pale primrose hails the op'ning skies!
 The vegetative sap ascends the tree,
 With teeming buds the 'tangling branches
 swell;
 Their boughs expanding to the vernal breeze,
 The sweet effects of smiling Spring they tell.
 The sun once more begins his yearly round,
 And travels upwards through etherial skies;
 Nurtures with genial warmth the fertile ground,
 And nature with reviving sweets supplies.
 The bleating flocks regain the long-lost field,
 And wanton nimbly o'er the gay campaign;
 The distant hills a fruitful verdure yield,
 And pleasing prospects rise throughout the
 plain.
 The lowing herds inhale the wholesome air,
 Free from the yoke, and unconfin'd, they
 feed!
 With lacteal sweets repay their keeper's care,
 Relieve his wants, alleviate his need.
 Industry now displays his healthy face!
 The honest rustics rise by break of day—
 To barn or field, to garden, wood, or chace,
 (As labour calls) they cheerful bend their
 way.
 No galling thoughts perplex their peaceful state!
 Blest with their humble lot they ne'er com-
 plain!
 With joyful hearts, expectantly they wait
 The rolling seasons, and the ripen'd grain.
 To shun the pomp and tumult of the croud,
 Sage Contemplation, with a peaceful mind,
 Seeks in the rural cottager's abode
 A calm contentment, happy, and refin'd.

* * * *

The DEBAUCHEE.

COME, ye nymphs, who're brisk and airy,
 Handsome, tender, wanton, merry;
 Come in flowing, loose attire,
 Come and fan my raging fire;

Let me on your bosoms press,
 Height of joy and happiness:
 Sages may their books approve,
 All my study shall be love.

Jolly Bacchus too attend,
 Thou'rt the jovial lover's friend;
 Bring thy mirth-inspiring liquor;
 Bring it—faster—move thee quicker;
 Let me drown my thirsty soul;
 Come, ye nymphs, and kiss the bowl;
 Make the gods in concert join,
 Love is always fir'd by wine.

Music's vot'ries next advance,
 Leave the mazes of the dance,
 All your instruments prepare,
 Play the soft, the tender air;
 Soothe my love with harmony;
 Hark, ye nymphs, what melody!
 Music's charms, with sparkling wine,
 Shall, to heighten love, combine.

This, ye gods, this, this is pleasure,
 Thus will I employ my treasure:
 Life's a span, and time still flying,
 Let me never think of dying;
 But enjoy the good possessing,
 Riches! Heaven's greatest blessing:
 Music's charms, and love, and wine,
 All in riches will combine.

But, oh! what pains do now assail me!
 All my limbs and senses fail me!
 Rack'd and tortured all over,
 I no more can act the lover;
 All my follies now o'er take me,
 Mirth and pleasure quite forsake me:
 Music seems no more divine,
 Tasteless too is sparkling wine.

Oh! too late, I see my error,
 In Experience's mirror!
 How my precious time I've wasted!
 How to swift destruction hasted!
 Diamonds, rubies, glittering gold,
 Sapphires, pearls, in which I roll'd,
 Cannot stay my fleeting breath:
 Welcome then thou dreadful Death.

W. PORDEN.

The OLD BATCHELOR.

After the Manner of SPENSER.

IN Phœbus' region while some bards there be
 That sing of battles, and the trumpets roar;
 Yet these, I ween, more pow'ful bards than me,
 Above my ken, on eagle pinions soar!

Haply a scene of meaner view to scan,
 Beneath their laurel'd praise my verse
 may give;
 To trace the features of unnotic'd man.
 Deeds else forgotten in the verse may live!
 Her lore, mayhap, instructive sense may
 teach
 From deeds of humbler growth within my
 lowly reach.

A wight there was, who single and alone
 Had crept from vigorous youth to wan-
 ing age,
 Nor e'er was worth, nor e'er was beauty
 known,
 His heart to captive, or his thought en-
 gage:
 Some feeble joyaunce, tho' his conscious mind
 Might female worth or beauty give to wear,
 Yet to the nobler sex he held confin'd
 The genuine graces of the soul sincere;
 And well cou'd shew with saw or proverb
 quaint,
 All semblance woman's foul, and all her beau-
 ty paint.

In plain attire this wight apparel'd was,
 (For much he conn'd of frugal lore and
 knew)
 Not till some day of larger note might cause,
 From iron-bound chest his better garb he
 drew:
 But when the Sabbath-day might challenge
 more,
 Or feast, or birth-day, shou'd it chance
 to be,
 A glossy suit devoid of stain he wore,
 And gold his buttons glanc'd so fair to see;
 Gold clasp'd his shone, by maiden brush'd
 so sheen,
 And his rough beard he shav'd, and donn'd
 his linen clean.

But in his common garb a coat he wore,
 A faithful coat that long its lord had
 known,
 That once was black, but now was black no
 more,
 Atting'd by various colours not its own:
 All from his nostrils was the front im-
 brown'd,
 And down the back ran many a greasy
 line;
 While, here and there, his social moments
 own'd
 The generous signet of the purple wine.
 Brown o'er the bent of eld his wig appear'd,
 Like fox's trailing tail by hunters fore affair'd.

One only maid he had, like turtle true,
 But not like turtle gentle, soft, and kind;
 For many a time her tongue bewray'd the
 shrew,
 And in meet words unpack'd her peevish
 mind:
 Ne form'd was she to raise the soft desire
 That stirs the tingling blood in youthful
 vein,

Ne form'd was she to light the tender fire,
 By many a bard is sung in many a strain!
 Hook'd was her nose, and countless wrinkles
 told

What no man durst, I ween, that she was old.

When the clock told the wanted hour was
 come

When from his nightly cups the wight
 withdrew,

Right patient wou'd she watch his wending
 home,

His feet she heard, and soon the bolt she
 drew.

If long his time was past, and leaden sleep
 O'er her tir'd eye-lids gau his reign to
 stretch,

Oft wou'd she curse that men such hours
 shou'd keep,

And many a saw 'gainst drunkenness
 wou'd preach;

Haply if potent gin had arm'd her tongue,
 All on the reeling wight a thund'ring peal she
 rung.

For tho' the blooming queen of Cyprus' isle
 O'er her cold bosom long had ceas'd to
 reign;

On that cold bosom still cou'd Bacchus smile,
 Such beverage to own if Bacchus deign:

For wine she priz'd not much, for stronger
 drink

Its med'cine oft a cholic-pain will call,
 And for the med'cine's sake, might envy
 think,

Oft wou'd a cholic-pain her bowels en-
 thrall;

Yet much the proffer did she loath, and say
 No dram might maiden taste, and often an-
 swer'd nay.

So as in single animals he joy'd,

One cat, and eke one dog, his bounty fed,
 The first the late-devouring mice destroy'd,
 Thieves heard the last, and from his thresh-
 old fled:

All in the sun-beam bask'd the lazy cat,
 Her motled length in couchant posture
 laid;

One, one accusom'd chair while Pompey fat,
 And loud he bark'd shou'd Puss his right
 invade.

The human pair oft mark'd them as they lay,
 And haply sometimes thought like cat and dog
 were they.

A room he had that fac'd the southern ray,
 Where oft he walk'd to set his thoughts
 in tune;

Pensive he pac'd its length an hour or tway
 All to the music of his creaking shoon:

And at the end a darkling closet stood,
 Where books he kept of old research and
 new,

In seemly order rang'd on shelves of wood,
 And rusty nails and phials not a few:

Thilk place a wooden box besemeth well,
 And papers squar'd and trimm'd for use unmeet
 to tell.

For

For still in form he plac'd his chief delight,
Nor lightly broke his old accusom'd rule,
And much uncourteous wou'd he hold the
wight
That e'er displac'd a table, chair, or stool:
And oft in meet array their ranks he plac'd,
And oft with careful eye their ranks re-
view'd ;
For novel forms, tho' much these forms had
grac'd,
Himself and maiden-minister eschew'd :
One path he trod, nor ever wou'd decline
A hair's unmeasur'd breadth from off the even
line.

A club select there was, where various talk
On various chapters pass'd the ling'ring
hour,
And thither oft he bent his evening walk,
And warm'd to mirth by wine's enlivening
pow'r.
And oft on politics the preachments ran
If a pipe lent its thought-begetting fume,
And oft important matters wou'd they scan,
And deep in council fix a nation's doom!
And oft they chuckl'd loud at jest or jeer,
Or bawdy tale the most, think much they lov'd
to hear.

For men like him they were, of like comfort,
Think much the honest muse must needs
condemn,
Who made of women's wiles their wanton
sport,
And blest'd their stars that kept the curse
from them :
No honest love they knew, no melting smile
That shoots the transports to the throb-
bing heart !
Think knew they not but in a harlot's guile
Lascivious smiling thro' the mask of art :
And so of women deem'd they as they knew,
And from a demon's traits an angel's picture
drew.

But most abhorr'd they Hymenial rites,
And boasted oft the freedom of their fate ;
Nor veil'd, as they opin'd, its best delytes
Those ills to balance that on wedlock wait ;
And often wou'd they tell of hen-peck'd fool
Snubb'd by the hard behest of four-ey'd
dame,
And vow'd no tongue-arm'd woman's
freakish rule
Their mirth should quail, or damp their
generous flame :
Then pledg'd their hands, and tofs'd their
bumpers o'er,
And lo ! Bacchus ! sung, and own'd no other
pow'r.

If e'er a doubt of softer kind arose
Within some breast of less obdurate frame,
Lo ! where its hideous form a phantom shows
Full in his view, and cuckold is its name.
Him scorn attended with a glance askew,
And scorpion-shame for delicts not his own,

Her painted bubbles with suspicion blew,
And vex'd the region round the Cupid's
throne :
" Far be from us, they cry'd, the treach'-
rous bane,
" Far be the dimply guile, and far the flow'ry
chain."

PROLOGUE to the new Tragedy of CLEMENTINA.

Written by George Colman, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Bensley.

IN these our moral and religious days,
Men dread the crying sin of writing Plays ;
While some, whose wicked wit incurs the blame,
Howe'er they love the trespass, fly the shame.

If, a new holy war with Vice to wage,
Some Preacher quits the Pulpit for the Stage,
The rev'rend Bard, with much remorse and
fear,

Attempts to give his ev'ning Lecture here ;
The work engender'd, to the World must rise,
But yet the Father may elude our eyes.
The Parish on this trick of youth might frown,
And thus, unown'd, 'tis thrown upon the Town.
At our Director's door he lays the sin,
Who sees the Babe, relents, and takes it in ;
To swathe and dress it first unstrings his purse,
Then kindly puts it out to you—to nurse.

Should some young Counsel, thro' his luck-
less star,

By writing Plays turn truant to the Bar,
Call'd up by you to this High Court of Wit,
With *non inventus*, we return the writ :
No Latitat can force him to appear,
Whose failure and success cause equal fear ;
Whatever fees his clients here bestow,
He loses double in the Courts below.

Grave solemn Doctors, whose prescribing
pen

Has, in the trade of Death, kill'd many men,
With vent'rous quill here tremblingly engage,
To slay Kings, Queens, and Heroes, on the
Stage.

The Great, if great men write, of shame afraid,
Come forth *incog*.—and Beaux in masquerade,
Some demireps in wit, of doubtful fame,
Tho' known to all the Town, with-hold their
name.

Thus each, by turns, ungratefully refuse
To own the favours of their Lady Muse ;
Woo'd by the Court, the College, Bar, and
Church,
Court, Bar, Church, College, leave her in the
lurch.

'Tis your's to-night the work alone to scan :
Arraign the Bard, regardless of the Man!

If

If Dulness waves her poppies o'er his Play,
To Critic Fury let it fall a prey;
But if his art the tears of Pity draws,
Ask not his name—but crown him with ap-
plause!

EPILOGUE.

Written by George Colman, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. Yates.

FROM Otway's and immortal Shakespear's
page,
Venice is grown familiar to our Stage.
Here the Rialto often has display'd
At once a bridge, a street, and mart of trade;
Here, Treason threat'ning to lay Venice flat,
Grave Candle-snuffers oft in Senate sat.

To-night in Venice we have plac'd our scene,
Where I have been—liv'd—died—as you have
seen;

Yet, that my travels I may not disgrace,
Let me—since now reviv'd—describe the place!
Nor wou'd the tour of Europe prove our shame,
Cou'd every Macaroni do the same.

The City's self—a wonder, all agree—
Appears to spring, like Venus, from the Sea:
Founded on piles, it rises from the strand,
Like trifle plac'd upon a silver stand;
While many a lesser Isle the prospect crowns,
Looking like sugar-plumbs, or floating towns.

Horses and mules ne'er pace the narrow street,
Where crowded walkers elbow all they meet;
No carts and coaches o'er the pavement clatter,
Ladies, Priests, Lawyers, Nobles,—go by
water;

Light boats and gondolas transport them all,
Like one eternal party, to Vauxhall.

Now hey for merriment!—Hence Grief and
Fear!

The jolly Carnival leads in the year,
Calls the young Loves and Pleasures to its aid;
A three months Jubilee and Masquerade!
With gaiety the throng'd Piazza glows,
Mountebanks, Jugglers, Boxers, Puppet-shows;
Mask'd and disguis'd the Ladies meet their
sparks,

While Venus hails the Mummerys of St. Mark's;
There holy Friars turn Gallants, and there too
Nuns yield to all the frailties—'flesh is heir to';
There dear Ridottos constantly delight,
And sweet Harmonic Meetings ev'ry night!

Once in each year the Doge ascends his barge,
Fine as a London Mayor's, and thrice as large,
Throws a huge ring of gold into the Sea,
And cries—'Thus we, thy Sov'reign, marry
thee.

'Oh, may'st thou ne'er, like many a mortal
'spouse,

'Prove full of storms, and faithless to thy
vows!

One word of politics—and then I've done—
The State of Venice Nobles rule alone.

March 1771.

Thrice happy Britain, where, with equal hand,
Three well-pois'd States unite to rule the Land!
Thus, in the Theatre, as well as State,
Three ranks must join to make us blest'd and
great:

King, Lords, and Commons, o'er the Nation sit,
Pit, Box, and Gallery, rule the Realms of Wit.

On a covetous old PARSON.

"CRIES T——, in his spleen, this public
donation

Methinks favours much of vain ostentation.

G—d blest me, Five Pounds! Why the sum is
immense!

And for pity, mere pity! 'Tis shew and pre-
tence.

When I do an alms, Fame's trumpet ne'er
blows;

What my right-hand is doing, my left never
knows.

All my Gifts I bestow in so private a way,
That when, how, or where, no mortal can
say."

T—— has, it is true, such an art to con-
ceal them,

That his parish ne'er see, nor the poor ever
feel them:

And thus he makes sure none shall ever re-
veal them.

R E B U S.

A Prophet of whom in the Bible 'tis said
That a cunning old witch brought up from
the dead;

A thing by all watermen us'd as a guide
To steer a right course, or to row against tide;

A practice by niggardly misers ador'd,
Tho' often in Scripture forbid by our Lord;

The name of an idol (in hist'ry we are told)
The Saxons rever'd in dark ages of old;

What frequently stops the career of a thief,
And sometimes affords to the wretched relief;

The name of a creature, as Mussulmen write,
Who bore up their prophet to regions of light;

What oft proves a blessing, but sometimes a
curse,

When we take the fair sex for better for worse;
A title for him who is said to preside

In Peter's old chair, an infallible guide;
What reverend vicars exact as their dues,

Tho' obstinate quakers will sometimes refuse;
What ought to be practis'd by rulers of state,

Tho' shamefully banish'd by courtiers of late,
What men often do when they sleep on a bench;

Or ogle at play house a frolicksome wench:
Now join the initials, they clearly make known

The name of a pleasant and populous town,
That formerly boasted a flourishing trade,

But since, by misfortunes, reduc'd and decay'd.

Newbery, March 6, 1771.

S. A.

X

FO

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, Jan. 17.

IT is presumed, that the Grand Signior will acquiesce with the advice of his council, and remain in his capital, as no preparations are making for his journey to Adrianople. Upon the complaints of the foreign Ministers residing here of the excesses committed by the soldiers in the suburbs of Pera, the government has granted each of them a guard of soldiers. Moreover, as the Janissaries who commit most of these outrages threatened to excite a general insurrection against the Sultan on the festival of the Bairam, because they had not received their pay, his Highness ordered the guards posted in different parts of the city to take up and send to prison whoever should be found making any disturbance, in order to be severely punished; which had so good an effect, that in a week's time upwards of fifty of the mutineers were taken, which so intimidated the rest, that the festival of the Bairam was celebrated this day without the least disturbance.

In consequence of advices received from Smyrna by some foreign Ministers residing here that the Consuls of their respective courts were exposed more and more to the loss of their lives and effects, the government has sent orders not only to Cara Osman Oglou, but likewise to the Cadi, to take the Consuls and Franes under their protection.

Hermanstadt in Transylvania, Jan. 25. The plague, which at first appeared only in the neighbourhood of Cronstadt, has lately penetrated into the districts bordering upon this capital. This dreadful distemper has carried off all the inhabitants of Roselen, a village occupied by the troops that form the line round Fogarasch; and has communicated to some other places. A distemper likewise prevails among the horned cattle.

Vienna, Feb. 2. The Emperor's equipages, and every thing necessary for a journey, or for the field, are getting ready with the utmost expedition. His Imperial Majesty has ordered a service of plate to be made very light, and to lie in a small compass for the convenience of travelling.

Constantinople, Feb. 4. Prince Bajazet, brother to the Grand Signior, and next heir to the throne, died on the 24th past, in the 54th year of his age.

Weissel, Feb. 13. For some months past frequent conferences have been held between the Prince Primate and some of the Magnates, on the means for establishing the tranquillity of the kingdom of Poland. The Russians have declared their willingness to give all the assistance in their power. During these negotiations, a courier arrived from Petersburg with the following account: "Russia and Prussia have agreed to let Poland endeavour at the

establishment of her own tranquillity, being of opinion that she is able to attain the wished for end: That they have farther determined not to lay any stumbling block in their way regarding the guarantee of Russia and Prussia, but to leave it as fixed in the year 1764, and that Austria afterwards, if she will, may take it on herself. In respect to the Dissidents, Russia and Prussia will not interfere, if the Roman Catholics can bring the Dissidents over voluntarily to give up any part of their claims: and it is held for the good of the fundamental laws, that every thing which concerns the real rights of the republic itself should remain as it is, except the voluntary alteration which may be made regarding the Dissidents. And further, that any thing which has been constituted since 1764, may be altered or omitted as the parties may agree, provided it is not prejudicial to any treaty or fundamental laws, except what may be resolved upon relative to the Dissidents, &c."

Paris, Feb. 18. The Princes of the Blood received the arret of the Parliament of Rouen the 5th instant, inclosed in a letter; to which they have all returned very favourable answers. As they are all pretty near the same in substance, it will be sufficient to give you the following one of the Duke of Orleans.

"Gentlemen,

"I have received your letter of the 5th current, and your arret of the same day, relative to the present state of the Parliament of Paris: you ought to have no doubt of my wishes to serve you on so important an occasion, and to see this affair terminated by such means as are consistent with the dignity and authority of the King, and conformable to the true interests of the nation. I am, &c."

Frontiers of Poland, Feb. 20. Marshal Sawa came the 12th instant to Mysock, at the head of 1000 horse and 400 foot, and obliged the Jews to pay a very large contribution.

On the 16th instant a smart engagement happened between Col. Drewitz and the Confederates, commanded by Paczkewski and Lipieuski. The latter being attacked unawares by the former, were beaten and put to flight, with the loss of 100 men killed and 40 taken prisoners. After this advantage Colonel Drewitz continued his march towards Posenania.

From the Banks of the Weixel, Feb. 21. According to the last advices from Russia, the grand Russian army will next campaign consist of 9840 cavalry, 79,000 infantry, 4000 Calmouks, 15,000 Cossacks, and 15,000 Tartars, amounting in all to 132,840 men. Besides the above, a body of 30,000 Cossacks of the Ukraine will form the vanguard of the great Russian army.

Kaminiac, Feb. 28. Thanks be to heaven we are entirely delivered from the plague. Some villages

villages in our neighbourhood are not quite free, but we take every precaution now we are clear, to keep this place so.

Utrecht, March 3. Letters from Tunis of the 27th of January advise, that the evening before, the Bey sent for the Danish Consul, and signified to him that he must depart immediately, his Highness having declared war against the King of Denmark his master. The Consul not being in a good state of health, desired he might be allowed some time to prepare for his departure, which it was not doubted would be granted. These letters add, that the Algerines were supposed to be the authors of this rupture.

Paris, March 4. Our East-India Company has received advice by a ship just arrived from the island of Madagascar, an ample relation of the success of a voyage made by M. Poivre to the Spice Islands. His ship left Madagascar in January 1769, and returned to the Isle de France in the month of June in the year following, with a cargo of 400 plants of the nutmeg-tree, 10,000 nutmegs, 70 plants of the clove-tree, and a chest of cloves, all which productions, agreeably to an order of the Upper-Council of that place, will be planted there by repartition. They were brought thither from islands which do not depend on the Dutch East-India Company.—This projection may not be quite so noble as that of Nabob-hunting, but is certainly more commercial, and will be perhaps, in the end, not less beneficial.

Ferrara, March 5. Some letters from Venice advise, that Mecca and Gedda have again fallen into the hands of the Grand Signor, and that Ali Bey, the new Sultan of Egypt, had been massacred by his own troops; also that the Russians having made a fresh descent on the Morea, the carnage and fright had driven

the inhabitants again from their dwellings; to seek refuge they knew not where.

Genoa, March 6. The government has received a brief from Rome, by which they are permitted to raise a tenth on all ecclesiastical benefices, during the term of ten years. This brief is exactly similar to one granted to the republic under the pontificate of Benedict XIV.

Paris, March 8. The King's Council who were ordered to carry 14 edicts to the new tribunal to be registered there, have received counter orders; the Members of the Council having represented to the Chancellor that they consented to supply the place of the Parliament only, upon condition that they should not be obliged to register those money edicts.

These edicts establish a third twentieth penny, a double capitation, duties upon paper, starch, and other articles; and suppress certain franchises which the Burghers of Paris enjoyed, the privileges of the King's Secretaries, &c.

Paris, March 9. A Bed of Justice was held in Paris by the French King on the 22d of February last, when he issued an edict, which was enregistered the day following, to the following effect, namely, that as the jurisdiction of the Parliament was too extensive, reaching from Lyons southwardly, to Arras in French Flanders northwardly; which great distance occasioned much expence to his subjects, who might be obliged to come to Paris for the prosecution of their law affairs, his Majesty had thought fit to branch the Parliament of Paris into six different Parliaments, under the denomination of "Superior Courts," each Parliament having similar jurisdiction; and that his Majesty had appointed them their respective salaries. It is conjectured that the other Parliaments of France will be new modelled after this regulation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

AT the beginning of this Month our politicians acquainted us with designs of the king of Prussia, to interrupt the harmony of the Empire; and we were given to understand that the Empress Queen would soon figure as a Belligerent Power. We were then amused with some supposed fresh misunderstanding between our court and that of Madrid, concerning the late Convention, and the restitution of Port Egmont. To give this news the greater air of authenticity, we were informed that Mr. Walpole was returned from France, having passed from Calais to Dover in an open boat, so urgent was his errand; and that nothing less than a categorical answer was demanded from the Court of Versailles concerning our design of keeping up our present naval arma-

ment. These alarming advices were accompanied with our news dealers positive assurances, that France would speedily join the Porte against Russia, which would necessarily bring on a general rupture, as the court of Petersburg would call upon us for assistance, which we could not refuse. These various reports have had different effects upon the stocks; but as their authenticity diminished, their influence subsided, and the politicians seem now entirely engaged with the dreadful consequences of a famine in Asia, and the extraordinary contest between the City and the House of Commons.

The last of these subjects becomes every day more interesting; and it were to be wished, for the public tranquillity and the general weal, that some means could be devised of conciliating the differences between two such powerful bodies.

Whitehall, Feb. 23. The Russian Minister desires the public may be informed, that according to the last letters he has received from his court, there is not (thank God) the least appearance of any infectious distemper; either in Moscow, Livonia, Estonia, Ingria, or in the adjacent provinces; and that the measures taken to prevent its being introduced into them, leave not the least reason to apprehend, in future, any danger from it.

28. Yesterday was held at the India House; at the desire of nine Proprietors, a General Court of the East India Company for taking into consideration a Bill now depending in Parliament for the better recruiting the Company's forces in India. The meeting was the most numerous and respectable that has been held for some years past. The Gentlemen who called the Court opened it by asserting, that the Directors had applied for this law without being properly authorized; insisting also on many objections as to the particular mode, and concluded with a motion that the Directors should be desired to withdraw their application. In answer to this it was shewn clearly, that the Directors had acted in consequence of a petition from the Court of Proprietors to Parliament in the year 1768, praying for new power to enable them to recruit their forces in India; that several plans had been already offered, but that the present seemed to be the most generally approved, and most effectual. It was shewn further, the necessity of this measure at present to give a security to our possessions in India, and a solidity to our stock, that, without some method, better than hitherto practised, both would be in the utmost danger; the present mode being odious, dishonourable, and ineffectual. In the course of the debate a letter was called for, and read from one of the very Gentlemen who called the Court (when in a high command in India) representing in the strongest terms the necessity of some such regulation. This letter so full, so explicit, and so strong in support of the very measure which was now attacked, served, after the arguments which had been used, to carry compleat conviction into the minds of every unprejudiced man present, insomuch that, upon the previous question being put, there appeared 320 for the Bill, and only 7 against it: two of the very Gentlemen who signed for calling the Court having, in the course of the debate, received full conviction of the propriety and expediency of the measure.

The principal speakers were, For the Bill—Sir Geo. Colebroke, Sir Mat. Fetherstonehaugh, Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Cornwall, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Salvador, and Mr. Rous. Against the Bill—Mr. Dempster, Mr. Orme, and Gen. Smith.

March 1. This day the Right Hon. George Earl of Pomfret was, by his Majesty's command, sworn of his Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council, and took his place at the Board accordingly.

His Majesty having been pleased to appoint James Cecil, commonly called Lord Viscount Cranburn, to be Lord Lieutenant of the county of Hertford, he this day took the oaths appointed to be taken thereupon; instead of the oaths of allegiance and supremacy.

2. The King having been pleased to grant his Royal Licence to Robert Melvill, Esq; Captain General and Governor in Chief of his Majesty's islands of Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, and Tobago in America, to return to this kingdom; his Majesty has been pleased to appoint William Leyburne, Esq; to be Captain-General and Governor in Chief of those islands, in the room of the said Robert Melvill, Esq;

5. A few days ago a custom-house cutter from Dover fell in with a smuggling vessel; which she ordered two of her men immediately to board, but the smugglers insisted they should not, and, on their attempting the same, knocked them over-board; the Captain of the cutter left them for that time, but on observing another cutter from Dover, they joined company, and came up with the smugglers just as they were going to land near Folkestone; they demanded their goods, which were refused, and the cutters were pelted from shore with stones, &c. and otherwise very roughly used; upon which an officer on board took up a blunderbuss, and told them, if they did not surrender, that he would instantly fire, which he very soon after did: several of them are wounded, one of whom is since dead, another taken and carried to Dover castle, and the officers also made a seizure of 15 tubs of brandy, &c.

Extract of a letter from Dublin, Feb. 27.

"On the 20th our Parliament met, when the forces on both sides were mustered; there were more Members in the House than were ever known on any other occasion. The question, on the proposed address, was carried by a majority of 25, in favour of government, to the surprise of every body, who have so long seen the great parties of this country, govern this kingdom as they pleased. At this time, the great chiefs were all united against it, and even pressed some servants of the crown, to oppose it at the hazard of their offices.

"This day, however, has afforded an unexpected, though no new scene, in this country, for when the house should have proceeded on the usual business of the day, a desperate mob, armed with clubs, cutlasses, &c. surrounded the Parliament House, and attempted to swear several of the Members, who very spiritedly refused the proposed oath. Upon which, they insulted some, and beat others, selecting with great nicety the supporters of government, from the members in opposition. The Bishops of Ferns and Corke were both beat and otherwise much abused. Lord Chief Justice Annelly, and Lord Tyrone were also very roughly treated. Lord Loftus was particularly searched for, he is marked by the mob,

mob, for joining government, and deserting from the patriots.

"Whilst free access to Parliament was thus interrupted, the Lord Chancellor sent an account of these proceedings to the Lord Lieutenant. Soon after a detachment of the military was requested by the Mayor and Sheriffs, who had repaired to the castle. The Lord Lieutenant first asked them, whether they could quell the riot by the aid of the civil power alone; on their answering in the negative, the troops were sent: On their appearance the mob dispersed, and peace was soon restored. When lol the storm arose within doors, for the Patriots largely expatiated on the terrors of an armed force surrounding the house, and have been debating whether the troops should be removed or not, before they proceeded to business, and whether there *really* had been a riotous mob assembled, though several Members stood up and declared they had been insulted and threatened: when luckily, just as the celebrated Mr. Flood was proving the only danger to be apprehended was from government, and a mercenary soldiery, and not from a mob, the door behind the Speaker's chair was suddenly forced open by some rioters, who broke into the House. This accident, notwithstanding that Gentleman's *eloquence and abilities*, convinced the House of the actual existence of the riot.

"Two of the ringleaders, armed with cutlasses, who attempted to swear the Bishops with a *Manual* (or Popish Prayer-book) were taken and lodged in Newgate, by order of the House of Lords.

"Their confession was taken down by the Lord Mayor; it is said they have made some material discoveries. This mob consisted of the weavers, for whom a charitable contribution was carried on by our Patriots for some months past. The Speaker subscribed one hundred pounds to this scheme, two days before the opening of the sessions.

"In short, this seems to all the rational part of the city to be the last efforts of a disappointed dying faction, who having no real grievance to complain of, or any credit or confidence with the public, are now striving to promote riot and confusion in the city. The general voice here is grateful, acknowledging his Majesty's goodness in graciously condescending to assemble the Parliament merely to transact the national business, nor is the wise conduct that has been invariably pursued by government less admired, by which our false Patriots, and pretended Rulers of the kingdom, are at last defeated, to the sincere joy of every independent Gentleman of this country.

"P. S. Since writing the above, an Address of Thanks to the Lord Lieutenant, for his conduct this day, was moved for and carried by 105 to 51."

8. Saturday evening a certain merchant's lady, not far from Hatton-garden, paid a visit to a great personage's brother at the west end

of the town, and *prudently* did herself the honour of returning home in one of his coaches, attended by several of his servants, as contentedly as if it had been her husband's. [See p. 151.]

9. Translation of his Catholic Majesty's orders, signified by the Balio Fray Don Julian de Arriaga, to Don Philip Ruez Puente, dated, Pardo, 7th of February 1771.

"IT being agreed between the King and his Britannic Majesty, by a Convention signed at London on the 22d of January last past, by the Prince of Maserano and the Earl of Rochford, that the Great Malouine, called by the English Falkland Island, should be immediately replaced in the precise situation in which it was before it was evacuated by them on the 10th of June last year; I signify to you, by the King's order, that as soon as the person commissioned by the court of London shall present himself to you with this, you order the delivery of the Port de la Cruzada or Egmont, and its fort and dependencies, to be effected; as also that of all the artillery, ammunition, and effects, that were found there, belonging to his Britannic Majesty and his subjects, according to the inventories signed by George Farmer and William Malby, Esqrs. on the 11th of July of the said year, at the time of their quitting the same, of which I send you the enclosed copies, authenticated under my hand; and that as soon as the one and the other shall be effected, with the due formalities, you cause to retire immediately the officer, and other subjects of the King, which may be there. God preserve you many years.

Pardo, 7th of Feb. 1771. (Signed)

The Balio Fray Don Julian de Arriaga.
To Don Philip Ruez Puente.

Although the above is only a copy of the order for restitution, yet it is the only instrument which the King of Spain has sent to our Court; and it has been accepted as a full ratification.

Abstract of the Counsel's Opinion relating to the three refractory Companies.

"Messrs. Wederburne, Glynn and Dunning are unanimously of opinion, that the Master and Wardens of the three Companies are bound to obey the Lord Mayor's precepts—Are liable to be disfranchised for refusal.—"

"The Common Serjeant is obliged to file an information in the Mayor's Court for that purpose, by the direction of the Court of Aldermen, Court of Aldermen and Common Council, or by order of the Common-Hall, and are liable to criminal prosecution for not obeying such orders"

Yesterday his Majesty went to the House of Peers, and gave the Royal assent to the American mutiny bill; the Clyde navigation bill; the Marden College bill; the bill for paving

ing Whitechapel; the bill for paving Goodman's Field's; the Birmingham canal bill; the Worcester paving bill; the Oxford poor bill; the Liverpoole playhouse bill; the bill for repairing Spermal Ash roads; the bill for repairing Selkirk roads; the bill for repairing Bowes roads; the bill for repairing Tadcaster roads; the bill for repairing Borough Bridge roads; and likewise to 24 private bills.

Extract of a Letter from New York, Jan. 16.

"Our assembly is now sitting. When the session began Mr. McDougall attended, among others, as a spectator, and departed as others did, without any notice being taken of him in particular; but the next day the Serjeant at Arms was ordered to bring him to the bar of the House. On his appearing there, the old Paper, signed 'Son of Liberty,' was read to him, and, by order of the House, it was demanded of him whether he was the Author or Publisher: He answered, that as the House had declared that Paper to be a libel, and had voted a reward for apprehending the Author or Publisher, and as he was apprehended in consequence of that vote, and was then actually under prosecution, he could not answer the question; and as the House was a party concerned, he thought they ought not to ask it.

"One of the members proposed, that as he refused to plead, he should suffer the *Paine fort et dure*, but this proposal was treated with contempt, as no doubt the Author of it will be. The House, however, voted Mr. McDougall guilty of contempt, and a breach of privilege, and ordered him to ask pardon, which he refused to do, as he was not conscious of having been guilty of either. He was forthwith committed to gaol, where he now remains, and is visited by persons of all ranks."

13. Last night a great disturbance happened at the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, at the opening of the Comedy of the Constant Couple, in consequence of the curtain not drawing up till near twenty minutes after six o'clock: Mr. Packer was hissed off repeatedly; nor was the Comedy suffered to begin, till Mrs. Barry ran on the stage, and made a polite apology, declaring the delay arose from her Taylor not having sent her dress in time. On this the audience were satisfied, and gave a striking proof of their approbation, by a most remarkable plaudit.

Mrs. Barry, last night introduced several temporary *bon mots* in her part of Sir Harry Wildair; one in particular was greatly applauded in the scene with Angelica, where she is shewing the little recommendation *virtue* will procure the possessor in the fashionable world. Will *virtue*, Madam, says she, keep you a coach and six? Will it recommend you to the *Coterie*, or to the *Sobo Meetings*?

14. On Tuesday, at 12 o'clock, the common cryer of this city, attended by the City Marshal and other officers, read, at the Royal

Exchange, the proclamation for apprehending the two printers Wheble and Thompson; after which, according to orders, several were stuck up on divers parts of the 'Change.

15. The following is an exact copy of the letter sent by the Speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland to the Members of that House, when he resigned the chair.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"When I had the honour of being unanimously elected to the Chair of this House, I entered on that high office with the warmest sentiments of loyalty to his Majesty, and the firmest determination to dedicate all my endeavours to transmit to my successor, the rights and privileges of the Commons of Ireland, as inviolate as I received them.

"But, at the close of the last sessions of Parliament, his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant was pleased to accuse the Commons of a crime, (which, I am confident, was as far from their intentions, as it ever was, and ever shall be, from mine) that of intrenching upon his Majesty's royal prerogative, and the just and undoubted rights of the crown of Great Britain: and as it has pleased the House of Commons to take the first opportunity after this transaction, of testifying their approbation of the conduct of the Lord Lieutenant, by voting him an address of thanks this session, I must, as in my humble opinion that address conveys a tacit censure of the proceedings, and a relinquishment of the privileges of the Commons, beg leave to resign an office I can no longer execute with honour. Your choice may fall upon some gentleman, whose sentiments upon this occasion may differ from mine, and who may not think an address of this nature is so derogatory to the dignity of the House. Signed,

Dublin, March, 4. JOHN PONSONEY.

At a Court of Common Council held yesterday, Mr. Alderman Trecothick Locum Tenens in the Chair (the Lord Mayor being indisposed with the gout) the Court being informed that a Bill was in the House of Commons for amending the navigation of the river Thames, from Cricklade to London, a motion was made that a Petition be presented to the House against so much of the said Bill as may effect the city of London, which was carried in the affirmative, and it was referred to the Committee for the Canal from Monkey Island to Isleworth, to prepare a Petition, who withdrew and prepared one accordingly, which was read and agreed to, and ordered to be presented to the House of Commons.

A motion was made to rescind the resolution of the Court of the 17th of Jan. last, which ordered, that for the future any Magistrate, who should back any press-warrants, should be prosecuted at the City expence; when, after much debate, a previous question was moved by Mr. Bellas, that the former question be not put, which was carried on a division,

vision, 2 Aldermen and 93 Commoners against it, 14 Aldermen and 55 Commoners for it, when the Court adjourned. The Aldermen that voted for the previous question were, Stevenson and Wilkes; against it, Ladbroke, Alfop, Harley, Turner, Halifax, Esdaile, Peers, Kennett, Nash, Kirkman, Plumb, Shakespeare, Rossiter, and Bird.

19. Yesterday the report was made to his Majesty of the convicts now under sentence of death in Newgate, when the following were ordered for execution the 27th instant, viz. Richard Morris, for firing a loaded pistol at Thomas Parkinson, in Hertfordshire; Thomas Peake for returning from transportation before the expiration of his term; John Sidey and George Burch, for breaking open the house of Mr. Greenfield, Linnen-Draper in Fleet-street, and stealing linens, &c. to the amount of more than 1300l. Luke Cannon, concerned with John Sidey (who was before capitally convicted for robbing Mr. Greenfield) in breaking into the house of the Hon. Mr. Stratford, in Park-street, and stealing plate, &c. to the amount of 2000 l.

21. We are assured that the following is a state of our Navy abroad. Suppose the ships which sailed from Cork with troops to the Mediterranean, are to return, when the ships at present under sailing orders arrive at their respective stations, you will then have,

In the Mediterranean, -	1 ship of the line.
In the West-Indies, -	3
In North-America, -	2
In Newfoundland, -	1
In the Leward Islands, -	1
In the East-Indies -	3
Ditto of Fifty Guns -	2

13

Besides very near forty frigates and eight or ten sloops on foreign service.

22. Yesterday a Court of Common Council was held at Guildhall, when they came to the following resolutions, "That the thanks of this court be given to the right honourable the Lord Mayor, and the Aldermen Wilkes and Oliver, for having, on a late important occasion, supported the privileges and franchises of the city, and defended our excellent constitution." It was afterwards ordered to be signed by the Town Clerk, and a copy delivered to each of them. (See p. 132.)

23. The Lapwing sailed from Bengal on the 20th of September, and from Madras the 14th of October, when no advice of the Aurora, with the Supervisors on board, had been received, which seems to be now given up for lost.

Heider Ali is reduced to the last extremity by the Morattoes. Their army winter in his country, and he has, in his distress, solicited the aid of the Company, but to no effect.

Things are in great confusion on the Coast. The Morattoes are said to have sent an em-

bassy to Sir John Lindsay, on account of his being the King's representative in India.

Governor Dupré, at Madras, refusing to admit General Coote, in all the latitude of his commission, that Gentleman is returning home by land in disgust. He sailed from Madras to Baffora on the 15th of October last.

26. On Sunday evening the Committee appointed by the Court of Common-Council to carry into execution their resolution for supporting the Lord Mayor, &c. met at the Mansion House; when they agreed to attend his Lordship to the House: and accordingly they met yesterday at the Mansion-House, and proceeded from thence about half past one o'clock. The Lord Mayor went first in his own coach, with his Chaplain and Mr. Bellas, and was followed by Mr. Alderman Oliver, Sir William Stephenson, Aldermen Turner and Kirkman, in their respective coaches, and the Common-Councilmen who were chosen on the Committee. They were attended by a great concourse of people all the way from the Mansion-House to Westminster. The populace attempted once in the way to unharness the horses, to draw the coach along, but were dissuaded from it. When the Lord-Mayor alighted in Palace-yard, he was supported by three Gentlemen, and conducted through the new passage to the House of Commons, which being crowded with people, resounded with their applause, as his Lordship was conducting along. His Lordship had his feet, legs, and thighs wrapped up in flannel; and, from the very feeble state he seemed in, and the pain he appeared to suffer, he raised in every one the most acute sensations of pity, at the same time he extorted their applause. Mr. Alderman Oliver followed the Lord Mayor, and met with the greatest marks of their approbation.

The Common-council met this day, and resolved, without any division, or one hand been held up to the contrary,

1. That the Lord Mayor be desired to call a Common-Hall the 11th of April.

2. That a table be kept for Mr. Alderman Oliver in the Tower, at the expence of the city. The second resolution was moved by Mr. Alderman Kirkman, And

Mr. Alderman Rossiter was the only person who spoke against it. He wanted to know the number of dishes, the expence and so on; but found his words received with such disgust and contempt, that even he took shame to himself and sat down.

27. The Society of the Bill of Rights has voted the gratification of the sum of 100l. to each of the following Printers, viz. John Wheble, Printer of the Middlesex Journal; Roger Thompson, Printer of the Gazetteer; and John Miller, Printer of the London Evening Post, for (as expressed in the Advertisement) having appealed to the Laws of their Country, and not having betrayed by their submission, the Rights of Englishmen.

28. His

28. His Majesty went this day to the House of Peers, and gave the Royal Assent to the several Bills that had passed both Houses, after which they adjourned till after Easter-Holidays.

BIRTHS.

The Countess of Darnley, of a son, in Berkeley-square.

The Lady of John Shelley, Esq; Treasurer of his Majesty's household, and Keeper of the Records in the Tower, of a son and heir, in Jermyn-street.

The Lady of Sir Charles Hardy, of a daughter, in Dover-street.

The Lady of the Hon. Charles Dormer, of a son and daughter.

Mrs. Pether, wife of Mr. Pether, a farmer at Brixton Causeway, of three daughters.

A poor woman near Ackworth, in the county of York, of four boys.

MARRIAGES.

Feb. 22. Richard Davison, Esq; of Hill-street, Berkley-square, to Miss Elizabeth Sharpe, of Great Pultney-street.

23. A Gentleman aged 75, to Miss Hopkins, a young Lady of 17, daughter to the Clerk of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.

26. Christopher Green, Esq; of Cambridge-shire, to Miss Wildman, of Red-lion-street, Clerkenwell.

March 3. John Alcock, Esq; of Stanhope-street, May Fair, to Miss Elizabeth Langley, of Bruton-street.

7. The Rev. Mr. Williams, of Great-Malden, in Essex, to Miss Anne Elizabeth Wilson, of Mulman-street.

10. Joseph Cartwright, Esq; of Lower-Brook-street, to Miss Elizabeth Martin, Oxendon-street.

12. John Norris, Esq; Member of Parliament for Rye in Suffex, to the youngest sister of Sir William Lynch, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at Turin.

17. John Shaw, Esq; of Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, to Miss Elizabeth Newman, of Chesterfield-street.

18. John Thorold, Esq; eldest son of Sir John Thorold, of Cranwell, in Lincolnshire, to Miss Hayford, of Cavendish-square.

DEATHS.

Mr. Walters, his Britannic Majesty's Agent at Rotterdam, in the 57th year of his age.

Joseph Debatt, Esq; Lieutenant Governor of Senegambia.

Alexander Barclay, Comptroller of his Majesty's Customs for the port of Philadelphia.

Capt. Phillips, of his Majesty's ship Trial, at Genfacola.

The Margrave Charles Frederic, of Brandenburg-Schwedt.

Feb. 16. Mr. William Cotterell, Farmer at Nottingham, aged 107; and three days after died his wife, aged 98. This couple lived together in the marriage state 80 years.

17. Mrs. Romaine, aged 88, at Hartlepool, mother of the Rev. Mr. Romaine, Rector of St. Anne, Blackfriars.

19. Edward Nicholas, Esq; at Chester.

20. Mrs. Welby, wife of William Earl Welby, of Denton, in Lincolnshire, and daughter of Sir John Glynne, Bart.

22. John Wetherby, Esq; formerly an officer in the royal regiment of Horse-guards.

25. John Cator, Esq; in Park-street.

26. Philip Hazeland, Esq; formerly a Consul abroad, in Gerrard-street, Soho.

21. Lt. Gen. James Paterson, on half-pay, at Richmond.

22. Abraham Smart, Esq; at Maidenhead.

24. George Tyndale, Esq; at Bristol.

26. The Right Hon. Lady Romney.

Mrs. Tyrrell, mother of the late Admiral Tyrrell, aged 99, in Little Ormond-street.

27. Richard Spencer, Esq; in Lincoln's Inn; John Ellis, Esq; formerly a Commander in the royal navy.

28. Miss Gosling, eldest daughter of the late Sir Francis Gosling.

The Lady of Sir Charles Seymour, of Somerly, near Kingswood, Hants.

The learned and Rev. Richard Grey, D. D. aged 78, at Hinton, in Northamptonshire.

March 1. John Hallam, Esq; aged 97; formerly a Commander in the navy.

The Hon. Lady Isabella Finch, sister of the late Earl of Winchelsea.

Sir Hans Fowler, Bart. of Abby-cwn-hyrr, Radnorshire.

4. John Freeman, Esq; in King-street, Bloomsbury.

6. James Miller, Esq; in Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

11. Sir Stafford Northcote, at Ottery, in Devonshire.

13. The Right Hon. and Rev. Charles Knollis, Earl of Banbury, Viscount Wallingford, and Baron Knollis, of Greys, at Burford, in Oxfordshire.

14. William Turton, Esq; New Bond-street.

15. William Kendall, Esq; at Vauxhall.

The youngest son of the Earl of Granard.

18. Henry Hadley, Esq; in Gray's-Inn.

19. John Glanville, Esq; West-India, Merchant, in Great-Russel-street, Bloomsbury.

22. John Perkins, Esq, aged 72, in Lime-street.

25. Thomas Rammell, aged 76.

26. Mr. Perkins, Yeoman of the Silver Scullery to her Royal Highness the Princess Dowager of Wales.



THE Town and Country Magazine ;

O R, UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F
Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For A P R I L, 1771.

Illustrated and embellished with the following elegant Engravings : 1. A beautiful Portrait of Miss EV—NS. 2. A good Likeness of the SORRY MOTION-MAKER. 3. Two fine whole Lengths of the patriotic LORD-MAYOR and Mr. ALDERMAN OLIVER, and 4. A true Representation of little COCKING GEORGE, taken from the Life, and cut in Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE ;
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row ; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange ; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn ; A. CLARKE, at Manchester ; T. SLACK, at Newcastle ; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin ; T. WHITE, in Cork ; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh ; and all other Bookfellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS:

Abraham Snip and his Grandfather are such poor Botchers at a Story, that we thought our Readers would not care a single Button (though Snip has lost so many by laughing in our Behalf) for them or their Shop-Board.

Casca appears to be a Gentleman very well skilled in Politics and the present State of Affairs; but as he has mistaken the Drift of the Letter signed C. D. which was not meant as a Panegyric upon a certain Nobleman in Power; we hope he will excuse our not inserting his Answer upon this Ground.

☞ As we are certainly well acquainted with this Gentleman, as soon as the Labours of the Month are over, we should be very happy in meeting, to add one cheerful Hour to the many we have already enjoyed with him.

N. B. This is the first Index we have conferred upon any of our Correspondents.

R. T's Story is not rejected, but postponed for want of Room.

We are sorry that J. T——r's Letter is inadmissible.

We do not recollect any sentimental Letter, to which H. W's Epistle is an Answer.

The Epitaph from Watford, we think, is not original.

J. S. from Eltham will, if he takes the Trouble to look over our former Numbers, find that we have not forgotten the Object he recommends.

C. P's Translation cannot be inserted.

Strephon's Poem is under the like Predicament.

Aisamella's Wish would be completely good, if she did not request us to insert it.

Ruralindus is a very pretty Signature for the Time of the Year; but Ruralindus (in a Whisper) You are no Poet.

Amelia's Favour is come to Hand, and shall not fail to have due Attention paid it.

The Surry Freeholder, Atticus, and Anti-Privilege, will find in our Tête-à-Tête that we have availed ourselves of the Anecdotes which they were so obliging as to communicate. The Continuance of the Correspondence of these Gentlemen is requested.

The Anecdotes from St. James's-Square are most probably true; but they are of such a Nature, that unless we have some Intimation of the Hand they came from, we cannot make use of them.

We have received several Letters from our Mathematical Correspondents so late in the Month, that we are obliged to postpone their Solutions and Questions till the next Number.

A Nabob is come to Hand.

Under Consideration, Letters signed R. A. B——e; C. L. Sophia; Mother-Shipton; Londinensis; A Well-wisher. Nota Bene. Pray be civil. Philo-Veritas. Anonymous. A Friend. * * * *. A. L. K. D. S. T. O. B. A. S. L. S. and several Letters without Signatures.



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Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For A P R I L, 1771.

The State of Europe for April 1771.

ACCOUNT of ITALY continued from
Page 119.

HE principality of Piedmont is a part of the antient Lombardy, and owes its present name to its situation at the foot of the Alps. By the Romans it was called Gallia Cisalpina, to distinguish it from Gallia Transalpina. It is bounded to the south by the Mediterranean, and the territory of Genoa; to the north by the duchy of Aosta, and a part of the Milanese; to the east by the duchies of Monferrat and Milan; and to the west by France; extending from south to north about an hundred and fifty miles, and from east to west, where broadest, about ninety-four. The river Po divides it into two parts; of which that next Rome was antiently called Gallia Cispadana, and the other Transpadana. It is a very fruitful country, especially the lower parts of it, yield-

ing plenty of corn and wine, and a great variety of fruits, particularly filberts and chesnuts. Here are also great numbers of mulberry-trees, with hemp, flax, saffron, truffles, good store of cattle, and some metals. The finest spot in the king's dominions is that between Turin and Coni, which, it is said, can hardly be equalled any where, and no where exceeded. Many of the country people of Piedmont earn betwixt sixty and seventy dollars a-year, by digging only for truffles. The breeding and fattening of cattle turn to great account here; the profits annually arising therefrom being said to amount to near three millions of livres per annum. The Piedmontese silk is reckoned the finest and strongest in Italy; the cultivation of it must therefore be a very profitable article to the inhabitants. The fine fells for about a louis d'or per pound, and the coarser, not wound off the cacoons, for about twenty or twenty-five sols. Of the mountains in Piedmont, the highest are Rochemelon, and Viso. It takes a whole day to go

to the top of the former, whence, in clear weather, there is a most extensive prospect. Every year, on the fifth of August, a vast crowd of people assemble on the top of it, where there is a statue of the Virgin, before which mass is said: even then, the cold and frost is very intense during the night. The report of a musket fired on it is no louder than that produced by the breaking of a stick. Hannibal is supposed to have marched over the other mountain, in his way to Italy. The other rivers in Piedmont, besides the Po, mentioned above, are the Sesia, Tenaro, and Doria Baltea, which fall into the Po; and the Var, which falls into the Mediterranean. The language of the country is a mixture of French and Italian: but many of the better sort speak both these languages equally well. With respect to the character of the Piedmontese, they are said to be very lively, shrewd, and artful, and capable of distinguishing themselves in the sciences, if their genius had full scope given it; but no heretical books, as they are called, that is, such as might open their eyes to see the pious frauds of the priests, are allowed to be brought into the country: however, neither Jesuits, nor any other regulars, are suffered to keep schools publicly. Some villages bordering on Dauphiné are inhabited by the Waldenses, whose tenets, in many points, differing from those of the church of Rome, have often exposed them to the fury and persecution of the bigotted papists. On some of the mountains here, not only the inhabitants, but even their horses, dogs, and other animals, are subject to those wens about their throats, which is observable in the Valais, the country of the Grisons, and Savoy.

Turin, the capital, is situated at the conflux of the Po and Doria, very populous, and strongly fortified, but not large. The number of the inhabitants is said to be about sixty thousand. To walk round the ramparts, which are exceeding pleasant, and command an enchanting prospect, takes about an hour and an half. That it is very

strong is evident from the long siege which it sustained in the beginning of this century; and, no doubt, the fortifications are greatly improved since. Within the city are forty-eight churches and convents, and some very fine streets, particularly the Rue Neuve, and the Rue de Po. The celebrated architect Bernini was of opinion, that there was not a street in Italy comparable to the first of these; though others think the Rue de Po is nothing inferior to it. There are also some fine squares, and a great many beautiful palaces, besides that of the king, together with a magnificent opera-house, an arsenal, a royal printing-house, and the university, which is a quadrangle, and one of the finest buildings in the city. The king's palace, for the beauty of its apartments, the richness of the furniture, the elegant paintings, cabinets of curiosities, and library, is scarce to be paralleled. The chapel of the Holy Sudary, built of blackish marble, is particularly admired: they tell us, that this holy sudary is the very linnen cloth in which the body of our Saviour was wrapped up in the sepulchre. The city consists of the Old and New. In the old, the streets are crooked and narrow, but have some handsome houses in them, and, both in the old and new, are exceeding clean and neat. From a canal cut from the river Doria, water is conveyed, by an aqueduct, in the city, and afterwards distributed, at pleasure, through every street. Here is a fine citadel, and a great many charitable foundations. The university-library, besides printed books, has a very valuable collection of manuscripts, in several languages, among which are Pyrrhus Ligorius's Designs of Greek and Roman Antiquities, in thirty volumes, highly esteemed. The Jesuits-college and church are very beautiful. What chiefly detracts from the beauty of the houses here, is the great number of paper windows. The other defects and inconveniencies of this city are its thick moist air in the autumn and winter, the foul muddy water in its wells and reservoirs, and the inns, where

where the accommodations are said to be very bad, and the impositions intolerable. Another thing extremely disagreeable, and even dangerous, when a person dies of any contagious distemper, is the carrying the corpse through the streets, and burying it without any coffin. In the neighbourhood of Turin are many beautiful villas, convents, and other buildings. Of the villas, those belonging to the royal family are Valentine, now neglected; La Vigne de la Reine; La Venerie, having a very fine chapel and gardens, with a little town near it: Montcalier; Rivoli; and Stupinice. About five leagues from Turin stands the magnificent church and foundation of Superga, on a high mountain, whence, in 1706, the king and prince Eugene reconnoitred the French trenches and camp, and where the former made a vow of this foundation, in case he should defeat the enemy. The revenue of the foundation is eighteen thousand Piedmontese livres in specie, by which a prior, with twelve young ecclesiastics of good families, are maintained, and the latter qualified for the highest preferments in the church. Turin is forty-seven miles north-west from Genoa, eighty south-west from Milan, an hundred and seven south-east from Genoa, and three hundred north-west from Rome.

The next remarkable town is, Saluzzo, formerly Augusta Vagiennorum, situated at the foot of the Alps, twenty-four miles south of Turin. It is the see of a bishop, who is immediately under the pope; and gives name to a marquissate, which duke Charles Emanuel got from the French, in 1601, in exchange for Bresse and Bugey.

In Piedmont, contiguous to Dauphiné in France, are several vallies, which in general are very fruitful, yielding corn, wine, good pasture, chesnuts, mulberries, and other fruits, with a great variety of plants and herbs, and large woods and thickets, which abound with hares that are white all the year, foxes, large pheasants, brown and white partridges, wolves, and bears. On the higher parts of

the mountains, that surround these vallies, are found the marmottes, which are larger than rabbits, of a brown colour, mixed with red, and their flesh tastes like pork. They pass all the cold months in a profound sleep. The bouquetin, which is an animal very like a chamois, keeps constantly on the snowy tops of the highest mountains. To recover a person benumbed with cold, or deprived of the use of a limb, they give a few drops of this animal's blood, in a glass of wine or broth, which throws him into a profuse sweat. Among the tame animals is the tamar, engendered between a bull and a mare, or a bull and a she ass. The former are called buff, and the latter biff. The head and tail in both resemble those of an ox; but the former, instead of horns, have only small knobs: in all other respects, they are shaped either like an horse or an ass. They are less than a mule, but exceeding strong and swift, easily kept, and consequently fit for travellers. There are many rare plants found among these mountains; some of which are reckoned great restoratives, as the lunaria. There is a sort of thistle, somewhat resembling an artichoke, which is eaten, and reckoned good against infection. The number of people in these vallies amount to about seven thousand, of which six thousand are Waldenses or Valdenses, or Vaudois, as they are called in French, who are famous in history for their opposition to popery, long before the reformation; and for the many persecutions they have undergone. For some time past, they have not been much molested, though a Roman catholic church had been built in every parish; and at Turin there is an hospital, called Maison des Vaudois, where all the Waldenses, especially children, who voluntarily embrace the Roman catholic religion, are furnished with every thing necessary. The girls, when arrived at a proper age, have portions given them; and the boys are put to some mechanic trade, in order to enable them to acquire a comfortable subsistence. If the papists made use of no other method;

rhods than these, or such as these, to gain profelytes, they could not be blamed. The chief of these vallies are those of Lucerne, Perouse, St. Martin, Pragela, and Angrone. In Lucerne there are few or no Waldenses. In Perouse is the small town or fortress from which it takes its name, and the town of Pignerol. St. Martin takes its name from a place at present quite demolished. In the valley of Pragela is Fenestrelle, a fortification on the river Cluson. The valley of Barcelonetta was ceded to France, in lieu of Fort Dauphin, taken by the Spaniards, in 1744.

The dutchy of Montferrat is bounded to the south by the republic of Genoa; to the west and north by Piedmont; and to the east by Milan. It is reckoned about sixty-two miles in length, and forty-eight in breadth. Both its hills and plains are extremely fertile, abounding with corn, wine, and fruits of all sorts. It formerly belonged to the dukes of Modena; but a part of it was transferred to the duke of Savoy, 1631, and the rest in 1703. On one side it is watered by the Tanaro, and on the other by the Po. The places of most note in it are,

Casal, the capital, on the river Po, forty-two miles east of Turin, and almost as many west of Milan. This town was once so well fortified, as well as its citadel, that it was reckoned one of the strongest in Italy. In 1474, it was erected into a bishopric, suffragan to Milan.

The dutchy of Milan is one of the finest provinces in Italy. It is bounded on the south by the Apennine mountains, and the territory of Genoa; on the north by Switzerland; on the east by the Venetian territories, and the duchies of Mantua, Parma, and Placentia; and on the west by Savoy, Piedmont, and Montferrat; extending from north to south about an hundred miles, and, from east to west, about one hundred and eight. It is well watered by the Tessino, the Sesia, the Adda, the Po, the Oglio, the Lombro, Serio, &c. and also by

several canals and lakes. Of the latter the Lago-Maggiore is between thirty and forty miles in length, and in some places six or seven miles broad. In it lie the Baromean islands, as they are called, viz. Isola Bella and Isola Madre, the beauty of which almost exceeds imagination: art and nature seem to have vied with one another in embellishing them. In each of them is a palace with delicious gardens, belonging to the Baromean family. The water of the lake is clear and of a greenish colour, and abounds with fish. The hills, with which it is surrounded, present a most charming landscape, being planted with vines, and chesnut-trees, interspersed with summer-houses. There is a canal running from it towards Switzerland, with which the city of Milan has a communication. It was antiently called Lacus Verbanus. The Lago de Como, which was called by the Latin poets, Lacus Larius, but had its modern name from the city, near which it lies, extends itself about thirty miles northward from Como, but its greatest breadth is above five miles. From the Lago-Maggiore issues the Tessino; and from that of Como, the Adda. Of the other lakes, that of Lugano and Guarda are the chief: that of Guarda was antiently called Benacus.

The trade and manufactures of this dutchy consist principally in silks, stuffs, stockings, gloves, and handkerchiefs, linen and woollen cloth, hardware, curious works of crystal, agate, hyacinths, and other gems; but their exports are usually far short of their imports.

As to the revenue of the dutchy, it must, without doubt, be very considerable. It is said to have amounted to two millions of dollars, while the dutchy was in the hands of the Spaniards.

About the year 1525, the emperor Charles V. expelled the French from this dutchy, and gave it together with Spain, to his son Philip II. It remained subject to that crown till 1706, when the Austrians got possession

sion of it; but, in 1734, the Spaniards and French recovered it. By a subsequent peace, however, it was restored to the emperor, on his ceding Naples and Sicily to Spain, and the Austrians have remained ever since in possession of it, excepting those parts that have been ceded to the king of Sardinia. The boundaries between the dominions of the king, and those of the empress queen, pass along from the frontiers of Switzerland, through the Lago-maggiore, to the river Tefino, and along the river to its junction with the Po. In 1753, the duke of Modena was appointed governor-general of Milan and the duchy of Mantua, till the young archduke Leopold should be of a proper age to govern.

In the year 1767, the Austrian government of Milan published a law, by which all the rights, which the pope or the bishops had till then exercised over ecclesiastics, either with regard to their effects or persons, is transferred to a council, established for that purpose at Milan. By the same edict, all ecclesiastics were obliged to sell the estates which they had become possessed of since the year 1722; and no subject, whether ecclesiastic or secular, was to go to Rome to solicit any favour, except letters of indulgence, without the consent of the said council.

Milan is the capital of the whole duchy. It is a very large city, and has a wall and rampart round it, with a citadel, yet is thought to be incapable of making any great resistance. The gardens within the city take up a great deal of ground. In the citadel is a foundery for cannon, and an arsenal, furnished with arms for twelve thousand men. The governor of it is quite independent of the governor general of the Milanese, who resides in the city, in a large, but old, and ill-contrived palace. The yearly income of the governor of Milan is said to be two hundred thousand guilders. The council belonging to the city is composed of a president and sixty doctors of law, who are all no-

bles, and independent of the governor-general. Milan hath experienced a great variety of fortune, having been subject sometimes to the French, sometimes to the Spaniards, and sometimes to the Germans. A great number of persons of rank and fortune live in it, especially during the winter. The ladies in France are not allowed more liberty than those of this city: even the austerities of the monastic life are so far mitigated here, that gentlemen have not only the liberty of talking with the nuns, and of rallying and laughing at the grate, but also of joining with them in concerts of music, and of spending whole afternoons in their company. The place where the beau-monde take the air, either in their coaches, or on foot, is the rampart betwixt the Porta Orientale, and the Porta Tosa, where it is strait and broad, and extremely pleasant, being planted with white mulberry-trees, and commanding a prospect, on one side, of the open country, and on the other, of the gardens and vineyards between the ramparts and the city. Milan, which is said to have been built by the Gauls, about two hundred years after the foundation of Rome, contains a great number of stately edifices, as churches, convents, palaces, and hospitals. The cathedral is a vast pile, all of marble; and though something has been doing for near four hundred years towards the outward or inward ornament thereof, it is not yet finished. Of the great number of statues about it, that of St. Bartholomew, just dead alive, with his skin hanging over his shoulders, and of Adam and Eve, over the main portal, are the finest. The pillars supporting the roof of the church are all of marble, and the windows finely painted. This church contains a treasure of great value, particularly a shrine of rock chrystal, in which the body of St. Charles Boromeo is deposited. The other churches most worthy a stranger's notice, are those of St. Alexander, St. Jerom, St. Giovanni de-Casarotti della Passione, that of the Jesuits, and of St. Ambrose, in which

lie the bodies of the faint, and of the kings Pepin and Bernard. In the Ambrosian college, founded by Frederic Boromeo, sixteen professors teach gratis. In the same college is also an academy of painting, with a museum, and a library, containing a vast number of printed books and manuscripts; among the last of which is a translation of Josephus's History of the Jews, done by Rufinus, about twelve hundred years ago, and written on the bark of a tree; St. Ambrose's works on vellum, finely illuminated; the orations of Gregory Nazianzen, and the works of Virgil, in folio, with Petrarch's notes. In the museum are Leonardi da Vinci's mathematical and mechanical drawings, in twelve large volumes. The seminary for sciences, the college of the nobles, the Helvetian college, and the mathematical academy, are noble foundations, and stately buildings. Of the hospitals, the most remarkable are the Lazaretto, and that called the great hospital; the latter of which receives six persons, foundlings, and lunatics, and has six smaller hospitals depending on it, with a revenue of one hundred thousand rix-dollars. The number of the inhabitants of this city is said to be about two hundred and fifty thousand. It has been forty times besieged, taken twenty times, and four times almost intirely demolished; yet it hath always recovered itself. It is said that gunpowder is sold here only by one person, and in one place: the court of inquisition is held in the Dominican convent, near the church of Madonna della Gratia: the houses of entertainment, and the ordinaries here, are represented as very indifferent. Mr. Keyser says, it is not unusual for young travellers, when they go to any of the taverns in Milan, to be asked, whether they chuse a letto fornito, or female-bedfellow, who continues masked till she enters the bed-chamber. Deformed dwarfs, and people with wens, some of them of a prodigious size, are very common in the streets of Milan. The wens are said to be hereditary.

The other most remarkable towns are Mouza, Cassano, Marignano, Varese, Como, Paria, Lodi, and Cremona. This last is a large town on the Po, about fifty miles east of Milan. It is the see of a bishop, who is suffragan to the archbishop of Milan, and is surrounded with strong walls, and defended by a castle. It suffered very much during the triumvirate of Augustus, and his two associates, which gave occasion to that pathetic exclamation of Virgil, *Mantua vae! miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ*. Here is a bridge of boats over the Po, an university, now of little repute, a magnificent cathedral, together with a great number of other churches, convents, chapels, and a high tower, from which it is said, a certain lord of this city intended to have thrown the emper Sigismund, and pope John XXIII. in order to immortalize his memory; but that his heart failed him. Before we leave the Milanese, we would observe, that though great quantities of rice are raised in it, yet they are not permitted to cultivate it near the great towns. In Piedmont, the sowing of it is absolutely forbidden; being accounted detrimental both to the land, and the health of the inhabitants. The same opinion is entertained by many with regard to Turkey wheat, which however is much used both in the Milanese and Piedmont. Mr. Addison says, that the state of Milan is like a vast garden, surrounded with a noble mound-work of rocks and mountains; that the soil in most parts of it is fertile, producing two crops annually, the one of wheat, and the other of barley, Turkey wheat, rice, &c. The first is reaped in June, and the other in October. Mr. Keyser says, that he observed the peasants, in that part of the Milanese belonging to the king of Sardinia, in rainy weather, wore a long cloak, of straw or rushes, down to the calves of their legs, and generally went barefooted. The Milanese is said to have yielded a revenue to the kings of Spain of above two millions of dollars.

[To be continued.]

HISTORIES



N^o X.



Miss Evans.

N^o XI.



The Sorry Motion Maker.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of the Sorry Motion-Maker and Mifs Ev-ns. (N^o 9, 10.)

IN every age, and almost every state, we meet with characters who dishonour their predecessors, and from real patriots, or worthy citizens, their progenitors, sink into the tools of party, or the instruments of sedition. This observation was, perhaps, never more strongly verified than in the character of the *pseudo-hero* of the present story. The late crisis of the times owed its birth to him and a kinsman of the same obnoxious stamp. We cannot therefore refrain giving the out-line of their political portraits, before we enter upon the amorous memoirs of the Sorry Motion-Maker.

The father of this *whiffling*, *would-be* statesman, was a man of real dignity, and supported the privileges of a certain room with a becoming firmness; but his son may be justly compared to the frog in the fable, who burst in striving to imitate the ox. For thirty years his father shone an ornament to the presidial chair of the rep—s of the people; and at length, when age and infirmities compelled him to quit that elevated station, he received the unanimous thanks of both parties, in that great assembly, for his upright behaviour. How opposite the conduct of his son, equally condemned by both parties for pushing doubtful privileges to such extremes, as to throw the nation into one great ferment, at a time that government had surmounted all opposition, and an almost universal tranquility prevailed. Though desired to withdraw his motion from the chair, and notwithstanding he was told by lord N—th, the ostensible minister, “We may say to you what Mr. Man— says to Sir Francis in the play; *Oh! you head of the Wrongheads!*” being condescended in his motion by his cousin, equally related to him by his knowledge and judgment as by consanguinity, he persisted in having the printers of the public papers called

before the h—e for—improving his oratorical powers.

But it is not astonishing that a man whose ignorance extends to the inability of writing a *common* letter in *common* English, should take the alarm at seeing his speech improved into grammar, and rendered, indeed, a very different language from his own, though the absurdity and incoherence of the arguments were preserved in their full latitude. To little minds it is an intolerable insult to be corrected; conscious that their errors are so numerous, that every action of their lives would require a complete reformation to bring them to the standard of reason; whereas men of superior abilities readily acknowledge their faults, and are the foremost to rectify them, having the fortitude and ambition to think, that the eligible part of their conduct more than counterbalances their foibles.

To this pusillanimity and vanity we owe the alarming contest between the city of London and the H—e of C—s; an altercation that, being once set on foot, was necessarily pursued far beyond the intent of the ministry, or the majority of the h—e.

This uncommon event calls to mind the words of dean Swift. “I have been often amazed at the rude, passionate, and mistaken results which have at certain times fallen from great assemblies, both ancient and modern, and of other countries as well as our own. This gave me the opinion, that public conventions are liable to all the infirmities, follies, and devices of private men; therefore when we meet a few words put together, which is called the *vote* or *resolution* of an assembly, and which we cannot possibly reconcile to prudence or public good, it is most charitable to conjecture that such a vote has been conceived, and born and bred in a private brain; afterwards raised and supported by an obsequious party; and then, with the usual methods, confirmed by an artificial majority.”

The appositeness of this observation we shall leave our readers to remark,

A a

mark,

mark, and consider a little farther the consistency of the Motion-Maker's political conduct.

From the most strenuous of Mr. Wilkes's advocates in public, and the most cordially professed friend in private, no sooner was the lure of a place thrown out to him, than without any cause whatever for altering his opinion, from an angel, the champion of liberty, Mr. Wilkes became a fiend, the fomenter of sedition. Mr. H—ne, as that gentleman's well wisher, was then the object of his * persecution, and the memorable trial of that reverend gentleman at G——d, for defamation against the Motion-Maker, will for ever record this Sorry R——e's story in the annals of that county, where he is now held in detestation by every freeholder, who to a man swear they would rather chuse the devil himself than the Sorry Motion-Maker again. His politics are indeed in every respect consistently inconsistent; for having exerted all his influence to introduce Sir Bull-Face Double-Fee, this crafty knight designs to turn out little Cocking-George, and bring his son in for the borough of G——d; and indeed he will use his best endeavours to second the voice of the el——rs, and oust the whole family. What will weaken his interest still more is the purchase lately made by Sir Joseph M——y, of the manor of E——m, in order to oppose our *very little hero* at the next general election.

Thus we find, by their *judicious* conduct, these geniuses of privilege have created adversaries of both parties, as well in as out of the h——e, and even in their own county. Oh! thou Sorry Motion-Maker, if thy father's heart †, to which thou daily offerest up thy hypocritic prayers, could speak, how would it upbraid and spurn thee!

The Motion-Maker married a very amiable young lady, of an ancient and

honourable family; but scarce was the honey-moon elapsed, ere he appeared in an open state of *intimacy* with a celebrated courtesan in his own neighbourhood.

This favourite concubine, so conspicuous in the county of Surry, was Miss Lucy S—lls, a girl of low extraction, who had passed through almost every stage of prostitution; yet she had so great an influence over *this little hero*, that he treated his lady with the utmost brutality, and scarce allowed her the common expences of house-keeping, whilst he lavished the greatest part of his fortune upon his beloved Lucy; and who at length reduced him to the necessity of borrowing six thousand pounds, for which he is to pay thirty thousand, on the succession to his uncle's estate. This gentleman's prudence, domestic affluence, and connubial affection, will appear from a remarkable circumstance that happened to fall under our immediate observation. A tradesman's bill, to the amount of about five pounds, being brought to his lady for payment, she desired a relation to take it to her *loving* husband, who was then at his bureau, in his study; when he sent it back with this curious message; "By G—d, the woman's mad, I could no more raise five guineas, than I could raise the dead;" at the same time bank notes to the amount of several hundred pounds were lying before him, destined for Miss Lucy S—lls. This is an infallible testimony of his sense and justice, and may easily account for the streightened circumstances to which he is now reduced, notwithstanding the lucrative posts he holds under the government.

It might be supposed that Miss Lucy, in return for his great and generous attention towards her, was at least faithful to him; but this was very far from being the case. She had, like most ladies of her class, her needy favourites, as well as her profuse fools; and whilst the Motion-Maker was racking his *poor brains* to raise the necessary

* We have the pleasure to find that Mr. H—e has, in the course of this month, gained an entire triumph over his adversary's malice and folly.

† His father's heart is inclosed in a marble urn, in his dressing-room.

necessary supplies for her extravagance, she was endeavouring to enrich that barren spot with a crop of antlers. But so intoxicated was he with his mistress's charms, that even after he discovered his own valet de chambre had an intrigue with his mistress, she had still the power to make him smother his resentment, and he became every day more lavish in his presents, and more frequent in his visits. Even politics, notwithstanding his great knowledge and attachment to the subject, could scarce rouse him from the infatuation; and had not death at length been peculiarly propitious to him in carrying off his mistress, she would have proved to him another Helen; but

—— who could blame the boy

That in so fair a flame consum'd his Troy.

Though the false figure in these lines, has been justly satyrized by the critics, we do not think them the less applicable to our *Motion-Maker*, as *inconsistency* has ever been his motto.

The loss of Miss S——lls was, for some time, followed by a great dejection of our hero's spirits; but a succession of company in the gay world, and the power of female charms, at length erased every affecting idea of his departed Lucy. One lady in particular was very instrumental in performing this cure: this was Miss P——r, who was just in her prime, a vivacious, pretty girl, possessed of a great share of vanity, and no small portion of ambition. Her father, who had been a subaltern officer, left her about fifty pounds a year, upon which she lived and made a genteel figure; that is to say, her whole fortune was spent in cloaths; and having a variety of acquaintance, and her company being much liked, she alternately took a dinner and supper with them all. By this means she made the appearance of a young lady of fortune, and was not without pretensions to a good match.

The Motion Maker had seen her at Lady D——'s, and was so deeply smitten with her charms, that he wrote her an elegant epistle, in which he

expressed the ardour of his passion, and that nothing could make him happy but his dear Miss P——r. The lady, being ignorant of his marriage, considered this as an honourable proposal, and replied in terms that gave him the strongest hopes of success. Happy to find his suit in so favourable a train, he urged it *viva voce* the next time he saw her, and was in raptures to hear her lips articulate such blissful accents, as flattered his most darling wishes.

Upon inquiry concerning the situation of her innamorato, she was greatly shocked to find that he was already united in the bonds of matrimony: she heard, however, that he had influence at court, and could be a friend to any one whom he took under his protection. The next time she saw him she reproached him for his insincerity, and testified a female resentment at his endeavouring to recommend a dishonourable passion. He excused himself as well as he could; threw all the blame upon the force of her irresistible charms, and intreated her to point out to him some atonement for his crime. Her vanity having received the first sacrifice, her resentment was greatly mollified by this last insinuation; when she hinted to him that she should like *vastly* to be a maid of honour, and the *Motion-Maker* promised to intercede for her, on certain conditions.

This ridiculous treaty got vent, and reached the ears of Nancy P——rs, who was very happy in giving every thing the utmost force of ridicule. She related the affair to the d—e of G——n, and concluded, "I doubt not but your g—e will be solicited in a few days to make a lady a maid of honour, in order to be taken into keeping."

The prophecy did but forerun the event, and the Motion-Maker was the very next morning at his g—e's levee, to beg that Miss P——r might be put upon the list of maids of honour for the next vacancy. His g—e was so tickled with Nancy's conceit the night before, that he could not restrain his risible muscles; but in a laugh said aloud, "Egad, G——e, you

you had better get her upon the list of necessary women, it will be more in character."

The Motion-Maker took the hint, and for once in his life remained silent, when by replying he might have made himself still more ridiculous. Miss P——r did not obtain the dignity of a *maid of honour*, but, most probably, still remains a *virtuous girl*.

Our little hero thus disconcerted in the completion of his amorous wishes, retired from the polite world to avoid the laugh that was constantly against him, whenever a maid of honour was mentioned. He made a tour through Bedfordshire, and at Biggleswade fell in company with a lady, who superseded every fond impression so lately and so strongly made by Miss P——r.

This was our present heroine, Miss E——ans. She is the daughter of a cutler, who resided near the Minories; and being of a gay, volatile disposition, and fond of dress and parade, beyond what her father's circumstances would allow, her milliner and her mercer's bill became so irksome, that in order to wipe off these incumbrances without the knowledge of her father, she consented to an engagement with a 'Change broker, who dangled after her for some months at White Conduit-house, and the adjacent tea-drinking places. The broker was married, and had a numerous family; but as his intrigue with Miss E——ans was carried on with much secrecy, for their mutual satisfaction, his wife had not for a considerable time any suspicions of his infidelity. At length, however, this connexion produced its very natural consequence, pregnancy, which she judging would bring on her the severest resentment of her father, she anticipated his anger, and left him to conjecture the cause of her elopement.

Her admirer, Mr. K——, took lodgings for her in Meard's Court, Dean-street, Soho, and here the fruit of her illicit commerce first saw the world. Mr. K——'s fondness for Miss E——ans was greatly increased by this pledge of

her affection: scarce a day passed without his visiting her, and he constantly passed two nights in a week with her, according to the privilege of citizens, who think themselves entitled to quit their families, and take an airing in the country, from Saturday afternoon till Monday morning, at *Malby's Bagno*, or a house of private recreation in the New Buildings.

During one of these nominal rural excursions Mrs. K—— happened to pass one Sunday afternoon through Meard's Court, when she espied her husband sitting in the window at Miss E——s's lodgings. Her curiosity, if not her jealousy, was naturally alarmed, and she enquired in the neighbourhood concerning the lady, when she found that Miss E——s passed for a married woman, and that Mr. K—— constantly eat his Sunday dinner with his supposed wife. Mrs. K—— gave not the least hint to him of the discovery she had made; but behaved with her usual cheerfulness and good nature. On the Saturday following, after he had put on his boots and riding coat, and taken his leave for his weekly peregrination, she called a porter, and having packed up her husband's night gown and slippers sent them to Miss E——s's lodging, with the following kind epistle: "Mrs. K——'s love to Mr. K——, and has sent him his gown and slippers, as she thinks they will be more commodious to him than his boots and great coat, as she finds he keeps house till Monday."

Mr. K—— was greatly astonished at this message; but the delicacy and poignancy of the satire soon operated upon him: all his wife's tenderness and regard, with every conjugal tie, forced their way at once. He sent back the bundle, returned home immediately, and never after visited Miss E——s.

Mr. K—— was too generous, notwithstanding this estrangement, not to provide for his offspring. The child was sent to nurse at his expence, and is now a fine prattling boy.

Being thus deserted by her lover, Miss E——s soon found herself under

der the disagreeable necessity of seeing a variety of visitors, of all ages, figures, and complexions; and their persons were not less different than their amorous whims and caprices. In the course of these visits she was waited upon by the late Mr. J.—r, whose ridiculous passion can be testified by almost every female, whom distress has compelled to such submissions. Finding Miss E——s a lady greatly to his mind, he made her a genteel allowance, and she was again enabled to be *invisible* to any other admirers.

During the life of that gentleman she saved a sufficient sum to secure her from want; and soon after making a tour to see some of her distant relations in Bedfordshire, who finding her in a state of affluence, condescended to overlook her errors, she accidentally met with our *little hero*. She was dressed in mourning, and passed for a widow. Her sable apparel greatly heightened her charms, and served as a foil to a fine clear complexion, with blue eyes, that expressed uncommon sweetness. Her person was tall and elegant, Miss E——s being what is usually termed a *showy woman*. In a word, the *Motion Maker* found himself *motionless*; but as soon as he recovered from his *petrified state*, he pleaded his *privilege* of offering his pretty *little figure* to every woman he sees; and it was immediately resolved *nem. con.* that the handsome widow should lay aside her weeds.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

Dear Mr. Printer,

I Thank you a thousand and a thousand times for inserting my last letter; it brought on the very *eclaircissement* I desired. Mr. Manly came to me on Monday morning, and assured me it was all a mistake of mamma's, for that he never once thought of proposing marriage to her; but that the civilities he paid her were little more than the effects of good breeding, heightened by the desire of appearing sufficiently amiable in her eyes to become her son-in-law. After he had made this

declaration, which gave me inexpressible satisfaction, he waited upon my mother, and asked her when he was to call her by a dearer appellation than Mrs. Erskine? "Whenever you please, Mr. Manly." Then let me embrace you as my mother this very day. "*Mother!*" she uttered with astonishment, and fainted. When she recovered, she was so mortified and chagrined, that she immediately ordered the coach, and set off for Erskine-hall, without taking leave either of me or Mr. Manly.

This being the present state of affairs, I suppose I need not tell you that my nuptials are very near at hand, (though my *rival-mother* may not, perhaps, give her consent,) as I have my fortune in my own hands, and my heart is not at my disposal.

I am, good Sir,

With the greatest acknowledgment,

Your very humble servant,

ANN ERSKINE.

To the Author of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following letter, said to have been written by a very amiable and unfortunate young lady in this neighbourhood, fell into my hands by accident. I believe there can be no impropriety in giving it to the public; and it is at your service.

IImitter,
April 10.

PHILO-PHILIPPA.

Miss P. of M———, in Somersetshire,
to the Honourable Mr. ———.

THE various passions that agitated my distracted soul have subsided, and I now am calm. I am alone, and in no danger of interruption: the insignificant that fluttered round me are fled; and their departure gives me no uneasiness.

I am at leisure to consider what I have been, and what I am: admired, applauded, courted; avoided, despised, pitied. However, when I take a view of my own heart, the prospect is less gloomy. I have been incautious, but not abandoned; indiscreet, but not vicious; faulty, but not depraved. If female virtue consists, as I have sometimes been told, in female reputation, my virtue is indeed gone: but if, as my soberer reason teaches, virtue be independent on human opinion, I feel myself its ardent

dent votary, and my heart is pregnant with its noblest principles. The children of ignorance cannot, and the children of malevolence will not, comprehend this; but I court not their approbation, nor fear their censure.

My soul, it must be owned, was formed of sensibility, formed for all the luxury of the melting passions; but it is equally true, that the severest delicacy had ever a place there. The groves of M—— can witness, that whenever the loves presided at the entertainment, the graces were not absent; that, in the very delirium of pleasure, the rapture was chastened, and the transport retrained.

My understanding was never made procurer to my fonder wishes; nor did I ever call in the wretched aids of a sceptical and impious philosophy to countenance my unhappy fall. Though nature was my goddess and my lawgiver, I never dreamt of appealing from the decisions of positive institutions. My principles were uncorrupted, whilst my heart was warm; and if I fell as a woman, yet you know at the same time that I fell, like Cæsar, with decent dignity.

I write not to justify myself to you. You deserve not, you desire not any such justification; but whilst I lay open my heart, I advise you to examine your own. The hour of reflexion seldom comes too soon: and what must your sensations be, when you recollect that you have violated all laws divine and human, broken through every principle of virtue, and every tie of humanity; that you have offered an insult to the kind genius of hospitality, the benevolent spirit of good neighbourhood, and the sacred and dignified powers of friendship! I mean not to reproach you; but suffer me to ask, Was it not sufficient that you had added my name to the list of your infamous triumphs, (for infamous they are, in spite of sophistry, gaiety, and the mode) that you had ranked me amongst the daughters of wretchedness and ignominy, deprived me of my father, my all of comfort, and my all of hope: were not these things, I say, sufficient, without adding to them the meanness and the baseness of publicly speaking of me, in the streets of Y——, in language that a gentleman would not have used, to the vilest wanton that ever breathed the infected air of St. Clement's? Weak, unhappy man! I am now indeed ashamed of my defeat.

For myself, I am well aware, the world is not my friend, nor the world's law. I expect not, nor desire its favour: it never

forgives offences of this kind. My own sex, in particular, is inexorable: for never did female kindness shed a tear of genuine commiseration on misfortunes like mine. The insolent familiarity of some, and the cautious reserve of others, the affected concern, the self-approving condolence, sufficiently teach me what is the friendship of women. But I have no anxiety on this account. The remainder of my days I give to solitude: and if heaven will hear my most ardent prayer, if my presaging heart and declining strength deceive me not, this remainder will not be long. Sister-angels shall with joy receive me into their happy choirs, though my too virtuous sisters in this world avoid my company as contagious. In the mean time, never shall the returning sun gild the roof of my humble habitation, but I will drop a tear of deep repentance to the fatal indiscretion that robbed me of my peace, and plunged a whole family in misery; and when the hour of my delivery comes, if an offended parent will but take me in his arms, and pronounce me forgiven, my heart shall again be sensible of comfort; joy shall once more sparkle in the eyes of

ELIZA.

To the Author of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

At a time when there is so much both said and written *for* and *against* our governors and government, our judges and courts of judicature, the following account, extracted from good authority, of the form of government of the ancient Egyptians, of their excellent method of educating their princes, of their administration of justice, and of their admirable laws, may not be disagreeable to many of your readers.

A. B.

THE Egyptians were the first people who rightly understood the rules of government. From a gravity and seriousness, natural to them, they discerned very soon that the true end of policy was to render life easy, and the people happy. Accordingly their kings, though the crown was hereditary, were (contrary to the custom of all other arbitrary princes, who generally make their own will a law, and their own sovereign pleasure the sole rule of all their actions) under greater restraints from the laws than the meanest of their subjects.

jects. They had particular rules prescribed them, which were digested into order, and composed part of those books, which were called sacred; insomuch that every point of their behaviour was settled and regulated by law, and they were obliged, at the hazard of sepulture, to conform their lives unto it.

Neither slave nor stranger was ever admitted into the immediate service of the prince; this employment being judged of too great importance to be intrusted with any other persons than those who were the most distinguished by their birth, and had received the most excellent education; to the end that, as they had the liberty of approaching his person day and night, he might not hear any thing from men so qualified, which was unbecoming the royal dignity; nor have any sentiments instilled into him, but such as were noble and generous. Happy were it for princes now-a-days, was the same conduct observed toward them! For it is a just maxim, that princes seldom run into any vicious excesses, when they find that not any of those who approach their persons will either approve of their irregularities, or stoop to be the ministers of their passions. It is to be feared that the court at ——— would be very thin, were all such pelts to be banished thence, since therein the whole race of sycophants, flatterers, and oppressive ministers would be included.

What would in this nation be looked on as the greatest tyranny, the kings of Egypt suffered without the least uneasiness. Not only the quality and quantity of their victuals and drink, but even all their hours, and almost every action of their lives, were under the regulation of the laws. For instance, at break of day, when the mind is supposed to be most disincumbered from cares, and the thoughts most clear, they read their letters, in order to form a more just judgment of the affairs which were to come under their consideration and decision. As soon as drest, they went to the temple to offer up their devotions: there surrounded by their whole court, and the victims, which were daily sacrificed, being placed before the altar, they assisted at the prayers pronounced aloud by the pontiff, wherein he implored of the gods health, and all other blessings for their sovereign, because he governed his people with clemency and justice, and made the laws of his kingdom the rule of his actions. The pontiff then entered into a long detail of his virtues, and observed

that he was religious to the gods, and affable to men; that he was temperate, just, magnanimous, sincere, an enemy to lies, liberal, and master of his passions; never punishing so much as crimes deserved, and yet rewarding services beyond what any one could think they merited. He next mentioned the faults which monarchs might happen to commit; but, at the same time, supposed that they were never guilty of any but through surprize or ignorance; and loaded with execrations those ministers who gave them evil counsel, and either suppressed or disguised the truth. Such was the method of instilling instruction into the minds of their sovereigns; and it was hardly possible to invent a better. It was thought that reproaches would sour their tempers; and that the most effectual way to inspire them with the love of virtue, was to point out their duty to them, in praises bestowed agreeably to the sense of their laws, and delivered with gravity and reverence before the gods. After prayers and sacrifices were ended, the heroic actions of great men were read to the king, out of the sacred books, that their maxims might inspire him with the desire of governing his subjects conformably to them, and of maintaining those laws, which had rendered his predecessors and their people so happy.

The principal duty of princes, and the virtue most essentially necessary to their high office, is the doing justice to all men. Accordingly, the kings of Egypt applied themselves particularly to the discharge of this duty; being fully persuaded, that not only the repose of private persons, but the happiness of the state depended upon this care; since the kingdom would rather be a sanctuary for licensed robbers, than a well-governed state, were the poor to be without protection, whilst the rich were supported, by their wealth and credit, in the commission of all manner of crimes and outrages with impunity. To the end, therefore, that justice should be exactly and impartially administered, thirty judges were selected out of the principal cities, in order to form a body fit to determine the affairs of the whole kingdom: and when any of these paid the great debt of nature, the king, in filling up the vacancies, chose men who had the highest reputation for their honesty and integrity, and placed at their head the person who was the most distinguished for his knowledge in the laws, and for his zeal in the administration of justice, and who was, also, the

first

first in the esteem of the public. Each of these magistrates had a considerable income assigned him by the royal bounty, that, not being encumbered with domestic cares, they might apply their whole time to the seeing the laws put into execution; and being thus honourably subsisted by the prince's generosity, they administered justice without fee to the people in general, who have a natural right to it, and amongst whom it ought to have a free circulation. And indeed the poor have in some measure a better title to the due dispensation of justice than the rich; because the helpless condition of the former exposes them to the wealthy, and therefore calls loudly for the protection of the laws; whilst the latter find a strong support within themselves.

As nothing is more likely to captivate the favour of the audience, and dazzle the eyes of the understanding, by moving the passions, than the insidious glare of false eloquence, these judges were justly apprehensive of its dangerous and powerful influence; therefore, in order to guard against surprise, all affairs in their assemblies were transacted by writing. The truth could not be laid open with too much plainness, as that alone was to have weight, and direct their judgment; because neither the rich nor the poor, the powerful nor the weak, the learned nor the ignorant, could find any other relief or security, but therein. The president of this august assembly wore about his neck a collar of gold, enriched with precious stones; from which hung a figure without eyes, the proper emblem of *Truth*, which was to prevail in all their determinations. When the president put on this collar, the assembly immediately proceeded to business; and after a suit was discussed, the president passed sentence, in favour of the party who had justice on his side, by applying or holding out the image towards him; which was as much as to say, *Thou hast the truth on thy side, and therefore ought to succeed in thy cause.* This was their usual form of giving judgment.

Wilful murder amongst the Egyptians was ever irremissibly punished with death, whatever the condition of the murderer was, whether a freeman, or a slave; or whatever his family-alliances or connexions might be. No interest could ever prevail with the state to save or spare the justly forfeited life of a criminal.

Perjury was likewise capitally punished, because it attacked both the gods, whose majesty was trampled upon, by calling

them as witnesses to a false oath, and men, in breaking the strongest cement of human society, which is sincerity and honesty; inasmuch that it must have been of the most pernicious consequence to have suffered it to escape with impunity.

The calumniator, or false witness, was condemned, without mercy, to undergo the same punishment as the person accused was to have suffered had the accusation been legally proved. A law highly just, and fit to be imitated by all nations whatsoever!

If any person was unjustly attacked, and another, who saw it, neglected, or refused to save him, when it was in his power, the person so neglecting to rescue his fellow-creature and fellow-subject, was rigorously punished. But if it was impossible to relieve the unfortunate person, the author of the violence was at least to be prosecuted, and the person, who neglected this duty, was to incur a certain penalty. An excellent law, whereby the subjects were made a continual guard and protection to each other; and the whole body of the community was united against the designs of wicked men.

Another excellent maxim in the Egyptian government was, that no person, by any means, was suffered to be useless; or, which is the same thing, a burthen to the state. Every particular person was obliged to enter his name, and place of abode, in a public register, which was to remain in the hands of the magistrate; and wherein he declared his profession, and in what manner and how he lived. To prevent any one's imposing upon the magistrate, whoever gave in a false account of himself in any of these respects, the impostor was punished with immediate death.

[To be continued.]

The DOCTORS.

A LITERARY ANECDOTE.

DR. G——h meeting Dr. J——n one day with his little lacquey behind him, for whom he has a sort of parental affection, asked his learned friend if he intended to bring him up a scholar? "Yes," replied Dr. J——, with his usual roughness, "I intend to make him scholar enough to write a *bailiff scene* in a comedy."

THE WRONG SISTER.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

ABOUT twenty years ago Mr. Goodley, a young gentleman in the East-India company's service at Bengal, having acquired a handsome fortune, though not with the rapidity of a modern adventurer to the banks of the Ganges, and having been informed by his last letters from England that his youngest sister had just entered into the eighteenth year of her age, and was as fine a girl as nature ever formed, sent over for her, imagining, from the observations which he had made on the force of *personal charms* upon his countrymen, whenever a new *beauty* was imported from England, that he should see her well married, and he pressed his mother to procure a passage for Lucy by the first ship which sailed after the receipt of his letter. His letter to his mother was accompanied with others to his sisters: and he flattered himself that he should give his *favourite* particular pleasure by the scheme he had proposed to render her beauty advantageous to her.

Goodley did not send for his sister without having some reason to believe that his designs for her advancement would prove successful. His most intimate friend at Bengal had frequently declared, that when he left England Miss Lucy Goodley was a girl extremely to his taste, and that she would, in his opinion, grow up a very bewitching creature.

Goodley never paid any particular attention to his friend's speeches about Lucy; but when he received the abovementioned intelligence concerning her, he immediately resolved to take steps to *surprise* him with her appearance.

When Mrs. Goodley read her son's letter she wept.

Poor Lucy could not read her brother's letter to *her*: she was carried off a few months before the arrival of it by the small-pox.

The whole house was affected by the grief which Mrs. Goodley discovered during the perusal of her letter, occasioned by the pangs of recollection. However, as soon as the first flow of her maternal sorrow was over, she turned to her only surviving daughter, who having sincerely loved her deceased sister, and being of a very tender disposition, was in tears, and addressed her in the following manner: "Dry up your tears, Nancy, and listen to what I am going to say to you. The revival of your sorrow, on poor Lucy's account, by those letters from your good bro-

ther is very natural; but yours and mine is unavailing. We cannot recall her; we must be resigned; it is our duty to be so: it is our duty also, while we are in this world, to be contented with whatever Providence pleases to bestow upon us: yet we are not censurable for endeavouring to improve our situations if we can improve them without injuring our fellow creatures in any shape. I am quite contented, I confess, in my present narrow sphere, having enough, thank God, to supply you and myself with the decent necessities of life; but I have it not in my power to leave you, at my death, a competency: and as your brother, though a generous man, has expensive connections, he may find too many demands for his money to make an addition to your little fortune agreeable to your wishes. Now, my dear Nancy, it plainly appears to me, from the pressing way in which Charles writes for his sister, that he has a flattering prospect for her."

"Most probably, madam. I beg pardon for interrupting you," replied she; "and, from my heart, I wish that poor Lucy was at this moment alive, with all those personal attractions which her dreadful disorder destroyed, to accept of so promising an invitation."

"I can easily believe you, my dear, for you had always the sincerest affection for your sister. However, as it has pleased the *Almighty* to take her to himself, and as you may be more eligibly situated than you are with me, you would, I think, act a prudent part by undertaking that voyage from which death has excluded Lucy."

Miss Goodley, at the close of her mother's last speech, looked at her with uncommon earnestness.

"You look at me, my dear, as if I had said something very strange and absurd."

"I should not behave with a proper respect to you, madam, to accuse you of an absurdity; but I cannot help saying that I wonder much at your supposing me dissatisfied with my situation under the care of so amiable a parent. No, madam, I am, believe me, quite eligibly situated with you, and cannot bring myself to leave so true a friend."

"You will go to as true a friend, Nancy, I dare assure you, by going to your brother."

"I have no doubt, madam, of my brother's friendship; but, admitting that I could bring myself to leave you, how can I expect a favourable reception from *him*, as he evidently wrote for my sister, on account of her beauty? At the sight

of my face, instead of *hers*, he will be cruelly disappointed; and his disappointment, upon the occasion, may be followed by an aversion to me not to be conquered."

"You under-rate your person, Nancy. Without beauty, you are far from being destitute of attractions. With good sense, and good nature, no woman, if she is not remarkably frightful, will be overlooked by men worthy of her notice: and you need not, in *my* opinion, be hindered by any reflections upon your exterior from undertaking a voyage to India."

Miss Goodley advanced many objections of many kinds, but they were all, at length, obviated or over-ruled by her mother; and a *passage* being secured, preparations were soon made for her removal from England.

The parting scenes between Mrs. and Miss Goodley were pathetic. Nancy, to the last minute, was extremely loth to leave her indulgent mother: but as *that* mother, from a strong desire to have her amply provided for after *her* death, urged the satisfaction she should receive by her voyage to her brother, she went on board the ship, which was to carry her from England, not without the greatest reluctance; but she uttered her final adieu with all the cheerfulness the agitation of her mind would suffer her to assume.

Nancy had no reason to be dissatisfied with her accommodation on board the G——, nor with the behaviour of her companions; but as she had never been at sea before, and as they met with a great deal of rough weather, she heartily wished herself many, many times ashore, because she endured uneasinesses of various kinds, which rendered her situation inexpressibly uncomfortable.

The nearer she approached to the end of her voyage, the better she grew in health; but she approximated to it with an increased flutter upon her spirits. Her mind was in the most fluctuating state imaginable. Hopes and fears alternately raised and depressed her; but the latter operated more forcibly: so that when the animating huzza was given on the appearance of the wished-for land, she felt a *sinking* not to be described: she felt as if the sight of her brother would totally unhinge her.

Goodley, as soon as he heard of the arrival of the G—— from England, immediately asked the person who brought him that intelligence, how many ladies were on board, and eagerly demanded their names, full of anxious expectation, as he knew that there was a possibility, in

point of time, of Lucy's being one of them.

When he was informed that among the ladies there was a Miss Goodley, he expressed his joy in a very unusual manner, and hurried down to the place of debarkation; saying all the way to himself, "Lucy's fortune will soon be made."

At the sight of Nancy he started. "Bless me, child," cried he, almost petrified, "you are the *wrong* sister."

Nancy was, at first, utterly unable to return an answer to so mortifying an address. However, she recovered herself in a few moments, and replied, "I am very sensible, my dear Charles, that I am not the sister you expected; but I hope I have not acted *wrong* by coming to so good a brother."

There was a something not to be defined in the manner in which those words were delivered, that made Charles entirely forget the plainness of his sister's person; and he, with an affection truly fraternal, told her, that he would do every thing in *his* power to make her situation at Bengal agreeable.

His actions corresponded with his expressions; and she had only to wish for the society of a parent whom she loved, honoured, and revered, to dissipate the melancholy reflections which frequently interrupted the current of her happiness.

Among the gentlemen who came often to Mr. Goodley's house was the friend abovementioned, who had spoken so highly in praise of Lucy's beauty; but as he had not been acquainted with Charles's design to send for his *youngest* sister, he was not *disappointed*, though a little *surprized*, at the appearance of the eldest.

As the sister of his bosom friend, Mr. Parwell behaved to her with the greatest politeness; and as she was a sensible, chatty, good natured girl, her conversation gave him no small pleasure.

Mr. Parwell, though he seemed always extremely pleased with Miss Goodley's company, never gave her the slightest reason to surmise that he ever intended to offer himself as a lover to her. Yet, as *she* really felt herself *tenderly attached* to him, she could not help wishing, whenever she thought about him, that *he* felt sensations vibrating with her own.

Nancy, being a girl of great delicacy, as well as sensibility, was so afraid of making a discovery of her prepossessions in favour of Mr. Parwell by an unguarded behaviour, that she became less and less cheerful, though her conversation was always entertaining; and, at length, appeared,

peared, during Mr. Parwell's absence from the house, so dispirited, that her brother must have been absolutely blind, if he had not perceived her dejection.

He not only perceived it, he pitied it. He had, for some time, seen the impression his friend's company made on *her*, and waited with impatience for *his* declaration in her behalf. Weary with waiting for the disclosure, he, at last, addressed himself to her, one day, when he found her in a very pensive attitude, in the following terms :

" You have been out of spirits a good while, my dear Nancy : I am no stranger to the cause of your melancholy. Why will you not make me a friend ! I cannot bear to see you thus. Parwell is, I am sure, necessary to your happiness : I will find him."

" By no means, my dear brother," cried she, starting, " by no means, I conjure you not to utter a syllable to him concerning *me*. I am very foolish ; but I will endeavour to conquer all my weaknesses."

She said no more. She left the room immediately in tears.

Goodly, meeting Parwell soon afterwards, and observing him more high-spirited than usual, asked him what had happened to make him so uncommonly joyful ?

" My fortune is suddenly enlarged," replied he, " and I want a good wife to share it with me. Can you recommend a lady to me ?"

Charles stared.

" Nay, I am sure," continued he, " that you can, if you please. Perhaps your delicacy checks your inclination : I will, therefore, excuse your not recommending your sister to me ; but I must, at the same time, declare, that she is the only woman in the world whom I wish to marry."

In consequence of that declaration, Nancy became Mrs. Parwell, and made the best of wives to the most deserving of husbands. She had also the additional felicity, before the conclusion of the year, to fold her fond mother in her filial arms, and to render *that* mother more happy in the last stage of life than she had ever been in the preceding ones.

THE DOUBLE SURPRISE. A MORAL TALE.

AS mutual constancy is, in general, the foundation of mutual happiness in the marriage-state, it is as much incum-

bent on the husband, if he wishes to enjoy conjugal felicity, to be faithful to his wife, as it is on the wife to be firmly attached to her husband. The consequences, indeed, arising from the infidelities of married women, are far more serious than those resulting from the gallantries of married men ; but if the latter make an ill use of the liberties allowed them by the *custom* of the *world*, they cannot expect the former to be so observant of their nuptial vows as they ought to be. A wife, it is true, acts indefensibly, whatever provocations she may receive from the desertions of her husband, who bestows favours on other men which should be appropriated to *him* alone : yet, when a wife has reason to complain of a series of unmerited slights and neglects, she may be tempted, in certain circumstances, to shew her resentment by retaliation.

Mr. and Mrs. Serle, a young and very handsome couple, having *danced* themselves into a partiality for each other, soon convinced their friends that they were actually *in love*, by joining their hands together in the most solemn manner. It is highly probable that when they joined their hands, they felt their hearts beat in union : it is certain that their domestic felicity was of a short continuance. They were, in fact, both gay, both giddy, both fond of flatter. Many grave people among their acquaintance, who had seen a good deal of life, wondered at their Hymeneal proceedings, as they did not imagine that either of them was formed by nature, still less by education, for an union, which can never be productive of happiness, if the united pair are not, in a particular manner, disposed to reflect upon the reciprocal duties required of them, not only by religion, but by reason, by common sense.

No man was more uxorious than Frank Serle, at his first setting out in the character of a husband : no turtle could be more enamoured with her mate than Mrs. Serle was with her loving companion. During the whole honey-moon they were so fulsomely fond of each other before company, that their behaviour was nauseously disgusting. They toyed and trifled with the most infantine silliness ; and, at the same time, made every person in the room with them, who had just ideas of delicacy and decorum, blush for their fooleries.

As the Serles were people of family and fortune they lived quite in a fashionable style. Their apartments were furnished agreeably to the reigning taste, and every thing about them had an elegant appearance. They kept the best company in town,

town, their connections were the genteelst imaginable, and they were distinguished in the polite circles as well for their persons as their dress.

Having said so much concerning their style of life and appearance, I should, perhaps, make some apology for mentioning the uxoriousness of the husband, the turtle fondness of the wife, and the very affectionate behaviour of them both during the first month of their marriage. They were, indeed, during that short period, a singular pair; but they became afterwards more and more like people of the first fashion, and were as seldom seen together as the man and the woman in a Dutch weather-house. They rambled about in different parties, and hardly found an opportunity to be tolerably complaisant to each other; adding, by their separate pursuits, considerable strength to the old adage, founded unquestionably on experience, which tells us, that violent things never last long. When the novelty of matrimony was over, its principal, its most alluring charm was lost; and as they had not either of them solidity enough to reflect upon the nature of the contract they had signed, they began to act in a little while as if the *ton* of the times authorized them to break their mutual engagements.

Mr. and Mrs. Serle did not less expose themselves for their inattentions to each other, than they had done by their excessive fondness. They committed so many glaring follies, the one by his coxcombly carriage among the women, the other by her contemptible coquetry among the men, that they were marked for the most ridiculous couple within the bills of mortality. They began with follies; they proceeded to vices. Coxcombs and coquettes rarely know how to draw the line between them; and we sometimes see among the two sexes, even persons above the common run with regard to understanding, hurried from the first to the last, by not having a sufficient command over those passions which naturally, if uncontrolled, lead us into criminal indulgences.

As Charles was constitutionally addicted to flirting, his uxorious behaviour was merely a temporary fondness on being in possession of a fine girl, who had flattered his vanity, by encouraging him to believe, that she thought him the prettiest fellow of the age; and that behaviour was of course succeeded by a less impassioned one, when his matrimonial privileges had deadened his ardor for the object of

his wishes. Charles, therefore, being so addicted, soon grew tired of his bride, and found himself insensibly attracted to new beauties.

The first woman who made an impression upon his eyes, (his heart was generally out of the question) after the declension of his love for his Maria (much too hot to hold) was a young lady, who had entered into matrimony during his excessive attachment to Mrs. Serle.

The name of this lady was Newton. Her husband was an eminent merchant, and had raised a very large fortune with a fair character; but he was totally disagreeable to her. She punished herself severely by giving him her hand, to shew her filial obedience. When she had given it, she could not help shewing the world how much violence she had done to her inclination by consenting to be Mr. Newton's wife.

Mrs. Newton was, originally, a woman with virtuous dispositions; but being thrown into parties with some married women of a very dissimilar turn, in consequence of her husband's frequent visits to St. James's, she, in a little while, imbibed sentiments extremely different from those with which she had been educated under the care of two pious parents, and caught, from the contagion of example, a sincere contempt for her husband, whose temper and taste, indeed, were diametrically opposite to her own.

When a woman discovers contempt for her husband, she makes a publication very favourable to the men of the town, whose supreme delight is to gain as many conquests as they can. Such a woman tells the libertine, who flutters about her, and endeavours, by the most insinuating arts in his power, to steal into her good graces, tells him, in very significant language, without uttering a syllable, that he may venture to attack her virtue without dreading a repulse. However, there is no rule without an exception. I do not mean that every woman, who despises the man to whom she is married, is false to his bed: I mean only that he who is contemptible in the eyes of his wife, has some reason to doubt her fidelity to him.

Serle, without troubling his head concerning the light in which he appeared to his Maria, availed himself of the encouraging smiles which he received from Mrs. Newton, and enjoyed frequent interviews with her at a milliner's near the politest quarter in the capital; not in the least imagining that Mrs. Serle was playing the same

same game not far from him. Had he known in what manner she amused herself while he was absent from her, he would have probably felt not a few vexatious sensations : for though he, like a true modern husband, allowed himself the liberty of seducing the affections of any married woman who struck his fancy, he was unreasonable enough to expect the nicest regard to reputation in his wife. Many a time when some of his licentious companions told him, with a laugh, that his Maria was certainly making reprisals, did he seriously declare, that if he ever found her affronting his honour, he would lock her up the remainder of her days.

While Charles and Mrs. Newton were enjoying their stolen pleasures with that sort of relish peculiar to such pleasures, Mrs. Serle, conscious of her own charms, and keenly sensible of the affront offered to her beauty by the desertion of her husband, resented his altered behaviour. Her behaviour was sufficiently animating to Mr. Newton : he was both able and willing to gratify her resentment ; and they very soon made proper arrangements for carrying on their clandestine designs. The two husbands exulted, in private, to think of their successful proceedings ; for Serle and Newton were equally disposed to believe that their wives were chaste ; and it is not easy to say whether the country gentleman or the merchant felt the most satisfaction under the influence of self-delusion.

Serle, knowing that Mrs. Newton was extravagantly fond of Garrick as an actor, and having heard her say that she wished to see him in *Sir John Brute*, made an appointment with her very soon after he had seen the *Provoked Wife* advertised. In consequence of that appointment, they mobbed it in the gallery for reasons too obvious to be pointed out.

Mrs. Newton was extremely pleased with the whole performance, and told her companion several times, that she thought Lady Brute behaved with a becoming spirit. Serle entirely approved of her sentiments concerning her ladyship's conduct ; and threw out some arch reflections on *cuckoldom*, which were received with applauding shouts not only by Mrs. Newton, but by half a dozen lively females, sitting on each side of them.

During the abovementioned gallery-assignation in Drury-Lane, Mr. Newton and Mrs. Serle were, for a frolick, elevated among the gods and goddesses, in Covent-Garden house, and were full as much entertained.

Just when the curtain was dropping for the last time at Drury-Lane, Serle was a little alarmed : he heard somebody behind him say, " Mr. Newton will be here presently, and make a discovery he won't like." He started at the utterance of those words, from a consciousness of his dishonourable behaviour, and hurried Mrs. Newton out of the house as fast as he could. From thence they went to a Bagnio in the neighbourhood.

When they had supped quite sociably, and had driven Champagne down their throats like water, they found themselves still more fond of each other than they were at their departure from the theatre, and began to be very amorous.

In the midst of a highly-spirited scene, the door of the room, in which they sat, flew open.

Mr. Newton and Mrs. Serle immediately appeared.

It is not difficult to imagine what kind of a conversation the double surprize produced. The two husbands could not upbraid each other on account of their unjustifiable procedures ; but they made haste to be separated from their inconstant wives.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

As I have frequently found you mention the name of *Ninon de L'Enclos*, in the course of your publication, and having never yet met with any memoirs or anecdotes of that celebrated woman in your Magazine, I have transmitted you the following, which I flatter myself will be acceptable to your readers, as they have never before appeared in print.

LOTHARIO.

*MEMOIRS of the LIFE of Ninon de
L'Enclos.*

MADemoiselle Anne, or Ninon de L'Enclos, was born at Paris in 1615, of a noble family. She openly avowed herself a professed woman of gallantry ; and was nevertheless treated with respect, and her company eagerly sought for by women of the most exalted reputation. This singular privilege, for which she was indebted to the charms of her mind, and the sincerity of her conduct, has placed her among the celebrated personages of the age of Lewis XIV.

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle de L'Enclos, without being a regular beauty, had many uncommon attractions. Her person was of a most elegant form, and the graces seemed dispersed throughout her whole figure. Her complexion was fair and clear, free from freckles, or any of those spots which usually accompany so fine a skin. Her face was a regular oval, with a beautiful mouth, and excellent teeth, which greatly heightened a captivating smile, that most frequently prevailed. Her large black eyes, where modesty and voluptuousness seemed blended together, served as a foil to the softness of her complexion. An open countenance, tender and affecting; an agreeable tone of voice; a vivacious and animated mode of expression, gave still greater poignancy to the quickness of her imagination and the brilliance of her wit: and with these charms, her uncommon talents for music and dancing, completed her powers of seduction.

"The least fault in a woman of gallantry," says Rochefoucault, "is gallantry itself;" and this was Ninon's only one. She seemed to live but for love; but she never dishonoured this lively sensation by bartering it for gain: she never would accept even of a present from the hand of a lover. The gentleness and consistency of her character, her rigid probity from which she never swerved, an intrepid soul, a tender heart, ever faithful in friendship, procured her, even to death, friends who idolized her merit, as much as her lovers did her beauty.

St. Evremont has given the elogium of Ninon in four pretty lines, which are inscribed at the bottom of her picture.

*L'indulgent & sage nature,
A formé l'ame de Ninon,
De la volupté d'Epicure
Et de la vertu de Caton *.*

"I have reflected," said Ninon, "since my infancy, upon the unequal distribution of the qualities that are required in men and women: I found that we were burthened with every thing that was the most frivolous, and that the men had reserved to themselves a right to the most essential qualities: from that moment I commenced man." But it must be acknowledged that what flattered Ninon the most in this kind of metamorphosis, was an independency

and freedom of thinking and acting, which placed her above the constraints of her sex, and which she preserved to the end of her days. She used to say that there was but one prayer she offered up: "Make me an honest man; but never let me be an honest woman." Another *bon mot* is recorded of this modern *Leontium*, rather more philosophical. When she was about twenty-two, she was violently afflicted with an ague, which brought her to the point of death. Her friends lamented the loss of so young and amiable a woman. "Alas!" said she, "I leave behind me nothing but dying mortals."

This celebrated female considered love as nothing but an illusion of the senses, a want, a blind sensation, which supposes no merit in the object that gives it birth, nor allows it to claim any acknowledgement: in a word, a mere caprice, the duration of which does not depend upon ourselves, and which is liable to disgust and repentance. As long as her taste continued, she sincerely loved; but the moment it subsided, which often happened, it never had any relapse. She declared these sentiments even to her lovers with an ingenuousness that deprived them of the power of complaining. The first of her happy lovers was the count De Coligny. The marquis De Villarceaux succeeded him. This was the man for whom she seems to have had the strongest attachment. Madame De Villarceaux, the marquis's lady, was driven almost to distraction by this connexion. The following anecdote is related upon this occasion, and which Moliere, who ingeniously availed himself of every occurrence, has introduced in his farce of the *Countess of Enarbasnas*. This lady having one day a great deal of company, they requested to see her son, who soon made his appearance, accompanied by his preceptor: he immediately began to chatter, and the company politely praised his genius. His mother, in order to give credit to their elogiums, desired his preceptor to question her son concerning the last lessons he had received. Well, marquis, said the pedagogue gravely: *Quem habuit successorem Belas, rex Assiricorum?* Ninon, replied the youth. The marchioness, struck with the analogy between this word and the name of *Ninon*, could not contain herself. "Fine instructions indeed," said she, "to teach him the follies of his father." In vain did the preceptor excuse himself, and enter into an explanation; her jealousy was too much alarmed, to allow her to listen to reason, and the story was presently spread throughout Paris.

The

* *Indulgent, sagacious nature has formed the soul of NINON from the voluptuousness of Epicurus, and the wisdom of Cato.*

The count De Choiseul, who was afterwards marshal of France in 1693, was one of Ninon's professed admirers; but he soon found that this lovely woman was more sedulous of gratifying her taste than her vanity. This nobleman possessed many good qualities; but he was ignorant of the art of love. There was nothing lively, nothing animated in his expressions; his only knowledge consisted in fighting. Ninon, disgusted at his Platonic passion, could not suppress the effusion of her vivacity: she parted with him one day in repeating this line of Cornelia to Cæsar:

Ab! ciel! que de vertus vous me faites bair!

Heavens! how many virtues you force me to detest!

What compleated the count's mortification, was to find the preference given to a rival whom he had never suspected. This was Percourt, a celebrated dancer of that time, who frequently visited Ninon. The count De Choiseul met him one day at her house; Percourt had on a coat that much resembled a military uniform. After some ironical strokes, the count asked him, in the same tone of raillery, what corps (body) he served in? To which Percourt said, in the same stile, "My lord, I command a body, that you have endeavoured to serve in a long while." A quarrel, which arose between two of Ninon's lovers, occasioned a proposal being made to the queen regent to put our heroine in a convent. When Ninon was informed of what was in agitation, she said that, "she was very willing to submit, provided it was in a convent of Cordeliers." She was then told, that, perhaps, she should be placed among the repenting maidens: when she observed, "that would be very unjust, as she was neither a maid, nor did she repent."

The anecdote of the billet, which is hinted at in the comedy of *The Prude*, deserves to be mentioned. The marquis De la Chatre was her lover, and she his faithful, tender mistress, at the time he was ordered to join the army. He was inconsolable at leaving her; less from the necessity than the consequences of their separation, as he knew the heart and disposition of Ninon. He, therefore, resolved to avail himself of a very singular expedient; he obtained from her a *billet*, whereby she promised him the most inviolable fidelity during his absence. It was in vain for her to represent to him the extravagance of his request; he insisted upon it, and she was compelled to submit. The marquis embraced her a thousand times to thank her

for her kind acquiescence, and set out in the fullest persuasion of being secure of her charms. Two days after, the inconstant, volatile Ninon found herself in the arms of a new lover. The folly of the billet recurred to her at this instant, and in the most voluptuous moment, she cried out several times, *Ab! le bon billet qu'a la Chatre.* "Oh! la Chatre's precious billet."

Ninon consulted nothing but taste in love; but this was not the case in friendship. She knew that a mutual confidence, which arises from this sentiment, and which is its greatest blessing, cannot subsist, if it be not founded in the laws of honour, seldom practised in society; and she was, moreover, scrupulously tenacious of her word. M. de Gourville, being a strenuous partizan of the great Condé, was banished. The eve of his departure he paid a visit to Mademoiselle de L'Enclos, with whom he was enamoured, and by whom he was beloved; and brought, at the same time, twenty thousand crowns in gold, which he intreated her to keep for him till his return; but unwilling to trust all his effects with one person, he went and deposited a like sum in the hands of an ecclesiastic, who was held in high veneration for his sanctity.

At the end of about two months, Ninon, as usual, engaged with a new lover. The unhappy Gourville, wandering in a foreign land, learnt this melancholy news, and concluded his twenty thousand crowns were inevitably lost. Upon his return to Paris, about six months after his exile, instead of alighting at mademoiselle De L'Enclos, his first care was to wait upon the priest, with whom he judged his money was in the greatest security; when, to Gourville's utter astonishment, the pious villain denied he had received any such money in trust. Gourville thus cruelly cheated, imagined Ninon would treat him in a similar manner; he even dreaded waiting upon her, lest he should be compelled to hate and despise the object he had once most ardently loved. Ninon being informed of Gourville's return, was piqued at his silence. She sent for him, and he waited upon her. "Sir," said she, at the beginning of their interview, "a great misfortune has happened to me during your absence—I have lost," at these words Gourville concluded his conjectures were but too justly grounded, "I have lost, Sir, the inclination I had for you; but I have not lost my recollection, and here are the twenty thousand crowns with which you intrusted me; they are still in the same casket in which you yourself locked them. Take them with you; but do not persist

to claim a heart, which I can no longer dispose of in your favour. I have nothing more in store for you, but the most sincere friendship."

Gourville, struck with admiration, could not suppress his sighs; but as he had no right to complain, he soon resolved to let so estimable a friend supply the place of a mistress.

[To be concluded in our next.]

To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AFTER having been introduced a few nights ago by a friend of mine to his club, near Cripplegate, I soon had reason to believe that I should hear something, during the flow of conversation over a flowing bowl, diverting enough to be *racked off* for your spirited Magazine. Punch and politics, Mr. Hamilton, circulated freely; so freely, that I was more than once afraid many of the doughty disputants would have taken very unbecoming liberties with each other. However, by the frequent interposition of the president, who was a moderate man, and wisely told them several times, that *there was faults on both sides*, the evening was not distinguished by any sanguinary proceedings. One small patriotic gentleman indeed, having too often applied his *mouth* to the *round object* in the middle of the table for the good of his *head*, declared, with all the energy of a Bacchanal, and with his eyes rolling (not in a fine frenzy) that he would, with the greatest pleasure, get a bloody nose, in defence of the Charter of the City against all encroachments *whatsoever*, looking, at the same instant, as furiously as he possibly could at a gigantic gentleman, who had greatly contributed to rouse his irascibility by grinning contempt at him. When *that* gentleman, instead of making any reply, drew very deliberately out of one of the flaps of his coat a corking-pin, and desired, with the utmost coolness, that it might be administered to Mr. Bouncer's rubicund nose, in order to let out some of his hot blood, I verily thought that he would have expired in a paroxysm of passion. Happily for *himself*, as well as *us*, he was immediately *expelled*, as being unworthy of his *seat*.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

And occasional correspondent,

GEORGE AMBLER.

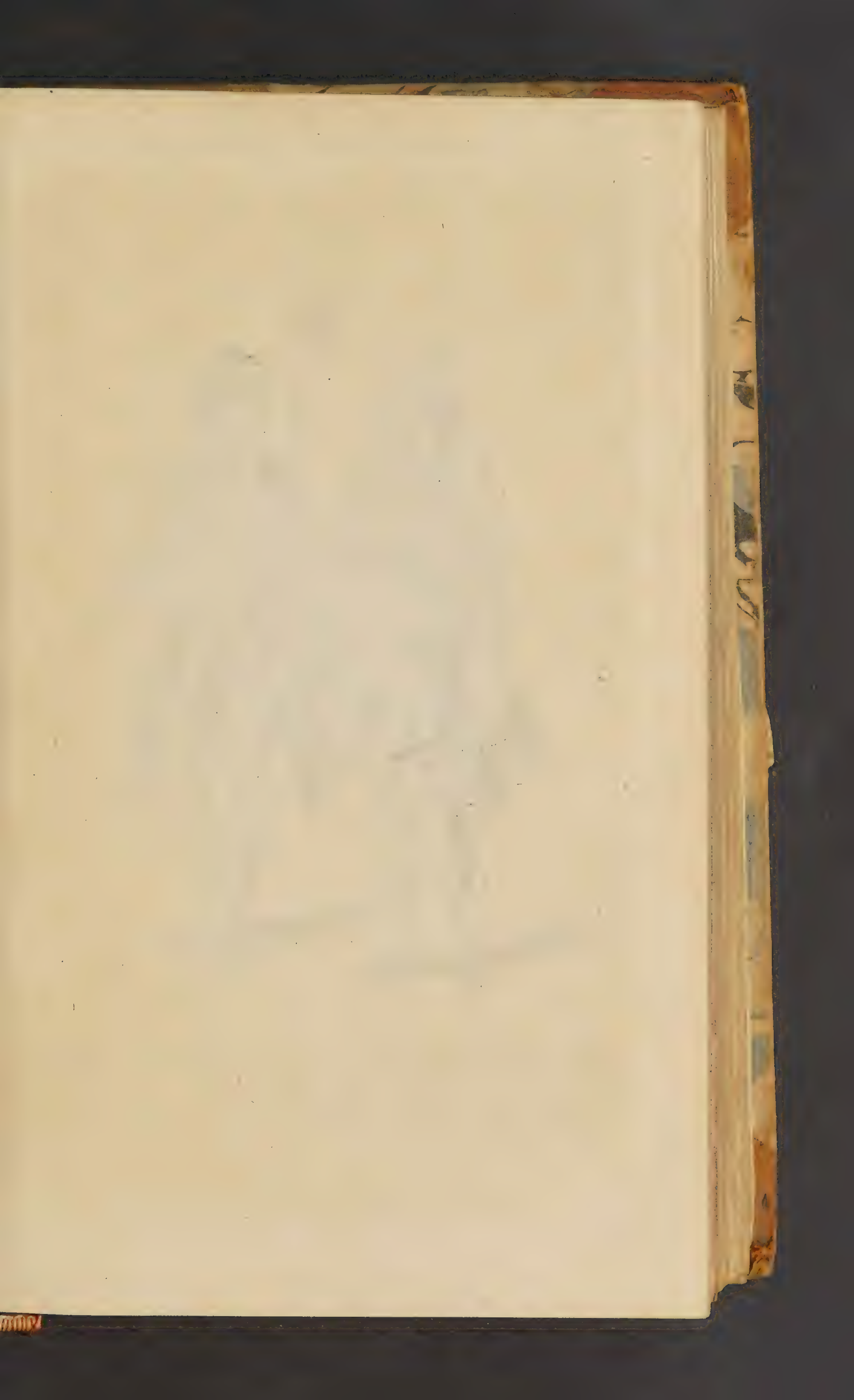
The COURTIER'S SOLILOQUY.

DAZZLED with the false lustre of ambition, I quitted too precipitately my little walk in life, in hopes of shining among the *great*. By executing every ministerial commission with which I was charged, with the most servile fidelity, however disagreeable it was to my taste, however repugnant to my conscience, I raised myself, by hasty strides, from obscurity to splendor. By never framing the slightest objections to the commands of my despotic superiors, by always receiving them with humility, and obeying them with swiftness, I have fixed myself in a magnificent situation. I have acquired honours and riches, and should derive no small happiness from the envy which I excite among thousands less successful in the world, did I not feel myself despised by many of the most respectable men in the nation, whose contempt is the more mortifying to me as I am conscious of deserving it. In vain do my friends (my flatterers rather should I say; for how can we, with any propriety, call those our friends, who studiously endeavour to hide us from ourselves?) in vain do they bestow on my principles and my parts, the most exalted encomiums, in vain would they make me believe that I am a capital pillar of the British constitution: sick of the fawning crew surrounding me from morning to night, I begin to nauseate their gross, their surfeiting adulation. My gains, indeed, have been considerable since I have been a patient persevering drudge in the ministerial road; considerable too have been my *lashes*. What have I gained? A ribbon and a pension. What have I lost? My character and my peace.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

SINCE coffee-houses were first instituted, the proprietors have judiciously endeavoured to place a pretty female in the bar, to attract young fellows and saunterers to the house; and I have known this scheme have so good an effect, that when a certain coffee-house, not far from Leicester-Fields, was upon the point of shutting up for want of custom, a pretty girl being taken in for a bar-maid, the house had immediately, and still has, such a run of trade, that the master is upon the point of retiring with an easy fortune, and probably the young woman may marry a man of fashion, if she has the fortitude to with-





*The Right Hon.^{ble} Brasse Crosby Esq.^r Lord Mayor,
and Rich.^d Oliver Esq.^r Alderman of London*

withstand the daily and hourly attacks made upon her by the pretty fellows of the age. Many instances of the Quixotism as well as admiration of coffee-house loungers might be produced to evince what uncommon lengths they are capable of going for the honour and reputation, as well as dishonour and seduction of these fair manufacturers of orgeat and capillaire. One shall suffice for the present. When the Rev. Mr. Miller endeavoured to bring on a comedy called the Coffee-House, at Drury-Lane Theatre, the dangles at Dick's coffee-house near the Temple, fancied the beautiful bar-keeper of that house, Miss Yarrow, was to be introduced as the heroine of the piece; and to save her from the shafts of ridicule, they let fly such a volley of the arrows of criticism as d—nd the parson and his piece: though he took every possible means to convince these champions of the supposed injured lady, that they were utterly mistaken.

The station of a barkeeper seems, indeed, peculiarly propitious to beauty; and even old age and deformity can captivate in this station. I know a group of beaux, who constantly pay their daily adulation to grey hairs and a pair of spectacles: and another lady, thus happily situated, commands the admiration of the officers of the three regiments of foot guards; though the small-pox has deprived her of every possible claim to love or charms, and the only line of beauty in her whole figure is confined to her back. It is somewhat whimsical, though strictly true, that whilst the furies conquer our hearts, seated beneath a canopy of punch-bowls, that Venus herself should be divested of her attractions, the moment she quits this enchanting circle.

Tom Spangle has been these four months deeply in love with Charlotte at the ———. He has said all the tender things to her, that his memory could supply from plays and romances; the graces, and the Cyprian queen herself, have been set at nought, when compared to his divine Charlotte. The whole sex was eclipsed by her, and wherever she went, every woman must be her rival, as she must secure the attention of every man to behold her with admiration. Such was the language of Tom Spangle, and poor Charlotte began seriously to believe he was in earnest. Last Wednesday, after he had run over his catalogue of compliments to the vain girl, at five he set off for chambers to dress for Ranelagh. Charlotte heard his destination that evening, and resolved to rivet his fetters in her last new

sack and beaver hat. Tom did not reach the rotunda till near nine; Charlotte had been there above an hour, but had not yet drank tea, as she proposed Tom should squire her, the party being without a man. Charlotte passed him three times in the circle unobserved; the fourth time she curtsied—"Good G—d," said Tom to me, "I think I remember something of that face." I could not contain, I burst into a laugh—"Why it is your divine Charlotte, who eclipses the whole sex wherever she goes!" "The devil it is," replied Tom, "there's no speaking to her here, she looks like a mop-squeezer, so I'll e'en beat a march," and off he went.

April 20.

NO DANGLER.

As the just, equitable, and truly patriotic Conduct of the Right Hon. the LORD-MAYOR, and Alderman OLIVER, has so strongly recommended them to their fellow Citizens in particular and the Nation in general; we thought we could not omit such an Opportunity of transmitting their Memory to Posterity, not only by relating the Particulars of their Conduct since their being confined in the Tower; but also by procuring their Portraits elegantly engraved from the Life, which we have subjoined.

ON Thursday the 4th in the afternoon by the advice of Mr. Serjeant Glynn, the committee of the common-council directed their solicitor to apply for writs of *habeas corpus* for the lord-mayor and Mr. Alderman Oliver. The writ for Mr. Oliver was with peculiar propriety applied for to Lord Mansfield; the writ for the lord-mayor was applied for to lord chief justice De Grey. They did not refuse the writs. Accordingly the lord-mayor and Alderman were on Friday conveyed by major Collins to Serjeants-Inn; but the judges not being there, they were carried to lord chief justice De Grey's house in Lincoln's Inn-Fields. The committee of the common-council attended with Mr. Serjeant Glynn and counsellor John Lee. After the warrant of commitment, and an affidavit of Mr. Robert Holder, had been read by Mr. Roberts, the city solicitor, Mr. Glynn proceeded to urge reasons why the lord-mayor should be released from his imprisonment: his chief reasons were, that the warrant on which the lord-mayor was committed was not a legal authority to detain him, because it alledged an act as a particular breach of privilege which he proved not to be a breach of privilege,

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but merely the discharge of duty, which act if the lord-mayor had not done, he would have been guilty of a breach of his oath and a violation of the laws. Mr. Glynn likewise observed that where different jurisdictions clashed, yet a magistrate, acting in his office, had never been adjudged guilty of a contempt by any other; even in cases where a superior jurisdiction had set aside and reversed the act. He said, magistrates in England did not act with a rope about their necks; but even if they were mistaken in their opinions, could not be punished as criminals, unless by some overt-acts they manifested a corrupt and criminal motive of their actions. He said the commitment of the messenger was for a breach of the peace, and that privilege of parliament would not prevent the speaker himself from being committed for a breach of the peace. He said, Sir Fletcher Norton pretended to no power to commit but as speaker; and that power he did not claim as belonging to his office, but merely as the instrument of the house; that the house by their resolution had authorised only the serjeant and deputy-serjeant to apprehend; and that the warrant was directed only to the serjeant and deputy serjeant, consequently could convey no authority to Whitham the messenger: that therefore Whitham had not even the authority of the house of commons for apprehending Miller. He said, though the judges could not tell perhaps what were the privileges of the house of commons, they were bound to say what was not their privilege; and that lord chief justice Holt, in the case of the Aylebury-men, had declared, that if a man was committed by the commons, on the charge of a contempt; yet such person ought to be discharged, unless it appeared to be a *contempt according to law*.

He said, courts of justice often decided concerning the privilege of parliament, as had indeed been very lately done by lord Camden in the Common Pleas. On the whole, he submitted to his lordship that the lord-mayor ought to be released from his unjust and unlawful imprisonment—Because the house of commons have no authority to punish magistrates acting in their office according to law; because the house had no lawful authority to arrest Miller; because the laws ought to obtain before a resolution of one branch of the legislature; because a breach of the peace is not to be tolerated for fear of a pretended breach of privilege; because Whitham the messenger had not even the sham authority of the house of commons; be-

cause an order of the house of commons is not law; and because the warrant of the speaker was not even conformable to that order.

Mr. Lee enforced all the same arguments with great ability and shrewdness, and said the chief justice must now on the face of the warrant either decide Whitham to be the serjeant or deputy serjeant of the house of commons, or confess that Miller was never in the custody of the house; because the warrant is directed to be served only by the serjeant or deputy serjeant, and if the house had (which however he denied) the authority they in this case usurped, yet this warrant would not authorise any persons but those to whom it was directed; he said it likewise appeared on the face of the warrant that Whitham was not one of the persons to whom the warrant was directed; for Whitham is called *messenger* in contradistinction to serjeant or deputy serjeant. He said the chief justice was at that very moment in the same situation with the lord-mayor when he decided against Whitham; and that the chief justice was bound to act according to his oath and the laws, without paying any regard to the opinions, orders, or resolutions of any assembly however respectful or powerful; and he added that the lord-mayor at least would have been perjured if he had acknowledged the speaker's warrant lawful: much more perjured if he had declared the service of that warrant by Whitham to be lawful: and perjured if he had not given a legal redress to Miller against the false imprisonment and assault committed on him by Whitham. He said it would have been a very unfit, mean, and unworthy answer of the lord-mayor to Miller to have said, "The house of commons is a powerful body, and I cannot take notice of what they or their servants do; though the laws and my oath make no exception in their favour, yet I cannot meddle with their actions." Such an answer Mr. Lee said would have been to the last degree mean and unworthy of any magistrate; he added, that his lordship the chief justice would consider what answer it was becoming of him to give who was now in the very situation that the lord-mayor was in, when according to the law and his oath, he discharged Miller from an unjust and manifestly illegal imprisonment.

To these and other arguments of the learned counsel the chief justice replied, that the courts of justice might if they pleased when a matter of privilege came incidentally before them, decide upon the legality of that privilege; but he

he said the courts act by an authority which they have by common law; but the judges in the present case act only under the particular act of parliament, which gives them no authority in vacation time to relieve from imprisonment persons committed by courts or magistrates having criminal jurisdiction; and directs them to take proper bail for the appearance of persons so relieved either in the king's bench, or in that court of justice where the particular offences with which the persons are charged, are cognizable. Now, he said, the lord mayor's case did not fall within that act, for he is not committed by any court or magistrate having criminal jurisdiction, it being absurd in the legal sense of the word to call the house of commons a court of judicature: again, the lord-mayor is not charged with any thing criminal; again, that he could not bind him over to appear in the king's bench or any other court, the matters with which he is charged not being cognizable by any court, or punishable by any laws: again, that he could not tell what bail to take, because he could not guess what the house of commons might think sufficient bail: again, it would be absurd to bind him over to appear in the house of commons.

He repeated it, that this act of parliament was only intended to give relief to persons charged with crimes, consequently did not extend to the lord-mayor's case, he not being charged with any crime. Besides, he said, this was not in the vacation of the court which committed the lord-mayor, the house of commons being still sitting; therefore this case was not within the particular act. He said it had been determined by the judges before this time, that a single judge could not meddle with such a case.—He mentioned the case of the Aylesbury men in 1704, when chief justice Holt was of a different opinion from all the other judges. He said there was indeed no correct or particular account of each judge's opinion and reasons in that case; but he could not act against that decision. He said it was not very clear how that dispute was settled; but that every one knew it produced a dissolution of that parliament. He finished by saying, that he was clear the present was a case with which he could not meddle; and that the lord-mayor must be remanded.

After this decision of chief justice de Grey, Mr. Oliver was carried according to appointment, before lord Mansfield, at his chambers in Serjeants-Inn,

The counsellors Glynn and Lee, knowing that lord Mansfield had been that morning with the chief justice De Grey, and hearing that NO REASONS were sufficient to prevent the chief justice from granting the benefit of the act, and having heard it said by a judge that a man charged with a crime may have the benefit of the act, but that a man charged with no crime cannot; the counsellors refused to plead before him. When Mr. Oliver came before lord Mansfield, his lordship asked, if he had not counsel; he was answered, No. "I thought you had counsel"—"I have none." His lordship then asked if Mr. Oliver had any thing to urge. Mr. Oliver said, No, that his lordship knew how he ought to determine.

Lord Mansfield then, after hearing the warrant and affidavit read, declared, "he was bound by law and precedent not to bail or discharge in this case, the parliament being still sitting; that the alderman must therefore be remanded."

On the 22d instant about ten o'clock, the lord-mayor, in a consequence of a second *habeas corpus*, accompanied by the committee of the common council, went in coaches from Tower-Hill to Westminster-hall.

When his lordship was brought into court, it was found that there was not a proper return of the *habeas corpus*, it being directed to Sir William de Grey, the chief justice, instead of the court. As it was alledged, that in consequence of this error, the *habeas corpus* was not before the court, serjeant Glynn moved, that as he was in custody, and it did not appear to the court by what authority he was imprisoned, he should be discharged. The chief justice said, that he was mistaken in his opinion; since if the *habeas corpus* was not before them, neither could the lord-mayor be before them. This difficulty, however, was surmounted by amending the return, and serjeant Glynn made an excellent speech, giving reasons why they should discharge the lord-mayor. Serjeant Jephson enforced his arguments by many cases in point, and both seemed to have rendered the legality of his discharge absolutely certain. The chief justice then gave his opinion, in which he endeavoured to invalidate every argument advanced by the counsel. He said that no court of justice had any jurisdiction over the house of commons, who, in the present case, were only acting with respect to their own members, a thing peculiar to every society, and exercising a power which was vested in them by the

very fundamentals of the constitution ; that his lordship's deed was not only a contempt of the house of commons, but even of the citizens of London themselves, who are virtually a part of that honourable house by their representatives ;

on which account he concluded, that the matter could not come under the cognizance of that court, and therefore the lord-mayor was remanded back to the Tower.

Cock a doodle-doo.



Little COCKING GEORGE.

This representation, we flatter ourselves, will be agreeable to our readers ; as, this gentleman, *Mr. Cocking George*, has rendered himself so conspicuously ridiculous, as to merit being hung up in the materials of which he is himself composed. We therefore earnestly recommended to Mr. Davis to do him justice, in a solid portion of wood ; and we can venture to assure our readers that no two *blocks* ever more resembled each other than the above described, and that of the great champion of *privilege* and *cock-fighting*. (See p. 177, et seq.)

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

A GREEABLE to my promise, I send you an account of the most material occurrences in our two club rooms since my last.

On the 10th in the lower room the budget was opened by lord N——, who proposed a lottery, which, he said, “ he was sure the people would like; the tickets to be at 13l. a ticket, and ten per cent. to be deducted out of the prizes;” he said, in the last lottery, many gentlemen lost by them, as they were sold under par; that the present sessions opened with demurring, plague, and a war, but that was all blown off; however, that we were still in a critical situation with Spain, for we did not know how soon we might have a war there: but he hoped the peace would last a long time, and he assured the house, if there was no war, he would, next sessions, move for the land-tax to be three shillings in the pound, instead of four; he likewise moved for 200,000l. to be allowed for the navy, as there were 150 ships in commission, with frigates and sloops; he took notice of the present disturbance and disputes, and of the order of the house being disobeyed, and a faction being raised to throw every thing in confusion; he paid a great compliment to the sovereign, of whom he gave the greatest character.” Lord N—— was answered by Mr. D——ll, who said “ he did not understand what the noble lord meant, first we were at peace, and then at the eve of a war; that he could not tell how to determine, one way or the other.” Mr. B——e, Col. B——e, and Mr. Thomas T——sh——d, spoke also with their usual eloquence. There was no division, and the house broke up about eight o’clock.

Mr. C——ll objected to raise the supplies by way of lottery, unless a clause was inserted, restricting the members of that room from receiving any number of tickets from the minister, by way of douceur, for past or future services. He also expressed a wish (in vain) that the dissolution of that assembly might speedily take place.

On the 12th, in the same room, the bill for better recruiting the troops of the East-India company, by which they were to have 7500 natives and 500 foreigners constantly kept up and officered by his majesty, in the same manner as the regular forces, having been proposed to be committed, the different speakers got up in the following order.

Colonel B——ne said, “ that though

he did not oppose the bill on professional, he must oppose it on constitutional principles, as it gave the East-India company the power of paying troops, that were in some measure at the disposal of the crown; a thing which the room had always reserved to itself as a necessary controul; as it would throw the best men into the hands of the company, on account of the greater pay which they gave; as it would create an opposition between the company’s troops and the army; as it would obstruct the recruiting of the army; as there was already a great scarcity of men, those few that had been raised upon the late augmentation being the very worst that had ever been seen.”

Sir George C——ke said, “ that the bill was opposed by some gentlemen of professional principles; that they were prejudiced, and ignorant of the state of the case; that there were but two material objections against the bill, viz. its throwing the power of controul out of the hands of the commons, and the introduction of foreigners into the heart of the kingdom; that both these objections would be entirely removed by making the bill annual instead of triennial, and by disciplining the troops, or at least the foreigners, in some island on the coast.”

The honourable Thomas T——sh——d said, “ that he could not be supposed to act on professional principles, because he had not the honour to belong to any profession; and yet he opposed the bill, because he could not see any reason why the company might not raise their troops without, as well as with, the assistance of the crown, and that he did not relish such an intimate correspondence between the crown and East-India company; that at present they were obliged to put up with the very worst of men, who were good enough to be sent to their graves in such unhealthful climates; but that by and by the very flower of our youth would be swallowed up in that sink; that the state of our population was not very flattering; that the species decreased; and that we ought to keep as many as possible for the defence of Britain.”

Lord H——e said, “ that he could never consent to the levying of foreigners, as the East-India company had already too many foreign mercenaries in their army; that he was informed by general Smith, that in some of the late battles he was in doubt whether the seapoys, who make the bulk of the company’s forces, would not desert to the enemy; that our East-India affairs were greatly mismanaged; that the king’s representative in that quarter com-
manded

manded only a Squadron of two frigates." He threw out several other sarcastic observations on the conduct of the ministry.

Edmund Burke said, "that he was as willing as any man to contribute to the support of the East-India company, as the trade to the East and West were the two great pillars on which the nation leaned; but that he saw too many objections against this bill, to think it advantageous for the company and for Great-Britain, whose joint interests ought to be reconciled; that he could not allow that our population was in a state of decrease; that, on the contrary, it increased at a prodigious rate; (and this he proved to the satisfaction of every body) that it was proposed to levy Irish Roman catholics, men into whose hands it would be as dangerous to put arms as into those of foreigners; and that, instead of rendering the situation of these poor and oppressed people better, it would render it worse, by sharpening the edge of persecution against them in that country, &c."

On the 16th, in the same room, a bill for prohibiting the exportation of provision for a limited time having been proposed, and brought in, two evidences were examined at the bar. The first, a butcher from Sandwich declared, that sixteen carcases of fat bullocks had been exported to Calais in two cargoes; that the price of butchers meat had immediately risen in consequence; that exportation of provision to France was not usual; that the quantity of fat cattle in Kent was at present very inconsiderable; that great numbers of sheep and lambs died with the rot; and that he apprehended the exportation of provision to France, which was at present greatly called for, would mightily distress the poor, as there were many dealers, (who had no other way of disposing of the cattle they had bought) that would in all probability continue to export, if they were not prevented by an act of parliament.

The second evidence, a butcher from Canterbury, corroborated this testimony; and upon his withdrawing, a short debate ensued.

William Pitt said, "that he had, upon all occasions, given it as his opinion, that restrictions upon exportation were impolitic; that he did not yet find any reason to alter his sentiments; that in the case of the corn bill he had held the same maxim, and the house would in time perceive he was right; that such restraints were miserable, temporary, and local expedients; that they would necessarily diminish our stock at home; that they were allowable only in great emergencies, when

necessity, which has no law, presses; that the present case was none of these emergencies; that the evidence at the bar had only proved that the price of butchers meat had risen a little upon the exportation of sixteen carcases; a thing not very probable, as provisions are mutually sent over from France, and the price of all eatables rises generally at this season of the year; that the season of the year was extremely backward; that this circumstance had a considerable influence, as farmers, graziers, and butchers, had now learned to speculate as well as merchants; that he was well informed, that there were in Yorkshire great quantities of cattle intended for the market; that these, though hitherto kept back on account of the low price offered by the graziers of Norfolk, would necessarily come soon to the shambles, and lower the price of butchers meat, and consequently all other sorts of provision; that, weighing all these circumstances, he was against the bill, on general and particular principles.

Sir Edward Afton said, "that, though he admitted Mr. Pitt's general principles, he could not think them applicable on this occasion; as it seemed to be one of those particular emergencies, which the honourable gentleman seems to think ought to be excepted, and regulated on principles of their own; that temporary evils were to be removed by temporary remedies; that the provisions imported from France were fowls, turkeys, geese, hares, and such other kinds of food, as the poor could not hope to taste; that therefore the exportation was not balanced by the importation; that the people of Norfolk had, in his opinion, offered a very fair price for the cattle, which," he said, "were now kept in Yorkshire; that they could not soon be fattened, not lower the price of provision, as the frost had destroyed the turnips not only in Norfolk, but in every other county; that he was therefore for the bill."

Mr. Worsworth, and two or three other gentlemen, spoke in the same strain.

On the same day the city were heard by counsel at the bar of the upper-room, against the Durham-Yard embankment bill; the counsel were Mr. Lee, Mr. Davenport, and another gentleman, for the city; and Mr. Maddox on the other side. Mr. Lee spoke for some time against the bill, and in defence of the city's right to the soil or bed of the river: he acknowledged that Mess. Adams were very able and experienced architects; but although he admired the elegance of their buildings, he never

could allow, that from thence alone arose a right of building on that ground which was the property of others.—That the city had a right, and had exercised a right, for numberless years, as landlords of the bed of the river, could be easily proved from the written minutes of the court of aldermen. Accordingly Mr. Rix, clerk to Sir Ja. Hodges, came to the bar, and read, from many different volumes of repositories, various cases (some one hundred, others one hundred and fifty, and others two hundred years back) where the city had destroyed stairs and causeways erected on the sides of the river, received rents for sheds and embankments, granted leave to erect stairs, &c. and all at parts of the river that were beyond the land limits of the city; in particular, a lease of a part of the river, now tenanted at 40s. per annum, by Sir Jos. Mawbey, on the Surrey side, was produced, and Mr. Montague of the Chamberlain's-office swore to the receipt of the rent, together with 4d. yearly, that had been paid almost one hundred and fifty years, for any erection on the side of the river, between Temple-Bar and Somerset-House; among other written testimonies, one was read, where the commissioners of the navy had petitioned, and received leave from the court of aldermen to make an erection on the Surrey side of the river.

On the 17th came on in the lower room the bill brought in by Mr. F-l-l-r for disqualifying the members of the Christian club in the borough of Shoreham; when, after examining several witnesses to prove the nature of the club, the counsel for the petitioners, who were Mr. Maddox and Mr. Lee, opened in a very clear and distinct manner. Mr. F-l-l-r then moved, that the bill be committed for Friday next; he was seconded by Mr. O-g-l-y, who said "there had been a most vile combination, to sell the seats of members in parliament. Mr. Richard Wh-tworth spoke next with great nervousness, and said "it would be a most illegal act to pass pains and penalties upon five men, and to disqualify between seventy or eighty from ever voting." He further observed, "that the committee had addressed the king to prosecute these men, but that knowing they had not acted against the laws of the land, he was of opinion they would be acquitted:" he said besides, "that he was carrying two faces, first to seat Mr. Rumbold in that room by those very men, then say they are corrupted, and not fit to vote again at any election:" he added, "that the Shoreham Society was a Christian club, that is to say, instituted for charitable purposes; that it

had been proved to be so at the bar of the house; and that several persons had been supported by it, some having had three shillings a week allowed them out of their fund." He concluded by saying, "that if his honourable friend would but withdraw the bill, and bring in another to destroy this society, he would himself lend him all the assistance in his power; but that the present bill would be one of the worst ever passed. They were once going to divide; but the bill at last was ordered to be committed for Friday, to see what amendment should be made to it.

On the 19th came on before the committee, Mr. M-nt-gu in the chair, the bill for disqualifying the club of Shoreham. Several amendments were made in it, and one was proposed, that freeholders of forty shillings be added to the Shoreham votes, to make up the number to be taken away. Sir G. E. was for having the borough disfranchised. Mr. O—y objected to this, and said, "that if they plucked out one hair of the horse's tail, they would then pluck another, and another, and so reduce the room to a very few members." They afterwards went through the bill, which was ordered to be reported on Monday.

On the same day the bill to prohibit the exportation of provision came on, according to order, to be read a second time; several persons were examined; it was then proposed to commit the bill, and after a short debate, the room divided, when there appeared 66 for it, and 40 against it; it was then committed for Monday next.

A bill is actually presented for the more effectual prevention of counterfeiting the copper coin of the realm.

The same day five news-carriers, viz. James Lawrence, George Riley, Rice Williams, ——— Wrangham, and Thomas Dunderdale, who had received orders to attend the committee appointed by the lower room to enquire into the cause of the late riots, were examined by the said committee respecting the delivery of hand-bills by the said news-carriers on the day the lord-mayor and alderman Oliver went to the house; when the only information gained was, that the said news-carriers received the hand-bills in the street, from a person whom they did not know, and that they were printed by a person of whom they could not tell.

On the 21st came on in the upper room the farther hearing on the Durham-yard embankment bill.

Mr. Davenport spoke for an hour and a half, in favour of the city; he grounded his

his arguments on two points; one, the right of the city to the soil of the river; and secondly, the damage that the embankment would do the navigation of the Thames. In considering the first, he methodically recited the written evidence, read from the repertories of the court of aldermen; he enlarged upon each article, and fully proved, as well from the evidence as from the words of the charter and grant of the river, *infra libertatem civitatis*, an uncontroverted and an indisputable inherent right. On the second ground of argument, he recapitulated the parole evidence of the lightermen, who all concurred, that the embankment must be a detriment to the navigation of the river; Mr. Davenport took great pains to describe the injury done to property in general, by the several clauses of the intended bill, by one of which the part of the river embanked would immediately become the property of the embankers, who were to execute their embankment according to a plan of their own, without being under the direction of the city, or allowing any sort of acknowledgment of their superior, original right; he observed, that a false light was hung out in the preamble to the bill, which began with declaring, that the embankment was for the *public good*, whereas it was notoriously otherwise; Mr. Middlemarsh, and those whose concerns on the river had made them the most capable judges of the matter, had all declared to the contrary; and it was an inference to be adduced from the bill, which no argument could controvert, that the *private interest* of individuals was the fountain from whence the bill arose; this counsel also attempted to prove, that the removal of the sand-bank now complained of as a nuisance, would only encrease the nuisance, for the rapidity of the tide could not force it through bridge, but would only lodge it somewhere lower down, in a narrower part of the river, and consequently render it more obnoxious, and more detrimental to the navigation. After Mr. Davenport had concluded, the lord chancellor informed Mr. Mansfield, that understanding he was counsel for the dean and chapter of Westminster, the house would hear him open the matter, and examine his witnesses. On the 25th, the bill was committed in a division of 29 against 4.

On the 23d, the third reading of the East-India recruiting bill came on according to order in the lower assembly, and after a debate thereon, the question was put, "Whether the said bill should be read a third time; the house divided, when there appeared 45 for it, and 45

against it; the numbers being equal, the Speaker declared for the Ayes. An amendment was afterwards moved for, and another debate arose; after which the question was put, when the Ayes were 50, and the Noes 51; and thus the bill was lost by a majority of one. A. T.

ANECDOTE of Wriothesly, Duke of Bedford, Brother to the late Duke.

THIS nobleman had many qualities that recommended him in the society of the world; but an unconquerable passion for play was very pernicious to him, it being so violent, that though he had the strongest suspicions of the probity and integrity of those who played with him, he still persisted in the pursuit, even after losing very considerable sums, which greatly hurt his fortune, and brought him into such necessitous circumstances as were scarce credible for a man of his great estate. The following anecdote, which may be relied upon, will serve to illustrate this nobleman's character. He was at Bath one season, when a conspiracy was formed against his grace by several first-rate sharpers, among whom was Fl—t—d, the manager of Drury-Lane theatre, and N—sh, the master of the ceremonies. A party at hazard had already deprived the Duke of upwards of seventy thousand pounds; when his grace got up in a passion, and put the dice in his pocket. The gamblers were all terrified, as they knew they were loaded, and as he communicated his suspicions, intimating his resolution of inspecting them. His grace then retired into another room, and flinging himself upon a sofa, fell asleep. The only step that appeared practicable to the winners, to avoid disgrace, and get their money, was to pick his pocket of the loaded dice, and supply their place with a pair of fair ones. They accordingly cast lots who should execute this dangerous commission, and it fell on Fl—w—d. He performed the operation without being discovered, after which his grace having closely inspected the dice he had then in his pocket, and finding them just, he renewed the party, and lost near thirty thousand pounds more. The gamblers had received only five thousand pounds of the money, yet they could not divide this sum without quarrelling; and N—h thinking himself ill-used, divulged the whole imposition to his grace, whereby he saved the remainder of the money. His grace made N—sh a handsome present, and ever after gave him his protection, the duke thinking the secret was revealed through friendship and probity.

AN ESSAY ON DECPHERING.

With an inexplicable Specimen of Cryptography.

—*Inter Silvas academi quarere verum.* Hor.

THE art of decyphering, or interpreting writings composed of several characters by certain rules, have been represented (notwithstanding the apparent difficulty) to be admirable for its simplicity, and the ease with which it may be obtained when its theory is duly understood, which decyphers say depends upon certain and a few probable propositions. They exhibit to our view general principles, which relate equally to every language, and arise from the nature of speech. By this accuracy of method, and a just deduction of particulars from generals, this art is considered as a science, consisting of certain and indubitable propositions, from whence these rules are drawn, and are to be used as clues in the labyrinth of cryptography, or the art of writing in cyphers or peculiar characters. This they call the universal and infallible key, by which the privacies of arbitrary marks are easily unlocked, and the explication of any secret writing may assuredly be known.

With all due deference to the professors of decyphering, I do strongly dissent from a belief of their infallibility, and shall remain so, till they can explain a few sentences, which shall have no contraction, either in word, syllable, or letter. And I will go so far as to inform them in the language and even the identical author, from whence the same is faithfully copied.

My art is equally simple with its characters, which shall be only the nine figures, with the addition of a full point or colon. And I will undertake to qualify any two persons, in one hour only, so

that they may, by an interview of no longer space of time, establish a correspondence, which I presume to call *inexplicable*, till I receive conviction by their explaining the inclosed specimen. What is well worth the attention of many is, that the art may be disposed into so many different aspects, so as to seclude even the inventor himself. Now should it so happen, that I am full proof against the scientific battery of our learned decyphers, I am well persuaded my cryptography is of the utmost importance to thousands. Had a certain *high personage*, and a distinguished lady, been initiated in my art, they would not have been rendered contemptible for their literary intercourse: the one would have saved his numerical thousands, and the other might have passed for a wit, as well as a celebrated beauty.

This art is also reduced to practice, with these two great advantages, first it requires no counter paper to refer to, by which key (if ever got at) the character would become perfectly legible. In the next place, it may be written in an endless variety at pleasure: so that at every interview, even for a few minutes, they may adopt a new mode for a corresponding arcana.

And now, gentlemen learned in the science of decyphering, here follows a specimen, which, that you may use your universal key to advantage, and to assist the unlettered of your easy art to join issue, in vindicating the honour and infallibility of your noble science, I furnish you with a few grand principles, that you may proceed with alacrity. I had proposed to have given you a quotation or two from Homer, but shall for the present content myself with exhibiting a passage from Virgil and one from our immortal Milton.

April 10, 1771.

HAHAEX.

P. Virgilli Maronis Opera.

98 : 8 . 827264 . 4 : 76 : 64 . 47 : 94 . 7 : 75 . 8 . 64 . 379 : 75 . 44 . 345 ...
67 . 8 . 76 . 7 : 79 : 9 : 98 : 9 . 927 : 48 : 9 . 475 . 99 : 88 : 2676 . 45 .
9 . 478 . 9 : 61 . 44 . 345 ... 9 . 10 . 599 . 98 : 8 . 8274 : 74 . 7 : 49 : 66 .
977 : 74 . 7 : 49 : 47 : 45 . 4 . 898 : 9726 . 0 .. 67 . 9 . 256 —

Milton's Paradise Lost.

4 . 65 : 3 . 937 : 3 . 796 . 5 . 82 . 3 . 7 : 51 . 97 : 3 . 79 : 1 . 9 : 65 . 9164 :
9 .. 3 . 3 . 38 : 645 .. 1 . 9 : 65 . 7 : 3 . 78 . 49 : 775 . 8 . 59 : 794 . 5 : 3 .
79 : 73 . 78 : 87 : 8 : .. 4 . 348 : 524 .. 3 . 82 . 3 . 7 : 3 . 9 : 64 . 39164 :
796 . 6 . 3 . 782 . 3 . 7 : 174 . 7 : 365 : 4 . 3 . 88 : 757 .. 46 . 53
6 . 443 .. 3 . 88 : 65 : 4 . 5 : 69 : 7 . 8 : 94 . 37 : 3 . 789 : 5 : 69 : 7 . 8 :
97 : 64 . 277 : 64 : 875 .. 335 : 3 : 55 . 342 —

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS your descriptions of oddities not only afford entertainment to your numerous readers, but also carry with them a proper correction for the ridiculous offenders, and may probably at once reclaim them and deter others from falling into similar absurd ties; I have been induced to send you the portrait of one who has come under my immediate observation.

The subject of this letter is, however, neither more nor less than A PARISH CLERK; but as folly in every sphere of life merits the scourge of satire, the *insignificance* of his *station* will probably not preclude the *importance* of the *man*, from a place in your Repository.

He is not only considered as a smart young fellow by many of his parishioners; but he looks upon himself as the best bred man, and the greatest genius within his precinct. Indeed, there is not an excellence to which human nature can aspire, either personal or mental, which in his opinion, and even in the opinion of several others, he does not possess. He is a mimic, a songster, a hunter, a vaulter, a dancer, a wit, a humourist, a man of gallantry, a bruiser, in a word, a *damned clever fellow*. But what he most peculiarly prides himself upon is dancing the *drunken skipper*, representing one of the lowest class of watermen staggering in that character: this, it must be acknowledged, he performs beyond imitation, when intoxicated (for let me inform you in this place that he does not give up his pretensions to the virtue of hard drinking), and he shines so greatly in this exhibition, that it has been resolved by his friends and admirers, that this dance shall be christened again, and named the *Drunken Clerk*.

As to his mental accomplishments, suffice it to say, he professes learning, criticism, satire, and ridicule, and indeed in these respects it is difficult to say which he excels in. Neither is eloquence or rhetoric unclaimed by him: he persuades with *Stentorian loquacity*, and convinces by the irresistible powers of a *bellowing borge laugh*.

Such talents and abilities cannot fail recommending him not only to the justicious and rational part of his parishioners, but to the bucks and choice spirits; for as he considers wenching and drinking as essential articles in the composition of a clever fellow, he is not so unreasonable as

to yield the palm to any one even in *gaming*, and as to manhood, he is the Broughton of the parish. He never fails to evince his valour, when any of his numerous merits are called in question, and where his logic fails, his fists prevail; and he considers this *reasoning* so orthodox, that he has ventured to contend with the late priest, his master, with no other weapons.

Hence his character among the beaux, fops, and fribbles, is indisputable, as they would rather allow him all the virtues, and even vices that can be named, than risk the disordering of their hair, or the discomposure of a feature. Having thus established his dominion, he reigns an absolute prince over his subjects: his throne has never been contested by them, but upon every occasion he is the umpire, determines all disputes, and levies fines and penalties at pleasure, and without appeal. By this means he preserves the greatest decorum in their assemblies, and is unanimously allowed to be a perfect master of punctilio and good breeding.

Intoxicated with this blind submission of his little senate, he fancies this adulation due to him from all the world, and has endeavoured (fruitlessly indeed) to extend his authority beyond the limits of his domains. Had he but the prudence to confine his power to his abject subjects, he might rule without controul, and enjoy a peaceable and uninterrupted reign: but when he sets himself in view, and endeavours to extort applause from a different sort of people, he only exposes *gilded quibbles*, which he would pass off for *sterling wit*, and grows contemptible by being conspicuous.

His undiscerning admirers, indeed, swallow all his low puns, and impertinent loquacity, when set off with the false gloss of a loud laugh, as voraciously as if it were genuine humour: and his apish buffoonery is construed into excellent mimicry. It is a maxim with Clencus, and which he has inculcated into his pupils, that gravity and sobriety are; in other words, ignorance and stupidity; and that nothing can be sensible, or witty, but what is produced in a roar, and accompanied by a laugh. They consider him as the paragon of literature, because he collects half a dozen hard words every day from Johnson's dictionary, and ushers them in right or wrong, to the astonishment of his ignorant auditors. He can indeed repeat his *responsals* tolerably well, and draw out an *A—m—e—n* to a considerable length; but were he compelled to write half

half a dozen lines, his ignorance in grammar and even orthography, would be displayed in every period.

When flushed with the applause of his companions, and his own vanity, there is no doubt but he has often repined at the dispensation of providence, for fixing him in so low a station; but she has been too prudent to make him a priest, and, perhaps, too indulgent in making him a clerk. Were the smartest things he ever uttered, or the brightest ideas still remaining in his brain, committed to print, divested of their attendant and decorating risibility, I will venture to aver that even his ignorant admirers would acknowledge their insipidity. Yet from their unbounded applause, ratified with his own extreme vanity, he sincerely believes himself a man of most uncommon abilities. The inquiries and researches of this petty monarch of mental endowments have not however excursed beyond the limits of his popularity, which have not, nor ever will exceed the boundaries of his parish. From these dimensions, any person skilled in *scientific mensuration*, may ascertain the *solid contents* of his capacity. It is in reality, a mere superficies; if you talk of the affairs of a distant county, he is bewildered in another world; if you expatiate upon the heavenly bodies he is lost in a cloud; or if you descend to the bowels of the earth, you bury him at once, and he says Amen to his own funeral service.

I am afraid, Mr. Hamilton, you will think me too severe on this little finger of the church; but I must tell you, Sir, that he is so far gone in a complication of conceited disorders in the mind, that I am afraid this potion will prove too weak to operate a cure. Balsamics would have had no effect, as the inflammation is at present too violent to yield to their gentle powers, or they should have been applied. I therefore request you to administer him these" restrictives the first of next month, which will be a proper season for commencing the cure; and if he takes them every morning in a glass of reflection, or self-examination, I doubt not but they will soon convince him of their efficacy, by reducing and expelling the turgid and inflated swellings of his imagination. As I live much nearer to him than yourself, I shall attentively observe how the medicines operate, and send you the speediest intelligence. If I find them too potent, or inefficacious, we must correct them, or add corrosives, as occasion requires. Should I perform this cure, I have some thoughts of setting up for a Doctor of Oddities, and

I shall consider the insertion of this in your Magazine as my *diploma*.

A Candidate Doctor of Oddities.

P. S. If you only admit me to the rank of L. O. I intend putting forth an advertisement for the good of the public, wherein I shall propose undertaking the radical cure of pedants, beaux, fops, fribbles, prudes, coquettes, demi-reps, &c. &c. troubled with the contagious disorder that now prevails throughout England of being *ridiculous*.

Near Newcastle upon Tyne.

An Essay on PROPRIETY; in four Parts.

Part the First.

Of Propriety with regard to DRESS.

THE improprieties in *appearance* daily committed by the majority of both sexes (by many too with no contemptible understandings), are so numerous and so variegated, that the peevishness of the sour satirist is perpetually provoked, and the merriment of the laughing one perpetually excited. Without paying the least regard to age, circumstances, and station in life, (and they should all be particularly considered by *him* or *her* who would *dress* with propriety) what shoals bring themselves *forward* to the greatest disadvantage who might throw themselves into *points of view* extremely favourable to them by a little attention to the exhibition of their persons!

To begin with age, when those whose heads begin to be whitened with the snow of time, affect to appear in gay cloaths, decorate themselves with ornaments which can only fit well on the young, and not always even on *them*; they certainly revolt against propriety, and sharpen the edge of ridicule against them by their preposterous attempts to put off a *January* for a *June*.

Old D——n, who thrusts his *wrinkled front* into every public place, who thinks he can never appear like a gentleman without lace or embroidery, and who strains his few locks, all grey ones, into a despicable queue, most assuredly dresses with a striking impropriety. By wearing plain cloaths, and by covering his half bald head with a decent wig, he would gain that respect which is due to age, and which is generally paid to people advanced in years whenever they appear, if they do not discover a violent propensity to *look young*.

The antiquated, but not venerable, Mrs. B——l, for though she has passed her grand climacteric, she meets with a contemptuous reception whenever she carries her furrowed face to any spot dedicated to gaiety, is an exquisite companion to the above-mentioned old gentleman, as she makes herself full as ridiculous by her lofty disregard of propriety. The staring quantity of crimson ribbons about her head and neck, and her immense cap, *Olympus high*, sufficiently prove her passion for *juvenility*, and at the same time extort the severest raillery from every girl before whom she assumes airs and graces, which render her more glaringly ridiculous. And yet Mrs. B——l is an enviable creature with all her frightfulness: for she has so comfortable a share of vanity, that she really thinks herself the object of universal admiration, tho' she, by disfiguring herself, in order to appear in an alluring light, is universally despised, and very frequently affronted.

Young people do not, in general, shew a desire to make themselves look old by their dress; yet here and there one meets with a character chargeable with an impropriety of this kind.

Jack L——y, though he is in the prime of life, and though he has many personal advantages, chuses to distinguish himself by dressing like his grand-father, a very worthy old man, foolishly imagining that he is indebted to the decency of his dress throughout for all the respect which he receives. To that decency, it must be owned much respect is due; Mr. L——y, however, is chiefly revered for the soundness of his sense, and for the uprightness of his conduct upon every occasion. Poor Jack has a shallow understanding, and a set of principles more commodious than commendable; but he dresses like his grand-father.

[To be continued.]

Character of Charles XII. King of Sweden.

CHARLES was tall and well made: he had a fine fore-head, large blue eyes, and a good nose; but the lower part of his face was very disagreeable, owing in a great measure to a kind of grin he too frequently gave way to. He had scarce any beard, and very little hair. Charles spoke but seldom, and often replied with this sort of laugh; profound silence was constantly observed at his table. He was extremely bashful, and would be embarrassed in the most trifling conversation;

for having devoted himself entirely to hardships and a military life, he was an utter stranger to society. This is, perhaps, the only man, and certainly the only prince, who till now passed his whole life, without being guilty of any weakness. He carried all the virtues of the hero to an excess equally fatal as the opposite vices. His resolution became obstinacy, which occasioned his misfortunes in the Ukraine, and kept him five years in Turkey; his liberality degenerating into profusion ruined Sweden; his courage heightened to temerity caused his death; his justice sometimes resembled cruelty; and in his latter years the exertion of his authority bordered upon tyranny. Another prince might have been immortalized by any one of his great qualities, which created the misery of his people. He never attacked his neighbours; but he was not equally prudent as implacable in his revenge. He is the first prince who was ambitious of being a conqueror, without being desirous of extending his dominions; he was emulous of gaining empires to bestow them. His passion for glory, war, and revenge, prevented his being a politician, an essential qualification for a conqueror. Before a battle, and after a victory, his modesty was conspicuous, as well as his firmness after a defeat. Hardships he did not consider either for himself or others; fatigue and even life he held in no estimation. Charles was rather a singular than a great man, more to be admired than imitated. His life will be a lesson to kings how much superior a happy and peaceful reign is to the pursuit of that phantom glory.

This prince displayed his character very early in life. When he was a child, being asked what he thought of Alexander, whose life he was reading in Quintus Curtius? "Methinks," said he, "that I should like to resemble him." When he was told Alexander had lived only thirty years; "Is not that long enough," replied Charles, "for a man who had conquered kingdoms."

In his first campaign, in the year 1700, having never before heard the discharge of musketry, he asked major general Stuart, who was next him, what was that whistling by his ears? "It is the noise of the musket balls the enemy is firing at you," replied the major. "Good," said the king, "this henceforward shall be my music." At that very instant, the major, who was giving this explanation, received a ball in his shoulder, and a lieutenant fell on the other side of the prince. Charles having a horse killed under him at the bat-
tle

tle of Narva, he carelessly jumped upon another, pleasantly saying, "These people are willing to make me perform my exercises."

At the siege of Thorn, this prince, whose dress was always simple, having advanced very near the works with one of his generals named Lieven, who was dressed in blue and gold, he was fearful lest the general should be too conspicuous, and ordered Lieven to get behind him. The general, too late convinced of his error in wearing such a showy coat, was equally apprehensive for the king, and hesitated whether he should obey. The king impatient took him by the arm, and got before him: at this very instant a cannon ball that came in flank laid the general flat, and it was with great reluctance the king left him. The death of this man, killed precisely on the spot where he wanted to save him, strengthened Charles in the opinion which he ever maintained of absolute predestination; and this dogma, which promoted his courage, may also serve as a justification of his temerity.

This prince was besieged in Stralsund, a frontier of his dominions. One day whilst he was dictating some letters to his secretary, a bomb fell upon the house, pierced the roof, and burst very near the king's apartment. Half the flooring was split in pieces; but the closet in which the king was sitting being partly within a thick wall, did not suffer by the shock, nor did any of the splinters come into the closet, though the door was open. At the noise of the bomb, and the shaking the house, which seemed to be falling, the pen dropt from the secretary's hand. "What's the matter?" said the king with an air of composure; "why do not you write on?" The secretary was unable to reply in any other words than, "Oh! the bomb, Sire!" "Well," resumed the king, "what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating? Go on."

Almost every one of his principal officers being either killed or wounded in this siege, colonel baron de Reichel, after a long action, overcome with watching and fatigue, having lain himself upon a bench to take an hour's rest, was called to mount guard upon the ramparts: he crawled thither cursing the king's obstinacy, and such intolerable fatigue so uselessly employed. The king hearing him ran to him: "You are quite exhausted, my dear Reichel, I know; I have slept an hour, and am fresh, I will mount guard for you; go and sleep, and I will wake

you when it is time." After this he covered the general with his own cloak, and compelled him to lie down again.

This hero was too sensible of military glory, to refuse encomiums to his enemies, when they deserved them. A celebrated Saxon general having escaped from Charles by some skilful manœuvres, which the king did not foresee, this prince said aloud, "Schulembourg has defeated us."

When in a siege or a battle, he was informed of the death of those he esteemed the most, he replied without any emotion, "Well! they died like brave men for their prince." He said to his soldiers, "My friends join the enemy; do not draw, leave that to cowards."

Charles having in 1706 compelled the Poles to exclude king Augustus from the throne, on which they had placed him, entered Saxony to oblige this prince to acknowledge the rights of his successor. He fixed his camp near Lutzen, a field of battle famous for the victory and death of Gustavus Adolphus. He went to view the spot where this great man was killed: when he had reached it, he said, "I have endeavoured to live like him; God may perhaps one day grant me a death equally glorious."

The king was once riding near Leipzig, when a peasant came and knelt before him, to request justice from a grenadier, who had carried away his family's dinner. The king ordered the soldier to appear. "Is it true," said he, with a stern countenance, "that you have robbed this man?" "Sire," said the soldier, "I have not done him so much injury as your majesty has done my master; you have taken from him a kingdom, and I have taken only a turkey from this fellow." The king gave the peasant ten ducats, and pardoned the soldier for the boldness of his *bon mot*, saying to him, "Remember, friend, if I have dispossessed Augustus of a kingdom, I have kept nothing for myself."

We also meet with the following anecdote concerning him. This prince being impatient to bring to bear an important transaction, went one morning very early to his minister to confer with him. The minister being still a bed, Charles waited for some time in the anti-chamber, where he found a soldier. The king asked him several questions, to which the soldier replied very indifferently. At length the minister appeared, and made a number of apologies. The soldier terrified at having spoken to the king so freely, threw himself

at

at his sovereign's feet, saying, "Sire, pardon me. I took you for a man." "There is no harm done," said Charles, "nothing resembles so much a man as a king."

During his retreat from Bender, he sometimes amused himself at chess. If the trifling actions of a man, says his historian, depict his character, it may be allowed to observe that at this game the king was always in motion more than any other piece, and he thereby lost every game.

Historians have praised the liberality of this prince; but he carried it to excess, as well as his other virtues. Grothusen, his favourite and treasurer, was the dispenser of his liberalities. This was a man equally fond of bestowing as his master. Grothusen one day brought him an account of 70,000 crowns in two lines: ten thousand crowns given to the Swedes and Janissaries by your majesty's generous command; the rest I have expended myself. "That is the way I like my friends should draw up their accounts," said this prince. "Mullern makes me read whole pages for a thousand crowns; I like much better the laconic style of Grothusen."

One of his old officers, who was suspected of being a miser, complained to the king, that he bestowed every thing upon Grothusen; "I give money," said Charles, "only to those who know how to use it."

Prince Lubomirski, who was a partizan and in the good graces of king Augustus, the enemy of Sweden, had taken the route of Germany, to avoid the horrors of a cruel war, which desolated Poland in 1705. Hagan, a lieutenant colonel in the Swedish service, having gained intelligence of this lady's journey, placed himself in ambush, and seized the prince's, her equipage, jewels, plate and money, which were very considerable. Charles being informed of this proceeding, wrote with his own hand to Hagan; "As I do not make war against the ladies, the lieutenant-colonel must immediately upon the receipt hereof set the prisoner at liberty, and restore all that belongs to her; and if she thinks herself in any danger during the rest of her journey, the lieutenant-colonel must escort her to the frontiers of Saxony."

A soldier one day had the boldness to present the king with a piece of black mouldy bread, which was then the only sustenance the army had, and of which they were even sometimes in want. The king took the bread without any sort of emotion, and eat it all; then coolly said

to the soldier, "It is not good, but it is eatable." It was by such a conduct that this prince animated his army to go through the greatest hardships and fatigue, which would have been insupportable under any other general.

His temerity, which had so often exposed his life, made him at length pay the forfeit, at the siege of Fredericksh II, October 11, 1718, whilst he was visiting the works by moon light. A ball hit him on the temple, and killed him instantaneously. He had nevertheless the strength and presence of mind to put his hand upon the pommel of his sword. At this shocking spectacle, Megret the engineer, a very singular man, said to those about him very coolly, "Look there, the piece is over; let's go to supper."

The president Montesquieu said, "that Charles XII. was not Alexander; but he would have been Alexander's best soldier."

Charles was born in 1682, and mounted the throne of Sweden in 1697. At sixteen years old he conquered the kings of Denmark and Poland, and the Czar, and for nine years gave law to all three; but after the famous battle of Pultowa which he lost in 1709, he was obliged to take refuge in Turkey. He returned to his kingdom in 1714, and was thirty-six years and a half old, when he was slain before Frederickshall.

To the MAN of PLEASURE.

S I R,

IF the picture you have drawn is like, I you must be a charming fellow. I long for a little sentimental conversation with you. Was you ever in love? Give us your opinion about the tender passion, tell us how this is to be regulated. Your philosophy in this respect I believe will not bear the test. High! ho! what counter passion is there to this?

Hang up philosophy, unless philosophy can make a Romeo!

Oh! he is a charming fellow, he is only nineteen, I am but eighteen! how sweetly he reads, and talks, and sings. He read your first Number to me, and I vow I thought he was giving an account of himself, for though you say the real man of pleasure should be a gentleman and a scholar, you do not say he should be a man of fortune, and, to tell you the truth, my dear Charles has not sixpence; yet I

am

am resolved to have him, though I know my father will cut me off with a shilling, if I marry without his approbation. But what signifies money, where people love so fondly as we do?

I could not help writing this letter to ask advice, as all prudent people should when they are going to take any step of importance; though, to tell you the truth, the whole affair has been settled these three days, my father goes out of town to-morrow, and we set off the same evening for Scotland.

Yours, in haste,

April 15.

BAB HAIRBRAIN.

To the MAN of PLEASURE, as he calls himself.

SO, Sir, you are the real man of pleasure, a plodding book-worm, a fellow that seems to have no more notion of a batch at claret, than a Welch curate! Why, Sir, there is nothing in all your system that seems a whit like pleasure. Where are your hounds, your hunters, your racers, your Poll Kennedys, and your Harriot Lambes? I suppose we are to walk so many times round Hyde-park for exercise: are to drink half a pint of port at dinner, and as much at supper, go to bed at ten and rise at seven; this you call pleasure! ha! ha! ha! Why, Sir, I can do all this when I am three-score; but would you have a young fellow of fire and spirit, just two and twenty, to follow such mutty rules? No, Sir, they will never do, I promise you. Let me give you an airing in my new phaeton, and if I don't shew you what *life* is, may I break my neck before I return. We dine to-day at the Bedford Arms, to-morrow at the Shakespear, and not a man of us starts under six bottles. Eight rounds of half-pint bumpers after dinner to our favourite girls before they are sent for: then we enjoy ourselves till nine, and those that are sober, either set a main, or dress for Ranelagh. There's pleasure, you old mutty philosopher, for I suppose you are past your grand climacteric, and are preaching up rules you follow yourself, because you can't help it. If you are a jolly dog, let us hear from you, and I shall be

Yours,

April 16.

JACK BLOODSTONE.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Qui alterum incusat probri, cum ipsum se intueri oportet.

Plaut. Truc. 1, 2, 25.

THERE is not a crime, morally speaking, greater than that of calumny. Some men there are, who are base enough to betray the interest of their king for pecuniary rewards; but there are others, who will depreciate the character of an individual from no other motive than that of envy, and by robbing him of his reputation, deprive him of the means of supporting a family, and thereby expose a set of innocents, whom revenge could never actuate, to all the horrors of indigence, poverty, and oppression.

When an injury has been received, and the offended party can see no other method of punishing the delinquent than by exposing his character to the censure of the world, such a kind of retaliation might, in some measure, and in some cases seem pardonable; for a mistaken maxim says, "Revenge is sweet;" but when there has never been the least cause for an affront; when, on the contrary, the aggressor has always been treated by his injured neighbour with every proper mark of respect; how does it not aggravate the crime, when that man's spleen and malice are levelled at an innocent person for the sole purpose of destroying his reputation, of rendering him contemptible in the eye of the world, and reducing him to poverty without resource!

Superbo is a man of a hot, turbulent, overbearing disposition, who, having acquired money enough to raise him above a state of dependence, unfortunately thinks himself licensed to trample his less opulent neighbours under foot. Not satisfied with exercising his authority at home with an imperious, domineering air, he carries this proud, haughty temper abroad with him; and if by meeting in company with any friends, who are his equals, or perhaps superiors in point of fortune, he may be induced to relax a little in that supercilious carriage, which so much distinguishes his domestic deportment; he nevertheless seldom fails to make up for the loss in calumny and detraction; the true characteristicks of a depraved heart. This temper he chiefly discovers in calumniating the absent, a remarkable instance of which occurred very lately in the case of Sedulo.

Sedulo

Sedulo is a young man of a sober, industrious turn of mind, who at present enjoys a place, though too small to maintain himself and family. A vacancy falling out in a more lucrative employment than what he now possesses, Sedulo makes use of all his endeavours to obtain it; and as a fair character will be the most prevailing argument in his favour, he takes care to strengthen that by the most undeniable testimonies. Superbo, from the natural depravity of his heart, attempts to persuade the world that the character of Sedulo will not bear a scrutiny, that his disposition and principles are bad, and in short that his moral and religious character is so base and worthless, that it would be an act of imprudence, nay, injustice, to shew him the least countenance.

Had Superbo been ever provoked by injuries, or had he even vented his malice at any other time, than on so critical an occasion as this, it might not have been of so much consequence; but to rob a man of his reputation, for the sake of depriving him of the means of supporting a family comfortably, is a piece of baseness and villainy that can scarce be paralleled.

Unluckily for Superbo, the malice of his disposition is so well known, that the very method he makes use of to depreciate his neighbours, serves as a principal instrument in their success; and the world, so far from listening to the whispers of malevolence, despise the author of it, while they receive the injured person into their favour.

Sedulo succeeds, and attributes a great part of his success to the malevolent, though not impotent attempts of Superbo; for though he blesses Providence for having so far inverted the scheme of his enemy as to cause it to turn out greatly to his advantage, he nevertheless treats his calumniator with the most sovereign contempt, and despising the utmost efforts of his malice, rests contented with this reflection, that envy is its own punishment.

Mile-End, April 17th,

R. W.

1771.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Looking over some papers belonging to a deceased relation, I found the following thoughts upon the celebrated philosopher Diogenes: there is a vein of singularity runs through them, which may recommend them to your readers, and more

especially as I am certain they have never appeared in print. If I find you make the use of this M.S. I expect, I may send you some other original pieces, which I have met with by the same hand.

EXPLORE.

PREJUDICE was not more forcible in ancient times than at present; and a reputation was then frequently obtained as easily as now, by means of lucky partiality. As a proof of this, we meet with the celebrated Diogenes, who notwithstanding his extravagant conduct, found means to pass upon the world for a philosopher of the greatest importance. When we consider his ridiculous method of living, and the frantic behaviour of this madman, who obtained *gratis* a place among the sages of antiquity, it must appear that he should with more propriety have been sent to a mad-house, than have been visited with admiration in his tun. What pride! what insolence! is there not in his answer to Alexander the Great, when at Corinth, and when all Greece came to compliment this hero upon his victories, and fervently pray for the success of his enterprize against Persia! Alexander flattered himself that Diogenes would do the same, and he secretly rejoiced at seeing this highly famed philosopher offer up that incense to him, which he refused all the rest of the world: but being deceived in his expectation, he submitted to debase himself so much as to go into the suburbs of Corinth, and visit this wretch, whose caprices had at that time made so much noise. He found the philosopher stretched in a tun, turned towards the sun, where this professed indolent was diverting himself, according to the Spanish phrase, in *Thomar el sol*; and though this superb beggar was well acquainted with Alexander's person, he pretended not to observe him. Notwithstanding this brutality, the prince politely saluted him, and asked if Diogenes wished for nothing from his liberality? to which this misanthrope contemptuously replied, *Nothing, except it was that Alexander got out of his sun-shine, that he might enjoy it at his ease.* It is true that Alexander jocularly said, *that if he were not Alexander, he would wish to be Diogenes.* This does not appear astonishing, as they were both animated with the same passion, that of being considered extraordinary men, and I do not know which of the two had the most pride. I think I am right in allowing Diogenes to possess the greatest share; pride being nothing more than a false notion of one's self, and as Alexander had, naturally

naturally speaking, much more reason to be insolent than this dirty philosopher, who, though as poor as a church-rat, could not be induced to let the greatest monarch upon earth do him a favour.

Diogenes being one day at Athens, he ran through the streets with a lighted torch in his hand at mid-day, saying, "That he was in search of a man." If, setting prejudice aside, we were at present to see a man make himself so ridiculous, should we not consider him qualified for Bedlam, notwithstanding the ingenious construction that is given to this extravagant action? What then must we think of the imitators of Diogenes, who have rendered themselves still more illustrious, by actions still more absurd?

His usual place of abode was a tun. I should be glad to know what connexion there is between such a lodging and philosophy? Or rather, does not so whimsical a taste argue more the buffoon than the philosopher?

He said one day to his disciples, "That he desired when he died not to be buried, as the sun and rain would soon consume him." But his disciples replied, "If he remained above ground, he would soon be devoured by dogs." Then he replied, "you must put a stick in my hand, that I may drive them away." But, resumed his followers, "when dead you will neither see nor feel any thing." "You see," said Diogenes, "what fools you are; for if that be the case, what signifies by what I am devoured, or what becomes of me, as I shall be insensible to every thing." It is true that this borders somewhat upon his philosophy; but at the same time I cannot help thinking that such a sentiment concerning his own body, is repugnant to nature. Another time being quite naked, he rolled himself in the snow. His disciples having asked him, "Whether he was not cold?" he replied, "Is a man's forehead ever cold?" and they answering in the negative: "Well then," he resumed, "all my body is forehead." Can any thing be more presumptuous, than to say all one's body is animated with ratiocination?

Plato having defined man to be an animal, with two legs, and without feathers, Diogenes took a cock, and having plucked off his feathers turned it into the Platonic academy. Will any one suppose that this was not meant as an insult to Plato, or that it was not the effect of Diogenes's envy? But two people of the same profession are seldom good friends; and we find that Diogenes was not exempted from one of

the greatest vices in the world, which is envy.

He was asked one day which sort of wine he preferred? "That sort (he answered) which costs nothing." This reply is worthy of the most avaricious miser, and sufficiently proves, that if he had been possessed of any thing, he would have been a covetous wretch, notwithstanding he professed, when a beggar, to despise riches.

He was a declared foe to the lovely sex, for having seen two women hanging on a tree, "Would to heavens," he cried, "that every tree bore such fruit." I am inclined to think this aversion to women arose either from an Italian taste, or was by way of reprisal; for it must be presumed that such a filthy floven could never have access to the ladies.

In fine, there are many others of his actions and sentences which are held in high estimation by antiquity, and which are equally contemptible. What appears to me really worthy of admiration in this impostor, is that he could find means of passing his days peaceably in a tun; and that Alexander did not shut him up in one, to put his patience to an inconvertible test.

To the Editor of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

MAsquerades are now as much in vogue as your Magazine; and as fashionable things will naturally unite, let the following description of two masked balls that have occurred this month find a place in your admired miscellany.

On the 12th, between ten and eleven at night, the doors of Carlisle house were opened, and before one o'clock were admitted about one thousand masks, who each for a while seemed more attentive to the place and novel brilliancy of the vast illuminations and well-fancied decorations of the apartments than to their own characters, or that of any other: this agreeable surprise was succeeded by a variety of humour and mirth, which lasted till near two o'clock; when the flood-gates of profusion were thrown open, and displayed a new range of apartments and entertainments, equally desirable and amazing to every beholder.

"The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,

And thro' the palace cheerful cries re-

From gilded roofs depending lamps display

"Nocturnal beams, and emulate the day."

E c

12

In short, the general good humour of the company was proof sufficient of the happiness that arose from the profusion and excellence of the provisions, the convenience of their disposition, and ready attendance of the waiters.

The principal characters of the masks were, a very clumsy, unmannerly waggoner; two nimble, well-dressed morrice dancers, with bells, &c. a melancholy pantaloon; an excellent group compound of a diverting, facetious punch, and a quack-doctor, with his comical toad-eater, recommending the medicines, and distributing small boxes of pills, for the body natural or body politic, equally useful; a Pierrot, as foolish as need be; a very little droll Mungo; a windmill; two merry wives of Windsor; a very well sustained Sir John Falstaff; a French cook; a black and white beau, in the character of councillor W——ne; a pretty milk-maid, with a little pail like a quart pot; two girls with flowers; a woman in rags, selling trifles well-dressed at a small expence; a threadbare poet, more remarkable for his ugly nose than his wit; two neat figure dancers in striped silk; a smirking, smiling widow Windsor; a jolly country dame in an old English riding habit, green turned up with rose-colour satin; a broken backed harlequin, and a very genteel columbine; a grave Merlin; a Dutch sailor and his frow; a watchman and his lanthorn; a chimney-sweeper, soon exchanged into a K—— of the B——, afforded some humour and reflection; two ugly witches; two Persian nabobs, and a priest of the sun, richly dressed; an eastern huntress, with bow, arrows, and quiver, looked very becoming; a gentleman in the character of a nobleman, with another like a justice of peace, both with remarkable ornamental heads, came in search of his wife and forty beds, but failing in their expectations, his worship swore, if he could see the conductress, he would, in compensation for the scandal, procure a licence for harmonic meetings at her house, as there were precedents of plays at times, contrary to act of parliament, at another place, since he gave judgment against her; these were followed by a Jew in the character of an old cloaths man; a poor invalid; two quaker girls; a light-horseman, that might be hid in a snuff-box; a creeping footman, dressed like Lord C——'s running footman; a miserable pilgrim; a hussar; an Irish reaper; an union of Holland and France in one man; a gamestres, dressed on the body with large cards, and the head with very little ones, to shew one was fit for children to play with, and the

other for older people.—Besides these characters, there were the following masks.

Mrs. Cr——we, and Mrs. Bou——o, the celebrated *belles* known by the name of the *Mungo's*, were dressed as men, having borrowed the fierce smart hats of their friends the *superiors*, they looked full as well, and as *masculine* as they do! Hum——ry Mar——e, with a mandoline in his hand, a *l'italiano* followed the smug-faced *Mungos* behind all the evening! The Hon. Mr. Hob——rt and Mrs. Chol——ey were dressed as fortune-telling Gipsies with great propriety, and supported their characters with infinite wit and spirit. The Countess of Ber——ey was whimsically dressed with a head above her own—A jocose mask knowing her ladyship, pulling her by the sleeve said, Lord, ma'am, your head is very high, still 'tis not near so great a height as you have made your husband's. Mr. Tom Dun——s as a *Medecin Francois*, an exceeding droll figure, and the sage character well kept up. Lord Beau——p as a French grenadier, a good figure, without the *air militaire*. A punchinello, Capt. Jo——s of the artillery; clever and active beyond description. A lady in the character of Lucretia, with *propriety*—of dress, supposed to be Lady G———r, or Cou——fs P——y——. A well dressed quaker, never moved by the *spirit*! even that of wine, Mr. J———, many chattering Dons, and drunken Turks, with the usual impropriety of character——nameless.

The masked ball on Thursday the 18th at the Theatre Royal, in regard to *magnificence, splendor, elegance, brilliancy, and taste*, beggars all description! The *coup d'œil* in going in at the great door, can be compared only to the romantic idea of a fairy palace. It was even beyond imagination striking; and will perpetuate the taste of the managers to future ages.—The *suite* of the French ambassador, in number twenty, were thunderstruck with admiration! Such a *spectacle* and a profusion of *belles*, is alone to be seen in the capital of England.

There was infinite wit and spirit, in many droll and singular shapes, at this ball, but in such a profusion as scarce to be collected in detail.—Absurdity, dullness, and total mistake of character, was also very often to be seen, which has its effect in point of entertainment, and adds to the mirth of the place.—Mother Shipton astride on horseback, was a capital masque; she had labels of advice tacked on her dress for the *Coterie*, smart, and replete with wit: one label attached to the *parts* immediately above the pommel of her saddle, signified,

nified, "That this was the *cause* of the increase of the distemper amongst the *horned cattle*."---Lady Moly---x, Mrs. Bou---e, Mrs. Cre---e, lady Harriot Stan---pe, and lady Mil---n, were in different fancy dresses, though in one respect resembling *angels* more than *mortals*. Lord Ber---y (the monkey that had seen the world) an excellent masque, taken for lord Hun---n, and would still be thought so, had not *mistaken politics*, and want of *place*, sent his lordship to see the world a *second* time---Two *Pierrots*, one *French*, lively and smart, not the *fool* he seemed to be; but very teasing, supposed to be Mr. V---t, or the Hon. C---G---n---Lady G---r, in a light dress, run about the room all the evening, as if she had lost something. A wag asked her ladyship "if she hunted for her *reputation*?" adding, "this is the wrong *shop* to find one, believe me, ma'am."---Two or three masques as French grenadiers; fine handsome fellows; and with the *aid* of the *priole stick*, would make good English *soldiers*. Mr. C---s Tur---r having departed from the *bill of right* squadron in a *storm* appeared in a *cork jacket*, lest he should *sink* in the *sea* of *patriotism*! Mother Ship-ton is supposed to be an *arch* witch, that flew from *Wales* on a broomstick, and lighting at Mr. Col---n's stables, Covent-garden theatre, stole his *best horse*, and left her broom at his friends's Mr. Rice's, as a pledge for *wit* and *double entendre*, till returned next season, when the masquerade scene will be acted; the two sisters (*toutes charmantes*) the Miss Her---ks, alike in *dress*, *grace*, and *beauty*! a lady walking on her head, with a very pretty pair of legs, &c. *al fresco* alarmed the *tender hearted men*, and even *moved* the old *bardened* dons!---They were in fear lest she should *catch-cold*! this odd *topsy-turvy* lady is certainly (though some say to the contrary) lady *Nameless*; lord Edg---be, as a green *parrot*, prattled with more wit than e'er Poll did before!---Such a bird would be inestimable, if less *ugly* in *face* and *figure*.---Mrs. J---n D---r, in a dancing dress, *elegance itself*! she flirted all night with a pretty masque, a man's figure, though without a *beard*; thought (by mistake) to be Capt. Faw---er.---There were many vestal virgins---in *appearance*! *par exemple*; Miss Har---t La---b, Miss Polly Jo---s, Mrs. Gar---er, Mrs. Char---e Hayes, the *essence* of the character!---Some more of greater *rank* supported the *chaste part* with propriety at the ball! very *fine vestals*---in *dress*, and quite *new*! as appeared to the eye.

The 12th character there, was that of an old woman *drunk*, who acted the part so much to the *life*, that not being able to *walk*, she was carried out by the waiters. Thus ended the masquerade; mirth and wine to the last.---Love went away before to the *Coterie*, where he remains much *exhausted*! and *Venus*, in the character of lady Mol---x, could not stay when her *boy* was gone---*Finis* *Cornes opus*, the supper was *exquisite*, and *copious*,---many hundreds in the characters of *hungry gentlemen*, and *empty ladies*, supported their *parts* with *vigour*---at table.---There were masques still keeping up the *thing*, with spirit---of *wine*, till nine on Saturday morning.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

Mr. Hamilton,

I N answer to the queries in your Magazine for February, page 94, relating to diamonds; I herein send you what I have met with concerning them in Pliny's Natural History. He tells us, "that diamonds exceeded in value not only all other precious stones, but every thing else in the world; that for a long time they were unknown, except to a few kings and princes. That in his days there were six kinds of them. After the Indian and Arabian (which bore the first rank, and of which some were the size of a hazle-nut) was one called by the Greeks *cenchron*, as small as millet-feed. Another stiled *Macedonicum*, found in the gold-mine near Philippi. Thirdly, the Cyprian diamond, of a yellowish cast, most efficacious in medicine. Lastly, the *sideritis*, so named from its shining like polished steel, and surpassing the others in weight, though as well as the Cyprian very inferior in respect to hardness, as they would not bear the stroke of a hammer without breaking in pieces; and might be pierced by another diamond. Whereas the other kinds were not to be broken, without being previously soaked in the blood of a goat newly drawn. These were much sought after by lapidaries, who set them in iron handles, and by their means cut through the hardest bodies." He then tells us, "that among other virtues they are good to expell vain fears:" if so the courage of some of our modern fine ladies may be ascribed to the number of diamonds they carry about them.

By this account it doth not appear they were used for ornament, but only for tools,

or kept as curiosities in the cabinets of princes. But Arburthnot in his tables of coins contradicts this opinion on the authority of Martial, whom he accordingly quotes.

But lest some modern belle should entertain a contemptuous idea of the taste of a Roman on finding it doubtful, whether they ever wore diamonds, I beg leave to inform them that no lady of the present times, decked out in all the pomp and vanity of a masquerade habit, ever came near in point of expence to Lollia Paulina, a Roman dame, who when she only went to a private party, or to sup with a few friends, wore pearls and emeralds to the amount of near four millions of our money.

And now I have endeavoured to resolve these questions, permit me to propose one; and that is, Whether the lapis specularis, of which Nero built a temple, and was used by the Romans instead of glass for their windows, and was dug in Spain, was not the same as the isinglass, which is now found in Germany? I do not mean that kind used in medicine and cookery (which is prepared from the bones of a fish called Haisson, caught in the Danube) but the thin pellucid substance which one sees sometimes before pictures. It is dug both in France and Russia, and frequently found in small pieces in Germany, and is called ladies ice, or ladies glass, glacies Maria, &c.

An answer from some of your ingenious correspondents will greatly oblige

Your constant reader,

March 25.

SOPHIA.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

WHAT are all the national imaginary complaints and grievances, compared to my real grievances, which give me a very just cause to complain? I am just forty, have four hundred a year, a very good state of health, and yet I am miserable. It was but last week I paid my addresses to a young lady of beauty and some fortune, which, however, did not entitle her to despise my hand; but when I thought I had brought every thing to a happy conclusion, having previously obtained her father's consent, upon proposing the day of marriage she started with

surprise, and said she did not know what I meant. I then told her that after having paid my devoirs so long with her approbation, and after receiving her father's consent, she certainly meant at length to make me compleatly happy. "Astonishing!" she resumed, "why, Sir, you are the last man in the world I should ever think of for a husband."

There, Mr. Printer, am not I in a comfortable way? I am in love up to the eyes, I can neither sleep, eat, or drink, shall I shoot or drown myself?-- Oh! that I had but a rival, that I might cut his throat, and so be hanged for him! but plague on it, nobody visits in the house but myself of a male creature, and she does not seem fond of any thing but a cat.---Shall I poison him? Pray Mr. Hamilton, tell me what is to be done, for my present state is insupportable.

April 24.

PETER GRIEVOUS.

Mr. Grievous is certainly to be pitied if he is really in love with a lady that holds him in no esteem. All we can advise him to, from the outline he has given us of his situation, is to read Seneca, and turn his thoughts towards a more kind object.

An ACCOUNT of NEW BOOKS and PAMPHLETS.

An Introduction to the History of Great-Britain and Ireland. By James Macpherson, Esq; 4to. Price 10s. 6d. Becket.

MR. Macpherson appears to be perfectly master of his subject; and this work is certainly an acquisition to literature.

A general History of the British Empire in America: Containing an historical, political, and commercial View of the English Settlements; including all the Countries in North-America, and the West-Indies, ceded by the Peace of Paris. By Mr. Wynne. Two Vols. 8vo. Price 10s. Richardson and Urquhart,

An elaborate compilation.

Infestible Proofs of curing the Gout and other Disorders, chronic and acute (deemed incurable) by mild and efficacious Medicines, originally discovered and chemically prepared by Henry Flower, Gent. 8vo.

We have not the honour of knowing Mr. Flower, nor are we very desirous of being acquainted with his medicines, notwithstanding they are so extremely mild and efficacious.

Bells

Belle Grewe; or, the fatal Seduction, a Novel.
Two Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. Noble.

Pretty light summer's reading for the watering places.

Letters from Clara; or, the Effusions of the Heart. Two Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. Wilkie.

A moral story, tolerably well written in the epistolary manner.

Poems. By the Rev. Mr. Cawthorn, late Master of Tunbridge School. 4to. Price 5s.

These poems do honour to the memory of their author. Some of them have before been published, particularly his epistle from Abelard to Eloisa, which has already received general approbation.

Miscellaneous Tracts. By the Rev. John Clubbe. Two Vols. Price 8s. 6d. Longman.

These tracts have before been published separately, and are worthy of the public attention, being judicious, learned, and sensible productions.

An Essay on the Theory of Money. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. Almon.

We are glad to find our author has written so much in character, and confined himself to the theory of money only, of which he seems to be a very competent judge.

Cricket, an Heroic Poem: Illustrated with the critical Observations of Scriblerius Maximus. To which is added, an Epilogue, called, Bucks have at ye all. By James Love, Comedian. 4to. Price 1s. Davies.

The admirers of the manly game of cricket will, probably, be of opinion that Mr. Love, (who wrote this poem about 30 years ago) has more talents than that of a comedian.

Reflections upon the present Dispute between the House of Commons and the Magistrates of London. 8vo. Price 1s. Bladon.

This writer fights under the banner of privilege in this very important contest; upon which, in the words of Sir Roger de Coverly, *There is much to be said on both sides.*

A Dissertation on the Gout, and all chronic Diseases, jointly considered, as proceeding from the same Causes; what those Causes are; and a rational and natural Method of Cure proposed. Addressed to all Invalids. By W. Cadogan, M. D. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

This gentleman's name is so well known in the republic of letters as well as that of physic,

that it is only necessary to say that this little piece is worthy of Dr. Cadogan's pen.

A new and accurate Description of all the direct and printipal Cross Roads in Great-Britain. Containing, 1. An alphabetical List of all the Cities, Boroughs, Market and Sea-port Towns, in England and Wales; with their Market-Days, and the Counties they are situated in. 2. The direct Roads from London, to all the Cities, Towns, and remarkable Villages in England and Wales; with the Distance from each City, Town, or Village, to the next on the same Road; and also the Distance from London, with an Account of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry that are near the Road. 3. The Cross-Roads of England and Wales. 4. The principal Direct and Cross-Roads of Scotland. 5. The Circuits of the Judges in England, never before published. The Whole on a Plan far preferable to any Work of the Kind extant. By Daniel Paterfon, Assistant to the Quarter-master General of his Majesty's Forces. 4to. Carnan.

This title-page communicates a very proper idea of the work.

He wou'd if he cou'd; or, an old Fool worse than any, a Burletta, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. 8vo. Price 1s. Griffin.

This little piece was performed for Mr. Dibdin's benefit. The songs are ascribed to Mr. Bickerstaffe, and are set to music by Mr. Dibdin.

Considerations on the present State of the Peerage of Scotland. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Cadell.

The pamphlet is written by lord Ellibank, and addressed to the duke of Buccleugh, in which the rights of the peers of Scotland, in opposition to ministerial mandates, are masterly sustained.

A short Account of theological Lectures, now reading at Cambridge. To which is added a new Harmony of the Gospels. By the Rev. John Jebb, M. A. late Fellow of St. Peter's College. 4to. Price 1s. 6d. White.

This piece is chiefly designed to vindicate Mr Jebb's opinions in his explanatory lectures upon the gospels, which he reads at Cambridge.

The Youth's geographical Grammar, &c. By Stephen Addington. 8vo. Buckland.

A compendium that is well adapted for the instruction of youth.

POETICAL PIECES.

A P R I L.

A Scene of pleasure nature o'er the plains
Displays propitious with a liberal hand :
By Spring led on, again the joyous reigns,
And spreads her stores in plenty thro' the
land.

The pleasing prospect of th' advancing year
Begins to peep from out the fertile soil;
Bursting thro' earth, the hidden roots appear,
And early plants repay the gardner's toil.

The god of day now mounts his courfers forth,
And drives unweary'd his diurnal race;
With chearful lustre darts his beams on earth,
And shines unrivall'd thro' th' ethereal space.

With horns expanded, Taurus marks his
height!
Gain'd the meridian of th' ascending road,
He sinks impervious from the dazzled sight
Behind the gloomy mantle of a cloud.

Warm'd with celestial heat, the veil dissolves
In gentle drops. A salutif'rous show'r
Soft patt'ring down, the new-cloth'd woods
involves
In fragrant sweets, and scents the hawthorn
bow'r.

The healthy offspring of the rural dames
Arise at dawn, and seek the dewy fields;
With infant mirth their happiness proclaims,
And pluck the sweetest flow'rs that nature
yields,

Till hunger calls—when to the lowly cot
They joyful bend; beneath the fragrant
spoil,
With violets deck'd, they blef. their happy lot,
And think themselves repaid for all their toil.

The village nymphs, intent upon their sports,
With well-seign'd falsehoods tease the simple
clown;

Smile when he frowns, and titter when he's
hurt,
An April Fool!—the jest of all the town.

* As once the Sabine fair to new built Rome
(Entic'd by stratagem, and promis'd peace)
Hasten'd, and met an unexpected doom,
Caught, and despoiled by the rising race.

Imagination now expands her wing!
To nobler heights the teeming fancy soars!
Unchain'd, unfetter'd, at the approach of
spring,
She once again her latent themes explores.

* * * *

* The story from whence the custom of making
April Fools is said to have arisen.

The DESPONDING SHEPHERD.

A PASTORAL. By Mr. ALLEY.

HOW peaceful my heart, when an handful
of sheep

Employ'd all my care on the hill! [sleep,
At night, when I lay down, serene was my
And morn I met chearfully still.

Well pleas'd I beheld other shepherds vast
wealth,

Tho' little to me had been lent; [health,
Five sheep were my store, with the comforts of
And these were enough with content.

If I had but little, my wants were but few,
None e'er did my fancy create; [flew,
My minutes, days, months, ever pleasantly
For quiet still smil'd on my state.

When chearful and sweetly the morning's
mild reign

The lark advertis'd with his note;
My flock I bestow'd to the cool dewy plain.
Myself to the pipe did devote.

Whenever noon shone with a too potent ray,
These witlings I forc'd to yon grove;
Where oft with the muses I whil'd it away,
And where I first learned to love.

In fondness I lately drove thither my sheep,
Ah! would I had ne'er known the hour:
I saw on the green bank a virgin asleep,
Where woodbines inweave the gay bow'r.

I started, I shook, re-enjoy'd the sweet gaze,
And then in soft whispers did say;
"O surely some goddess this beauty displays,
"Whereon I should gaze life away!"

The fair I approach'd, and I ventur'd a kiss,
The theft, O ye gods, was divine! [bliss,
Quick throughout my frame ran a tide of such
As never till then had been mine!

The cowslip, I thought, stole its sweets from
her breath!

The rose its gay hue from her cheeks!
If bees touch'd her sweet lips they'd rather
meet death,
Than lose what no language can speak!

Her bosom was fair as the flow'ret * that reigns
The pride of the valley in May; [veins,
And as the pure currents flow'd on thro' her
What grace did their azure display!

Her features were form'd with such exquisite
As told she was nature's fond care! [skill,
The smile that embellish'd her countenance
Was such as an angel might wear! [still,

* The lily of the vale.

While I did this feast of true beauty partake,
How often I chid the soft breeze;
Left from her sweet slumbers the fair should
By rustling it made thro' the trees. [awake,
My ewes they were still, nay, my lambs did not
As if to indulge my desire; [bleat,
The warblers around me experienced my state,
For all seem'd the maid to admire!

I kist her again, for the last 'twas decreed!
I found her inclin'd to awake:
"Ye pow'rs!" I exclaim'd, and I sprang
thence with speed,
She saw me howe'er in the brake.

She saw me and chid me, but not with a frown,
'Twas sweet, tho' the fair did reprove:
She said, "I should die were it known in the
"I met a youth thus in the grove." [town,

"Dear charmer," I cry'd, and the words
brought a glow,
Which sweetly her virtue express'd,
"I merely came here to these witlings to shew
"Cool shade, not to injure thy rest."

"Then deem not I'm rude, no offence prithee
"For hence will I quickly retire: [take,
"Thou mayest command me thy haunts to
forsake,
"But canst not forbid me t'admire."

She bowed and quit me—I pensively went,
My flocks did as pensively rove;
I bade an adieu to the joys of content,
On leaving the lafs in the grove.

To the P R I N T E R.

S I R,

Seeing Dr. Cotton's ODE in the TOWN and
COUNTRY MAGAZINE for last December,
was the occasion of my sending you the fol-
lowing VERSES, made some time ago by a
young gentleman, on his sister's transmit-
ting him a copy of the DOCTOR'S FIRE-
IDE.

I am your most obedient servant,

O

DEAR Sally, whilst poetic dreams
To flowery vales and purling streams
Confine a happy mind;
Whilst some, in their dear selves possess
Of all that's good, cry "to be blest
"Retire, and quit mankind,"

May no such false ideal bliss,
No solitary joy like this,
My social mind deceive;
But may the world and I agree;
In short, let others live for me,
Let me for others live.

When Noah's dove with restless mind,
Left sweet society behind,
And lonely bliss pursu'd;
She soon the vain excursion mourn'd,
She soon to happiness return'd,
Unfound in solitude.

The sad sequester'd hermitage
May suit the sloth of hoary age,
Whose active days are o'er,
To view, with heart-felt true content,
A former life not idly spent,
Whilst blest with strength and power:

Yet who, with youth and vigour fraught,
Can bear th' ignoble selfish thought,
Th' inactive mean retreat?
Can such ideas fill the breast
Where love or sloth have not possess'd,
And virtue left, her seat?

The fond, the high enraptur'd youth
Thinks, should the fair reward his truth,
Tho' each bliss else should fly;
That he shall ever, ever prove
All other joys supply'd by love,
That this can never die.

In his enthusiastic brain
Such wild romantic schemes may reign
Of some celestial spot,
Some flowery plain, some homely cell,
Where constant peace and pleasure dwell
The world and vice forgot.

Shall beauty then for ever last?
Ah, no!—it's roses wither fast,
It's bloom is quickly gone:
And when that bloom shall fade away,
Shall love, capricious infant, stay,
It's end, it's object flown?

Yet say her beauty still remain'd,
Soon shall his mighty raptures end,
When novelty is o'er;
The highest sweets the soonest cloy,
And pleasure will itself destroy,
If blasted not before.

And sure if love can thus deceive
Those who, to taste his bounties, leave
All social happiness;
Naught else can bid so fair to last,
Naught else can raise such high distaste
For every other bliss.

May I ne'er have my sense confin'd
T' enjoyments of a single kind,
But every pleasure prize:
May I ne'er grudgingly receive
A comfort which the world can give,
But catch it as it flies.

The prudent bee, on busy wing,
Thus lights on every flower of spring,
And tastes of each he meets;
Nor spurns the meanest of the field,
But with that little which they yield
Improves his store of sweets.

Let glory, honour, power, fame,
Be still'd a false and senseless aim,
Deserving ridicule:
If it be wisdom to refuse
The honey of the world's applause,
May I remain a fool.

My

My passions let me not despise,
Nor treating them as enemies
Their useful calls oppose;
Honour'd as friends, what bliss they yield!
Resisted, they may take the field,
And prove indeed my foes.

May I receive, as if kind heaven
The world and all its joys had given,
For me alone to know!
Yet give as if that heaven design'd
Myself a blessing to mankind,
Thro' whom it's grace must flow!

So shall I see, well pleas'd at last,
My life not wholly useless past,
Or to mankind or me;
Then shall such comforts crown my end
As those, and those alone, attend
Who love society.

THE UNFORTUNATE FAIR.

AN ECLOGUE.

WHERE rolls the silver Thames in pompous
pride,

Whose lordly billows lash each sturdy side;
Where thro' the gay extended prospect's seen
A mead by Flora deck'd in vivid green;
While woodbines, hyacinths, and violets yield
Their fragrant odours to perfume the field;
Where with the nodding bows soft zephyrs play,
And the blithe linnet warbles on the spray.

Amanda here, in all the pomp of woe,
Loose o'er her limbs her sable vestures flow:
Her charming hair deshevell'd now bedeck,
And hang in auburn ringlets o'er her neck:
Hither she came, impell'd by black despair;
From her bright eyes distill'd the chrysal tear;
Those laughter-looking eyes now sadly weep,
A stranger to the joys of balmy sleep;
No peace, no comfort can her bosom find,
Vain the attempt to soothe her troubled mind:
With heart-felt woe, and racking grief oppress'd,
She three times sigh'd, and thrice she smote her
breast.

"Was it for this," she cry'd, with suppliant
face,

"I pay'd my daily homage to her grace?
Was it for this my fame I risk'd each day?
For this did I lose such vast sums at play?
Alas! too easy, unsuspecting maid!
Thy ductile kindness is but ill repaid:
Has my once pleasing face lost every charm?
This face, which once all bosoms did alarm!
The sight of which made Calia full of spite,
I' expire with envy on her wedding night:
Have I too lost my happy shape and air,
Which drew at court the universal stare?
Or was I flatter'd when they said my eyes
Caused those emotions, those repeated sighs?
Fool that I was to trust what men will say,
'Who praise to ruin, flatter to betray.'

"Why to my eyes appear this varied scene?
The spacious meadows' necromantic green,

The bow'r, the lawn, the wood, the fertile field,
To me no beams of heav'nly comfort yield;
Rather let barren horrors smite the ground,
And desolation reign supreme around,
Level'd in ruins to its lowly bed,
No more let yonder fabric raise its head,
For ever rid from th' admiring sight,
Fit habitation for the birds of night!
Let, unmolested, in the open day
The prowling wolf securely seize its prey;
Pale terror on weak superstition fall,
With the ill-omen'd screech owl's dismal squall;
Blow, blow ye winds, in hollow murmurs roar,
And you, ye waters, overflow the shore
In inundations, suited to my mind,
With sad destruction overwhelm mankind;
May deadly venom creep into the blood,
And blights and mildews blast the tender bud;
Let pestilence put on its sable robe,
And solemn peals of thunder shake the globe;
With horror let the forked lightning fly,
And everlasting night o'er spread the sky;
All, all be famine, death, and misery,
For I am BLACKBALL'D by the COTERIE!"
J. T—t—w—c.

A S O N G.

I.

TOO long to the beauty of Delia the fair,
My vows and devotions were paid;
The fickle young nymph did but laugh at my
pray'r,
Unpitying did hear what I said.

II.

Dame Reason, a sage, sober matron, of late
Appear'd with a word of advice;
Said she, "Simple Damon forbear to repeat
"Your worship to Delia's bright eyes.

III.

"In vain you with ardour your passion relate,
"And frame a soft speech to protest,
"That her smiles your contentment and joy
wou'd create,
"And make you of men the most blest.

IV.

"Altho' in her person combin'd is each grace,
"Where nature a perfect form shews;
"Tis weakness and folly to let a fair face
"Any longer disturb your repose."

V.

'Tis right, what you say, I to Reason reply'd,
Your useful advice I'll pursue:
Thus tutor'd by her (a most excellent guide)
I bade the fair Delia adieu.

Lynn Regis, April 22.

D.

On Miss PEMBLE of Berwick.

THE happy groves where you appear
Have vernal sunshine all the year;
There turtles coo, and warblers sing,
And Autumn changes into Spring.

The

Tho' Phœbus darts a fainter ray,
Your brighter beams supply the day,
With blooming beauty deck the plain,
Make dying flowers revive again.

LYCIDAS.

*An ADDRESS to some Acquaintance on their
Return to North-America.*

FROM ill concerted plans, untimely laid,
Whence late contentions so depress'd our
trade,

Dejected commerce now revives again,
And spreads the swelling canvass o'er the main;
Thence distant sons the spacious wave explore,
Her sons she greets, from fair Britannia's shore;
Rejoic'd, beholds dissentient parties cease,
And from their union, bids their strength in-
crease.

Lo! time winds up, and while the op'ning
sail

Unfurls to court the brisk auspicious gale,
Ready you wait the summons, and prepare
New skies to risque, and tempt conflicting air;
All undismay'd, the happiest spirits keep,
To thus advent'rous trace th' Atlantic deep:
May health attend! as on the trackless wave
Each rising surge, and heaving flood you cleave;
Propitious winds to serve and waft you o'er,
In peace and safety, to your wish'd-for shore;
Partaking friends there find since last adieu,
And mix glad tidings whilst they welcome you:
O! how we long, where neighb'ring lands pro-
claim

Our late success, and charge the lists of fame;
With trophies wav'd victorious o'er the plain,
While flags triumphant clear'd the western
main; [field,
Forc'd Abram's heights, Quebec's contested
And Breton's strength, with Canada to yield;
Where vast St. Lawrence pours his ample tide,
To each dire fort on Mississippi's side;
That France's treason, exil'd from each coast,
No more her fraud and perfidy may boast;
But unmolested settlers fix'd remain,
New tracts to clear, and strew the sowed grain;
Nor longer fear'd to haste with dread dismay,
Whence the fell savage roar'd for hapless prey;
Reap each full crop, assist the tender tree,
And cure the precious fly*, and aid the bee;
Exotic shrubs, with native plants to rear,
And cultivate redundant soils with care.
† So shall we hope in time with those to vie,
Who spread the silk, or give the curious dye;

* *Cochineal.*

† *We learn with pleasure, that from some re-
cent experiments it is observed, that the soil and
climate of South Carolina and East Florida, are
very favourable to several oriental exotics, with
European fruits and vines; also, that cochineal
and silk are introduced with success. In indigo
they have of late improved very much.*

APRIL 1771.

Matur'd at length to rival eastern skies,
In each perfume which golden censers rise;
Hesperian fruits from loaden boughs to shine,
And mellow'd growths declare the gen'rous
wine.

While hence resolv'd her conquests to re-
tain, [main;
To Britain's sons her spacious realms re-
Still! let her usher forth the arts, and lead
The shining group along the new-found mead;
With notes new-wak'd, let Arne's and Han-
del's rise,

A grateful incense to the wond'ring skies;
Each sweet Savannah swell the varied strain,
And fields Arcadian renovate again;
While Popes and Miltons court the charm-
ing muse,

New Lockes and Newtons with delight she
views;

New Hayman's pencil, Reynolds' design,
And science palms, O, liberty be thine!
So shall the Indian with strange rapture find
The pow'rs unknown arrest his wand'ring
mind;

Creative tints, to eye with wild amaze,
And trembling sounds his listless ear to seize:
Rude tubes rejoic'd their chiefs shall oft' again
The friendly wampum-press, and rub the
chain*;

Till rushing forth, all ardent beg to claim
Our just protection in Liberta's name;
Their joyful songs to distant tribes convey,
Whom cruel courts and superstition sway;
Did once our standards face the destin'd field,
How eager would the hapless regions yield
Those seats of old, where Montazuma shone
With feather'd chiefs around his massive
throne;

And those, what time the splendid Cusco fell
† To Spain's dire yoke, as dismal records tell.

Soon shou'd our regal flag assert the main,
That curb to France, that check to haughty
Spain,

West Indian isles, with colonies to guard,
At home respected, and abroad rever'd;
Our potent navies wing their destin'd way,
And unobstructed vindicate the sea;
Our pregnant commerce all unrival'd keep,
Continual flux and reflux o'er the deep:
From port to port our countless fleets display'd,
Shall teem with wealth and unmolested trade,
Our pow'r advance no gallant hands abus'd,
Nor press, the scandal of our state, be us'd;
But arts and choice shall mutually proclaim,
That British laws and freedom are the same.

* *Tokens of peace.*

† *It is credibly related, that on the Spaniards
possessing themselves of lands in America on the first
discovery, they most impiously and inhumanly ex-
tirpated the innocent natives, to the number of one
fourth of the whole human race then in that quarter
of the world.*

F f

FOREIGN

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople February 18.

WHEN the Emperor went to the Mosque of Sultan Achmet, his Highness there received the accustomed eulogiums, among which the name of *Ghazi, Conqueror*, displeased one of the Dervises so much, that he could not help expressing his indignation by crying aloud, "That that title was not in any manner suitable to the Reigning Prince, who had already lost more than half of his European States; and that therefore it appeared to be designed as a mockery on the Musulmen then in the Mosque." This Turkish Monk (according to the same intelligence) was strangled a few days ago, by order of the Sultan.

Florence, Feb. 26. Letters from Venice assert, that Ali Bey has been killed by his soldiers, and that Mecca and Gedda are returned under the dominion of the Grand Signior; but this news seems to want confirmation.

Venice, Feb. 27. According to some advices from the Morea, the contagious distemper which prevailed there is at an end. The last letters from Constantinople advise, that the new Captain Pacha, finding the Marine in such a bad condition that he had little hopes of retrieving it, had resigned his employment.

Constantinople, March 4. On the 18th past, at midnight, a dreadful fire happened at Galata, which consumed two thousand five hundred houses and shops. It broke out near the gate of Tophana, and a very high northerly wind spread the flames with rapid vehemence; so that the fire raged for fifteen hours. The miserable inhabitants were chiefly Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, and suffered much from the cold, which was so intense, that a continual snow fell to the ground, frozen like hail; some children and sick people are said to have lost their lives by it; but we do not hear that any perished in the flames. Two other fires began the same night at Constantinople; the one laid twelve houses in ashes; the other three, before it could be extinguished. It is said to be discovered, that all the three fires were caused by incendiaries, and that an attempt was made the same night to set fire to the quarter of the Greeks at Fanal, in Constantinople.

Venice, March 9. The Senate has issued a new decree, which forbids any of the Monks to go out of their convents, or to appear in the city without a companion, and likewise enjoins them to retire before it is dark.

Bastia, March 12. A foreign ship having cast anchor in our road, the Captain was asked, if had any thing contraband on board? Though he answered in the negative, some suspicions having arisen, his ship was searched, on board of which were found 3000 suits of regimentals, with powder and firelocks. On which the

Captain was seized, and committed to prison.

Leghorn, March 20. Ali Bey's fortunate progress in plundering of Syria and Palestine, is confirmed by the last accounts received from Cairo. Besides Jerusalem and Joppa, the towns of Hebron, Tiberias, Casarea, Hippos, and Capernaum have surrendered to him and his allies. About 12,000 of the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon make part of this united army, which is now before Damascus, and after taking that place is to attack Seyd, Tripoli, and Aleppo.

Warsaw, March 23. The courts of Vienna, Petersburg, and Berlin, have agreed to re-establish tranquillity in Poland, and we hear that this affair was so settled and brought into order during the stay of Prince Henry of Prussia at Petersburg, that the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, have taken the quieting the disturbances of that kingdom on themselves. As soon as Mr. Saldern is returned hither, a beginning will be made in this important business, and it is further said, that the courts of Vienna and Paris will send Ambassadors to this city, whom we hear are already appointed.

We are assured that during the residence of Prince Henry of Prussia at the Court of Petersburg, great advances were made in the plan for the pacification of the troubles of this kingdom.

Some Gentlemen of the country having taken it into their heads to imitate the Confederates in their robberies, assembled together lately at Sarczyn, a small town six miles from hence, and there formed a league under a person named Zakrzewski. They sent to this city three of their adherents, one of whom was charged to deliver a memorial into the King's own hand, in which they invited him to be the Chief of the Confederacy. His Majesty received this memorial just as he was stepping into his coach, and was going to give orders for arresting the three emissaries, which they suspecting, escaped by a back door which opens towards the Vistula.

Venice, March 23. We have the following account from Aleppo: "Egypt seems to recover its ancient lustre under the government of Ali Bey, who is at present at Grand Cairo. His General, after taking Gaza, Nazareth, Jerusalem, and Jassa, beat the Bassa of Damascus's army; after which the Bassa, having received a reinforcement commanded by the Tair Omer, Lord of St. John d'Acrida, determined to risk another battle, in which he was likewise defeated. When this sad news arrived at Constantinople, eight Bassas received orders to go immediately to the Promised Land, to prevent the enemies farther progress."

Hague, March 29. The Officers of the Horse guards who were guilty of making a disturbance on the fast-day, the 6th of February last, after much deliberation upon the nature of their offence, had sentence passed upon them yesterday by the Grand Council of War, by which they were broke, and rendered incapable of ever serving again in the corps they belonged to, or any other in the service of the Republick, and further condemned to be confined eighteen months longer; in consequence of which, they were sent back to their place of confinement for the remainder of their term.

Paris, March 29. The conversation of this City is engrossed by the protest made to the King the 13th inst. by the Princes of the Blood against what has been done to the prejudice of the Parliament, and delivered that day to his Majesty at Choisy by M. de Pour, first Gentleman of the Bed-chamber to the Duke of Orleans. This proceeding of the Princes of the Blood induced the King to call a Council the Friday following, in which it was debated whether the Princes of the Blood should not be banished; but such violent proceedings meeting with great opposition, nothing was concluded upon at that time.

Last Monday the Court of Aydes received a Letter de Cachet, by which the King ordered to appear before him on the Wednesday following at eleven o'clock in the morning, the first President, two other Presidents, and the Greffier with his registers, it is supposed with a design to erase the resolutions of that Court on the 22d instant.

Copenhagen, March 30. The frost has continued longer and with greater severity this year than usual; the fatal effects of it are sensibly felt by the poor, and will soon be so

by all ranks of people; the small quantity of grain there is in this capital, or indeed in any part of the island, and the impracticability of importing any as yet, has raised wheat to the enormous price of seven Rix-dollars the ton, and rye to six; other provisions bear a proportion to this, and have done so for some months past.

Versailles, March 30. On the 27th instant the King caused the resolutions of the Court of Aides to be erased in his presence, and suspended the Officer who notified them to the Parliament.

Warsaw, April 3. It is very true that the Confederates have caused to be beheaded eleven of their principal brethren, by the executioner of Cracow; but this tragic scene passed at Oswieczyn and not at Landskroon.

Pozna, April 4. Since the return of the Russian troops from the siege of Czenstokau, Col. Ronne, who commands them, daily gains great advantages over the Confederates. The latter have already had 500 men killed on the spot, besides 212 made prisoners.

The day before yesterday Zokrzewsky, Commandant of a corps of Confederates, was entirely defeated near Gnesne; and he and only four of his people escaped with their lives.

Paris, April 8. Several Courts of Judicature in different parts of the kingdom will not acknowledge the superior councils lately established; and the officers belonging to them have sent their resignation to the Chancellor.

Hamburg, April 12. A report prevails here universally, that the Venetians have taken a resolution to join their naval forces to those of the Russians.



DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

THOUGH the sensible minister publicly declares that we have no reason to apprehend any hostilities either in Europe or America, with regard to our late altercation with Spain, still he thinks it necessary to be upon our guard. The Courts of Berlin and Vienna seem in their warlike dispositions to propose acting only upon the defensive, whilst Poland and Russia figure as belligerent powers. The report of his Polish Majesty abdicating the throne of that Kingdom in the manner of the late King Stanislaus, which was confidently reported at the beginning of this month, has gained no sort of credit, any more than the supposed reconciliation between the Czarina and the Porte: so that upon the whole the political state of Europe, is very little changed since our last description. The contest between our House of Commons and the City, seems to be one principal object of attention of the different

courts of Europe; the other is the misunderstanding between the King of France, his Parliament, and the Princes of the blood.

As the Sessions of our Parliament draws near a close we may expect in a few days that the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver will obtain their liberty; and that our domestic affairs will resume their usual train during the Summer vacation.

March 30. A Copy of the Warrant of Commitment, by which Mr. Alderman Oliver is now detained in the Tower.

Whereas the House of Commons have this day adjudged, that Richard Oliver, Esq; a Member of this House, having signed a warrant for the commitment of the Messenger of the House, for having executed the warrant of the Speaker, issued under an order of the House, and having held the said Messenger

ger to bail, is guilty of a breach of the privilege of the House: and whereas the said House hath this day ordered the said Richard Oliver, Esq; one of the Aldermen of the city of London, and a Member of this House, to be for his said offence committed to the Tower of London.

THESE are therefore to require you to receive into your custody the body of the said Richard Oliver, Esq; and him safely to keep, during the pleasure of the said House, for which this shall be your sufficient warrant. Given under my hand the twenty-fifth day of March, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-one.

FLETCHER NORTON, Speaker.

To the Lieutenant of
Tower of London,
or his Deputy.

April 1. The following Address of the Portreeve, Bailiff, and all the principal inhabitants of the borough of Honiton, in Devonshire, has been transmitted to Sir George Young, Bart. and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of this city, their Representatives in Parliament.

To Sir George Young, Bart. and Brads
Crosby, Esq.

"Gentlemen, We the Portreeve, Bailiff, and principal inhabitants of the borough of Honiton, think it our indispensable duty to return you, our Representatives, our warmest thanks for your disinterested and unbiassed conduct in Parliament, in defence of our inestimable liberties and constitutional rights, as nothing is more dear to us, or could have rendered you more worthy of our regard, and the continuance of our approbation, than the part you have avowed and supported in maintenance of those invaluable privileges.

"We beg leave therefore to assure you, that your inflexible and uninfluenced perseverance in the same glorious cause will ever render you most worthy of our esteem, and entitle you to our future confidence, in defiance of every undue art which may be suggested as a motive to make our resolutions.

We are, Gentlemen,
your most humble servants."

Dated at Honiton, the 29th of March, 1771.

Lord Mayor's Answer to the Worthy Electors
of the Borough of Honiton.

"Gentlemen,

"I had the honour this day of receiving from you the noblest testimony of your approbation of my conduct in Parliament: that sacred trust I have always conscientiously discharged. I have, in that station, solely considered myself as entrusted by you to be a guardian of the invaluable liberties, which this nation enjoys beyond any in the world. With anguish I have seen them attacked and violated of late in the most desperate manner, and the wicked plan of destroying this constitution seems now to be pursued with the utmost vigour. But whatever the profligate attempt of our enemies may be, they shall find in me a zealous

and intrepid assertor of the rights of this kingdom, a warm friend to the constitution as by law established, and that I am on every occasion devoted to your service.

I rejoice to find that all the undue arts to warp your integrity have been ineffectual; and I hope that in the severest trial I shall approve myself worthy of the support of gentlemen, whose public virtue is proof against every sinister attempt, or open attack.

I am, gentlemen,
With the utmost respect and
Gratitude,
Your faithful and obedient humble
Servant,

BRASS CROSBY.

From the Tower,
April 2, 1771."

His Lordship and Mr. Alderman Oliver has received similar compliments from the Common Council of the City of London, and several Corporations.

6. Yesterday at noon, two carts preceded by a hearse made a very slow procession through the city to Tower-hill, amidst a great concourse of people. In the first cart were three paste-board figures, near as large as the life, hanging to a gallows that reached quite across the cart. In the front the figures were painted with night-caps on, and handkerchiefs over their eyes, and in colours and dress adapted to the person represented. On their backs were wrote in large characters, L—d B——n, L—d H——x, and Alderman H——. In the second cart, were four figures, painted and hanging in the same manner, and on their backs were wrote L—— the Usurper, De G——y, J——y T——r, C——g G——e. When the carts, &c. arrived at Tower-hill, the gallows was fixed up, and in a short time after the figures and gallows were set on fire and consumed.

A man in the croud being observed taking down the names written on the backs of the figures was seized as a spy, and ducked in the Tower-ditch till he was almost dead, though he assured the mob that he copied them only to satisfy his own curiosity.

An hour after the above transaction the dying speeches of some supposed malefactors were cried about the streets.

8. On Tuesday night, the 19th of last month, an advertisement was put up at the entry of the King's-arms Tavern at Dumfries in Scotland; of which the following is a copy, viz.—"To the whole inhabitants of Dumfries and others who have hitherto been guilty of engrossing, forestalling, and transporting of corn or meal from this port, or have been aiding or assisting to any that have hitherto engrossed, forestalled, or transported corn or meal, to the great hurt and prejudice of the country, the poor in particular, to the violation of the laws of God and nature; public notice is hereby given, that they from the date hereof desist from such sinful practices, under penalty of having their houses burnt to the ground,

ground, and punished in their persons in proportion to their office they bear, viz. if a Magistrate, with mutilation; and, if a tradesman, to have his ears cut off at the Cross.—March 19th, 1771." The King, in Saturday's Gazette, promises his pardon, and a reward of 50l. to any who shall discover his accomplice in putting up the said paper.

9. By a Letter from Madras, dated Aug. 24. we hear that "Heyder Ally Cawn, with whom the English were at war on the coast of Coromandel in 1768, is now besieged by Nanah, the King of the Maratta Horse, in Vidanor Fort. Heyder has sent down to Madras, praying for assistance and relief from the English, wanting chiefly field pieces, cannon, &c. but the English refused him, and stand neuter, taking no part in their disputes. The Nabob, Mahomed Ally Cawn of Arcott, now resides at Madras, and has almost paid off the monstrous debt he contracted with the English, who supported him against Heyder Ally Cawn in the war in 1768."

We are informed, that notwithstanding what hath been reported to the contrary, the affairs of the East-India Company are in a very flourishing situation. There are now no less than thirty ships upon the Sea homeward-bound, the cargoes of which are all paid for, viz. nine ships from Bengall, (including the Duke of Kingston from Coast and Bay, and the Prince of Wales left in 1769) two from Madras, three from Bombay, one from Mocha, one from Bencoolen, and fourteen from China, besides the investments outward of last year and the present, among which was near 450,000 l. in silver; and goods now in their warehouses to the value of 1,500,000 l. Add to this, that their debt to the Bank (which was some time ago 800,000 l.) is now reduced to about 250,000 l.

To the Citizens of London.

The Lord Mayor having heard that several persons are uneasy for fear he should stop the delivery of corn and coal ships in the port of London, during his confinement in the Tower, thinks proper to give this publick notice, that there is no foundation for any such report, he being determined (as far as may be in his power to prevent it) that no individual shall suffer by his imprisonment.

From the Tower,
April 8, 1771.

Brass Crosby, Mayor.

Thursday, April 9.

This day there was a very full meeting of the Society of the Bill of Rights, in pursuance of the special summons, upon important business. The meeting opened with a confirmation of the gratification before agreed upon to the Printers; and a vote of thanks was then resolved upon to the Lord Mayor, for his upright and intrepid conduct in defending the undoubted liberties of the subject against the illegal and arbitrary proceedings of the present H— of C—. During the progress of the debate upon the first motion, a

very violent altercation passed, as usual, between Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Horne, replete with the common expressions of *false, selfish, malignant, surreptitious, fraudulent*, and so forth. Mr. Wilkes, in particular, declared, that Mr. Horne's conduct, both to him and the public, *had neither been consistent with the truth of a Clergyman, or the faith and honour of a gentleman.* Mr. Horne said, that the Society was become nothing more than a scene of personal quarrel; the public interests were absorbed in the petty faction of one individual: that regularity, decency, order, and concord, were banished together: he therefore moved, "That the Society should be dissolved." It was in vain objected, that a motion of that consequence should not be put so suddenly, whatever cause to it the present disturbances might afford; that, in fact, the ferment in which the Society then was, shewed an improper temper of discussing so serious a question; and that, at least, the sense of the Society should be first taken, whether they would rescind the restrictive resolution against opening any new subscriptions whatsoever, but for the private purposes of Mr. Wilkes, till the whole list of his debts was discharged; as the charge against the Society for existing only in the capacity of Mr. Wilkes's Committee, might then be obviated. Both parties, equally sure of a victory, or desirous of meeting their defeat, were eager to put the question. The motion to defer the consideration of a dissolution, was only supported by five Members, among whom were Dr. Lee, Mr. Morris, Mr. Grieve, &c. The main question was then put, when there appeared for the dissolution, 24; against it, 26. Mr. Alderman Townsend was in the chair; and the whole number present at the meeting was 53, being the fullest meeting which had ever been held in the Society.

Lord Mountmorris, and another Gentleman, retired before the division. For dissolving the Society, there appeared, Mr. Alderman Sawbridge, Sir Francis Bernard, Sir Francis Delaval, Mr. Bellas, Mr. Tooke, Mr. Horne, Mr. T. Oliver, Mr. Twogood, &c.—Against it, Mr. R. Jones, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Bull, Mr. Baldy, Mr. Adair, Dr. Wilson, Mr. Wilkes, Mr. Churchill, &c. and the gentlemen who divided against putting the question. Those who were for the dissolution, having failed in their motion, they immediately proceeded to strike their names out of the Society's book, which was first done by Mr. Alderman Townsend, who also struck out, at the same time, the names of Sir Cecil Wray, and Mr. Charles Turner, who had authorized him for that purpose. After this, they withdrew into another room, and there signed a resolution to form a new Society, to exist only upon the public ground. Mr. Morris, Mr. Grieve, Dr. Lee, Mr. Sayre, and others, declared they would follow them in their secession, unless the remaining Members of the Society came to a resolution to rescind the absurd vote of restric-

tion

tion, against opening new subscriptions, as public exigencies should require, whether gentlemen were willing to contribute farther to the discharge of Mr Wilkes's debts, or not.

April 11. Yesterday came on the election at the East-India House, for directors of that company for the ensuing year; the ballot ended at six in the evening, which was entirely in favour of the House list, and the following Gentlemen were chosen:

Sir James Cockburn
George Cuming
Ed. Holden Cruttenden
George Dudley
John Harrison
Joseph Hurlock
Wm. James
John Manship
John Michie
Frederick Pigou
John Purling
Thomas Rous
John Roberts
Henry Savage
Ed. Wheler
Daniel Wier
John Woodhouse
Robert Gregory
* Richard Bosanquet
* Peter Ducane, jun.
* Laurence Sullivan
* Harry Verelst
* Henry Fletcher
* Joshua Smith, Esqrs.

Those marked thus * are new ones.

12. The supplies for the year are to be raised in the following manner:

By 50,000 lottery tickets, at 13l. each.—By this method 650,000l. will be raised, 500,000l. of which is to be distributed into prizes.—Ten per cent is to be deducted from each prize.

691,977l. remaining in the Exchequer, which has arisen from reserves imposing on the sinking fund, is to be applied towards the supplies for 1771; as is also,

1,650,000l. out of such money as may arise from the said fund.

400,000l. which is to be paid by the East India company;

89,658l. the surplus on grants;

20,000l. out of the money granted for maintaining the forces and plantations in America; and

All the money arising from the duties on gum arabic, gum senega, &c. are likewise to be applied to the same purpose.

It is also proposed to pay off 200,000l. of the Navy debt out of the supplies of the present year.

The sinking fund has produced, in the course of the last year, upwards of two millions.

The regulations made for the payments of the ensuing Lottery, are as follow, viz. That persons subscribing towards the same shall, on or before the 18th of April 1771, make good

with the Cashier of the Bank the payment of 1l. in respect of every ticket, as a security for making their future payments on the time hereafter mentioned, viz. 2l. on or before the 7th of June next 3l. on or before the 10th of July, 3l. on or before the 21st of August, and 4l. on or before the 3d of October. That 500,000l. shall be divided into prizes; from each of these shall be a deduction of 10l. per cent. and the sum remaining shall be paid out of any aids granted for 1771.

15. On Friday noon Mr. Wilkes waited on Mr. Alderman Oliver in the Tower, and told him the resolution he had taken to be Sheriff next year with Mr. Oliver. Mr. Oliver gave him many reasons why he ought not to attempt it; but he was not able to prevail on Mr. Wilkes to desist from his attempt.

And at a meeting of the Common Council of the ward of Farringdon without, on Friday night, Mr. Wilkes again declared his intention to serve the said office. That night a letter from Mr. Oliver was brought by Mr. Lovell, and given to Mr. Wilkes's Deputy (Mr. Wilkes being himself busy with the Common Council); Mr. Lovell told the deputy, that though the letter was directed to Mr. Wilkes, it was intended to be seen by all the Gentlemen present. Mr. Lovell afterwards told one of the Common councilmen the purport of the letter; which is said to be as follows, viz. "That Mr. Oliver knowing, from Mr. Wilkes's own declarations, that his political views and intentions were very different from Mr. Oliver's, was for that reason, and many other reasons, determined not to serve the office of Sheriff with Mr. Wilkes; and he desires Mr. Wilkes to show this his letter to the gentlemen of his ward, if Mr. Wilkes was determined to persevere in his attempt."

18. This day was appointed for the Judges of the Court of Common-Pleas to give judgment in the case between Mr. Onslow and Mr. Horne, when the Verdict of 400l. damages to Mr. Onslow was set aside. It is remarkable, that the above verdict was given by the jury for words spoken at a county meeting, which the learned counsel proved to the satisfaction of the court, could not be actionable, as the contrary would tend to prevent the legal freedom of speech at such meetings. It was further proved, that the words spoken, and for which the verdict was given by the jury, did not form any part of the charge in the information.

A Certiorari has removed all the proceedings against Whittam, the Messenger into the King's Bench.

23. Late on Saturday evening a Secretary to the Court de Guigne, the French Ambassador at our Court, took French leave of the Count, and at the same time having availed himself of all the papers and documents in the custody of the Count, many of which papers contained several instructions from the Duke de Choiseul to the Count Guigné, and also to his predecessor Count Chatelet, marched off with the same to Versailles, in order, as it is apprehended,

apprehended, to find sufficient materials out of them for the condemnation of the Duke de Choiseul, whose ruin it seems is now irretrievably determined on.

25. They write from Jamaica, that all apprehensions of any hostile attempts upon any of his Majesty's West India islands are now at an end.

26. The Bill to prevent the counterfeiting any coin, which has passed the Lower House, sets forth the following particulars :

"That the coining or counterfeiting any of the copper monies of this realm, being punishable only as a misdemeanor, the practice thereof hath of late years greatly prevailed, and is liable to increase, to the prejudice of trade, and the injury of his Majesty's subjects.

"That after the 24th of June, 1771, any person that shall coin or counterfeit any of the copper monies of this realm, commonly called an halfpenny or farthing, every such person and his abettors shall be adjudged a felon; and also, that after the time limited as above, every person buying, selling, receiving, or paying any counterfeit copper money, not melted down or cut in pieces at or for a lower rate or value than the same by its denomination, doth or shall import, or was counterfeited for, every such person or persons shall be adjudged guilty of felony."

"It empowers Justices of the Peace to grant warrants to search for counterfeit copper money, and directs that the same, and the tools and implements used in counterfeiting the same, shall be produced in evidence against the persons prosecuted; and in case of no trial, then to be defaced or destroyed, or otherwise disposed of, as shall be directed."

27. On Monday night, about half past eight o'clock, the populace continuing before the Mansion-house, the Lord Mayor went out at a private door into Sir William Stephenson's carriage, to avoid being seen by the croud, but he being discovered by some of them, notice was given, and all made for that place; however, before they could reach the carriage, the Coachman drove off with all speed, and got to the Tower without much obstruction. The people waited there some time, when Sir William Stephenson coming out and getting into his coach, they took off the horses, and dragged him home in it.

27. The title of Earl of Anglesea is set aside by the House of Peers, and the Nobleman who had it retains only that of Lord Viscount Valentia of the kingdom of Ireland.

All but three wards of this city have addressed the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver, for their patriotic conduct.

28. It is said his Majesty has been pleased, in consideration of the dearth of provisions, &c. to order that the deduction of one shilling in the pound, which has been hitherto made by the Paymaster General of the army, from the pay of the foot soldiers be remitted; as also the deduction to the regimental Pay-

master and Surgeon, the better to enable them to provide necessaries.

The general review of the fleet at Spithead by a great personage, is fixed for the 14th of June next. The Royal Charlotte, Fubbs, and Marry Yachts are ordered round to Portsmouth for that purpose by that time.

29. A Petition from Mr. Allen, father of the young man who was murdered in St. Georges's Fields, was yesterday delivered to a great Assembly, praying an inquiry concerning the murder of his son, and justice against the inhuman murderers, &c.

BIRTH.

April 4. The Lady of Richard Benyon, jun. Esq; was safely delivered of a daughter, at his house in Hill-street.

MARRIAGES.

Capt. Brown, of Bishop Wearmouth, to Miss Crosby, sister to the Lord Mayor of London.

March 31. Samuel Pawson, Esq; to Miss Dorothea Lancake, of Bedford-row.

April 1. Lord Greville, son of the Earl of Warwick, and one of the Lords of Trade, to Miss Peachy, daughter of Sir James Peachey, Bart.

Ridgeway Owen Merrick, Esq; at Llanfannan, in Denbighshire, nephew of the late Earl of Londonderry, to Miss Wynne, Dyffryn-Aled.

2. Charles Howard, jun. of Greystock, in Cumberland, Esq; to Miss Frances Scudamore, of Holm Lassey, Herefordshire, grand daughter and sole heiress of the late Lord Viscount Scudamore.

March Whitcomb, Esq; to Miss Farendon, of Lingfield, in Surry.

3. Thomas Le Blanc, Esq; of Canham, in Suffolk, to Miss Relhan, daughter of Dr. Relhan, of Great Marlborough-street.

Mr. John Martyn, to Miss Connolly, only daughter of Mr. Charles Connolly, Merchant, of Bedfordbury, with a fortune of 10,000 l.

William Stewart, of Castle Stewart, Member of Parliament for Wigton, &c. to Miss Euphemia M'Kenzie, daughter of the late Earl of Seaforth.

5. Thomas Neate, Esq; to Miss Charlotte Stewart, of Redcross-street.

7. Sir George Osborne, Bart. Member for Bosciney, in Cornwall, and one of the Grooms of the Bed Chamber to his Majesty, to Miss Bannister, of Hill-street, Berkley-square.

9. Mr. Alexander Champion, Merchant, of Bishopsgate-street, to Mrs. Fuller, of Goodman's-fields.

10. Henry Hutchinson, Esq; of South Audley-street, to Miss Maria Martin, of Upper Brook-street.

13. James Medlicott Black, Esq; of Gray's Inn, to the Hon. Lady Jane Sarah Fleming.

15. Joshua Peart, Esq; of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Miss Vivian, only daughter and heiress

heirefs of Thomas Vivian, Esq; late Recorder of Lincoln.

20. Thomas Brand, Esq; of the Hood, in Hertfordshire, first cousin to the Duke of Kingston, to Miss Roper, only daughter of the late Hon. Charles Roper, eldest son of the late Lord Teynham.

25. Abraham Hume, Esq; son of Sir Abraham Hume, Bart. to Miss Egerton, daughter of Dr. Egerton, Bishop of Coventry and Litchfield.

D E A T H S.

Augustine Merida, Esq; one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas, at Kingston in Jamaica.

Capt. Francis Ellis, aged 95, at Whitby, in Yorkshire: and a few days before Mary his wife, aged 93.

Nathaniel Wickfield, aged 103, at Laddridge in Lancashire.

Mrs. Mary Agar, a widow lady of great fortune, aged 106, at Ringwood, in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland.

Mrs. Boyce, aged 107, at Guildford, in Surry, she retained her senses to the last.

Mr. Matthew Churchill, youngest brother of the celebrated Mr. Charles Churchill.

Mr. Shaw, Manchester Warehouseman, in Lawrence-lane, suddenly; supposed to have died worth 50,000*l*.

March 26. George Gurney, Esq; at Toddington in Bedfordshire.

27. Peter de Visney, Esq; at Clapham, in Surry, formerly a Hamburgh Merchant of this city.

28. Mrs. Colman, wife of George Colman, Esq; of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields.

30. John Brighten, Esq; at Hampstead, aged 97 years.

John Morshead, Esq; an Alderman of Plymouth, suddenly, as he was reading a Newspaper. It is said, that the last article he read aloud was the commitment of Mr. Oliver to the Tower, &c. when he was taken ill and expired immediately.

April 3. Walter Lesley, Esq; at Greenwich. Obadiah Wright, Esq, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the City and Liberty of Westminster, in High Holborn.

John Peter Hemell, Esq; a French Merchant, in Frith-street, Soho.

4. Col. Timothy Carr, First Equerry to his Majesty, at his house in the Stable-yard, St. James's.

5. Lady Mary Fitzpatrick, daughter of the Earl of Upper Ossory, in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square.

6. Lady Bingley, at Bath, in the 63d year of her age.

7. The Rev. Mr. Julius Bate, at Arundel, in Sussex, well known to the learned world for his many tracts in explanation and defence of the Hebrew Scriptures.

8. James Burgeis, Esq; Apothecary General to his Majesty's Board of Ordnance.

11. John Garth, Esq; at Knightsbridge.

14. Robert Guest, Esq; at Little Chelsea, Nathaniel Drayton, Esq; at Lambeth.

15. George Hodges, Esq; in Berkley-square, Lady Cann, relict of Sir Robert Cann, Bart.

17. Charles Gibbons Esq; in Scotland-yard. Matthew Carew, Esq; in Red Lion-square.

John Sherrard, Esq; in Panton-street.

Mr. Stevenaut, Jeweller, in Berwick-street, Soho. He was employed in setting the jewels on the Crown used at the Coronation of his present Majesty.

Sir Thomas Hope, Baronet, at Hope-Park.

18. Henry Metcalfe, Esq; belonging to the Custom-house, at Kensington.

Sir Edward Clive, late Judge in the Court of Common Pleas.

20. The Right Hon. Other Lewis, Earl of Plymouth, Lord Windsor, Baron of Bradenham, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Glamorgan, Custos Rotulorum of the county of Flint, and Constable of the castle of Flint.

21. William Ruffel, Esq; formerly an Attorney in Lamb's-Conduit-fields.

24. ——— Shaw, Esq; of Preston, in Lancashire.

B A N K R U P T S.

Joseph Phillips, of the Minories, Linedraper

Moses Jonas, of London, Merchant.

John Moorland, of Bowbridge in Gloucestershire. Clothier.

Jacob Rowe, of Banstable, in Devonshire, Brewer.

Richard Hudson, of Ealingarth, in Lancashire, Slate-merchant.

Thomas Banks, of Green-street, Hanover-square, Wine-merchant.

James Perry, of Madeley, in Staffordshire, Coal merchant and Victualler.

Henry Pullon, of Manchester, Vintner.

Francis Stewart, of Brewer-street, St. James's, Broker.

Leonard Atkinson, of West-Hall, in Yorkshire, Coal-merchant.

Anthony Hilder, of Sun Tavern Fields, St. Paul Shadwell, Brewer.

Joseph Parsloe, of Great Marlborough-street, Westminster, Wine-merchant.

Thomas Southgate, of St. Martin in the Fields, Glazier and Painter.

William Kitchen, of Little Ruffel-street, Bloomsbury, Coach-Wheelwright.

George Strutt, of Basinghall-street, Warehouseman.



THE

Town and Country Magazine ;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For M A Y, 1771.

Illustrated and embellished with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A very good Likeness of Mrs. M—s—L. 2. A characteristic Portrait of Lord VAINLOVE. 3. A humorous Representation of a JURY of MATRONS deliberating on the SEX of the CHEVALIER D'E—N, and 4. The DOUBLE DISCOVERY; or the Balance of Honour and Patriotism, (held by the Demon of Discord) in the Persons of W—s and H—E, cut in a BLOCK of WOOD.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE; Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

Lazarus Skip's *Reply* to Eliza's elegant *Epistle* in our last, appears illiberal ; and if his *Accusations* were founded on Truth, they would be still less excusable from the Party he represents himself to be.

The *Hints* of T. D. jun. of Newcastle, will not fail being attended to as far as they coincide with our Plan.

The Character of Clodius is not calculated for this Magazine.

Sarisburyensis's Letter will be attended to.

Nerabo, who assumes various Signatures, sends us so many Letters upon trifling Subjects, without paying Postage, that they will in future all be returned to the Post-Office.

The Ode on Contentment (from Wakefield) we are certain will not satisfy our Readers.

We are sorry to inform a constant Reader that his Ode on Happiness does not communicate any poetical Felicity.

E. ON LIFE is under the like Predicament.

Ignoramus's Epitaph cannot be admitted.

Orpheus, we think, has chosen a wrong Signature, in attempting to tune his Lyre to Miss P——.

W's Poem on Writing is indeed a very trifling Essay on the Subject.

J. L. of Watford assures us his Epitaph, is an Original ; we sincerely believe it, and that it never will be copied.

L. would be a proper Partner with J. L. in the manufacturing of Epitaphs.

Amator seems to have mistaken his Passion—Love would doubtless have breathed more Ardour and Sentiment.

Mr. R. Hill, of Greenwich, certainly never attained a higher Summit in Poetry than his neighbouring Mount—Parnassus he never reached.

Philotuporus we take to be the same Hand.

Under Consideration, Letters signed J. T—tw—e. Sophia Theresa. D. E. L. of Horsfield. Cosmopolitus from Bristol. A. K. with the Tête-à-Tête from Berkley-square.

Some Letters are also come to hand replete with Menaces, which we despise.



The Town and Country Magazine;

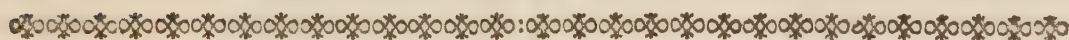
O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For M A Y, 1771.



The State of Europe for May 1771.

ACCOUNT of ITALY continued from
Page 179.

THE duchy of Mantua is encompassed by the duchies of Milan and Modena, the ecclesiastical state, and the territories of Venice;

being in length from east to west about sixty miles, and in breadth from six or seven to about thirty-five. It is well watered by the Po, and several smaller rivers and canals, which contribute greatly to its fertility; so that it produces plenty of corn, flax, fruit, and excellent pasturage for a good breed of cattle and horses, with some wine. This country was long possessed by the family of Gonzaga; first as marquisses, and afterwards as dukes. The last duke, Charles IV. siding with the French in the war, about the succession to the crown of Spain, and admitting a French garrison into his capital, was put under

the ban of the empire, under which he died in 1708, after the Imperialists had over-run the whole duchy: ever since it hath been in the possession of the house of Austria, and now makes a part of the government of Milan. The revenue of it, while in the hands of its own dukes, is said to have amounted to five hundred and nine thousand crowns. The principal places in it are,

Mantua, which gives name to it, and is its capital. It is one of the most antient cities in Italy, having been founded, as some think, even before Rome itself, and stands in a marsh or lake, formed by the Mincio, in consequence of which situation it is very strong, but the air, especially in the summer, is unwholesome. The bridges leading to it are guarded by forts. The walls are said to be four miles in circuit, and the number of the inhabitants (exclusive of the Imperial garrison, and four or five thousand Jews, who live in a particular quarter and have several synagogues) about sixteen thousand. Here are a

G g 2

great

great many convents and churches, with some fine squares, streets, and houses; but the city is much declined from what it was when it had dukes of its own. The riding-school, it is said, has not its equal; and the course is also well contrived. The ducal palace is now old, and much neglected; but the church belonging to it has a vast collection of riches, gold and silver crucifixes, statues, and some good pictures. Mantua is an episcopal see, dependent on the pope.

The duchies of Parma and Placentia have always been united. By the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, they were ceded, by the house of Austria and the king of Sardinia, to the infant don Philip, second brother to Don Carlos the present king of Spain, and to his lawful heirs male. The present duke is the son of Don Philip, and a minor. To the north and west these duchies are bounded by the Milanese; to the south by the territories of Genoa; and to the east by the duchy of Modena. They are very fertile and delightful, producing plenty of corn of all sorts, wine, oil, chesnuts, truffles, and rich pasturage, which feed great numbers of cattle. The cheeses made here are now inferior to those of the Lodofan, and other parts; but there are still good silk, woollen, and linen manufactures, with some salt-works, mineral springs, copper and iron-mines, chalk, chrystals, and petroleum or rock-oil, of which some is found without any mixture of water, and some floating on the surface of it.

Parma gives name to one of the duchies, being a large populous city, on the river Parma, from which it takes its name, and by which it is divided into two parts, connected together by several bridges. It is said to be about four Italian miles in circumference, and to contain between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants, with many fine streets and houses. The ducal palace consists of three courts, two of which are new. The large theatre here, built by Renatus I. in 1618, is famous through-

out Europe: it is said, that it will contain upwards of seven thousand spectators, and is so contrived that a word spoken ever so low, on the stage, is heard distinctly all over the pit; nor does any confused reduplication or echo happen, if the voice is raised ever so high. The ducal palace contained a very valuable collection of pictures, medals, antiquities, and curiosities, until Don Carlos carried off most of them, together with the fine library, to Naples, when he became king thereof, in 1748.

Placentia is a pretty large city, and the capital of the duchy of that name, thirty-seven miles almost west of Parma, and at a small distance from the Po. Here is a great number of churches and convents, and about twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, of whom two thousand are said to be monks, nuns, and other ecclesiastics. The citadel is pretty strong, but the other fortifications inconsiderable. It derives its name from its delightful situation in the midst of a spacious fertile plain, where the pastures are so rich, being watered, at pleasure, by means of small sluices, which convey water from the Po, that fifty cows will yield as much milk as is sufficient to make a cheese of an hundred-weight, every day.

In the neighbourhood of the city are some salt springs. The annual fair, that begins on the 15th of April, and lasts fourteen days, is accounted the greatest in Italy. The bishop of this city is suffragan to the archbishop of Milan. The Via-Æmelia begins here, and extends as far as Rimini, on the Adriatic.

The duchy of Guastalla had long dukes of its own, descended from the house of Mantua. The last duke, Joseph Maria, died in 1746, without male issue; upon which the empress queen Maria Teresa, took possession of the duchy, but in 1748 yielded it up to Don Philip, agreeably to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. The only place worth mentioning is,

Guastalla, which gives name to it, and is its capital, standing on the river
Grossolo,

Croftolo, about three miles from the Po, and eighteen north east from Parma. It is a small town, but well fortified.

The duchy of Modena is bounded on the south by Tuscany and the republic of Lucca; on the north, by the duchy of Mantua; on the east, by the Bolognese, and the territories of the church; and on the west, by the duchy of Parma; extending in length, from south to north, about fifty-six English miles, and in breadth between twenty-four and thirty-six, and yielding plenty of corn, wine, and fruits, with mineral waters. In some places also petroleum is skimmed off the surface of the water of deep wells, made on purpose; and in others is found a kind of earth or tophus, which when pulverized, is an excellent remedy against poison, fevers, dysenteries, and hypochondriac disorders. The country of La Salsa affords several kinds of petrefactions.

Modena, an antient city, in Latin Mutina, which gives name to the duchy, and is its capital. It stands twenty-eight miles east of Parma, forty-four almost south of Mantua, and twenty west of Bologna, and is a pretty large and populous, but not a handsome city. It is much celebrated by Roman authors, for its grandeur and opulence; but was a great sufferer by the siege it underwent during the troubles of the triumvirate. It hath long been the usual residence of the dukes, and is also the see of a bishop, who is suffragan to the archbishop of Bologna. In the cathedral, which is a large unwieldy building, is the *Secchia rapita*, or bucket, of which Tasso hath given the history in a very diverting manner. Mr. Keyssler says, that when Decius Brutus was besieged here by Mark Antony, Hirtius the consul made use of carrier-pidgeons; and that even at this day, pidgeons are trained up at Modena, to carry letters, and bring back answers. This city hath given birth to several celebrated persons, particularly Tasso the poet, Corregio the great painter, Sigonias the civilian

and historian, da Vignola the architect, and Montecuculi the Imperial general.

The only manufacture for which this city is noted, is that of masks, of which great numbers are exported.

The principalities of Massa and Carrara were formerly under the Genoese jurisdiction, but are now under the government of princes of their own.

There are few states in the world that have passed through so many revolutions as the Republic of Genoa. After the declension of the Roman empire the Ligures or Genoese fell under the dominion of the Ostrogoths, Eastern emperors, and Lombards. After the last of these were expelled Italy by Charlemagne, they acknowledged the German emperors as their sovereigns for some time; but at last erected themselves into an independent state. In the year 806, they were become so powerful by their flourishing trade, that they made themselves masters of the island of Corsica. In the twelfth century, they made great conquests in Sardinia, Sicily, the Crim, on the Black Sea, and in the neighbourhood of Genoa; but the war in which they afterwards engaged with Venice, for the superiority at sea, weakened them greatly. In the last century intestine divisions brought them so low, that they were fain to put themselves under the protection of other powers, of whom France treated them in a very tyrannical manner until they were delivered by Andrew Doria, who established their present form of government. They have since made a shift to maintain their liberty, though they have suffered considerable losses, and met with rude shocks and insults from their powerful neighbours. In 1684, they were bombarded by the French.

In the war that was terminated by the treaty of Aix la-Chapelle, they took part with France and Spain, and in consequence of that, were attacked on all hands by the Imperialists, the king of Sardinia, and the English fleet. The first even made themselves masters of Genoa, but were soon after

after expelled from it with a terrible slaughter.

With respect to the form of government, it is aristocratical. The doge or duke, who must be at least fifty years of age, and disengaged from all trade, is chosen only for two years, either out of the ancient, or modern, nobility. After the expiration of the two years, he cannot be chosen again for five, but is intitled to a procurator's place, and a pension. The legislative power is lodged in the great council or senate, consisting of four hundred nobles, of which four parts in five must agree to every law that is made. The lesser council consists of a hundred, and is a sort of committee of the former. The administration is vested in the doge, assisted by twelve *governatori*, and eight *procuratori*, who continue in office as long as the doge, and are a sort of council to him, three of the former and two of the latter living in the ducal palace with him three months, when they give place to as many new ones. The doge has the title of serenity during his office, and a guard of two hundred Germans.

Their public revenues, we are told, do not amount to a million and a half of crowns per annum. The government has the monopoly of corn and wine, so that the bakers must fetch their wheat from the public granaries, and the wine-sellers from the public cellars. As a great part of the estates of the nobility lie in the kingdom of Naples, and Spain owes them great sums, they are under a sort of necessity of taking part with that crown, when a war breaks out. The customs are another considerable branch of the revenue, to make up the deficiencies of which, the state has frequently been obliged to borrow large sums, at a high interest, which gave rise to the bank of St. George.

The established religion of the Genoese dominions is the Roman catholic, and no other is tolerated. The inquisition has full power here, as it has in most other states of Italy.

The Genoese territories extend along

that part of the Mediterranean sea, commonly called the gulph of Genoa, about one hundred and fifty-two miles, but their breadth is very unequal, being from eight to about twenty miles. Where they are not bounded by the sea, the following states and countries, taking them from west to east, are their boundaries, viz. Piedmont, Montferat, Milan, Placentia, Parma, the dukedom of Tuscany, and the republic of Lucca. This tract, though a great part of it is mountainous, and some of that barren enough, yet produces plenty of excellent fruit, good pasture, wood, garden-stuff, and mulberry-trees, with some wine and oil, but little corn. What they want of the last, they have either from Lombardy, Sicily, or Naples.

The dominions of the republic on the continent, are divided into the Riviera di Levante, i. e. the eastern coast, and the Riviera di Ponente, or the western coast. In the former the principal places are,

Genoa, the capital of its dominions, as it was of the ancient Liguria. Modern writers call it in Latin, Janua, but the Romans always stiled it Genua. It is celebrated by ancient authors, as a rich and opulent city, and Strabo calls it the emporium of Liguria. It stands on the coast of the Mediterranean sea, at the bottom of a little gulph, partly on the flat, and partly on the declivity of a pleasant hill, in consequence of which it appears to great advantage from the sea. It is defended on the land side by a double wall, which in circumference, is about ten Italian miles. The New and Balbi streets consist entirely of a double stait row of magnificent palaces. The others, though clean and well paved, are crooked and narrow. There are three places from which one may have a full view of the city, viz. about a mile off at sea, from the top of the lighthouse, and the hill on the side of which it is built. The beauty of the prospect is much heightened by the lemon and orange-trees, evergreens, and

and flowering shrubs, on the tops of houses, and in the gardens. The suburb of San Pietro d'Arena, is full of noble houses built with exquisite taste. The palaces of the nobility are almost all of marble, and many of them are painted on the outside.

The palace, where the doge resides, and where the great and little council, and the two colleges of the procuratori, and governatori assemble, is a large stone building in the center of the city; but it contains some fine paintings in fresco, two statues of Andrew and John Doria, in white marble, and an arsenal, in which are said to be arms for thirty-four thousand men, with a shield, containing one hundred and twenty pistol barrels, and thirty-three coats of mail, which it is pretended, were worn by as many Genoese heroines in a crusade. Of the churches the finest are those of the Annunciation, St. Mary Carignan, St. Dominic, and St. Martha. In the cathedral is a dish made of a single emerald. All the inhabitants here, except the principal ladies, who are carried in chairs, walk on foot, on account of the narrowness or steepness of the streets. The fortifications of the city towards the sea are remarkably strong. There are two fine stone bridges over the rivers Bonzevera and Bisagno, the first whereof washes the west, and the other the east side of the city, within which there is also a surprising stone bridge, joining two hills.

In 1751, Genoa was declared a free port for ten years, under certain restrictions: in that called Porto Franco, any merchant may have a warehouse, and import or export goods duty free; but such as are disposed of in the city, or on the continent, are taxed pretty high. The nobility are allowed to trade in the wholesale way, to carry on velvet, silk, and cloth manufactures, and to have shares in merchant ships; and some of them, as the Palavacini, are actually the greatest merchants in Genoa. Another very profitable article of trade

carried on by them is banking, and dealing in bills of exchange. A new academy of painting, sculpture, civil and military architecture, was instituted here in 1751. One may walk the streets of Genoa in the night with the greatest safety, which is more than can be said of many cities in Italy.

Spetia, a small town which gives name to a bay, anciently called Portus Lunæ. The shore of this bay is thick planted with small towns, intermingled with olive yards.

Sestri di Levante, a small but populous town on the sea-coast, with a castle. Brugnato, the see of a bishop, subject to the archbishop of Genoa; Lerice, defended by a castle, situated on a high rock; Porto di Venere, defended by a castle, and giving name to a cape; Porto Fino, anciently called Portus Delphini, near which is Cape Fino, with a castle at the extremity; Rapallo, giving name to a bay; Sarzana, the see of a bishop, subject to the archbishop of Genoa.

In the Riviera de Ponente the most remarkable places are,

Novi, a small town, with a castle, where some of the nobles have seats.

Bochetta, a very narrow pass among the mountains, on the high road from Lombardy to Genoa, defended by three forts.

Savona, next to Genoa, the most considerable city of this state. It is the see of a bishop, suffragan to the archbishop of Milan, has a strong castle, is well fortified, and famed for the finest sweet-meats.

Albenga, a small town, but a bishopric, under the archbishop of Genoa, standing about half a mile from the sea, opposite to a small island.

Zuccarello, a market-town with a fort, and the title of a marquise, which formerly belonged to the house of Careto.

St. Remo, a small town on the sea, with a good harbour, seventeen miles east of Nice.

Ventimiglia, a small town, with a castle, on the sea-shore, about four-

teen miles from Nice, and fifty-seven from Genoa.

Noli, a small town on the coast, with a good harbour.

Final, a considerable town on the sea-coast, about twenty-four miles from Genoa with a convenient harbour, a castle, a good wall and several forts, for the defence of the town and harbour. It is the capital of a marquise, which was sold, in 1713, to the Genoese by the emperor, for one million two hundred thousand piastres, under certain conditions, and as a perpetual fief of the empire. At the treaty of Worms the queen of Hungary resigned all her pretensions to the town and marquise of Final, to the king of Sardinia, upon condition that he repaid the Genoese their purchase money, and made Final a free-port. The Genoese refusing to deliver it up, and endeavouring to keep possession of it by force of arms, and for that end entering into alliance with France, Spain, and Naples, the king, after he had in vain offered to resign all his rights to them, provided they would break off their alliance with those crowns, made a conquest of it, and other territories of the Genoese, but at the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, they were all restored.

Between the county of Nice, and the Genoese territories, is the small Principality of Monaco.

The chief line of the Grimaldi family had been in possession of it several centuries; but Antony Grimaldi, dying in 1731, and leaving only a daughter, who was married to the count de Torrigny, afterwards duke of Valentinois, son to the marquis de Matignon, marshal of France, the principality fell to his daughter, whose son, the present prince, took the name and arms of Grimaldi. His income from this principality, and several estates in France, amounts to near five hundred thousand French livres. The only place worth mentioning in the principality, is that which gives name to it, viz.

Monaco, antiently called *Herculis*

Monæci Portus, from a temple of *Hercules*, that stood here. It is eight miles east of Nice, and six west of *Vintimiglia*, and though small is strong by art and nature, having a good harbour, with a castle and garrison, paid and officered by the king of France, and is the usual residence of the prince.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

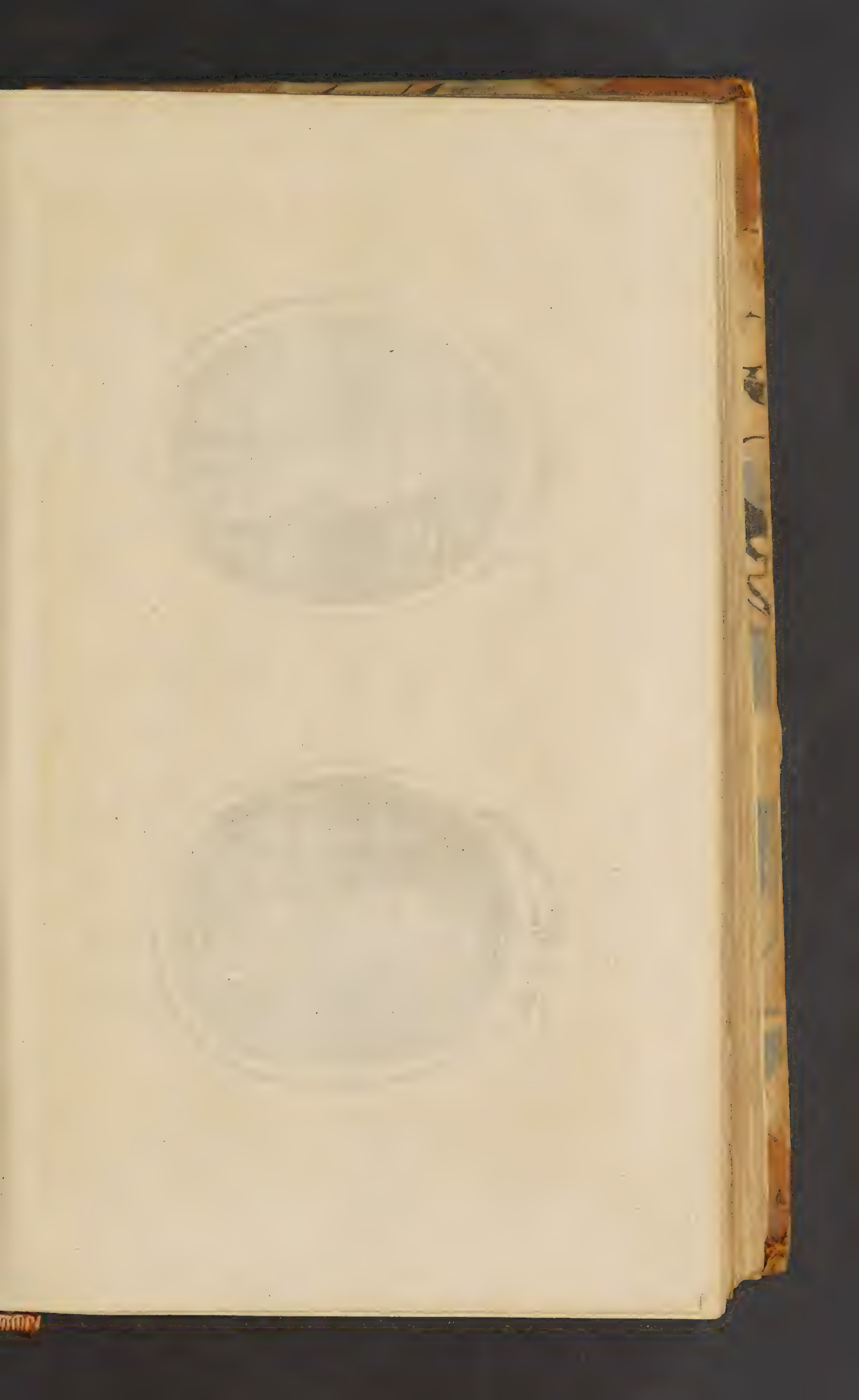
S I R,

BEING lately arrived from abroad, and in my way from Southampton, passing through Guildford last Tuesday, when hearing that the king's plate was to be run for that day, I was induced to put up at the White-Hart inn. Soon after dinner I perceived a person ride into the yard, mounted on a Welsh poney, and attended by an ill-looking groom. He immediately rushed into the house as if he had been pursued for a highway robbery; but his dress being as remarkable as his person, I soon discovered he was no *less*, I would say no *greater*, a man than the D. of C——. He wore a shabby blue frock, seemingly to conceal himself from discovery; but his *usual judgment* was conspicuous here. A star blazoned upon his left side, to declare the man. Notwithstanding this emblem of dignity, no one spoke to him; he drank his tea, lolled out of the window, and then sneaked off in the same manner he made his entrance. Whether guilt, shame, or folly was the most obvious upon this occasion, is difficult to determine; but I could not help making a comparison between his behaviour and that of the p——s of the b——d in other countries, where a proper etiquette is preserved, and a just dignity always supported, particularly in public.

Suffolk street,
May 20.

A new Correspondent.

HISTORIES.



N^o. VII.



Lord D'Anlove.

N^o. XIII.



M^{rs}. M-yh-C.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of Lord V—— and Mrs. M——1. (N^o 13, 14.)

THIS æra has been peculiarly propitious to this department of our undertaking: fresh subjects arise almost every month under our hands; and though the season of the year has been remarkably backward in producing the fruits of the earth, another kind of *vegetation* seems to grow spontaneously in the *soil* of St. James's. The subject before us has, at first sight, the appearance of an exotic; but upon closer inspection he will be found to be of the species of the English *mandragora*, or mandrake; and has all its soporific qualities.

To quit the figure, lest our readers should think we ramble too much in flowery meads, his lordship is no stripling, being now in his fifty-seventh year; and yet he apes in dress and appearance an Etonian of sixteen: neither has any estrangement from the world been the cause of his not supporting with more dignity the character of a man, having succeeded his father in title and estate so early as the year 1734. The next year he took unto him a wife, the celebrated lady Frail, who having furnished the world with her own history; we may, doubtless, without offending her ladyship's delicacy, give a few *impartial* outlines of her character.

This lady started at thirteen a woman, when she had already many admirers at Bath, and other public places; but she was insensible to love till she saw lord William H—— (second brother to the duke of H——) at court. They soon became deeply enamoured with each other; and stole a wedding against her father's consent. Both families were, however, soon reconciled; and during the life of her beloved lord, she was one of the happiest wives upon earth. But this terrestrial paradise was not of long duration, a violent fever carrying him off in little more than a year after their marriage. Still we find her ladyship moving invariably

MAY, 1771.

within the pale of chastity; and she even refused several honourable proposals from admirers of rank, time having not yet erased the fond impression of her dear lord William. At length, however, she was prevailed upon to accept the hand of our hero, not from a motive of love, but independence, as she represents him at that time a most ludicrous figure; and the very opposite to him who had excited her first passion. He was a thin, meagre, shivering creature, of low stature, with little black eyes, and pitted with the small pox; indeed, he was so ill calculated for inspiring the tender passion, that when she saw him by accident once before, she pronounced him the last man on earth whom she could chuse to marry. Her ladyship, notwithstanding this declaration, and her avowed disinterestedness, married him for the sake of convenience; nor did the effects of his love diminish her antipathy, for she tells us, "His attempts were like the pawings of an imp, sent from hell to seize and torment some guilty wretch, such as are exhibited in some dramatic performance, which I never see acted without remembering our wedding night; for by such shadowy, unsubstantial, vexatious behaviour, I was tantalized and robbed of my repose; and early next morning I got up with a most sovereign contempt for my bed-fellow;" nay, she says, "I have lain whole nights by my lord, who teized and tormented me for that which neither I could give, nor he could take." These reasons afforded her ladyship what she judged a sufficient plea for engaging in an amorous correspondence with Mr. S——, with whom she repaired to Paris, and was very happy for some time. This gentleman it seems was the only man she ever truly and passionately loved, besides lord William; she had nevertheless a numerous succession of lovers, most of whom supplied the place of her little lord, as well with respect to fortune as admiration; and, indeed, notwithstanding her ladyship's professed contempt for money, and her high-flown notions of the most refined mutual

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tual affection, we find her almost constantly engaged with a paramour, for whom she had little or no regard; but whose purse was of infinite service to her. If we may believe her ladyship, she would have made the best wife in the world to the man whom she loved; and yet we frequently find her ill-treating the men for whom she professed the greatest esteem; often jilting those with whom she had made the most solemn engagements, when a more advantageous or agreeable offer occurred. Notwithstanding the air of Platonism with which she constantly endeavours to sprinkle her amorous passion, she as constantly displays the hypocrite; and lord V——'s personal inabilities certainly form the great object of her detesting him. Such was, such is, lady V——ne, now near her grand climacteric; and her conduct founded in systematic infidelity, will certainly apologize to her for any other female attachment of his lordship, if he can but reconcile it to himself.

Thus we find his lordship not only yielded to every fond desire a new face could create, but, like her ladyship, erred upon avowed principle. He soon after their marriage requested to have separate beds; and as his lordship never did any thing without assigning his reasons, he told her ladyship, to use his own words, "that the immensity of his love for her deprived him of the power of gratification; and that some commerce with an object, to which his heart was not attached, might, by diminishing the transports of his spirits, recompose his nerves, and enable him to enjoy the fruits of his good fortune." Having established this doctrine, he practised it in its full extent; but as it is not our design to give a catalogue of all the *filles de joye* with whom he corresponded, for restoring the proper tone of his nerves, we shall only mention the most celebrated ladies, with whom he either had, or attempted to have, an amorous connexion.

When he had dangled after Mrs. Woffington upwards of two years behind the scenes, he said one evening to her, "It was high time to come to an explanation." "I am of your opinion, my lord," she replied, "pray what is it you mean?" "Every thing that is amorous, madam, upon my honour." *Heavens forbid!* she resumed, *you may inspire contempt, disgust, and antipathy; but as to any thing bordering upon love, it is impossible you could inspire even a female Hottentot with a penchant towards the tender passion.*

To Mrs. Don—ds—n, then Miss F—lkner, when she first sung at Marybone-Gardens, he lavished his praises on her singing, and his purse at her benefits; but we have no reason to think he made a greater progress in her affections, than he had done in those of Mrs. Woffington. He was however more fortunate with a celebrated courtesan, who figured in high life at that time. This was Nelly Ross, who was remarkably tall and lusty, and who used to call him her *Tom Tit*, whilst she lay two hours every morning with her neck uncovered, in order that by gazing he might quiet the perturbation of his spirits. This was his favourite, and, indeed, his only amorous passion, as lady V—— has experienced and testified; and her refusal to gratify him in this respect has produced several ruptures and separations.

Notwithstanding his lordship was publicly known to have this and several similar alliances; and though he entirely estranged himself from his wife's bed, he thought her ladyship's infidelities should not go unnoticed: accordingly he called several of her admirers to account; but he has always been so fortunate as to avoid coming to action. Thus we see, after his challenging Mr. S—— (her most favourite swain) and postponing the time of meeting, his lordship, at length sent Mr. S—— word that he had changed his mind, and would seek satisfaction at law. Again, lord B——, whilst he was revelling in her ladyship's charms

at Paris, received a letter from lord V——, in November, challenging him to single combat the May following, upon the frontiers of France and Flanders; but when the time came, lord V—— either forgot (as well he might, the interval being so long) he had challenged lord B——, or else it was not his fighting month; for he never repaired to the place of assignation. However, upon lord B——'s return to England, he received a verbal message by H——n, lord V——'s steward, signifying that he had changed his mind about going to Flanders; but he expected to meet lord B—— at an appointed time behind Montague House. The combatants met, and repaired to an adjacent burying-ground, when lord V—— made his appearance in a new pink satin waistcoat, made purposely for the occasion; and a surgeon was planted at a proper distance in a hackney-coach. Lord V—— then desired lord B—— to choose his ground, when the latter replied, "If he must fall, it was not material which grave he should tumble over." This cool raillery disconcerted lord V——, when he turned to lord A——, (who was lord B——'s second) and desired to speak with him. He then told lord A—— "The reason of his challenging lord B—— was, lord B——'s detaining his wife from him by compulsion." Lord A—— assured him, that he was certainly wrong; that lord B—— had used no force to keep her; but that it could not be expected from his politeness and regard for the ladies that he would turn her out of doors. This declaration satisfied lord V——; and thus ended this *bloody* combat. To these heroic achievements we cannot refrain adding his affair with colonel J——n. The subject of this challenge was the same as the former, the colonel's intimacy with her ladyship. His lordship had ordered a new fighting-frock (it being winter) and a pair of duel-pumps upon the occasion; but they not coming home in time, he sent a billet of excuse to the colonel, who

readily accepted it, saying, "He had left off killing insects ever since he came from Westminster-School."

So much for his heroic feats; let us now resume his amorous history.

The heroine of our present story was the daughter of an attorney of considerable practice. As she was an only child, she was indulged in her youth far beyond the limits of her expected fortune; and was in the most extensive meaning of the words, her mother's *darling*, and her father's *pet*. Having been brought up at a boarding-school at Kensington, she had formed a numerous set of acquaintance, and as they advanced towards womanhood, they still supported the friendly correspondence. Hence Miss J-mes (her maiden name) was seen at all public places, in very polite sets, both male and female. Her person, being tall and genteel, and her face delicately agreeable, she soon attracted a number of admirers. Among the foremost of these was captain M——l. He was her constant partner at Chelsea assembly, and was particularly emulous of paying her every possible assiduity. The captain was a man of the world; and besides having an agreeable person to recommend him, he was master of that kind of rhetoric which has been so fatal to the fair sex. He found, however, in Miss J-mes, a more powerful combatant than he expected to meet with: her natural good sense pointed out to her all the horrors of vice, and all the miseries of consequential prostitution, should she swallow the gilded poison. When he was reduced to his last, and which he thought invincible argument, notwithstanding she entertained a strong partiality in his favour, she still repulsed him with spirit. "My dear charmer," said the captain, "to a lady of your sense I would not offer an argument that would not bear the strictest scrutiny. Can any ceremony sanctify a crime? and pray what is marriage but a ceremony, introduced for the emoluments of the church, and too often the cloak for greater crimes, than those it was intended to abolish?" She

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replied,

replied, “ I will not pretend to be casuist sufficient to determine, whether marriage has answered all its salutary intents, but of this I am certain, a woman must be lost to every sense of religion and virtue who can deride it; and that every man who would impose upon her the sophistry of libertinism, for sound reasoning, must only intend to deceive her.”

His passion receiving fresh fuel from her fortitude and good sense, he resolved that a woman of so much merit and beauty should no longer be exposed to temptation, and he honourably offered her his hand. They were married soon after, and for upwards of a twelvemonth were as happy a pair as could be found within the city and liberty of Westminster. At the end of this period being ordered to America with his regiment their parting was, perhaps, one of the most tender scenes in conjugal life.—Here she may date the commencement of her misfortunes. Her father died soon after, and his affairs being greatly involved, Mrs. M——l found herself incapable of satisfying the demands of his creditors. Her violent grief at the loss of a tender and indulgent parent, had not yet subsided, when she received the news of the death of her husband.

Her complicated misfortunes had now nearly terminated her days; she languished in obscurity, till counsellor L——n, so far insinuated himself into her good graces, as to persuade her to accept of an allowance, and the tyrant necessity superseded all other considerations.

This alliance continued for more than four years; but her paramour meeting with an advantageous match upon the northern circuit, a Yorkshire lady of considerable fortune dispossessed Mrs. M——l of all pretensions to Mr. L——n’s heart.

A variety of fortune now succeeded to the handsome widow, and among other connexions she had the mortification to make an acquaintance with Holt, who was hanged some time since for forgery. This young man, who was very fruitful at all schemes of

imposition, and had just taken in by stratagem Mr. Rennie, the taylor in Leicester fields, for a genteel suit of cloaths, found means to be introduced to Mrs. M——l, and being a likely young fellow, with no small share of impudence and some address, he imposed himself upon her for a man of fortune. He said every pretty compliment he could utter in praise of her person, and professed himself so ardent an admirer, as to give her his promise of marriage under his hand. He began to talk of preparations for their happy union, and discovering the want of some furniture and linen in her house, proposed accompanying her to her upholsterer, and linen-draper, in order to make her a present of the necessary articles. They accordingly took a coach one morning, after he had been her constant guest for a week, and drove into Holborn, when she stopt at a tradesman’s with whom she had formerly dealt, and having always paid him with the utmost punctuality, Holt being in her company, found no difficulty in changing a draft, and receiving the balance in cash, after deducting for the goods he had ordered. Upon Mrs. M——’s return, Holt on a sudden pretended to recollect some very material business, and got out of the coach, promising to be with her at dinner. In about an hour’s time the tradesman waited upon Mrs. M——, and informed her that the draft he had exchanged was found to be a forgery. Mrs. M—— was greatly astonished, and the more so to hear in a few hours he was taken for attempting a like negotiation, and for which he afterwards suffered.

This disagreeable alliance was, in some measure, counterbalanced by a very advantageous one she made about this period with the celebrated *Cheshire Cornuto* (see vol. II. p. 401.) He supplied her with a considerable sum of money, to relieve her from her present embarrassment, and made her a handsome allowance for housekeeping, servants, &c. It was now that in point of brilliance Mrs. M—— eclipsed every lady in a similar station.

Her

Her house in the New Buildings, was an epitome of elegance and convenience; her servants liveries were well fancied, and her equipage was neat and fashionable.

Lord G—— is a man of such an eccentric dissipated mind, that the finest woman in nature cannot long secure his attachment; so that though Mrs. M——l was perhaps as amiable a female as ever submitted to a temporary lover, yet his l——p, in a few months, was attracted by novelty. Mrs. M——, whose distresses had taught her a policy very essential in pursuing the commerce she was engaged in, perceiving *Cornuto's* coolness towards her, and rightly judging a rival in the case, resolved not to be behind hand with him, but to accept of the first lucrative proposal that should be made to her from another quarter.

She had scarce come to this resolution before lord V——e was introduced to her at Ranelagh. He was captivated as much with Mrs. M——'s polite behaviour, as with the charms of her person, and her uncommon sensibility. He found that his approaches were not ill received; and encouraged by her smiles of approbation, he declared a passion which he really believed animated him. The very day that lord G—— sent Mrs. M—— a very laconic billet of self-dismissal, she had entered into an engagement with our little hero.

Mrs. M—— has seen too much of the world, and met with too many disappointments, not to guard against the attacks of the tender passion, and having wrought herself up to that pitch of philosophy, which looks upon all mankind with the greatest indifference, the foibles and defects of lord V——e are not so obnoxious to her, as they would be to a woman of more tender feelings. Mrs. M—— is at present in a state of complete apathy with regard to love, (though we will not pronounce she will long remain in this lethargic indifference) and therefore her little admirer endeavours to compensate for the want of more solid pleasures by his assiduities and adulation; though he has long since experienced the im-

possibility of atoning for a defect which can admit of no palliation, though his lordship has often attempted (as he thinks the privilege of a coronet admits) to supply it by *proxy*.

From this *tête-à-tête* (the particulars of which are known to many upon the *bonton*) it is clearly evinced that neither age, debility, or even impotence, can supersede the imaginary appetites of a disordered imagination, nurtured by vice, and pampered by folly.— We have, however, the satisfaction to find, that though connubial infidelity may rear her crest in the western districts of this capital, that we have at least awed into decent secrecy many unjustifiable attachments within the civic walls of this metropolis; and we shall persevere in our endeavours to work a reformation *even* in the purlieus of St. James's.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS I perceive you are emulous of laying before your readers uncommon characters, I have sent you a few *traits* of a remarkable physical gentleman, who made a very conspicuous figure in the medical and polite world a few years since.

The person I mean was the late doctor Misfaubin, famous for curing a particular disorder, and whose recipe first introduced him into the polite world; but his uncommon humour and docility of temper recommended him still more to several noblemen of the first rank; among these were the late dukes of Montague and Richmond, of whose parties he used frequently to be, and was always very conducive to the mirth and risibility of the company. As a specimen of the kind of merriment he produced upon these occasions, we shall take a view of the doctor at Court, upon being introduced to the late king. The duke of Montague had advertised his majesty of the whimsical character of M. Misfaubin, and added, he would afford some mirth upon being introduced on a levee day. Accordingly the duke said to the doctor he wondered so celebrated a physician had never been introduced at St. James's: the doctor snapt at the bait, and said he should take it as a great honour if his grace would introduce him. The duke consented to his request, and the doctor consulted him with regard to his dress. His grace advised him by all means to make his first appearance in
a suit

a suit of black velvet, as it would be every way suitable to his situation and the occasion. A suit of black velvet was accordingly obtained, and the duke prepared himself with an uncommon large wig, in which near a pound of powder was contained. Upon the duke's perceiving the doctor, he ran up to him, and overwhelmed him with powder and embraces, saying, "how happy I am, dear doctor, to have this opportunity of introducing you to the king." The doctor hum'd and ha'd—"But my coat my lord—I shall be like a miller." The duke, however, did not desist shaking his head till he had discharged at least three quarters of a pound of powder upon the doctor's black velvet suit. His grace then introduced him to the king, who was ready to burst his sides with laughing, the doctor being more engaged with wiping his cloaths than making his obeisance.

Though his introduction was attended with this ridiculous appearance, the doctor failed not ever after attending St. James's on court days, and plumed himself not a little upon being so respectable a courtier. He was some time after at Windsor, when he was asked by a patient his address in town, to which he replied with disdain—"To doctor Misfaubin, in the *World*." He had at length wrought himself up to such a pitch of importance, from his acquaintance and connexions, that he thought it beneath him to be any longer a walking doctor, and he henceforward rolled in his chariot. One day whilst he was at dinner at the duke of Montague's, his grace had employed a coach painter to give a proper coat of arms to his carriage: he accordingly painted a patient receiving a clyster from the doctor, and he traversed the whole town with this device on his carriage, without being able to guess what the spectators every where immoderately laughed at.

Hogarth has introduced the doctor's figure in the *Harlot's Progress*, in the plate where she expires. The doctor made a will, and bequeathed *twenty thousand pounds* to his widow. This bequest got vent, and every body imagined the doctor a man of great property; but it at length appeared that these twenty thousand pounds were not in specie, nor in paper: they consisted of twenty thousand pills, which he estimated at one pound each.

Upon the whole, the doctor was one of the most singular characters that have appeared upon the theatre of physic during this century; and though it is generally

believed that this remedy was very efficacious, he owed as much of his reputation to his peculiar humour, as he did to his eminence in medicine.

St. Martin's Lane,

May 16, 1771.

Un petit Medicin.

The MAN of PLEASURE. N° II.

Est Ucebris, animus si te non deficit æquus.

Hor.

BEING the other evening at Ranelagh, I joined a party, in which was a tall, genteel young foreigner, with his arm in a sling. I was jogged by lady Betty L——, and told in a whisper, that was the count Alt—ri. Having passed about a fortnight in the country, out of the routine of polite scandal, I wondered her ladyship should lay such a stress upon the count. I was, however, soon acquainted with his story; for her ladyship took an opportunity, in his absence, of informing me, that "the count was a young Piedmontoise nobleman, and nephew to the S—sh ambassador: that when Mr. George P—— was our minister at Turin, the count made an acquaintance with his daughter, before her marriage with lord L——r; and upon his visiting this kingdom, he renewed his acquaintance with lady L——r. He took lodgings near Cobham, and so far insinuated himself into her ladyship's good graces, that he prevailed upon her to be supremely kind to him. His visits to her upon this footing had continued some time before they were discovered by a trusty servant of lord L——r. The count used to scale the garden wall, when her ladyship admitted him by a window; and he made his retreat early in the morning by the same avenue. The window being accidentally left open after his flight one morning, occasioned the servants to suspect a robbery had been attempted; and one of them sat up the next night to give the alarm in case another attack should be made: when the count made his appearance, her ladyship admitted him as usual. The servant, without divulging the secret, repaired to town, and waited upon his master, to whom he communicated what he had discovered. Lord L——r hereupon called upon the count, and found he was gone to the opera: there he met him in the S—sh ambassador's box, when his lordship calling the count out, informed him, that he was acquainted with the injury done his honour; and demanded

manded satisfaction. The count readily consented, without denying the charge, and having reached the Green-Park, they both drew, when the count received a wound in his left arm, and the combat ended. Lord L—— then went to Cobham, acquainted her ladyship with the discovery, and its consequence, and then took an everlasting farewell of her, by making her the messenger of a letter to her father, in which he communicated the melancholy tale."

Her ladyship had got thus far, when I unguardedly expressed my astonishment, that any women of honour would afterwards be seen in his company; when she laughed heartily at me, saying, "The women all like him the better for it." The count now joined us, and he told us, with apparent satisfaction in his countenance, "*Qu'il y avoit une nouvelle aventure entre my lady R—d—y et Monsieur Af—n, le fils du chevalier Willoughby Af—n, et qu'ils s'étoient decampés ensemble ce matin **." He then continued his story (in the same language) by which we were acquainted that the ad——l, coming to town for a single night, ordered his servant to take a lodging for him at a bagnio, where he found a veil, which he knew to be his wife's, it being of a particular pattern, and he having seen her work it. Upon inquiring of the waiter, he was informed it belonged to a lady, who generally lay there twice a week. He taxed her with her criminal conduct; but she had the effrontery positively to deny it, and even went so far as to say, she had lost the very veil he mentioned, and she supposed it had got into the hands of some woman of the town. The ad——l, not naturally suspicious, gave credit to her assertion; but he having yesterday set off for Portsmouth, she has also set off with her paramour to avoid any constraint.

I was greatly astonished at the easy familiar way in which the count related this adventure, imagining he would have been the last man in the world to communicate the intelligence; and that he would even have considered it as an insult to hear it mentioned in his company.

Scarce had we heard the count's story, ere lord Upper O——y joined us, saying, "that lord Spencer H—— and lady G——d had been detected the night before

at a milliner's in Pall-Mall, and that lord G——n was resolved upon a divorce; and in an instant we were informed by colonel N—— that lady B—— and lord C——y were very snug in their own opinion; but that to his certain knowledge lord B—— was just gone from Ranelagh to detect them, having received information that they were at a private lodging in Duke-Street, Grosvenor-Square, where they passed for man and wife.

Returning home, I entered into a serious reflexion upon the present extraordinary depravity of manners in both sexes in the polite walks of life; and I endeavoured to trace the causes in the uncommon succession of masquerades, harmonic meetings, and our imitation of foreign manners in all that is erroneous.

But whatever may have conducted to the numerous instances of infidelities in the marriage-state, did a man of sense reflect but an instant on the anxieties he will one day feel for the daggers he has plunged in the breasts of a numerous and honourable family, to obtain a momentary sensual gratification, or the still more unsubstantial one, that of his vanity, he would certainly consider himself in the station of a husband, and view the many miseries he was ready to create for a bubble—a very bubble, that bursts ere it is formed.

The splendor of courts, the brilliance and dazzle of balls and riddottoes; nay, the enjoyments of an eastern seraglio, cannot estrange us so far from ourselves, but the idea of right and wrong will force itself upon us, and we must stand arraigned and convicted at the bar of our consciences, when we would most willingly postpone the trial. For, as Horace says in my motto,

*'Tis not the place, disgust or pleasure brings,
From our own mind our satisfaction springs.*

The man of pleasure, therefore, should always act upon such principles as may afford an agreeable retrospect of his conduct. All pleasure is superseded by discontent. Where is the balsam to a dis-tempered mind? It is in vain to seek for temporary relief in the source of the disorder, which will increase it perhaps to phrenzy. In fine, though fashion and custom may seem to authorize the trespasses on connubial fidelity, they certainly are the most baneful to society; and a man of honour should hold it as criminal to wound another through the indiscretion of his wife, as to stab him in the dark like an assassin.

To

* That a new adventure had taken place between lady R—d—y and Mr. Af—n, son of Sir Willoughby Af——on, and that they had decamped together that very morning.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

BEING favoured by a subscriber with a ticket for the masquerade at Mrs. Cornely's, in Soho-Square, on Monday the 13th instant, I have endeavoured to recollect the most remarkable characters that made their appearance upon this brilliant occasion, which was peculiarly appropriated to mirth, pleasantry, and the true spirit of a masked ball.

The whole range of rooms was compleatly filled with persons of rank and fashion, among whom were the following:

A cricket player; a Scotchman and bagpipes; a company of four quakers; a fryar and nun; two jockies; a post-chaise boy with his lads; a waggoner; a countryman, with a Frenchman as his companion, shewing him the different rooms; a chimney sweeper in his May-day dress; the character of Tancréd; Mother Shipton; a family of gypsies; several fortune-tellers; a blue coat boy; an excellent punch; a parish girl; a milk maid; a girl with eggs; several girls with baskets of flowers; the character of Othello; an Ophelia; a Dutchman; several haymakers; a fool; a Spaniard; a French doctor; Lord Chalkstone; two witches; a Sultana; two Turks; several sailors; a brace of Mungos; a Chinese chief, a Chinese woman, both well dressed; Lady Wronghead and Miss Jenny; an Oxonian with his gown and cap; a beggar with his wallet at his side, his clothing well adapted to the character, and a remarkable droll mask; Grimbald; two harlequins; a tumbler; a great baby in leading strings; a running footman; the devil, so much taken up with admiring the company as to deprive him of his speech; two French women with baskets, containing several phials filled with different washes for the face and neck; some of them had a paper stuck on with the following words: "The Venetian bloom water, which makes the cheeks red and the forehead white;" a high finished character of an Irish beggar, with a young child at his back, who kept the company in laughter the whole night; a beggar woman with a child at her back, well dressed, and humorous; Mrs. Samson, the famous horfewoman, with her husband and trumpeter, distributing hand-bills whilst the company were at supper, and acquainting them she was in a few minutes going to mount; a very droll hot mask, running through the whole string of rooms, puffing and blowing, and complaining of

the violent heat, his presence seemed really to have an effect on those he accosted, by putting them in mind of their very warm situation; lady Pentweazell, Alderman Pentweazell, and their son Caleb, a very high and entertaining group, each did credit to their separate characters, and gave great entertainment to the whole company. Besides the above, were a great variety of rich and elegant fancy dresses, and particularly a most astonishing high-finished bust, on a Corinthian pedestal, which at different times moved about the room; it was marked *Spilsbury fecit*.

The following is one of the Hand-Bills distributed.

Horsemanship or activity.---To all true lovers of genuine *Virtu*, Mr. Sampsell, who has had the honour of performing before his most christian majesty, Lewis the fifteenth of France, and the rest of the royal family at Fontainebleau, with universal applause, and is so justly renowned for his most astonishing feats on one, two, three, or four horses, will this evening surprize ladies with several exhibitions, at the widow Cornelisse's, facing the image in Soho-Square.

Likewise Mrs. Sampsell will use her utmost endeavours to entertain the gentry with several new and pleasing feats of dexterity, which she made herself mistress of in her late *excescence* to France.

Any of the nobility or gentry, desirous of being instructed in the above useful accomplishments, may be waited on, by giving timely notice, at N° 9, in Hair-Court, in the Strand.

The Longe taught off hand.---An easy canter in a few days.

Colts and fillies broke in, and thrown upon their haunches without loss of time, and likewise taught to lie down at the word of command, together with Mrs. Sampsel's easy manner of picking up money.

N. B. At the above place may be seen a variety of strange beasts; and very odd fishes.

No money to be returned, but such as is not worth keeping.

The company were so well pleased and compleatly satisfied with one another, that they did not leave the rooms till near eight o'clock the next morning; and some of the ladies seemed disposed to have danced till now, if they had not fairly tired their partners before they would allow them to sit down; when a certain foreign minister said, "*Je crois que les femmes voudroient bien d'aller jusqu'à Noël.*"

Your frequent correspondent,
Gray's-Inn, May 16. A MASK,

The RIVAL BROTHER. A
MORAL TALE.

MISS Gratton, having been left an heiress with a large fortune, had, in consequence of that fortune, many admirers: her personal charms too were considerable, but she was not so far elated by the former or the latter as to give herself any unbecoming airs.

On the death of her father, her surviving parent, she prudently went to live with an aunt by the mother's side, a very amiable woman, with whom she knew she should live very happily, as she had ever received the strongest marks of her affection.

Mrs. Somers was, at the time of Mr. Gratton's death, at Bath. As soon as she heard the intelligence which she had long expected, she wrote immediately, to invite her niece to her house in that city.

Charlotte accepted of her aunt's invitation very readily, when she had seen the last duties performed to a father who had amply merited the filial regard which she always discovered for him.

On her arrival at Bath, Charlotte was much caressed by Mrs. Somers, who did every thing in her power to make her house agreeable to her. By the kindnesses which she hourly received, her filial sorrow was gradually alleviated; but several months elapsed before she could bring herself to appear in public. However, as Mrs. Somers visited many genteel families, Charlotte could not well help mixing with them, and the cheerful conversations in which she was frequently engaged, were of no small service to her. We pay a proper respect to the memory of our deceased friends by grieving moderately at their dissolution; but we do not certainly act with discretion by indulging our sorrows in such a manner as to forget our duties as human beings: our duty to God, our duty to our neighbours, our duty to ourselves.

Among the ladies with whom Mrs. Somers was intimately acquainted, a Mrs. Deering, by the politeness of her carriage, and by the good sense, as well as fluency with which she talked on an infinite number of topics, equally interesting and entertaining, gave Miss Gratton particular pleasure.

Soon after Charlotte came to reside with her aunt, Mrs. Deering's son made her a visit: her eldest son, her youngest was at Antigua, in a flourishing situation, by being connected with a merchant who had met with uncommon encouragement in that part of the world.

Mr. Deering, as his father had a very

handsome estate for his inheritance, was educated as a gentleman, and bred to no business.

Tom Deering, having a turn for trade, was sent to a distant relation in the above-mentioned island, who, on being informed of his cousin's passion for commerce, pressed his father to send him over to him. Mr. Deering was willing enough to comply with Mr. Truby's request, as he had acquired a genteel fortune with an unblemished character, and was annually making large additions to it.

Deering had long been one of Charlotte's warmest admirers, and thought himself extremely happy when he found that he should have a fair opportunity, by his mother's intimacy with Mrs. Somers, to endeavour to insinuate himself into her favour. Frequent opportunities he had indeed to enter into conversation with the mistress of his heart, and he seized every moment in his power to convince her how necessary she was to his happiness.

Charlotte felt her bosom heave with delight whenever Deering addressed himself to her, and consequently felt a few painful sensations while she reflected, in private, on what had passed between them during their public interviews; for she was too discreet to admit of a *tête-à-tête*. Her reflections in private were favourable to her lover; but as he appeared in her eyes quite a man of the world, she had many doubts concerning the sincerity of his attachment to her, *personally*. She therefore determined not to give him the slightest hopes of success by her behaviour to him till she had made satisfactory discoveries with regard to the real state of his mind on her account.

Deering, though he had no reason to find fault with Miss Gratton's behaviour to him, as she was extremely polite and obliging, was not only chagrined but mortified at the reserve in her carriage whenever he paid his respects to her, because he was too deeply enamoured with her to enjoy life without her.

Mrs. Deering, finding her son one day in the parlour when she entered to acquaint him with a curious anecdote which she had picked up relating to a ridiculous old acquaintance of his, in a very spiritless attitude, and seemingly buried in thought, jogged his shoulder, and asked him, with her usual vivacity, "Why he sat moping so?"

Starting immediately from his reverie, he cried, "O madam, are you there?"

"Ay, George, I am here, most certainly, and have something diverting to communicate to you; but you look as if

you had lost all your relish for any laughable intelligence. In the first place, therefore, I should be glad to know what has happened to put you into so melancholy a humour."

"Nothing new, madam."

"Nothing new, George! Indeed, indeed, but I fancy that something very new has occasioned this great alteration in you. I never saw you so dejected before."

"I have long endeavoured to hide my dejection from you, madam; but you have taken me by surprise."

"I am heartily glad I have, George, because I hope to come at the reason of your melancholy before I quit this spot; and while you inform me of the cause of it you may be assured at the same time that I shall leave nothing undone to remove it. You have never had any reason I believe to question the warmth of my affection for you, and therefore you will not treat me with the consideration I deserve by making any concealments, the disclosure of which may tend to restore you to your customary cheerfulness. Tell me therefore instantly, what lies so heavy upon your mind, for I am impatient."

Deering, not being in a condition to invent an apology for the state in which his mother had surprised him, but being thoroughly assured of her affectionate efforts to produce the completion of his desires, told her freely, and without any jesuitical reservations, from what source the melancholy which she had discovered flowed.

"And is that all," replied she, laughing, "poor George! and so you have really been fretting yourself into a fit of despair about Miss Gratton?"

"Is my despair groundless, madam?"

"It is, according to my remarks on Miss Gratton's behaviour, and I am seldom out in my guesses: you have thrown her little heart into a very unquiet state."

George shook his head, and looked as if he gave no credit to the latter part of that speech.

"You may shake your head, and put as many doubts into your face as you please, but I will venture to affirm that you are of more consequence in Miss Gratton's eyes than you suppose yourself to be."

Here the consoling mother and the incredulous son were interrupted in their interesting dialogue by one of those female gossips who not being able to sit a minute by themselves, fly from house to house, to get rid of their time with all possible expedition.

George, upon the entrance of the loquacious Mrs. Clackit, retired to his own apartment, and there ruminated upon what his mother had mentioned, in order to administer consolation to him, with many mixed emotions.

Mrs. Clackit, after having staid about a quarter of an hour with Mrs. Deering, in which she uttered as many words as some women would articulate in a quarter of a day, quitted her chair in a hurry, and cried, "Well, good-morrow---I must call upon Mrs. Somers before I go home---suppose you take a step with me."

Mrs. Deering having a small scheme in her head, to have her conjectures with regard to Miss Gratton's attachment to her son confirmed, put on her bonnet, and accompanied her talkative friend.

While they were going to Mrs. Somers's Mrs. Deering acquainted Mrs. Clackit with her scheme, who approving highly of it, fastened upon Charlotte soberly sitting at work with her aunt, and took her into the garden with her.

Before they had fauntered to the bottom of the gravel-walk, Mrs. Clackit said, laughing, "What makes you so grave this morning, Charlotte? I wish Mr. Deering was here to enliven you."—

At the mention of Deering's name so abruptly, Charlotte coloured like fire.

"But on second thoughts," continued Mrs. Clackit, "I do not wish him here neither, for as he is going to be married, he would perhaps be but dull company to us."

"To be married, madam!" cried Charlotte, stopping, and looking surprised.

"Yes, child: to Sally Middleton--- Have you heard nothing about the match?"

"Not a syllable," replied Charlotte, faintly; "but I must beg you to excuse my walking any longer with you, I have a violent pain in my head."

"In your heart, you mean," answered Mrs. Clackit, interrupting her, "come, you may as well own that you are deeply affected by this news concerning Mr. Deering, for you cannot conceal your feelings in his favour. I see plainly, by your eyes, and by your blushes, that you wish Miss Middleton a thousand miles off for having made a conquest of the man whom you prefer to all his sex."

"O, Mrs. Clackit, it is in vain to attempt to hide what you have discovered, I am a poor hypocrite, I never could deceive, but how often have I been deceived! Yes, madam, I will honestly confess that I have long felt my heart strongly attached

tached to Mr. Deering; I will add also, that I flattered myself he had a particular regard for me. His behaviour, the last time he was here, warranted me, I am sure, to believe that I was—Pity my weakness, madam, I cannot go on.”

Mrs. Clackit, being quite a good-natured woman, was melted at the effect which the execution of her little design (preconcerted by Mrs. Deering) had on her, and gently pressing her hand, said, “You need not go on, Charlotte; you have thoroughly satisfied Mrs. Deering’s curiosity.”

“Mrs. Deering’s curiosity, madam! Why should she be curious about my attachment to her son?”

“Because she is extremely desirous of seeing you related to her: and I am ready to lay a considerable wager that when Mr. Deering hears you have no aversion to him, he will hasten the preparations for his marriage with you with the greatest pleasure imaginable; and then——”

“Hold, hold, madam,” cried Charlotte; “have you not just told me that Mr. Deering is going to be married to Miss Middleton?”

Mrs. Clackit burst into a loud laugh as soon as that interrogation was uttered. “My charming girl, I will not keep you any longer in suspense; Mr. Deering is not going to be married to Miss Middleton, or to any other Miss: he doats on *you*, but has been for some time exceedingly miserable from an apprehension that his passion is not returned. Mrs. Deering, finding him this very morning overwhelmed with melancholy, drew the secret from him, and afterwards employed me as a friend to come at your real sentiments with regard to her son. The little stratagem which I have played off with so much success was planned by her. Are you satisfied now with this éclaircissement?”

“Entirely, but——”

“No more *but*s, I beseech you,” said Mrs. Deering, at that moment entering the room. “You have given me all the satisfaction I wished for, Miss Gratton,” continued she, advancing towards her with smiles, “by your free confession; do not therefore make any attempts to lessen it. I am transported to think how glad George will be to hear of your sensations on his account, and will go immediately to give him that happiness he so well deserves to enjoy.”

Charlotte had modestly replied, “I have no desire, madam, to retract what I have confessed.”

In a short time afterwards Mrs. Deering

went home, and made her son as happy as she expected to make him by her communications.

George was almost wild with joy at the news imparted to him by his mother, his amiable, his affectionate mother. Away he flew to Mrs. Somers’s on the wings of love and delight; and, with the joint consent of the aunt and the niece, put things in forwardness for the celebration of his wedding.

While the preparations for his marriage were carrying on with celerity, Tom Deering arrived from Antigua—Very soon after his arrival in England Tom made his appearance at Bath.

Mrs. Deering was not a little pleased at the sight of her youngest son, and George received his brother with the strongest signs of fraternal love.

When Tom was introduced to Miss Gratton he was struck with her beauty: when he heard her speak he was charmed with her voice. He returned from his visit to her with emotions which gave him much uneasiness, and he grew more and more disquieted every time he found himself in her company. At last, not being able to bear the thoughts of seeing her married to his brother, he seized an opportunity, one day, when he met her by herself, to address her in the warmest language which love could dictate.

Charlotte received his addresses with the utmost surprize, and answered them in terms, and with a tone sufficient to convince him, that it was not in his power to weaken the impression which his brother had made on her heart, or to render her false to the man to whom she had solemnly promised to give her hand. In fine, Tom plainly perceived, by her spirited behaviour, by all her discouraging replies to his importunities and supplications, that she was equally animated by love and honour to crush his hopes.

Stung to the quick with the reception he had met with from the woman of whom he was extravagantly fond, he returned to his apartments, not far from his mother’s house (for she could not just at that time accommodate him and his servants) and finding the friend whom he had brought with him to England in his dressing room, cried, “D——n it, Jack, it is all over.”

“What do you mean, Tom?”

“Charlotte will have nobody but George; and I shall go mad if I see her *his* wife. What is to be done?”

“Done! Why what the devil *would* you do? Jockey your brother to be sure.”

Li 2

“Ay,

"Ay, but as they are firmly engaged to each other, as they are to be married in a few days, shall I behave like a man of honour if I take any measures to prevent their union?"

"Nay, nay, if you are so cursed scrupulous when your happiness is so deeply concerned, you deserve not to have the object of your wishes in your possession. Honour!—Where is the man of spirit who thinks about his honour, when it stands in the way of a favourite passion. Indeed, Tom, if you are so squeamish you will never carry any point of consequence in the world. If George Deering was my brother, I would sling him out of his mistress in a fortnight, or perish in the attempt."

Stimulated by his friend's advice, and encouraged by his assistance, he determined to put a stop to the proceedings which whetted his resentment. After much deliberation, however, he thought the measures proposed by *that* friend were too violent, and therefore fancied that by calling in the aid of a female he might the sooner accomplish his wishes: well knowing that your violent people frequently defeat their designs by their precipitate behaviour. Eager as he was to marry Charlotte, he imagined that he should have the best chance to substitute himself in his brother's place by making a breach between them never to be healed.

The female to whom Tom Deering had recourse upon an occasion which required no small dexterity, was Mrs. Clackit, who had bestowed not a few smiles upon him, and seemed inclined enough to make herself useful to him in any shape consistently with her virtue. To *her* he poured out his soul in complaints of his ill fortune in having fixed his affections on the woman who had given her heart, and who was on the point of surrendering her person to his brother. With the most ardent expressions he declared his passion for Miss Gratton, and in the keenest language vented his envy against the man whom she preferred to him.

When he had discharged his amorous and acrimonious effusions, he intreated Mrs. Clackit with an earnestness as if his life depended upon their separation, to sow dissension between the happy lovers, and to occasion a total obstruction to their hymenial procedures.

According to the plan of operation adjusted betwixt them, Mrs. Clackit set about her part of the business, and by the help

of a couple of forged letters produced the breach for which her coadjutor had so devoutly wished.

In a few hours after the receipt of the abovementioned letters, George and Charlotte had an interview; but such an interview they never had before.

Charlotte began to reproach her lover for having grossly deceived her, by pretending to solicit her to give him her hand when he was already married; and *he*, irritated by so false an accusation, made sharp replies, in which he upbraided her with more vehemence than *she* had discovered, for having formed a scheme to disappoint him in the severest manner imaginable by marrying his brother.

Charlotte, provoked in her turn at so injurious a charge, answered him in a style which sent him, flaming with jealousy, to his brother.

He hastened directly to Tom's apartments; but he was not at home, and nobody could tell him where he might be found.

He then, instead of consulting his prudent mother how to act upon so mortifying an occasion, as he should have done, for she would have probably given him better advice than that which revenge dictated to him, set off for London, with a resolution to countermand the orders he had given to his lawyer with his own mouth, that there might be no possibility of a mistake.

Those who act precipitately in any situation are often compelled, by the events forwarded by their hasty *manœuvres*, to wish that they had listened to the calm admonitions of patience. If George, instead of hurrying to London, had remained at Bath, and consulted his sensible mother, he would have been in a few days the happiest of men.

When George had finished his business with his lawyer, he called upon an old school-fellow of his, who had met with a similar disappointment; so that the two friends spent the greatest part of their time together in railing at the deceitfulness and caprice of women.

Determined to forget, if possible, all the happy hours which he had enjoyed with Charlotte, George plunged into a life of dissipation, and fluttered in the gayest circles in town.

While he was one morning taking his chocolate at a coffee-house, and reading a paper, the first paragraph which struck him contained an account of the marriage between his brother and Miss Gratton.

On the perusal of that paragraph, he could not help feeling very painful sensations, in spite of all his efforts to forget the pleasing interviews he had enjoyed at Mrs. Somers's.

Tom, having privately watched his brother's motions, availed himself immediately of his departure from Bath, and renewed his addresses to Charlotte, who, concluding from her lover's behaviour, that he was guilty of the accusation lodged against him in the letter which she had received concerning his prior marriage, listened to them, and was in a few weeks Mrs. Thomas Deering.

Tom, as soon as he had carried his design completely into execution, wrote a few lines to the friend who had urged him to pay no regard to *honour* to accomplish his wishes of any kind; but, being suddenly called away, left his letter unfinished upon the table.

Charlotte, having some business in the room in a short time afterwards, and perceiving her name mentioned in the letter while she was passing by the table, was, insensibly, led by curiosity to peruse the contents of it.

The contents of it threw her into a condition which no words can describe. She read them over and over with increased torture. She found that the writer of them had obtained her consent to be married to him by very iniquitously setting his brother and her at variance.

While she was re-perusing the heart-affecting scroll, Tom entered the room, unseen, unheard by her, and coming up hastily behind her, snatched his letter out of her hand.

"What do you mean, madam, by this impertinent proceeding?" said he, fiercely.

"I mean, Sir," replied Charlotte, with equal spirit, tearing the letter in pieces, "to have no farther connections with a man whose behaviour to me has been so infamous."

With that answer she quitted the room, went immediately to her aunt, acquainted her with the discovery she had made, and would on no account return to her husband.

Mrs. Deering was not a little concerned at the breach between her son George and Miss Gratton; but as she imputed it entirely to the preference she had given Tom to his brother, she was soon reconciled to the alteration in her choice, and was very well pleased with the thoughts of being still related to her. When she was in-

formed of the real cause of *that* breach, she reflected upon Tom's conduct with the abhorrence it deserved.

By his base and unjustifiable proceedings Tom not only rendered his mother, his brother, and his wife extremely unhappy; but was severely punished for his perfidy. Unable to bear the piercing stings of a reproaching conscience, one morning he became so much agitated, that the servant who dressed him, seeing a penknife upon the table, carefully removed it, fearful of his making an improper use of it.

While the servant was going with the knife to another apartment, Tom's favourite dog ran into the room, and instead of jumping up, as usual, to be fondled, snapped at him, and bit his leg. The wound was fatal: he died in a few days, raving.

The MOURNING BRIDEGROOM.

A MORAL TALE.

WE are very apt to imagine that the possession of what we ardently desire will make us happy; but it is very certain that the completion of our wishes is not always attended with felicity. Volumes have been written in prose and verse on the variety of human wishes, but to no purpose. We still wish on, and are still disappointed.

Mr. Dobson, the son of an eminent woollen-draper, and in partnership with his father, a young fellow extremely agreeable in his person, sober, sensible, and industrious, having met with a Miss Oswald, one summer, at Margate, and danced with her several times, became so much charmed with her face, figure, conversation, and, indeed, whole carriage, that he could not help making her acquainted with the impression which she had made on his heart: he disclosed his passion with much modesty and politeness; but at the same time with a warmth sufficient to evince the sincerity of it. As Miss Oswald really beheld him with favourable eyes, and was flattered by his particular behaviour to her, she gave him all the encouragement which delicacy permitted.

An aunt, a mighty good kind of woman, who attended her, was also partial to Mr. Dobson, so that he was induced to believe that he should meet with no obstacles to the fruition of his desires. He was very well assured, from the affectionate tenderness with which his father had ever treated him, that he should not have

his

his disapprobation to dishearten him ; and as he was superior to the lady in point of fortune, he apprehended no objection from any person related to her. He was, therefore, excessively shocked, when he applied to Mrs. Oswald, Lucy's mother (on her return from a visit in another part of the country,) to find that *her* consent was not to be expected.

Mrs. Oswald was the widow of an officer in a marching-regiment : she was of a genteel family, and exceedingly proud : she piqued herself, very ridiculously, upon her blood ; and frequently threw herself into laughable situations by boasting of her ancestors.

From this single *trait* the following little dialogue between Mrs. Oswald and Mr. Dobson will not, perhaps, be deemed extravagant : those who find themselves disposed to pronounce it so are intreated to consider how many colloquies which have really been *spoken* would stagger even *credulity*, if they were written.

Mrs. Oswald. Indeed, Sir, I think you guilty of a great piece of impertinence, by presuming to form an alliance with *my* family.

Mr. Dobson. As to your family, madam, I flatter myself that I shall not disgrace it by marrying Miss Oswald : and as to fortune—

Mrs. Oswald. O, Sir, you may stand upon your fortune as much as you please : and it will, no doubt, recommend you to some tradesman's daughter ; but Lucy shall never be married to a man who keeps a shop.

Mr. Dobson. I am ready to marry her, madam, without a shilling.

Mrs. Oswald. No, Sir, if you was a man of birth, I should not have the least objection to you ; but as you are at present circumstanced, I cannot possibly accede to your proposals.

Dobson, not being able to draw a more satisfactory answer than the last from her, by all the sensible efforts he made to shew the futility of her family-pride, respectfully bowed, and quitted the room. Discouraged by his visit, he retired, but not entirely hopeless ; for Lucy, who had overheard the conversation between her lover and her mother, in an adjoining apartment, stole out, and, at the door of it, convinced him by some significant looks, that she would never be united to any other man. Charmed with those smiles, though far from being satisfied with his situation, he left the house.

When two people are thoroughly enamoured with each other, opposition only

serves to render them doubly eager to be inseparably united. This assertion will never, I trust, be controverted by any *true lovers* : such lovers were Dobson and his Lucy. The former finding in a short time that Mrs. Oswald was taking steps to marry her daughter to a *gentleman of family*, to whom she had a singular aversion, requested his father to give *his* consent to a marriage on which the happiness of his future life depended.

Mr. Dobson, when his son had acquainted him with the exact state of his case, told him freely, yet in a very affectionate manner, that though he by no means insisted upon his marrying a woman of fortune, as money alone would not make matrimony productive of felicity, and that though he had no objection to the lady whom he had chosen for his wife, he could not give his approbation till Mrs. Oswald had thought proper to approve of him for a son-in-law.---“ Mrs. Oswald,” added he, “ may be rendered very unhappy by her daughter's being married to you ; what you have related to me about her convinces me she would. I place myself in her situation ; I should be extremely uneasy, Harry, were *you* to marry a woman whom I could not receive with pleasure.”

Harry was not a little disappointed and chagrined at so unexpected a reply, having entertained no doubts with regard to his consent : and his vexation was the more acute, as he was morally certain Mrs. Oswald would never be brought to behold him in the wished-for light. However, as he was too much in love with his Lucy to leave any thing undone which might be performed to facilitate his union with her, he made another visit to Mrs. Oswald, with the same success he met with in the preceding one.

“ I acquainted you, Sir, when you was last here with my resolution ; and I shall never change it : I will rather die than do any thing to degrade my family.”

This was the only answer he could obtain from her, while her face glowed with false pride, after all his efforts to infuse more rational notions into her mind than those which she had imbibed from an absurd education.

Harry, finding it impossible to render himself completely happy with his father's and with Mrs. Oswald's consent, urged Lucy, with whom he had many private interviews, at the house of Mrs. Bynnel, her aunt, to agree to a clandestine marriage.

Lucy was complying : she only desired that her aunt might be consulted.

Mrs. Bynnel, being consulted, came entirely into Mr. Dobson's design, and in order to enable him to carry it into execution without interruption, intreated her sister to let Lucy stay a month with her at Twickenham. Mrs. Oswald, unsuspecting, assented to Mrs. Bynnel's request without the least hesitation.

Harry now began to feel himself extremely well pleased with his prospects. When the day for his wedding arrived, he rose in high spirits, and vented his transports in language very similar to that adopted by the most romantic lovers. Lucy, however, being quite satisfied with his heart made proper allowances for the lively effusions of his lips.

During his little ride to the spot on which his happiness was to be completed, he more than once seized Mrs. Bynnel's hand, and thanked her in the warmest manner for her most friendly behaviour ; and just before the coach stopped, he broke out in the following rapturous strain, " How infinitely am I obliged to you, madam, for so kindly assisting us," looking at Lucy tenderly, " upon this joyful occasion ! I am now blest beyond expression. I now defy the world : nothing can destroy my felicity.---With my dearest Lucy," looking at her again with additional tenderness. " I shall never feel any disquiet."

Mrs. Bynnel was pleased with Harry's vivacity ; but she thought his vanity wanted some correction.

" I hope you never will," replied she, laughing, " but you talk like a young man ; when you grow older, you will discover less presumption."

Harry laughed, but had something else to do than to make an answer.

After the ceremony was performed they returned to Twickenham, and in the evening went to Love's theatre, at Richmond. The exhibition there was truly comic, and Harry was doubly delighted to see his Lucy and her aunt relish all the wit and humour in the pieces represented.

Harry, having seated Mrs. Bynnel in the carriage which waited for them, gave his hand to his wife with sparkling eyes, which sufficiently announced the happiness of his heart. Just as she was stepping into it the horses started, and she fell to the ground : the horses ran away, and the hind wheel went over her body. She was taken up without any signs of life, and carried to the house of a very humane gentleman

not far from the theatre, who had kindly lent his assistance to her husband, but in vain, to remove her from her dangerous situation before the wheel was in motion.

While the surgeon was bleeding her, Mrs. Bynnel came in, having been only very much frightened, and was encouraged by him to believe that her niece was in no dangerous way. This unfortunate accident, however, proved fatal to poor Lucy : she lingered a few days in great pain, from the internal bruises she had received, and then died in agonies not to be described. Harry, when he reflected upon her death, and his own presumption, was for a considerable time in a state of distraction.

MANNERS and CUSTOMS of
the EGYPTIANS, continued from
Page 184.

THE following account of some of the customs of the Egyptians, especially the manner of burying their dead, which we shall add as a kind of a sequel to the foregoing, will shew, that it was an invariable maxim with them, both by their laws and customs, to make all men either good magistrates or subjects, useful members to society, beneficial to themselves, and to posterity.

It was a custom among the Egyptians to shew a very particular respect and veneration for old age ; the younger being obliged to rise to the more ancient, and to resign the place of honour to them upon all occasions. But the virtue which was held in the greatest esteem amongst them, was gratitude, or an acknowledgement of favours and benefits received. The glory which has been given them of being the most grateful of all men, shews evidently that they were likewise the most serviceable ; benefits being the bond of concord, whether public or private. Those who acknowledge favours, love to return them ; and ingratitude being once banished, the pleasure of doing good is so pure, so much without any alloy, and has so many charms, that it is impossible not to be sensible thereof. But there was not any sort of gratitude which gave the Egyptians so pleasing a satisfaction, as that which they paid to their sovereigns. They honoured their monarchs, whilst living, as so many visible representatives of the Deity ; and at their deaths, they

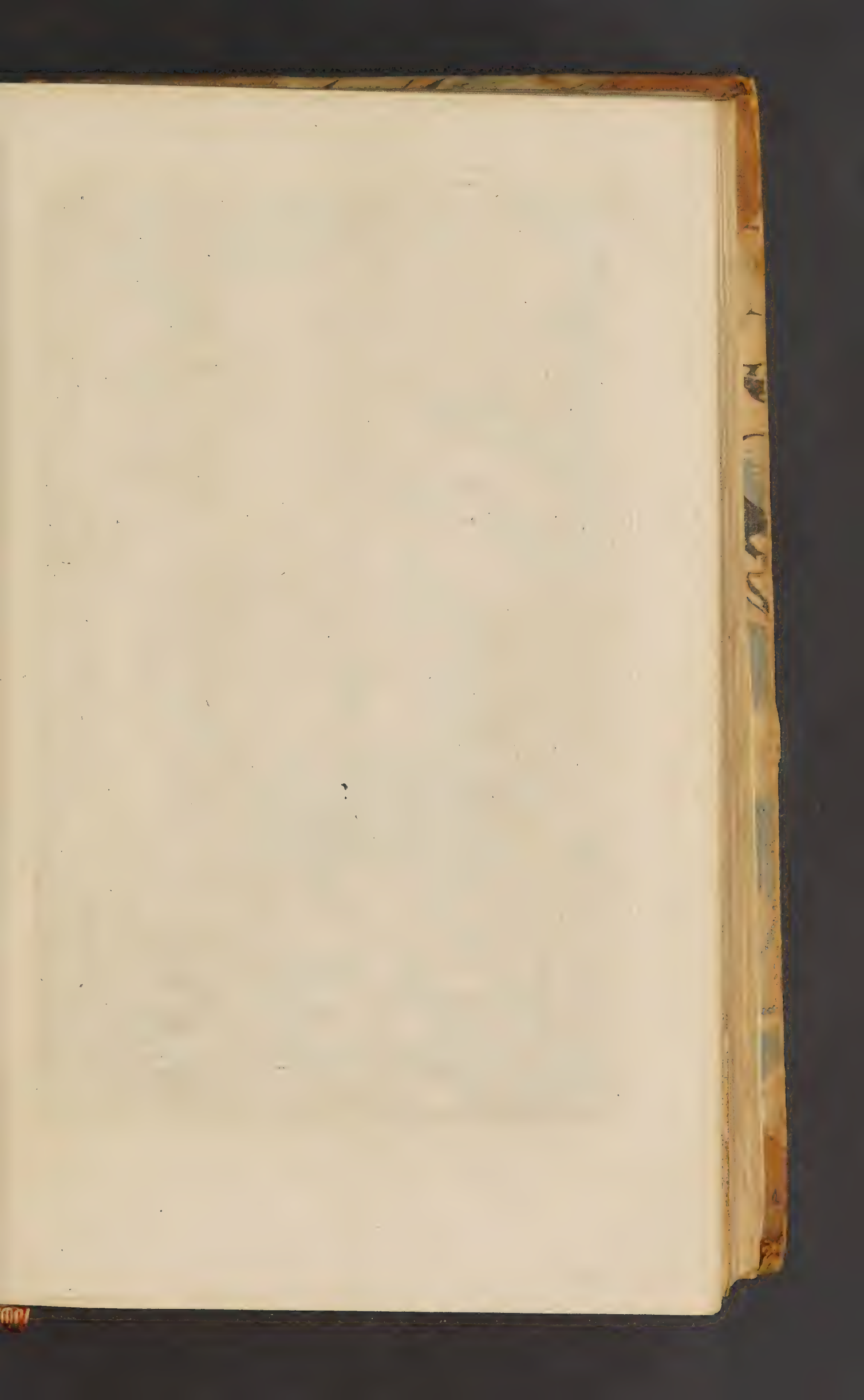
they mourned for them as the fathers of their country. These sentiments of tenderness and respect proceeded from their having imbibed a strong persuasion, that it was the gods themselves who had placed them upon the throne, and given them so distinguished a preference to all other mortals; as also, that kings were invested with the noblest and greatest of characters, as the will and power of doing good to others were united in their persons.

We now come to the extraordinary manner in which the Egyptians treated their dead bodies, and the particular ceremonies observed by them at their funerals: all of which are highly deserving of attention. When any person quitted this stage of existence, all his relations and friends immediately threw off their usual habits, put on mourning, and abstained from baths, wine, and every kind of diversion. This mourning generally lasted forty or fifty days. The first business entered upon, was the embalming the body: this being done, it was then delivered to the relations and friends, who placed it in an open chest or coffin, fitted exactly to the size of the deceased person, which coffin was afterwards fixed upright against the wall, either in their sepulchres, if they had any, or in their houses. Nor was this extraordinary care useless, even to those who survived; for children, by seeing the bodies of their ancestors thus preserved, recalled to mind those virtues for which the public had honoured them, and were excited to a love of those laws which such excellent persons had left for their observance and security.

We have already observed, that the public paid their acknowledgments to the virtues of the deceased, and for this there was very good reason; since before any body could be admitted into the sacred asylum of the silent tomb, it was obliged to undergo a very solemn and formal trial, by the most impartial judges. It is a great comfort to a dying man to leave a good name behind him; and this is the only human blessing of which it is not in the power of death to deprive us. But the wise Egyptians would by no means suffer praises to be bestowed indifferently upon all the dead. This honour was to be obtained from the public voice; and the manner of conferring it was as follows: as soon as any person was dead, he was brought to his trial before an assembly of judges, met expressly for that purpose;

and an impartial account was given, by the persons appointed for that purpose, of the whole tenor of his conduct, whilst alive: if it had been regular and commendable, he was allowed the usual funeral honours, and his memory was respected. But if, on the contrary, it was proved that the life of the deceased had been impious and scandalous, his memory was branded with infamy, and his body deprived of the rites of sepulture. It is easy to imagine, that the people must be sensibly affected with laws and customs, whose power extended beyond death; and every one, moved with the disgrace inflicted on the dead person, was afraid both of entailing dishonour upon his own memory, and bringing a reproach upon his family.

But what was most astonishing in this public enquiry into the conduct of the dead, was, that the throne itself could not protect any one from it. Kings were spared during their lives, because the public peace required this forbearance; but their exalted rank did not exempt them from undergoing the same trial as the rest of the dead: and some of them were deprived of sepulture. This practice gave monarchs to understand, that notwithstanding their royalty placed them above the reach of human judgment, whilst they were alive, they must come to it at last, when death had reduced them to a level with the meanest of their subjects. When a favourable sentence had been passed upon the person deceased, the next thing was to proceed to the ceremonies previous to the depositing the body in the sepulchre; and the first of these was the pronouncing a panegyric or eulogy on the deceased. Herein no mention was made of his birth, because every Egyptian was esteemed noble; and no encomium was reckoned either valuable, or real, which was not founded upon the personal merit of the dead person. He was therefore only commended upon account of having improved himself in his younger years, by receiving readily the excellent education bestowed on him; and for having behaved with piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and for being endued with affability, sweetness of temper, modesty, moderation, and all the other virtues requisite to form the character of a good man. Then the whole assembly joined in their prayers to heaven, that the deceased might be admitted into the society of the righteous, and might be made partaker of their eternal happiness.



The Trial of 'M. D' Eonby, A Jury of Matrons.

Nº 15.



The Examination of a Jury of Matrons upon the Body of the Chevalier D'E--n, at Medmenham-Abbey, on the 24th Day of May, 1771.

Illustrated with a fine Copper-Plate, representing the Jury, and the Chevalier under Consideration.

THE polite and stock-jobbing world have for several weeks been deeply engaged in a discovery said to be made relative to the sex of the chevalier D'E--n, who has appeared so conspicuously on the theatre of politics as a member of the diplomatic body. His sudden disappearance this month has again renewed the curiosity of the ladies, and the attention of Change-Alley, and furnished fresh matter for the exploring speculations of politicians. In the mean while we have received advice from one of our intelligent correspondents, that the chevalier resolving to do himself justice, and prove his virility, had solicited several ladies of the first fashion, well known in the republic of gallantry, and compleatly qualified for the office, to form a jury of matrons; and that they had accordingly fixed upon Medmenham-Abbey*, in Buckinghamshire, as the properest spot for this examination.

Our correspondent adds, that they entered upon this enquiry last week, and that he had found means to obtain a copy of their minutes, which he has transmitted us, and are as follow:

Lady Har——n in the Chair.

Ladies of this honourable Jury,

“The subject before us is of the utmost importance to the rising generation, and therefore merits our greatest attention and discrimination; for, if under the appearance of a male figure, any of our daughters should be so far imposed upon as to wed a woman, or even an hermaphrodite, what a disappointment must it not only be to them, but our families, which may by that means become extinct! Hence all will the number of honourable adulteresses be increased, and divorces multiplied, much to our dishonour, though we are in a great measure blameless; and let me tell you, ladies, I shrewdly suspect, and with great reason, that it is to this, or some such similar cause, that the present

* The Abbey of the monks of St. Francis, of which we have given an account, vol. I. page 122.

period is so particularly stigmatized with detections of infidelity and suits for crim. con. and, therefore, the more strenuously recommend to you the nicest examination, and most impartial disquisition of the premises, and propose L--y R——d, as the properest person for inspectress, she being the best qualified to handle the matter in debate.”

L--y R——d was accordingly unanimously appointed inspectress of the chevalier, or *chevaliere* D'E--n, as it might hereafter appear.

L--y R——d curtsied for the honour conferred upon her, and repaired to the pedestal on which the figure in question was placed.

L--y T——d. I acknowledge my surprise at this very extraordinary speculation; yet when I consider, that though the chevalier was a scholar, and a man of parts, and notwithstanding he has in his *Mémoires* taken the utmost pains to display his abilities upon every occasion, as he never mentions a single intrigue, or so much as one woman, to whom he gives the preference, I had upon the perusal some doubts concerning his not being very fond of the sex; but this examination will clear up how far they were well or ill founded.

L--y G——r. Upon my word, I think he has too much sense to be a woman's man; for all my lovers have been fools, and could never write a tittle better than myself; so that when I looked into his *Mémoires*, and was told what a fine author he was, I concluded that he would never pay his addresses to me, and that our epistolary correspondence would never be published.

L--y Sarah E——y. I am much of lady Gro——r's way of thinking: but I have still better reasons for my believing him no way fond of our sex; for though I threw out every possible lure to induce him to make overtures to me, and almost solicited him to my bed, I never could get a tender thing from him; besides, I observed he had little or no beard, and that he always avoided entering upon amorous subjects.

L--y Lig——r. Well, say what you will against the foreigners, I am sure they are fine fellows. Is there ever an officer of the guards that eclipses count Alt——ri? I am sure he is a woman's man, as I have experienced to my cost; and am pretty certain that if I had the chevalier at C——m, I could prove his sex beyond a doubt.

L--y R---y. I have lately been so hurried with my own amours, that I have had no time to think of the intrigues of any one else; but I recollect when the chevalier paid us a visit at Greenwich about six years ago, he was said then to have an intrigue with an *oyster girl* at the Ship; but the chevalier took particular pains to clear himself from the aspersions, and we all believed him innocent. I know not whether this will make for or against him; but the girl was brought to bed of a fine chopping boy about two months after, and I believe the chevalier was obliged to pay hush money.

The *D. of M.* I always thought there was something feminine in his gait and countenance, and ever considered the assertion of the *Quarante* writer, when he declared the Chevalier D'Eon had no *longer any character* as a prognostic, that one day or other he would be disqualified from virility; and the time is now come for fulfilling it.

L--y H---n. Pray, lady *R--d*, what progress have you made in this inquiry?

L--y R--d. From some accidental circumstances, relaxation from the warmth of the weather, or a tremor with which the chevalier seems to be seized, I can only, at present, pronounce the matter DOUBTFUL.

It was then resolved to adjourn; and that the jury should meet on the 3d of June, to determine finally whether the *chevalier--e* should remain of the *Epicene* gender.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

COMING home a few nights ago from a friend's house not far from Piccadilly, I met with a whimsical adventure, which however gave rise to a train of serious reflections.

Perceiving two gentlemen advance towards me with very irregular motions, as they had evidently made too liberal libations to the *jolly red god*, I turned out of the path I was in, to post myself at the corner of a court, that I might not interrupt them in their curvatures; but before I could reach the spot I had in view, one of them suddenly quitted his companion, and staggering up to me, caught hold of my arm. "I will--al--ways," cried he, not without many inflections of his body, and almost momentary eruc-

tations, "I will--al--ways--stand--by my princi--ples--by G---."

When he had with much difficulty, *with much difficulty and labour*, uttered these few words, he fell down flat on his face.

I pitied the poor gentleman extremely for his inability to keep his person upright, though I knew nothing about his principles; but I could not at the same time help laughing at the grotesque appearance which he made, sprawling on the pavement, and repeating the abovementioned words, though I was shocked at the embellishments with which they were accompanied.

My pity and my laughter were increased when I saw the other gentleman, by endeavouring to raise his prostrate companion from the ground, throw himself precisely into the same helpless condition.

At that instant a friend to them both appeared. With the assistance of some stout fellows, whom curiosity had brought round us, we put the pair of irrationals into a hackney coach. Their friend humanely got into the coach after them, in order to convey them safely to their respective homes. I was sorry, I must own, to find, upon enquiry, that the aforesaid gentlemen had been distinguishing themselves in a patriotic manner at a neighbouring tavern, as I thought that they had done no credit to the cause of freedom by the liberties which they had taken with their understandings. Every conscientious man will, indeed, always stand by his principles as long as he can; but every prudent man will take care not to fall into a situation which may render him incapable of supporting them, or himself.

I am,

Sir,

Yours, as usual,

GEORGE AMBLER.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WE are informed by antient historians that Philip king of Macedon derived considerable entertainment from the extravagance and follies of those with whom he conversed. Menecrates the physician was mad enough to fancy himself Jupiter, and is said to have written a letter to Philip conceived in these terms:

I

Me-

“Menecrates Jupiter, to king Philip,
health!

“YOU reign in Macedon, I am sovereign in physic. I save the sick; you destroy the healthy, farewell.”

To which Philip returned this answer.

“KING Philip to Menecrates wishes good sense.”

The spirit of this short epistle is, it must be confessed, much lowered by translation, as it consists in the equivocal signification of the *Greek* word for *health*, which is indiscriminately applied to soundness either of mind or body: however, I shall, in the following supplement, consider the intellectual sense of it.

When I read the above story last night in Dr. Leland's well-written life of the celebrated Macedonian monarch, I could not help reflecting upon the number of *political empirics* swarming in this metropolis, who are ready with their *pens*, and would doubtless be as ready with their *tongues*, if permitted to give our amiable king sage counsel concerning the British constitution. With *that* constitution they pretend to be intimately acquainted, and scribble down, with all the extravagance of presumption, such remedies as will, they imagine, produce a radical cure: but the remedies proposed by *them* no regular-bred political physician will venture on any account to prescribe, from a wise supposition, most probably, that violent applications would only throw their infirm patient into strong convulsions, and hurry on her dissolution. Now, Mr. Hamilton, if his *m——y* should by chance cast his eye upon any of the prescriptions committed to paper by the political quacks among his loving, admonishing, and free-writing subjects, may he not with great propriety, after king Philip's example, with his conceited monitors *good sense* (at least *good-manners*) though he cannot be *entertained* with their advice?

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PHILO-REGIS.

An original Letter from a Gentleman belonging to the B——k, to his Friend in the Country.

Dear Bob,

“THOUGH I wrote a long letter to you a few evenings ago, and have not received any answer to it, I cannot

restrain myself from troubling you with another just now. However, for your comfort, it shall, I promise you, be a short one. I only take up my pen to acquaint you with the insanity of poor Mrs. B—— of your town, at present in London. “Insanity!” say you, with astonishment. Ay, you will be surprised indeed, but she has behaved in such an absurd manner that I do not know how to account for the oddness of her behaviour, without suspecting the soundness of her intellects. In few words, Mrs. B—— came to me yesterday morning in a violent pucker, to use her own word upon the occasion, and desired me to sell out five thousand pounds for her. “And pray, Sir, added she, looking like a hunted hare, let it be all in guineas, and good guineas too; I would not touch a bank note for the world in these troublesome times.” You may be sure I had too great a regard for her interest to comply with her request about her principal. At first I endeavoured to laugh her out of her fears; but finding her not in a condition to be made wise by raillery, I had recourse to the most solid reasoning I could muster up, and luckily sent her away willing to believe that her money was much safer in Threadneedle Street than in her own hands. When she returns to D——, you will, I hope, do all in your power to prevent a relapse.

Yours,

G. S.”

On PUBLIC PLACES.

THERE is nothing perhaps presents us with more exact or more frequent pictures of human life in general than those kind of public meetings which periodically draw together a concourse of a great variety of persons of all kinds and stations, and for all manner of purposes: here are diseases and health, gay diversions and grinding pains, kill-time amusements, and languid spirits. Music, dancing, cards, and a mixed company of people, who seem to have entered into a combination of appearing outwardly pleased with each other (whatever heart-burnings there may be within) are almost all the ingredients which constitute what is generally called a *public place*.

K k 2

To

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I AM surprised that a remarkable oddity has so long eluded your hunter, who is very keen at the sport; but lest he should go out of the world without being properly noticed, I beg leave to give a sketch of him to your readers.

Billy Seebright is the son of a painter, who attained some eminence in his profession; but Billy displaying no genius either for the fine arts, or the more noble sciences, after having learnt to write a tolerable good hand, and the common rules of arithmetic, which formed the utmost extent of his abilities, his father found interest to obtain for him a place in the customs; and he has by gradation risen to a post of considerable profit.

Nature had not bestowed ideas in profusion upon him; neither had she given him a very recommendable person: he endeavoured, however, to make amends for the last deficiency by the ornaments of dress. But having very little taste, and less judgment, the more he exhausted his pocket and his fancy in this respect, the more ridiculous he became; and when he imagined he had attained the finished fine gentleman, he was often taken for a dancing-master, or a quack.

Being thus equipped, he frequented most public places, and was indeed very conspicuous; for as he was far from being the most entertaining companion, his conversation was not much sought for; and he most frequently appeared *solus* in the Mall, or at Ranelagh. It was to Billy Seebright that mad W—nne, as he was called, said one evening at the last of these placés, “Pray, Sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question?”—“What is it, Sir?” “Shall I beg to know where your taylor lives?” In ——— Street.” “I am much obliged to you, Sir; and I shall take particular care never to employ him.”

From this interrogation it will appear pretty evident that the cut of Billy's cloaths was not the most fashionable: he, nevertheless, made his appearance constantly at court every Sunday, walking full dressed from Cavendish-Square to St. James's. He had stood by lady H——n two successive Sundays (being a professed admirer of her ladyship) and the having gained intimation who he was, she said aloud the third Sunday, “Good heaven! what a stink of train-oil and turpentine; there certainly must be an exciseman or custom-house

officer very near at hand.” Billy sneaked off, and was never afterwards heard to pay her ladyship a single encomium.

His amours never made any noise till he was upon the point of settling half his income upon a girl of the town, for having flattered him into the opinion that she believed he was a handsome fellow. He communicated his design to a friend in the law, who dissuaded him from so destructive a measure. Billy listened, though he did not understand his friend's arguments, and was therefore still resolved to make his dear Nancy, in whose eyes he was the cleverest fellow in the world, compleatly happy; but accident operated what reason would not effect: an old governor took her into keeping before the writings were drawn. Highly mortified at this disappointment, he resolved to marry: and he soon met with a female who was quite to his mind. She having found out his *very* weak side, persuaded him (which was easily done) that he was not only a very handsome, but a very sensible man; and particularly that some eruptions about his face were not pimples, but the florid hue of health and vigour. This last discovery rivetted his chains. “My dear Betsey,” said he, “I have long had doubts concerning this florid hue; but now you have convinced me that you can distinguish health and merit, and as I appear so amiable in your eyes, I flatter myself you will not reject my hand, as you have already possessed my heart.”

They were married; but the very first week she rectified her mistake, and pronounced his pimples carbuncles; and her sensible lover a very weak husband. Poor Billy's vanity is greatly diminished since this connubial alliance: he seldom goes to court, and as seldom to Ranelagh; but he is in great expectation of soon resuming his former gaiety, as his *cara sposa* is very ill of an inflammatory sore throat, and the doctor has just given him hopes—*she cannot live twenty-four hours.*

Another Hunter of Oddities.

MEMOIRS of Ninon de L'Enclos, concluded
from Page 192.

NINON, even when advanced in years, was still capable of kindling the ardent flame of love. This the abbé de Chauvieu experienced, and he pleasantly said, “that Cupid lay in ambush in the very wrinkles of her forehead.” Her adventure with the abbé Gedoyne is a still stronger evidence of this assertion. This
abbé

abbé was presented to her in 1696. He was then in his twenty-ninth year, and she bordered upon fourscore; nevertheless, either from the caprice of passion, or unaccountable enchantment, he was deeply in love with her, and importuned her so strongly, that Ninon consented to listen to him. But she would not agree to make him happy till the expiration of a certain period. The happy moment being come, he found her reclined upon a sofa; when he fell upon his knees, and conjured her in the name of the most tender passion, to fulfil the promise she had made. The abbé did not long solicit. Enchanted with his good fortune, he begged she would tell him why she had compelled him so long to languish. "Alas! my dear abbé," she replied, "I have been as great a sufferer as yourself; but it was the effect of a little spice of vanity which I still retain. I was willing, for the rarity of the occurrence, to wait till I had accomplished my eightieth year, which did not take place till last night." This amorous correspondence continued a year; and Ninon was the first who broke the alliance. The abbé was sensibly affected at this rupture: he continued, nevertheless, to visit, love, and esteem her.

Ninon, in the course of her gallantries, gave birth to two children, the first of whom occasioned a remarkable dispute between the count d'Estrées, and the abbé d'Effat, who both laid claim to the honour of being his father. Whether this contest diverted Ninon, or whether she was not certain how to decide, she would not determine the dispute. After much altercation the rival-fathers agreed to settle the point by casting lots; and the dice gave it to the count d'Estrées, who was afterwards marshal of France, and vice-admiral. He placed the youth in the navy; and he died so late as the year 1732, captain of a ship of war. The father of her second son had no doubts concerning his offspring: this was the marquis De Gersey. The shocking catastrophe which terminated the life of this son is very singular. The marquis De Gersey had brought him up under the name of the chevalier De Villiers, and the secret of his birth had been carefully concealed from him. Ninon, nevertheless, allowed him sometimes to visit by way of holiday and recreation. He usually, upon these occasions, passed some days at her house, and she treated him as a distant relation, whose education she had taken upon herself, and acted towards him seemingly only through a principle of generosity.

But these days of innocent recreation soon became to him the most fatal of his life. This young man, born with a warm constitution, and a tender heart, could not defend it from Ninon's charms. In a word, though she was then fifty years old, she was still in the meridian of her beauty. She perceived the growing passion of the chevalier, without being alarmed. She judged it was only the fire of youth, which would extinguish itself. She was unacquainted with the violent disposition of her unfortunate son. He one day threw himself at her feet, and in embracing her hand, he declared his love in the most tender and passionate terms. Ninon, without any apparent emotion, made him rise immediately, and coolly replied, "he was too young to talk to her of love, and she too old to listen to him." He renewed his solicitations, protested he adored her, and that nothing but death could relieve him, if she beheld him with indifference. Ninon then spoke to him with some severity; she threatened never to see him again, if he dared mention another syllable to her upon the subject, and bid him instantly depart. The chevalier abandoned himself to the most melancholy despair. Ninon acquainted M. De Gersey with what had happened, who advised her to discover the secret to him, since it could be no longer kept with propriety. She accordingly wrote to her son to meet her at her little retreat in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He flew to her as soon as he received the message. He found her walking in the garden, when he threw himself at her knees, and seizing one of her hands, bathed it in tears. Intoxicated with his passion, he was going to the utmost lengths. "Stop," said she, "wretch as thou art, and behold thy mother with horror and remorse, instead of incestuous lust!" At these words the youth, thunderstruck, stood motionless: a deadly pale seized his visage; not daring to look towards his mother, his eyes were rivetted to the earth; when, on a sudden, he quitted her with precipitation, and without uttering a syllable, retiring into a little arbour, his sword took vengeance for the intended crime. Ninon, overwhelmed with grief, did not think of following him directly; but at length not perceiving him return, her fears led her to the spot where he lay breathing his last. His eyes, almost closed in death, he fixed upon her, and striving to utter some words, probably criminal, hastened the last sigh of nature. To attempt describing the effects this horrid spectacle had on Ninon, would

be beyond the power of words. Suffice it to say, that her shrieks and outcries soon brought several attendants, whose assistance came too late. Her friends sedulously strove to keep this melancholy transaction a secret to the public; but it was of too extraordinary a nature to be long concealed.

From the time of this unhappy event, Ninon began to seclude herself from the world. She contented herself, as St. Evremont tells us, with the ease and tranquillity of life, after being hurried through the greatest part of it by the rapidity of the most volatile passions.

Madame de Maintenon, who had been the friend and companion of Ninon, did not forget her in her elevated fortune. She even offered mademoiselle De L'Enclos an apartment at Versailles; but our heroine thanked her, saying, "She was too old to learn the art of dissimulation and constraint." She, however, assisted one day at mass at the chapel of Versailles, Louis XIV. having testified a strong curiosity of seeing this very extraordinary woman.

When Christina, queen of Sweden, came to Paris, she did not think it beneath her to visit Ninon. The queen was enchanted with her conversation: she loaded her with praises and presents, and strove to persuade mademoiselle De L'Enclos to accompany her to Rome; but Ninon resisted her intreaties in a becoming manner. Christina told her at parting, that she had found no other woman in France who had pleased her so much as Ninon. Probably a conformity of character did not a little conduce to this esteem. Christina, who was no more a prude than Ninon, used to repeat with pleasure an expression of mademoiselle De L'Enclos, who talking of prudes, called them the *Jansenis of love*.

Mademoiselle De L'Enclos had not omitted to polish herself with reading the best authors; and the great genius's of the time paid their court to her: but she could not endure those pedants who cannot utter four words without a quotation. One day as the celebrated painter Mignard was upon a visit to her, he lamented before some of these book-worms, that his daughter, who was very beautiful, and was afterwards the countess of Feuquieres, had a very indifferent memory: "You are too happy, Sir," said Ninon, "*she will never pester you with quotations.*"

We may reasonably suppose that the conspicuous part she acted upon the theatre of gallantry must often have attracted the

shafts of satire; and we find in the songs and epigrams of the time, that she was not spared.

Father Orleans, the Jesuit, and author of the *Revolutions of England*, said to her one day upon the subject of faith, "Well, madam, till such time as you are convinced and believe, offer up at least to heaven your incredulity." Rousseau threw this afterwards into an epigram.

Moliere, a few days before he brought his *Tartuffe* upon the stage, being in company when the power of imitation was the subject of conversation, was asked, "How happened it that the same ridicule which so often escaped us in the original, should strike us very forcibly in the copy?" He replied, "But do we then see it with the eyes of the original, which are better than our own; for," added he, "the talent of perceiving it through our own eyes, is not bestowed on every one." He then upon mentioned mademoiselle De L'Enclos, as a person who was the most incapable of any one he had ever met with, of making this discovery, and upon whom it made the strongest and most lively impression; and he said, "that having the preceding day read to her his *Tartuffe*, to consult with her, as he always did upon every thing he wrote, she had repaid him in ready money, by relating to him an adventure she had had with just such a character; and that she had given so lively and picturesque a portrait of the *animal*, that if he had not wrote his piece, he should certainly never have undertaken it." Said he, "*It is impossible to bring any thing upon the stage so perfect as mademoiselle Ninon's Tartuffe.*"

Voltaire, when he was a boy, was presented to her towards the close of her life. He was then scarce thirteen years' old: nevertheless, Ninon discovered by his ingenious and ready answers that genius which should one day attain the summit of fame; and she testified her esteem for him by a legacy of two thousand livres, which she bequeathed him to purchase a library.

This illustrious woman, who has never been paralleled, retained to her last moment her agreeable disposition and her freedom of sentiment. The day before her death she wrote an epigram, which demonstrated the tranquility of her mind.

She was born at Paris in 1615, and died in the same city in October 1705, aged ninety.

MEMOIRS of a NABOB.

THE hero we are now going to lay before our readers is the nabob of nabobs, as well here as in Asia. From a low estate he has risen, by means of his eastern pursuits not only to the highest pinnacle of wealth, but to some of the greatest honours and titles of these kingdoms.

This gentleman, whom we shall stile Nero Asiaticus, was born in the year 1726. After having received a common education at a grammar school, he was placed in a merchant's counting house in the city, and whilst he was officiating in this capacity, he married the daughter of a clerk in a public office. His salary being too small to support himself and family, he, by the interposition of baron C— (a near relation and father-in-law to a celebrated actress who has now quitted the stage*) was appointed a writer in the East India company's service; and in this capacity he first visited Asia.

Nero Asiaticus, in the war of 1756, having quitted the pen for the sword, shared in all the spoils of those lucrative campaigns, and gradually obtained the command in chief of the national as well as the company's forces in B—l, and was also appointed governor of that province.

The Nabob Sen Rajah, having in 1756 driven the English from their factories, they returned, and by their superior military skill attacked him with great success, deprived him of his government and life, and created in his stead Meyer Jaffier Alli Cawn nabob, who had been chiefly instrumental in their success. In return for the high distinction the English bestowed on him, he distributed among them all the treasure of his predecessor; and making over to them two of his richest provinces for the payment of a farther sum, increased the company's territories there by the accession of a large tract of land. But he himself, with his whole country, was under their power and protection.

The great success of Nero, who with a mere handful of men defeated the whole power of that country, and almost changed the face of their government, conveys to us the meanest idea of the military force of that part of the world; but when Nero attacked Sen Rajah Dowlah, the natives had never even seen an European force in the field. Their large armies,

maintained for parade, had never served but to repel the light incursions of their equally unwarlike neighbours. The then prince was hated and dreaded by all his subjects, more particularly such as were nearest his person, they being continually subject to the grossest insults, and even in apprehension of their lives; to secure which they were ready to join the first enemy that should appear. The detested nabob being devoted to destruction by those he trusted, fell an easy conquest, when, by the counsel of his treacherous ministers, he came to an engagement. Unluckily for him, his only faithful general was killed by a cannon ball in the very beginning of the action, and one half of his army either fled off towards the enemy, or shewed they had no intention to fight for him; while the other half, intimidated and suspecting one another, dispersed almost of themselves. Thus the nabob, finding himself betrayed by those in whom he reposed the greatest confidence, fled; but being overtaken was slain by the son of him who was designed to fill his place.

Yet this was the great battle of P—y, from whence Nero has derived so much glory and renown, and which will transmit titles and honours to his posterity. This battle, however, was of the greatest importance to the East-India company as well as Nero, as it established their power upon the firmest basis, and extended his own influence and authority to the utmost latitude of his wishes.

In the capacity of governor of B—l, he amassed amazing sums, levied taxes at pleasure, fixed the standard and value of the coin, and at length transmitted home such extraordinary riches as astonished the company themselves, and would in most other countries have created rivals too powerful for his security and welfare; but his riches here did but increase his influence in Leadenhall-Street as well as at St. James's. The company, to testify their approbation of his conduct, and to secure him in their interest, presented him with a sword set with diamonds, and ordered his statue to be erected in the India house. On the other hand, having already obtained a seat in p——t, his ambition soared to an Irish p—r—e, and a ribbon, both which he soon acquired. His pride thus far gratified, he made considerable purchases in land, in order to extend his p——y influence, and give him weight as well in the country as at court and in the city.

But

* See vol. I. p. 617.

But these pursuits did not engage all his attention. Being bailotted a member at Arthur's, which highly gratified his vanity for some time, he entered into all the spirit of that alluring circle. His lordship would go a thousand or five thousand upon a snail or a maggot-race in the filberd season, and was always ready to play a round at Lanquenet. His lordship soon found that neither Asiatic tyranny, or his military talents, could have any influence over the four knaves; but attributing his run of ill luck entirely to chance, he persisted for two successive years with the young d— of E—— in being the support and buttress of the knowing ones of that association. Great as Nero's fortune was he perceived it hourly diminish; and the conqueror of Sourajah Dowla was nearly vanquished by J——s, and his light troop.

Nero's irregular life, added to his impaired constitution, compelled him to go to Bath for the recovery of his health, and in this interval he had time to reflect upon his folly. He saw with a conscious contempt the conqueror of Asia the dupe and bubble of a set of c——t leeches, whose ideas all concentrated in Hoyle and their preceptor Jonas.

Ambition, however, still prompted him to repair the injury his fortune had sustained by his credulity. He resolved to profit of the first opportunity of revisiting Asia, and with more despotism than he had ever exerted, raise from the parched soil of the banks of Indus a second crop of gold equal at least to his transfer in St. James's street.

The East India company's affairs, requiring a person of much influence at B——l, Nero was intreated to take upon him once more the command of their troops, and the government of that province, with more unlimited power than he had before possessed. With this authority, we see Nero Asiaticus set sail once more for the East.

The Nabob Meyer Jaffier Alli Cawn, raised by the English to a government quite unsettled, had great occasion for the continuation of their aid, not only to confirm his power amongst his own subjects, but to repel the invasions which were soon made on his dominions from without. Whilst this aid was necessary to Jaffier, he caressed his useful supporters; but when it became less so, he began to regret the loss of what he had lavished in the first transports of his gratitude, and wanted to assume an independence. He was not unacquainted with the designs of the Dutch;

and it is well known that he would not have been sorry to have seen an European force introduced into his dominions, which might prove a check on the power of those he saw very likely to become his matters instead of his allies. A too open avowal of these sentiments doubtless occasioned his overthrow, and the subversion of the constitution of that government, to the support of which in the person of Meyer Jaffier Alli Cawn, the faith of this nation, and of the East-India company had been plighted by admiral W——n, Nero, Asiaticus, &c.

Upon Nero's arrival at B——l, he found Cassi Alli Cawn, the successor of the deposed Jaffier Alli. Cassi was not unacquainted with the tyranny and machinations of Nero; and knowing his errand was to amass a considerable quantity of riches, and depart for Europe as soon as possible, he consented to every thing Nero proposed. To this policy we are to ascribe the continuation of the J——e of 30,000l. a year he formerly obtained, and a connivance at all the rapine and impositions that could possibly be practised by a governor of an eastern province. The standard of the money was altered at will by Nero, and if any of the black merchants or others murmured, the only relief they met with was a gibbet. Frequent executions took place upon this occasion; and these were the only victories Nero gained in his last voyage; for his military glory was not increased even by a battle of P——y, obtained by treachery, instead of courage and military skill.

Having fleeced the Asiatics as much as he was able, Nero returned once more to England one of the richest subjects in Europe, leaving a successor full as arbitrary as himself, to whom he imparted all the pride, arrogance, and self-importance of a purse proud eastern nabob.

A curious Passage from Stowe's Annals.

HONEST Stowe has preserved a conversation between Anne of Cleves, and Lady Rochford, in which the arch simplicity of the former, and the petulant curiosity of the latter are very remarkable. The lady Eleanor Rutland, the lady Catharine Edgcumbe, and lady Rochford were sitting to know whether her majesty was breeding. The queen fairly owned, "that the king, when they went to bed, took her by the hand, kissed her, and bade her *good night, sweetheart*, and in the morning kissed her, and bade her *farewell darling*: and is not this enough? quoth her majesty."

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

BEFORE the close of the last sitting of our two club rooms, several debates took place after that of the 23d of April, the principal of which were the following.

On the 25th of April there were great debates in the upper room on the bill for embanking Durham-Yard; when at length the room divided, and it was carried 29 against 4. These last were the d-s of B-t-n and R-d, and l-ds Sh-ne and C-n.

The same day the Shoreham disqualification bill came on to be further considered before a committee at the lower room, when several amendments were made, and upon a motion being made to read them a second time, the house divided, when there appeared 76 for, and 18 against; the said bill was then ordered to be read a third time on the Monday following, when it passed without a division.

On the 26th in the lower room Mr. S-b-ge made a motion for leave to bring in a bill to shorten the duration of parliaments. He shewed that this branch of the constitution had been established by our Saxon ancestors, at which time they had only been annual: that they were set aside for 140 years by the Normans: that on their revival they had continued of short duration (mostly annual) till the reign of Henry VIII. whose tyranny was never complete till established by that long parliament: that the next long parliament was that, commonly so called, in 1641, who, by establishing their form of sitting, had brought the greatest destruction on the constitution. The pensionary parliament in the reign of Charles II. was also productive of bad consequences to the constitution; to remedy which the triennial bill was passed, restraining them to sit more than three years duration. This was overturned by that breach into the constitution in George the First's reign, the voting themselves septennial, and passing the septennial bill. Though perhaps the particular necessities of the times might render such an act at that day necessary (a rebellion just crushed, and a pretender to the throne making it highly improper to call the people together at that time) yet that necessity was now at an end, none of those dangers hanging over us: that the length of parliaments gave up that power which the constituents ought to have over their representatives, that of frequent examination into their conduct, and rejection of them, if they

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thought them unworthy: that long parliaments gave opportunity to such an intimacy between the ministers and the members, always dangerous and destructive to the constitution: that in shortening the duration of parliament he should incline to annual, as subject to fewer objections, in his opinion, than triennial, but that must be the subject of future debates.

Messrs. Alderman T-nf-d, D-pst-r, T-n-r, B-e, &c. supported this measure: they frequently called on administration to shew any reasons why a bill should not be brought in: but, to the amazement of most members, not one word was uttered by administration: the most contemptuous silence was observed. On this great national question, the short appeal was to numbers; and the only declared reasons were 105 to 54.

Mr. C-rnw-ll moved in the same assembly, that if any member of that assembly had subscribed for more than twenty tickets of the present year's ensuing lottery, the monies deposited or advanced upon such tickets should be forfeited. A debate followed upon this motion, and was succeeded by a division, in which the numbers were, for the motion 33; against it 188.

In the upper room on the same day, on an appeal wherein lord C-m was appellant, and Daw Tothill, and Western, respondents.

The attorney-general, as counsel for the appellant, opened the case, by stating the several particulars of the will under which lord C-m claims as devisee. After which he observed, that the case before their lordships was totally a case at law, and not of intent, as whatever the meaning of the testator might be, it could not legally operate in the present instance. Here he referred to a number of cases, where, even in the court of Chancery, the legality took place of the intent, particularly in that of Bagshaw and Spencer, in lord Hardwicke's time; where, he said, that great lawyer observed, in cases where the intent was so obvious as not to be mistaken, then it should take place of law, that court being instituted for the purpose; but where the intent was any way doubtfully expressed, so as not to be clearly and satisfactorily understood, then the construction of the law alone should operate. He allowed that there were several clauses in the present will, which did not intentionally speak in favour of the appellant; but these clauses were at best only doubtful, whereas the point of law was clear and unquestionable; and he hoped their lordships would consider, that as wills

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were

were the instruments by which, in the course of years, all the property of the kingdom is devised, the construction of law should only operate where the intent was not very manifest; otherwise, he said, the consequences were to be dreaded, as it would not only subject such instruments to cavil and far-fetched interpretation, but be the means of multiplying appeals upon the slightest occasions.

Mr. Maddox, the other counsel for the appellant, supported the attorney-general by a number of cases, wherein he enlarged upon the particular one of Bagshaw and Spencer, in the year 1755, before lord Hardwicke. He then stated the main objection that was urged by the opposite counsel before the court of Chancery, which was, "that as there were several legacies devised to Leonora Pynsent, under whom lord C——m derives, which were absolutely ascertained, the presumption was, the testator would not leave the main part (the devise of the real and personal fortune) in such uncertainty." This he refuted, by asserting, that the construction of law was, that by the wording of the will, it went to her and her heirs.

These being the whole of the counsel for the appellant, they were ordered to withdraw; and the house adjourned the further hearing of this appeal.

On the 29th of April the further consideration on the earl of C——m's appeal came on before the upper room, when the solicitor general and Mr. Dunning was heard for the respondent and the attorney-general by way of reply for the earl of Ch——m, after which the following question was put to the judges, "Whether in the event that has happened the devisee to the respondent William Daw Tothill, of the Bank stock, Exchequer orders, leasehold estates, and furniture of the houses, especially bequeathed, is good and effectual, or void? The lord chief baron on behalf of himself and the rest of the judges desired time to answer the same: it was then moved and ordered, that they should give their opinion the Monday following.

On the 30th of April, the duke of R——d made a motion in the upper room to expunge the resolution of the 2d of February, 1770, viz. "that any resolution of this room directly or indirectly impeaching a judgment of the H. of C. in a matter where their jurisdiction is competent, final, and conclusive, would be a violation of the constitutional rights of the c——ns, tend to make a breach between the two h——s of p——t, and lead to general confusion."

After a long debate, the room divided; and the motion was rejected 55 against 35.

The same day the following debates took place in the lower room.

The report from the select and secret committee was brought up by Mr. E——s, and moved by him to lie upon the table. The heads of it were read by the clerk.

Mr. B——ke got up, and in a very pleasant stile seemed to examine the nature of their appointment, and was very facetious about the manner in which they had proceeded; carefully attending that business from day to day with the greatest attention; the room in which they held their committee almost filled with the volumes of the Journals, and other parliamentary proceedings for ages back; messengers, porters, and all other persons that could give any information called before them; and yet after all the serious enquiry, they had not even got at the real name of J. Miller, on whose account the business was first occasioned. He expressed himself happy to find that the committee had done no mischief by taking any violent methods; and commended their prudence for so innocent a report.

Mr. W——th said, "he rose, for one, to return his thanks to the gentlemen of the select committee: that he had a motion in his hand, which he made no doubt the assembly would adopt:" It was, "That the thanks of this assembly be given to the gentlemen of the select committee, appointed on the twenty-seventh of March, to examine into the cause of disobedience of the orders of the assembly, &c. for the efficacious and judicious manner which they had chosen to enforce a due obedience to their orders and authority, and for advising them to apprehend J. Miller, and take him into custody of the serjeant at arms.

He introduced this motion with that sort of irony which might be taken either as a grave and serious compliment to the select committee, or the contrary. He said, "the assembly could not but be sensible how much they were obliged to those gentlemen for the great pains which they had taken in obedience to their orders, having compiled near a large folio volume of precedents, selected from the Journals; and many pages of the examination of the messengers, relative to the disobedience shewn to their orders in a late transaction; and from all this care and trouble which had been taken, he hoped that the assembly would never have any further occasion to complain of a want of due respect and obedience to their authority: that he was glad to find the end of all that labour

which

which the committee had taken, was productive of nothing more in their report, in order to enforce the authority of the assembly for the future, than the advice given to apprehend J. Miller. He made use of a Latin phrase, *Parturiunt montes, nascitur ridiculus mus*. He said, "he approved highly of this report, being so innocent a one, and productive of no future violent bad consequences; for that now the only thing that remained was, *how the assembly is to apprehend J. Miller*." However, continued he, they ought to be at least obliged to the committee for such a piece of important advice; he therefore moved the thanks of the assembly.

Sir George Savile said, he was very serious about this report, and wished not to turn it into ridicule: That he was at first afraid, that as the committee were formed from the treasury lists sent about, they might have resolved upon some violent outrageous measures, which would have created a further disobedience to the authority of this assembly, and still thrown it into greater contempt; but was glad to see, that the result of the enquiry was no more than the advice to apprehend J. Miller, which the assembly were not startled or frightened at, as they knew of that matter before.

Lord North said, that he did not know what to understand from the motion, as it was made and introduced in so ludicrous a manner. He thought the committee deserved thanks; and had it been introduced by the gentleman who moved in a grave manner, he did not know but he might have consented to it; but as it was not treated by him in a serious way, he moved to adjourn.

Mr. Sturges said that the committee had been formed by the treasury lists for iniquitous purposes, but he was glad to find that their intended appointment was frustrated. He was called to order by Mr. Charles Fox for saying that an act of that assembly, which the appointment of the committee was, was an act of the treasury for iniquitous purposes.

The chairman then interfered, and said, that, to be sure, it was disorderly in any member to call an act of that assembly an act of the treasury; but that he *might argue that it was virtually, substantially, and really so*, was not disorderly. Mr. Sturges then got up again, and said, "Why, then, I argue that the committee was appointed from the lists sent about by the treasury for iniquitous and wicked purposes (here the assembly laughed much). Take notice that I only say by way of argument, that

it was *virtually, substantially, and really so*."

Three or four more gentlemen spoke in the debate, and the assembly having had the first question near four hours, they divided on the question of adjournment. For it, 58; against, 22.

May 1st, the following motion was made by the earl of Carmarthen in the upper room, "That an humble address be presented to his Majesty, most dutifully and earnestly beseeching his Majesty, that under the late violations of the rights of the electors of Great Britain in the election for Middlesex, still unredressed, and in the present conflict which has so unhappily arisen between the claims of peerage of the House of Commons on one side, and those of the magistracy on the other, his Majesty will, in his paternal wisdom, deign to open the way to compose this alarming warfare; and that in order to prevent the said House and the nation from being involved in intemperate discussions of undefined powers, which in the extreme may endanger the constitution, and tend to shake the tranquility of the kingdom, his Majesty will be graciously pleased to recur to the recent sense of his people, by dissolving, after the end of this session, the present parliament, and calling, with convenient dispatch, a new parliament."

Lord Carmarthen, towards the conclusion, said, "that though no man prided himself more on his attachment to his native country, the proceedings of those people who called themselves its governors, had rendered it so disagreeable to him, that was he but ten years younger, he would spend the remainder of his days in a country (meaning America) which had already given such earnestness of its independent spirit; nor should my advanced age (continued that spirited nobleman) even now prevent me, did not considerations of the last consequence (my bodily infirmities) interfere."

And speaking of the Shoreham election, said, "he hoped, that that borough, which had been so long the property of Bengal and Indostan, would be at last found to belong to the county of Sussex." For the motion 23; against it 72.

May 6th, in the lower room, Mr. Sturges moved that the committee appointed to enquire into the cause of the riots might make a report. In the course of his speech he bitterly reproached Mr. Widdburne, who had moved that committee; and said that there was no occasion for a committee of inquiry to find out the cause of Mr. Widdburne's desertion of his friends and professions; he said, he

did not accuse Mr. W-dd-b-rne's desertion of his principles; he believed Mr. W-dd-rb-rne never had, never would, never could, desert any principles. Mr. W-dd-rb-rne replied nothing to the reproaches, but harangued about riots in general.

Sir George S-v-ll-e observed that it had been said of Mr. W-dd-burne's countrymen, that when they quitted their own country, they always went as far south as they could: now Sir George said this was not altogether true with respect to Mr. W-dd-b-rne, for that gentleman had stopped in Yorkshire, where he had gained some reputation by taking a very warm part in opposition to a most abandoned administration. He said, that since that time Mr. W-dd-b-rne had accepted a place; what he had got by that place he best knew; what he had lost by it none could tell but those who feel the self-reproach of base actions and the loss of self-approbation.

Mr. W-dd-b-rne replied, that his consistency was much less impeachable than the consistency of the gentlemen who attacked him, and of that little, timorous, petulant, oligarchic faction with whom those gentlemen were unfortunately connected. He bade them account for their votes in favour of Mr. S-wbr dge's motion to bring in a bill for shortening the duration of P——ts; whilst at the same time they did not scruple to declare their resolution to vote against the bill itself, and against ever shortening the duration of P——ts. Mr. W-dd-rb-rne then declared his opinion to be in favour of short P——ts; and that the people ought to have redress in the case of the Middlesex election.

The other speakers on the question were Mr. B——e, Mr. D——r, Lord N——h, &c. At length the motion was carried for a report on Thursday following—the day after the P——t was prorogued.

On the 7th the judges being assembled in the upper room for the purpose of giving their opinions in Lord C——'s appeal, Lord Chief Baron Parker, and Lord Chief Justice Mansfield, in the name of the rest (who were unanimous) gave in their opinions, which they supported by a number of cases, "that had the words *heirs male* of the body of Leonora Ann Pynsent been used in the will, it was a collective name that described all the issue, and would be in favour of the respondent; but as no such contingency happened, they were unanimous in concurring that the limitation, with the remainder over to the respondent, was not good in law." Upon which the Lord

C——r put the following question: "Is it your L——p's opinion that the decree of the Master of the Rolls, in favour of the appellant, should be confirmed or not?" To which their L——ps were unanimous in the affirmative.

A. T.

His Majesty's Speech to both Houses of Parliament at the Close of the Sessions, Wednesday May 9, 1771.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

AS the state of public business no longer requires your attendance, I think it right, at this season of the year, to put an end to the present session of parliament.

The satisfaction I have obtained from his Catholic Majesty for the injury I had received, together with the proofs which the courts of France and Spain have given me, by laying aside their armaments, of their sincere disposition to preserve the general tranquillity of Europe, have enabled me to reduce my forces by sea and land. The zeal with which you have exerted yourselves, upon the apprehensions of a rupture with Spain, must convince the world of your affectionate attachment to me, and of your constant regard for the true interests of your country. On that support I shall always rely for the defence of my honour, and for the security of the rights of my people.

With regard to the troubles which still agitate some parts of the continent, my endeavours have never been wanting to bring them to an end; and in those endeavours, you may be assured, I shall persevere.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

It was with real concern that I found myself called upon, by the situation of public affairs, to ask of my faithful Commons more than ordinary supplies for the service of the current year; and I cannot sufficiently thank you for the unanimity, cheerfulness, and public spirit with which they have been granted.

My Lords and Gentlemen,

While we acknowledge the goodness of Divine Providence in preserving us from those calamities with which some parts of Europe have been afflicted, let me exhort you to employ your best endeavours, in your several stations and countries, to render the national happiness compleat, by discouraging and suppressing all groundless suspicions and domestic disturbances. I have no other object, and I can have no other interest, than to reign in the hearts of a free and happy people: And it is my earnest

earnest wish, that my subjects may not be prevented, by any mistakes, or animosities amongst themselves, from enjoying in the fullest extent, the blessings of a mild and legal government. The support of our excellent constitution is our common duty and interest: By that standard I would wish my people to try all public principles and professions, and to look upon those as their most dangerous enemies, who, under any pretence whatsoever, would persuade them to violate those laws, and undermine that authority, which the constitution has provided for the purpose of preserving the general liberty and happiness.

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, prorogued the parliament to Tuesday the 23d of July next.

An Account of New Books and PAMPHLETS.

An historical Collection of the several Voyages and Discoveries in the South Pacific Ocean. Vol. I. Being chiefly a literal Translation from the Spanish Writers. By Alexander Dalrymple, Esq; 4to.

A Valuable compilation, which does honour to the editor, and will doubtless be serviceable to the commercial part of the nation, by communicating such informations relative to those countries as had never before appeared in our language.

The Disguise. A Dramatic Novel. 12mo. Two Vols. Doddsley.

This colloquial novelist has no other merit than having very faintly imitated a piece written some years since by a lady, under the title of the "Cry, a dramatic fable."

The Coterie recommended: or, the Pleasures of the Beau Monde vindicated: In an Oration made before that honourable and truly laudable Society, on the 4th of April, being the Anniversary of its Institution. By the Hon. Mr. Sham'em. 8vo. 1s. Gardner.

This is an attempt at humour in irony; but indeed Mr. Sham'em may take shame to himself, for having shot this pointless arrow from the bow of satire.

An Address to the People of England on the present State of the British Legislature, pointing out the Causes of the present Disturbances. 8vo. 1s. Griffin.

This author is very modest in his title page, for he not only points out the causes of our disorders, but also gives us an infallible receipt for their cure: and if you will but have faith in this political quack, you have nothing more to do than implicitly swallow his nostrum,

and the constitution is restored to its pristine vigour.

Sketches and Characters of the most eminent and singular Persons now living. By several Hands. 2s. 6d. Wheble.

Were we to give a sketch of the character of these several hands, we should pronounce that they have all been very much misemployed, as they would most probably use the spade or the pick-axe with much more dexterity than the pen.

The Dramatic Works of Mark Antony Milan, consisting of three Tragedies, Emilia, Northumberland, and The Friends. As they were presented to the Managers of both our Theatres, but refused. Published by Way of Appeal from the arbitrary Decisions of the Despots of the Drama to Candour and the Lovers of theatrical Amusements, whose Liberality so amply aggrandizes those Defaulters. 8vo. 5s. White.

We are happy upon this occasion to coincide with Mess. Garrick and Colman, as we impartially think, notwithstanding Mr. Mark Antony's title page, not one of these tragedies was proper to be brought upon the stage.

Meditations upon several Texts of Scripture. By the late Mrs. Jean Stuart, Widow of Alexander Trotter, of Cattleshiell, Esq; Daughter of Sir Robert Stuart, of Allanbank. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Keith.

Pious and well meaning; but neither new or well written.

Considerations on the Means of preventing the Communication of pestilential Contagion, and of eradicating it in infected Places. By Wm. Brownrigg, M. D. 4to. 1s. 6d. Davis.

A collection of medical observations, meant as a well timed pamphlet upon our late apprehensions of a pestilential contagion.

A Refutation of Thoughts respecting Falkland's Islands. 8vo. 1s. Evans.

Little writing, less reasoning, and no refutation.

Three Comedies: The Uneasy Man, The Financier, and The Sylph, translated from Mess. de St. Foix and Jagan. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Walter.

The reputation of these writers is so well known that they require no character here. As to the translation, it is tolerably well executed.

A short Ramble through some Parts of France and Italy. By Launcelot Temple, Esq; 12mo. 1s. 6d. Cadell.

This little piece is ascribed to Dr. Armstrong: we shall therefore only observe, it is not unworthy its supposed author.



The Balance of Honour and Patriotism; or, a Dialogue between Mr. H— and Mr. W—, in which the Demon of Discord very properly interferes.

Illustrated with a wooden Block, taken from real Life.

Mr. H—. I Have no quarrel, no dispute with you; I esteem your *private* character as much as ever I did; but it is my resolution to expose your *public* conduct.

Mr. W—. How have I deviated from any of my professions to the public? have I not seized every opportunity of supporting our rights and liberties against all innovations of power and unconstitutional privilege?

Mr. H—. That is nothing to the purpose. Mr. C tes introduced me to you; and I reconciled you with that gentleman, notwithstanding he may publicly declare he never had any difference with you. Besides, what did you do with my cloaths that I left with you at Paris?

Mr. W—. What cloaths do you mean?

Mr. H—. Why, my fine cloaths, to be sure; my scarlet and gold, my white and silver, my blue and silver, my flowered silk, my black silk, and *above all* my black velvet *surcoat*.

Mr. W—. I kept them by me whilst I remained in Paris, and then sent them to Mr. Panchaud, the banker's.

Mr. H—. You pawned them; I know you pawned them: Goy told me you pawned them.

Mr. W—. Goy is a man of honour, and could not be guilty of such an assertion—it is false. Do you take Mr. Panchaud, a capital banker, to be a pawnbroker for old cloaths. I should have sent them to the *Friperie*, and not to a banker's, if I had been willing to make money of them.

Mr. H—. Again, you used my brother-in-law, W-ldm-n, very ill. You never paid him for the Welch poney, and the two *profligate* articles he would not furnish.

Dam. This is rare work. I have dissolved the Bill of Rights; and I think this will consolidate the bill of wrongs!

Mr. W—. I paid him five guineas for the poney, which was sufficient, if he had rode post upon it himself to Paris. A fellow that kept a tavern, whose house I frequented, and even had a weekly club at it. But what is all that to my public character? And you have declared in print

it was not your intention to open any account with me on the score of private character?

Mr. H—. Very true; but you was not then in expectation of being sheriff of the city of London: and I insist upon it, your private character should be now revealed. You publish private letters, and so do I; you write for the papers, and so do I; you wanted a place, and so do I.

Dam. Ha! ha! ha! Equally pois'd indeed! This is genuine modern patriotism!

Mr. W—. So then I find it is not from any discoveries you have made to my prejudice that you have withdrawn your friendship from me; but because I am now an alderman, and am likely to be sheriff.

Mr. H—. Certainly; I may reap some honour by a contest with such exalted characters. Plain John W—s was not worth opposing; but to quarrel in print with an alderman and a sheriff-elect is glorious, indeed!

Mr. W—. Very judicious: then you have no enmity to simple me as John W—s.

Mr. H—. None in the least; if there was a Middlesex election to-morrow, I would exert all my friendly endeavours to serve you as much as ever, provided you would leave your gown and wand in the city.

Dam. This is d—d whimsical reasoning for a parson, whom one would expect to be an orthodox logician.

Mr. H—. There is nothing whimsical in it, good Mr. Devil. I would quarrel with you, for whom I have a very great esteem at present, to be made chaplain to him M—y.

Mr. W—. That I do not doubt; but your cloven foot is as visible as his, since you compelled me to print the latter part of your letter, in which lord Harbord's lunacy, and the comparison is introduced.

Mr. H—. I thought you had lost that letter, and quoted at random, as I do from your's, or else I should never have commenced the attack.

Dam. Ha! ha! ha! A parson for once foiled at his own weapons!

Mr. H—. I now perceive my folly. I wish that the cloaths had been burnt at the Custom-House; that I had broke my neck upon the poney, taylor-like, from Brentford; and that you, good Mr. Devil, had been conducting me to H—ll, before Malagrida had persuaded me to engage in this d—n'd controversy.

The THEATRE, No. XXVI.

Containing an ACCOUNT of several NEW ACTORS.

MR. Foote opened his theatre in the Hay-market, on the 15th instant, with the comedy of the Devil upon two Sticks to a numerous and brilliant audience. No new piece has as yet been brought on that stage, though we are well assured that gentleman has two comedies of his own writing, now ready, and which will appear in the course of the season. In the mean while the town is agreeably entertained by the performance of Mr. Woodward, in most of his capital parts. Mr. Fearon, and Mr. and Mrs. Didier, from Edinburgh, have also considerably strengthened Mr. Foote's company this year. The first of these gentlemen has made his appearance in the part of Kitely in *Every Man in his Humour*; and though he never saw Mr. Garrick, or any other capital actor in that character, he displayed much judgment and great natural feeling; but we think, in the first part of the last scene, before an explanation takes place of the cause of meeting Mrs. Kitely at Cobb's house, he seems too serene and composed; whereas Mr. Garrick marks all the perturbation of a jealous and disordered mind, and walks up and down displaying the agitation of his situation. We doubt not, however, but Mr. Fearon will obtain great reputation from this and many other comic characters, as his person and voice are well suited to this walk of acting. Mrs. Didier is a very promising actress, having an agreeable figure, a good voice, and much spirit and vivacity. Mr. Didier is genteel and easy, and appears to have a just conception of his author.

Upon the whole, we may flatter ourselves with an agreeable summer's campaign; and as many political characters have dropped the mask of hypocrisy, and appeared without disguise, and others, in the republic of gallantry, have been very conspicuous in their amours, we may suppose the modern Aristophanes will not fail to lash the vices of the age in such violators of honour and decency. As a specimen of his intention, he has already had a stroke at the chevalier D'Eon, respecting the uncertainty of his sex *, and the policies that have taken place thereupon in Change-Alley.

See page 249

Mr. Sparkes, son of lord chief justice Joker, of Dublin, has, towards the close of the Drury-Lane season, appeared, for the first time, in the character of Lord Townley, in the *Provoked Husband*. Notwithstanding it must be acknowledged there is not sufficient dignity in his person to sustain the part, his figure, though youthful, being genteel, his action animated and just, and his voice harmonious and energetic, he went through the piece with much applause; and there is reason to believe from this specimen of his performance in so difficult a character for a young actor, he will, under the tuition of so great a master as Mr. Garrick, be a striking ornament to the stage.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following memoirs of a celebrated genius having fallen into my hands, I judged they would be agreeable to many of your readers, and have therefore transmitted them for your Miscellany.

A WELL-WISHER.

MEMOIRS of Camoens, the Portuguese Poet.

CAMOENS was descended from an ancient Portuguese family, originally resident in Spain. He was poor, and, like Ovid, exiled from his prince's court. Wandering over the face of the earth in distress, he was a striking proof, that misery and disgrace, in the most barbarous climes, are incapable of extinguishing the fire of true genius. This poet sung the conquest of the East-Indies by the Portuguese. His poem, though it did not comprise all the characters of the epick, possessed its greatest beauties. The images are variegated, and coloured in a lively and striking manner; the passions are developed with art, and his narration is always agreeable. How easy his transitions from the sublime to the beautiful! his Episode of Ines de Castro is most happily conceived. The description of the Giant *Adamaster*, keeper of the promontory of the tempests, is a fiction equally new and sublime, and may be put in competition with any production of poetical imagination. These striking beauties have saved Camoens' poem from the

the shafts of criticism, on account of its want of connexion, and the extravagant medley of Pagan deities and Christian saints.

This poet united the laurels of Mars with those of Apollo; but his courage was not the effect of an impetuous temper, or a brutal fury: it derived its origin from his greatness of soul, a just notion of true glory, and his sincere love for his country. In the society of the world he always appeared with an affable air, and an agreeable countenance, being naturally of a cheerful disposition, though rather too much inclined to be satirical. His indiscreet amours completed his ruin. After having travelled like Homer, he still resembled that great poet in his last moments, dying in a state of indigence, and obtained no reputation till after his death. He was in stature beneath the middle size; but well proportioned. He had a fine open countenance, with a healthy florid complexion; large expressive eyes, fair hair, and an aquiline nose. He constantly wore an agreeable smile, and his whole person was so comely, that it formed an advantageous prejudice in his favour, which, nevertheless, was in some degree fatal, by making him too great an object of the attention of the Portuguese ladies.

The indiscreet gallantries of Camoens at the court of Lisbon, and an ill grounded expectation of making his fortune, seconded, probably, by the wariness of his imagination, constantly in pursuit of new objects, induced him to embark for India. He accordingly went as a volunteer on board a man of war, and lost an eye in a naval combat in the Straights of Gibraltar. His bravery was signalized on many other occasions; but this poetical warrior was so modest upon this head, that he only slightly touches upon it in his writings.

He repaired to Goa, the principal Portuguese settlement in India, and in this city the muses smiled upon him, and poetry was at once his occupation and enjoyment. But some satirical verses he wrote upon the vice-roy, occasioned his banishment from a place which might be considered as his exile; and he was sent to the frontiers of China, where the Portuguese were then erecting the city of Macao. It was in this distant barbarous soil that Camoens composed his poem upon the discovery of India. Vasco de Gama is the hero, and he entitled it the *Lusiade*, a Portuguese word, which might be rendered the *Portugade*; and which indeed had very little

MAY, 1771.

relation to the subject. This offspring of many vigils, narrowly escaped being wrecked; but Camoens, after the example of Cæsar, saved his manuscript by keeping it in his hand above the water, and swimming with the other.

Upon his return to his native country, after an absence of sixteen years, his whole fortune consisting of his epic poem, he judged it expedient to publish it. He accordingly dedicated it to king Sebastian, then in his youth, and the work appeared in 1572. The author obtained many eulogiums; an unsubstantial recompence, that did not prevent his starving to death.

In the fifth canto of the *Lusiade*, Camoens deplores, in a most affecting manner, his ill-fortune, and the little encouragement bestowed on merit by the great. But scarce had he expired ere his worth was discovered, every one eagerly strove to honour his memory with epitaphs, and to rank him among the select few who had done honour to their country; and that his fate might in all points resemble that of Homer, many cities who had beheld him unconcerned begging his bread, after his death disputed the glory of his birth.

Besides the *Lusiade*, Camoens wrote several other poems, which the Portuguese honoured so far as to learn by heart. This poet passing one day in the streets of Lisbon before a large China shop, and hearing the master sing some of his verses, which he most cruelly tortured, he went into the shop, in a careless manner, and broke a great deal of his China, saying, "Friend, you have broke and distorted my productions, and according to the *Lex Talionis*, I have broke your commodities." He was, however, obliged to pay for his joke, as well as Ariosto, of whom a similar anecdote is related.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THAT "One man's meat is another man's poison," perhaps is as experimentally true, as any one adage handed to us by our fore-fathers; and at the same time so little noticed as to be only remarked by some person who thinks himself more "Physician than fool at the sagacious age of forty."

Men are more inclined to consult their delicacy of appetite than to weigh and consider the noxious or innocent qualities

M m

of

of the food or pleasing rarities with which they indiscriminately pamper themselves; but I presume it would abundantly answer any man's welfare if he would cautiously avoid every part of the common sustenance of life which he may perceive to disagreeably affect his head, stomach, bowels, or other parts of the human frame.

I can safely affirm, and I believe it is well known by every practitioner in physic and surgery, that the constitutions of different people are almost as various as their features, inasmuch that a medicine which will have the most active operations in one habit, will be quite inert, and of no effect in another temperament. Thus we see a few grains of mercury given to one person, as the first dose in an alternative course of medicine, will raise a pyrexia; which dose may be taken twice a day by each of twenty other people, for three months successively, without any apparent operation. Likewise ten grains of ipecacuanha will prove a violent emetic to one person, when thirty will not sicken another, though they are both of equal age, strength, and under the same complaints.

It is this visible difference that propels us in kind in favour of this or that doctor, who by long acquaintance in a family is supposed to have a thorough knowledge of the constitution of each member of that house; they not comprehending that almost every constitution undergoes several changes, perhaps, in seven years, particularly from childhood to manhood; from the meridian of life to the decline; and more peculiarly in the fair sex from the changes and infirmities incident to them.

So likewise the usual aliments that we make use of for our natural support have different tendencies and effects upon the various habits of the human body. Very frequently it happens that the imputed good or ill qualities of our food at this time, were of quite opposite properties some years back; and upon the same principles may be safe or disagreeable to the animal economy in time to come.

I am led into these considerations by a fatal accident that lately befel a young lady of fifteen, who made too free a use of black-cherries that had been steeped in brandy. It is allowed that a multitude of people might have taken the same latitude of choice, in respect to the use of the fruit and kernels of black-cherries, without any manifest effect beyond a certain drowsiness, arising from the opiate quality of the kernels, and which might be quietly

attributed to the fullness of the foregoing meal. But I have the authority of the London College of physicians, Dr. Mead, and Dr. Nichols, to affirm that the simple distilled waters from bitter almonds, laurel, and black cherry kernels are all of a *poisonous quality*.

The college have expunged the simple distilled black-cherry water from their dispensatory; because "They think this water by no means safe to be used in any degree of strength whatever to infants, in whom the principles of life are but just beginning as it were to move." And "as amongst nurses, and others, who have the care of young children, it is at present become the first remedy against the convulsive fits to which children are so often subject, and continually given to them upon every slight occasion; the committee think the college ought to shew their *disapprobation* of this practice in the *strongest manner*, especially since the symptoms it would produce, when it should prove hurtful are such, that it is very possible it may have often increased, however unsuspected, that disease, *viz.* convulsions, it is intended to cure." See the *Narrative to the London Dispensatory*, page 76 and 77.

The learned Dr. Mead, in the Appendix to his fifth Essay on Poisons, says, "That the bad effects from simple distilled laurel-water were first observed some years since in Ireland, where, for the sake of its flavour, it was frequently mixed with brandy: that a small quantity of this killed two women, who drank it, very suddenly: that Dr. Nichols prepared a quantity of it much stronger than ordinary by *cobobating* or distilling of it twice from fresh leaves; two ounces of which killed a middle sized dog in less than half a minute, even while it was passing down his throat. That the deadly power of this seems to be entirely owing to a heavy oil like unto olive oil; and therefore Dr. Nichols experienced that ten drops of a red oil, like to this, of a *kernelly flavour and taste*, distilled in the same manner, from bitter almonds, mixed with an ounce of common water, in like manner, killed a dog in about half an hour. That he (Dr. Mead) gave this hint, because it is well known that the kernels of some fruits, particularly black-cherries, afford, by distillation, a water, in taste and smell, not unlike to that from laurel or bitter almonds; which if drawn off very strong, or impregnated with the heavy oil, may certainly cause the like bad symptoms; and that some trials, as he was informed, had proved this to be the case."

From

From these premises I may infer, it is very possible this promising young lady died by the deleterious constitution of the heavy oil contained in the *black-cherry kernels*, which we may suppose to have acquired by age a certain rancidity more highly conducive to its activity than if fresh gathered from the tree. I am inclined to this opinion by her having been affected in the same manner, from the same errors some months before, when it had nearly been alike fatal. The account of her case is to the following purpose :

The Sunday after dinner she eat an unknown quantity of black-cherries : I say unknown, because the transaction was in most part when she was alone ; but she was unwilling to confess the quantity, after having had so narrow an escape before. She soon after complained of a pain in her stomach, &c. but went to church, and bore it up tolerably well (notwithstanding the pain and anxiety increased) till night, when it became insufferable : this continued all night, and the next day every fearful consequence alarmed the family ! Excruciating torments, *subtus tendinum*, and universal convulsions, succeeded each other, in spite of every remedy that was given her, which from a knowledge of her medical friend's ability, I may suppose were not sparingly nor injudiciously administered. In fine, every terrible symptom advanced with hasty strides towards her dissolution, when she expired at eight o'clock the Monday evening, in strong convulsions, as they express themselves ; but rather " after strong convulsions universally paralytic."

Soon after she died, several livid black and blue spots and extravasations appeared on various parts of the body, like unto those suffusions of dissolved blood under the skin, which I have seen immediately after the departure of those who died of highly putrid and malignant fevers.

The forementioned celebrated Dr. Mead, immediately after his history of the dog that died while the laurel water was passing down his throat, says, " I do not know a more convincing proof of what I have all along affirmed, that all poisons act principally upon the nervous fluid than this seemingly innocent water gives us---That a simple water, without any extraordinary sensible qualities should, even in its passage into the stomach, instantaneously kill, and that without any marks of inflammation or corrosion, can no other way be accounted for but by an immediate effect upon the animal spirits. And further, hence it is that animals killed this way, after strong convulsions, die universally paralytic, and a

sudden stop being put to the circulation, the blood remains in perfect fluidity in the veins---that upon dissection no inflammation was seen upon any of the internal membranes. The most remarkable thing was, a great fulness and distention of the veins, in which the blood was so fluid, that even the lymph in its vessels was generally found tinged with red."

The application of these authorities to the subject before us is evident, and leaves no room to conjecture upon the cause of this fatal catastrophe : therefore it remains to advise the public, how much caution is necessary in the use of those things whose *poisonous properties* are so authentically analyzed. A moderate, or rather a sparing, use of them may be allowed without much injury ; but it must be noted, that the use of opium is deleterious only in excess, and that brandy, tho' so ardently coveted, if drank *instantly and abundantly*, is equally pernicious.

From these inferences and conclusions we are to assign the acting moment of these kinds of poisons to be ultimately upon the animal spirits, or nervous fluid, which at the time are so plentifully derived to the seat of the acting cause from their spring or fountain as to occasion *subtus tendinum*, convulsions, and even death at last.

Now if my learned investigators and I are right, the cure of all vegetable poisons (such as the cicuta or hemlock, the aconitum, monkshood, the solanum or nightshade, together with the before recited) do consist in vomiting plentifully with warm milk and flax oil, even to the ejection of some gallons, whereby the stomach, &c. will not only evacuate their acrimonious contents, but be defended from the remaining virus, if any, by the obtunding properties of the milk and oil. Venesection is likewise necessary, and repeated too, with medicines of the diuretic kind, to cause a depletion of the vessels. Also blistering pretty smartly, or any other more instantaneous stimulus upon the surface, together with frequent applications of strong volatile salt of hartshorn to the nostrils, whereby the animal spirits may be summoned back, and distributed upon those parts from whence they had retired.

These, or such like methods, are plainly curative upon the principles before laid down ; and as they are very near to every person, they may be all used without fear from any ill consequence : so that when the apprehension of being poisoned from a vegetable cause do arise, the method for relief is here offered to the ignorant as well as the scholar and the gentleman.

Redruth, Cornwall.

W. P.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. Le Marchant.

Let x be the time since the father's age was three times the son's: then $16 - x = \frac{36 - x}{3}$ per question; whence we get $x = 6$, the time required.

The Same answered by Juvenis.

Put z for the number of years since the father's age was treble the son's; and we have $36 - z$ and $16 - z$ for their respective ages; whence $36 - z = 48 - 3z$, and $2z = 48 - 36 = 12$, $z = 6$. Hence it appears that the father's age was 30, and the son's 10, six years ago; or the father's at that time three times the son's.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. J. Raven.

Put x for the lady's age, and y for her fortune, then by the question we have $x : y :: 1 : 50$. Hence $y = 50x$; and again per question $\frac{x^2}{2} + 2x^2 = y \therefore \frac{5x^2}{2} = 50x$, which reduced gives $x = 20$, and $y = 1000$. The young lady appears to be 20 years of age; and has 1000 pounds for her fortune.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. James Holworthy.

Let $a = 512$ and $b = 8192$. Then from the given equations we get $x^2 y^3 = a^2 x$, and $x^2 y^4 = b^2 x$, divide both by x , we have $x y^3 = a^2$, and $x y^4 = b^2 \therefore x = \frac{a^2}{y^3} = \frac{b^2}{y^4}$ or $y = \frac{b^2}{a^2} = 256$, and $x = 5015625$.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. Moses Eadon.

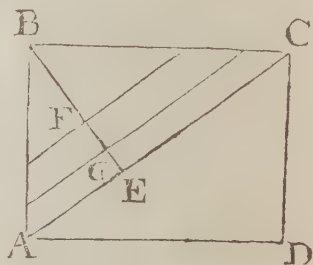
Let x be the diameter of the cylinder, which is the diameter of each globe; therefore $3x$ is the length of the cylinder; consequently $3x^2 \times .7854 = 3 \times 1728 \therefore x^2 = \frac{1728}{.7854}$ and $x = \sqrt{\frac{1728}{.7854}} = 1.03$; whence the solid content of each globe is, .659736 feet.

QUESTION V. Answered by Mr. James Holworthy.

Put $a =$ area of one of the equal parts, the given parallelogram $ABCD$ is to be divided into, as suppose six; and $b = BE$ (perpendicular upon the diagonal AC .) Then $3a : b^2 :: a : \frac{b^2}{3} = \overline{BF}^2$; whence $FB =$

$\sqrt{\frac{b^2}{3}} = \frac{b}{\sqrt{3}}$, and $BG = b \times \sqrt{\frac{2}{3}}$. having thus deter-

mined the points F and G , draw those points through right-lines parallel to AC , so shall ABC be divided into three equal parts. In the same manner divide the triangle ACD into three equal parts, and the whole parallelogram will be divided into six equal parts, required.



Note. When an even number expressed the equal parts into which the parallelogram is to be divided, the diagonal itself will be one of the parallel lines; but when an odd number expresses those parts, the triangles on each side the diagonal must be divided into half that number of equal parts; and the half part must be placed next to the diagonal in each triangle, the diagonal in this case not being one of the dividing lines.

QUESTION VI. By Mr. Thomas Barker.

Let x be the abscissa, y the corresponding ordinate of the required curve, then $\frac{y \dot{x}}{y}$ will represent the subtangent and $\sqrt{\frac{y y \dot{x} \dot{x}}{y y} + y y}$ the tangent. Hence per question we have

have $x - \frac{y\dot{x}}{y} = \sqrt{\frac{yy\dot{x}\dot{x}}{y\dot{y}} + yy}$ Square each side of the equation, and clear it of fractions, we get $xx\dot{y}\dot{y} - 2xy\dot{x}\dot{y} + yy\dot{x}\dot{x} = yy\dot{y}\dot{y} + yy\dot{x}\dot{x}$. Therefore $xx\dot{y}\dot{y} - 2xy\dot{x}\dot{y} = yy\dot{y}\dot{y}$ divide by $\dot{y}$, our equation will be reduced to $xx\dot{y} - 2xy\dot{x} = yy\dot{y}$. $\therefore \frac{xx\dot{y} - 2xy\dot{x}}{yy} = \dot{y}$. whose fluent is $\frac{-xx}{y} = y$. But as a negative quantity cannot be equal to an affirmative one, it is evident some constant quantity is wanting to compleat the fluent. Let it be $2r$. Then $2r - \frac{xx}{y} = y$, or $2ry - xx = yy$, or $2ry - yy = xx$. Whence it appears that the required curve is a circle, whose radius is r , (any line at pleasure,) versed sine y , and right sine x ; which is also evident from geometrical principles; for it is the well known property of a circle that any two tangents being produced until they intersect, will be equal.

In the very same ingenious manner Mr. Gervase Cliff, of Ruddington, and Philalethes Westsmithfieldensis answered this question.

Mr. John Lowe, school-master, of Birmingham, Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wissett, Mr. Gervase Cliff, of Ruddington, and Mr. William Reed, of London, answered all the questions; Mr. George Grant, of Beverley, in Yorkshire, and Juvenis, of Sheffield, answered the first, second, third, fourth and fifth questions; Mr. C. Sleight, of Nottingham, Mr. Jeremiah Tooke, Halesworth, Suffolk, Mr. P. Le Marchant, of Waltham-Abbey, Mr. James Gumley, of Countesthorpe, near Leicester, Mr. William Sparks, of Pewsey, Wilts; Mr. John Reynolds, pupil to Mr. Richard Harvey, of Bungay, and Mr. John Raven, of Pewsey, Wilts, answered the first, second, third and fourth questions; Mr. Thomas Adcock, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, G. S. of Cambridge, Tyrunculus, of Ross, and Mr. Edmund Barber, pupil to Mr. Hervey, answered the first, second, and third questions; Mr. Matthew Talley answered the second, third and fifth questions; Mr. Moses Eadon the first, second, and fourth; Mr. James Holworthy the first, second, third and fifth questions; Nerabo the first question; Tiro, of Clapham, the second and third questions; Mr. William Le Cocq, of Waltham, Mr. John Skermer, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Juvenis, and Mr. Joseph James, of Stoke-Bishop, answered the first and second questions; Enobyelliar answered the first question; Mr. Richard Hale, mathematician and land-surveyor, of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, answered the first, second, third, and fourth questions; Mr. John Jewell, of Biddeford, in Devonshire, Mr. D. Cunningham, of Alnwick answered the first, second, third, fourth and fifth questions: Mr. John Harkcon, pupil to Mr. Granvil Smith, school-master, in Plymouth, answered the first, second, and third questions; and Mr. James Still, of Mr. George Singleton's school, at Wigan, in Lancashire, answered the first and second question.

New MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. *By Mr. Matthew Talley.*

What divisor is that by which dividing 7315 shall give a quotient equal to the product of the same number multiplied by 125.

QUESTION II. *By Mr. Tyrunculus.*

What number is that, whose square being taken from its cube, shall give twice the square of the number sought.

QUESTION III. *By Mr. Grant.*

In what time will 9l. 2s. 6d. at 5 per cent. simple interest, amount to the same sum, as it would do, if put out for the same time, at 3 per cent. compound interest.

QUESTION IV. *By Mr. Gumley.*

The sides of a certain right-angled triangle being in arithmetical progression, and the diameter of its inscribed circle 40 yards. It is required to find those sides.

QUESTION V. *By Mr. John Reynolds.*

Given $x^2y + y^2x = 768$ } Required x and y . The former being my age in years; and
 $x^3y^2 + y^3x^2 = 36864$ } the latter the month in which I was born.

QUESTION VI. *By Mr. G. S.*

The area of a plane triangle, and the ratio of the sides being given, to construct the triangle.

POETICAL

POETICAL PIECES.

M A Y.

HAIL jocund May, with all thy sprightly throng,

Advancing gaily o'er the mantled field;
To thee what unmolested joys belong?
What welcome sweets thy smiling beauties yield!

From Nature's bosom see fair Flora rise,
In vest of variegated hue array'd,
With odoriferous scents perfumes the skies,
And spreads her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead.

Attendant graces chearful lead the way,
And verdure scatters with a lib'ral hand;
In wanton sports the Loves and Pleasures play,
And rip'ning Plenty waves her rising wand.

The little hamlet now abounds with joy!
With changing peals the village steeple
shakes!

No peace-destroying cares their mirth annoy,
But all expectant, hail the op'ning wakes.

With glee extatick, on the verdant green,
(Panting for pleasure, and with eager haste)
A croud of rusticks with their nymphs con-
vene,

In the last fair-day new-made present dress.

With busy toil some rear the lofty pole,
With wreathed flowrets deck'd, and bloom-
ing May,
Which from the fair ones laps spontaneous roll,
Pluck'd by their hands to grace the joyful
day.

Beneath the covert of yon shady scene
The sports begin—the pipe and tabor sound!
The well-drawn lot declares the reigning queen,
And eccho shouts it o'er the mossy ground.

Exalted high amidst the flow'ry vale,
(Wav'd by the wind) hangs forth the wish'd-
for prize:
The friendly swains with eager strength assail,
The victor's crown'd! the vanquish'd bleed-
ing lies!

The happy pair secluded from the croud,
Seek the retirement of the silent grove,
Sit unmolested in their blest abode,
And truly constant, tell their artless love.

The little cots with new-raised signs appear!
The honest landlords spread their healthy
stores!
(" Nice cakes and ale, with good refreshment
here")
Whilst hearty welcomes lead you to their
doors.

* * * *

SPRING, an ODE.

I.

SEE Spring once more erects each purple
plume,
Shedding its genial blessings o'er the plain;
The infant blossoms yield their rich perfume,
And Philomel again renews her strain:
The vivid freshness of the green
Bedest with odorous flowers is seen;
Along the mead the nymphs and shepherds
sing,
Give homage to the day, and hail returning
Spring.

II.

Creation's ample space resounds with mirth,
The feather'd choir extend their "wood-
notes wild;"
The festive season crowns the smiling earth,
And ev'ry sorrow is with joy beguil'd;
The trees—the glory of the year,
Again array'd with leaves appear;
Reviving nature shews her beauteous face,
Unveiling ev'ry charm with soul-enchanting
grace.

III.

The verdant foliage of the shady grove
Attracts th' enraptur'd mind with new de-
light;
The thousand beauties of yon sweet alcove,
Where gentle zephyrs wing their airy flight;
The mossy bank's luxuriant hue,
The teeming prospect ever new,
All, all conspire to charm our roving eyes,
And fill the wondering soul with pleasure and
surprize.

IV.

In native splendor see the blushing rose
Spontaneous shoot, array'd in genuine red;
The bell and cowslip various charms dis-
close,
And the proud tulip lifts its tow'ring head;
In pallid beauty may be seen
The lilly, fairest of the green;
The pink and violet too their homage bring,
And with refreshing sweets pay tribute to the
Spring.

V.

The riv'lets now pursue their wonted course,
Which in meanders seek the lowly dale;
The hard'ned glebe yields to the plowman's
force,
And the weak osiers bend before the gale;
The blossom'd brake—the dappled mead,
In new delight our senses lead;
Which way so e'er we turn our wand'ring
feet,
The mighty whole appears magnificently great

Come,

VI.

Come Clio! nymph divine; inspire my song,
While rapt in pleasure's maze I onward go;
Description's mystic powers to thee belong,
Without thy aid my numbers cease to flow;
Olympus' heights my verse would gain,
Wou'dst thou *illuminate* the strain;
Each gaudy scene, each fancy-pleasing view
Shall own thy plastic power with admiration
new.

VII.

Fair Science, lovely offspring of the mind,
Whose many wonders captivate the heart;
To speak thy praise what language can I find?
Words are too weak thy merits to impart:
Whether we view thy lofty dome
Aspiring seek celestial room;
Or else in Gothic grandeur proudly shine,
The fabric, tho' decay'd, acknowledges thee
divine.

VIII.

Sweet LIBERTY, thou goddess of the soul,
Dearer than life, more precious far than fame,
Smoothly with thee the circling seasons roll,
Till thou each heart and ev'ry breast in-
flame:
The poorest wretch inspir'd by thee
Enjoys inmate felicity;
Contented sleeps away the dreary night,
No haggard cares disturb, or horrid dreams af-
fright.

IX.

With *thee* content—thou ever-pleasing theme!
The rustic swain pursues his arduous toil;
Beneath the saltry ray he drives his team,
Cuts down the grass, or breaks the stubborn
soil;
Ascends the steepy hill with mirth,
Or plows the rugged, barren earth,
Whate'er's his labour he'll contented sing,
While nature shouts aloud—"Hail Liberty
and Spring."

Bristol, May 2.

J. T-T-W-E.

EPISTLE from Matthew Shore to Jane.
Supposed to be written before he left the kingdom.

TO thee, my fair, whom now the court at-
tends,
Thy mournful, sad, distracted husband sends;
Oh! on his tears, that drop at every word,
Some pity let his gentle Jane afford;
Before he quite despair, assuage his pain,
Nor let him sigh, nor let him pray in vain.
* Wainstead! dear name, that to my mem'ry
brings
A thousand soft, a thousand tender things,
Thy virgin smiles, thy dear resistless grace,
And all the wounding sweetness of thy face;
Those happy times of kind enjoyment past,
Which once I vainly thought would ever last.

* Her maiden name.

What cruel fiend, to all our peace a foe,
In death delighting, proud to overthrow,
Could tempt thee to forget thy rightful lord,
And fall in vices you so late abhor'd?
Alas! 'twas dazzling pomp subdu'd thy fears,
Thy struggling virtue, and thy conscious tears;
But when I led thee to the sacred shrine,
And every holy vow confirm'd thee mine,
Then all around us could dire omens see,
But I was blind to every thing but thee:
Our kindreds vault sent forth a mournful
sound!

Thrice dropt the nuptial ring, and ran along
the ground!

Pale priests aghast the sweating rood survey'd!
And every look unusual fears betay'd;
A sudden gloom o'er-shadow'd all the place,
And tears amidst my joy prophan'd my face.
This saw our friends, who all prefer'd this
prayer,

"Heav'n shield from future woes the tender
pair."

But ah! that prayer could ne'er the clouds
surpass,

The winds dispers'd it, or the skies were brass;
For all the storms these portends cou'd foretel,
Burst o'er my head, and sorrows daily swell:
Raving I see thee plac'd to shine above,
With smiles reflecting Edward's guilty love;
Myself, while thee such pageantry surrounds,
Forgot, tho' bleeding at a thousand wounds;
And these reflections make me loath the light
That cheers the day, the watches of the night.
In fruitless sighs and silent thought I spend,
For Somnus never shall my soul befriend,
But when his downey wings are o'er me spread,
Vain dreams inhabit my disorder'd head,
Stretch'd on a bank of flowers methinks I lie
In calm repose, beneath a purple sky.
No noise is heard, no rude remurmuring rill,
The woods wild race, and all the winds are
still;

'Tis then some flute (far off) awakes my pain,
While soft and sweet is sung this pleasing
strain;

(My lovely Jane advancing to my side,
Her charms all swelling to their native pride,
Her graceful locks and garments all unloos'd,
Her breasts, and every wondrous charm ex-
pos'd)

"Lift up thy streaming eyes, now cease to
mourn,

"Behold thy fondest wish, thy Jane return;

"Her the kind gods on thee again bestows,

"To crown thy mighty love, and end thy
woes."

The golden dream my joyful soul deceives,
And for one kind embrace a thousand lives I'd
give,

Elate I strive to catch my beauteous fair,

But ah! I grasp uncorporeal air;

Then swells my heart, and pain obstructs my
breath,

I wake to weep, and wish in vain for death;

I rise, and wandering seek to find relief,

Mourn to the winds, and tell the stars my grief.

O!

O! then my wife, the softest dearest name
A feeling heart can give, or lover claim,
Hear me complain, for once my sorrow know,
And feel my wrongs, for 'tis a debt you owe;
For you, my fair, when ever you complain'd,
These arms enfolded, and this breast sustain'd;
The rugged road of life for you I smooth'd,
Drank all your tears, your griefs with kisses
sooth'd,

Your gentle soul to peaceful slumbers sung,
And o'er your sleep with watchful fondness
hung.

Thy causelets flight hath ruin'd thy good name,
Broke all thy vows, and fill'd my face with
shame,

My heart with deepest woe, my eyes with
tears,

Thy friends and parents with distracting
tears:

O! wouldst thou come, and hear our mournful
tale,

See how we are chang'd! how sorrowful! how
pale!

Thy tender breast would strong relentings find,
For thou wast always pityful and kind

O! leave the court before the storm is nigh,
Thy stars may frown, or England's king may
die;

Heaven, to avenge my cause, my wrath em-
ploy,

Envy prevail, or jealousy destroy:

I think Edward has a queen (alas! for she
One tear shall fall constrain'd by sympathy)

To her alone are his embraces due,
That love is sinful he expends on you;

Ponder what rage in her this must create,
O! heaven for ever save thee from her hate,

And soon restore thee to my longing heart,
O! come, the thought doth extacies impart,

No murmur shall be heard, no tear be seen,
Nor whisper say how cruel thou hast been:

But this our fates deny, O! cruel fate!

For thou wilt live ador'd in regal state,
Know all the pleasures that from pomp can
spring,

The envy'd darling of a mighty king;

But if when years are o'er, thy pomp and power
Remain the same, if then some midnight hour

In thought's revolving glass shall calmly show
Thine fortunes past, and seasons long ago,

Griefs, joys, companions, thro' thy mind shall
roll,

And, if in the reflections of thy soul,

(With pleasure cloy'd, and sinking into rest)

One tender thought of me shall fill thy breast,

How once I lov'd and left my native home,

Prompt by despair thro' the wide world to
roam,

Think then thou seest me on some stormy coast,

By tempests beaten, and by surges tost,

Or pale and breathless on some shore unknown,

And for the faithful love that I have shown,

(Tho' folded in a sleeping king's embrace)

A tear shall trickle down thy lovely face;

'Too late thou may'st the cruel wrongs deplore,

Of thy unhappy husband Matthew Shore.

English, May 1771.

W. E.

EPITAPH on the Rt. Hon. G. GRENVILLE.

W Hœ'er thou art, prince, senator, or peer,
Blush not to pause, and leave a tribute
here,

Revere a life in fame's fair pages known,
And in thy country's wound lament thy own;
In publick toils truth clear'd his thorny way,
And led him spotless to his close of day;

Taught him to labor wisdom's richest mine,
Exhaust her treasure, and her ores refine;
So quick his thought, so bright his manly sense,
That nature's flow was polish'd eloquence;
Wife without craft, in counsels deep and clear,
Firm where he lov'd, opposing not severe.

Here humbler fears of social virtue flow,
And mingle with the streams of public woe,
Regret the tranquil scenes of life o'ercastr'd,
The summer darken'd, and the vision past;
Lament the husband's faith, the parent's care,
The gay companion, and the friend sincere;
Such Grenville was: to weep is friendship's
pledge;

To blame the act of Heav'n, is sacrilege.

J. R.

To Miss M—c—d—d of Chatham.

I N Cowley's verse the fair Orinda shines,

And Sacharissa lives in Waller's lines;

The nut-brown maid still in her bloom appears,
Tho' since her youth have roll'd three hundred
years.

Oh! were my verse with equal genius blest,
Wou'd Phœbus tune my voice, and warm my
breast;

Wou'd ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace conspire

To swell the note, and animate the lyre;

To all the world the raptur'd song shou'd tell

How you, the fairest of your sex, excel;

You then shou'd shine the one distinguish'd
flame,

And as in merit be the first in fame.

DAMON.

An EPIGRAM

On a young Lady's setting her hair on fire with a
pair of curling irons.

I N envious malice Venus lately laid

An artful instrument, by Vulcan made,

On the bright toilet of a nymph, design'd

By Nature to give joy to all mankind,

Which as the fair one to her forehead moves,

And calls to ev'ry lock the smiling loves,

Devouring flames with furious rage prepare

To blast her blooming charms, and flowing
hair,

When lo! from Heav'n descending, Pallas
spread

Th' immortal ægis round her fav'rite's head,

And bade each frighted flame in haste retire,

Fall on her beauteous neck, and impotent ex-
pire—

Arise,

Arise, Fidelio, Fallas cried, arise,
And let th' awaken'd sense inform thine eyes,
Look up, bright nymph, and see how Wis-
dom's queen
Guards thy fair form without, and all thy
soul within.

*Mr. Ansley * to David Garrick, Esq; on meet-
ing him at a Friend's House.*

THRO' ev'ry part, of grief or mirth,
To which the mimic stage gives birth,
I ne'er as yet with truth could tell,
Where most your various pow'rs excel.
Sometimes, amidst the laughing scene,
Blithe Comedy with jocund mien,
By you in livelier colours dress'd,
With transport clasp'd you to her breast:
As oft the Buskin'd Muse appear'd,
With awful brow her scepter rear'd;
Recounted all your laurels won,
And claim'd you for her darling son.
Thus each contending Goddess strove,
And each the fairest garland wove.

But which fair nymph could justly boast
Her beauties had engag'd you most,
I doubted much, 'till t'other day,
Kind fortune threw me in your way;
Where, 'midst the friendly joys that wait
† Philander's hospitable gate,
Freedom and genuine mirth I found,
Sporting the jovial board around.
'Twas there with keen, tho' polish'd, jest,
You sat, a pleas'd and pleasing guest;
With social ease a part sustain'd,
More humorous far than e'er you feign'd.
"Take him, I cry'd, bright Comic Maid,
"In all your native charms array'd;
"No longer shall my doubts appear:"
When Clio whisper'd in my ear,
"Go, bid it be no more disputed,
"For what his talents best are suited:
"In mimic characters alone
"Let others shine—but Garrick in his own."

Mr. GARRICK's Answer.

AS late at Comus' court I sat,
(Observe me well, I mean not that
Where ribaldry in triumph sits,
Delighting lords, and 'squires, and cits;
But there, where mirth and taste combine,
And Rigby gives more wit than wine)
Suspended for a while the joke,
With rapture of your Muse we spoke;
But all blam'd me, cry'd out, oh! fye!
What, send to verse a prose reply?
My friend the † colonel made the attack,
And wicked Calvert clapp'd his back.

Nay, Pottenger, though low in feather,
And somewhat ruffled by the weather,
Would peck and crow; and Madam Hale
Flew at my manners, tooth and nail.
What! send to Ansley such dull stuff?
'Twas modesty, dear Hale; don't huff.
Cou'd I but rhyme as much as you,
And think that much as charming too,
I'd write, and write again, I care not;
But, as I feel, indeed I dare not.
Then Cox let loose his silver tongue;
O d--n it, David, you are wrong.
While independent Plummer cry'd,
He'd not vote plump on either side.
E'en Boon, who ne'er inclines to satire,
With modest sense, and much good-nature,
Cou'd not but say there was some blame;
And sweet * Eliza blush'd the same.
My wife look'd grave, but made it known
The right to vex me was her own.
Our landlord shook his sides and shoulders,
Both at the scolded, and the scolders;
For that to him is always best,
Which raises and supports the jest.
No baited bear was e'er so worry'd;
I took my hat, and home I hurry'd,
Resolv'd, as well as I was able,
To ask your pardon in a Fable;
The best excuse my prudence knows,
For answer'ing your choice verse in prose.

A monkey, of the sprightly kind,
Could mock and mimic half mankind;
Could twist him to a thousand shapes;
In short, a perfect jackanapes.
As once our mimic pug display'd
His talents in the summer shade,
By chance a nightingale was there,
Well pleas'd the farce to see and hear;
His joy began his notes to raise,
He warbled forth the monkey's praise.
Pug, too much flatter'd, thought it wrong
Not to return his thanks in song;
And such a fit of squalling took him,
Beasts, birds, and nightingale forsook him.
An owl, who in a hole was dreaming,
Was rais'd at once with all this screaming;
Who-o-hoo! hoo! neighbour, curse your
clatter;

Zounds! are you murder'd? what's the matter?
The monkey to his senses brought,
And must'ring what he had of thought,
Told to the owl his silly tale,
How he had scar'd the nightingale.
Grave Madge began to roll her eyes,
And being what she seem'd, most wise,
Thus spoke---Thou empty-headed thing,
Skip, grin, and chatter---never sing.
Wou'd you, without a voice, or ear,
Tune up, when Philomel is near?
Nature her pleasure has made known,
That nightingales should sing alone.

* The facetious author of *The New Bath Guide*.

† Rigby. † Hale.

MAY, 1771.

* Mrs. Boon.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Petersburgh, April 2.

OUR court has received, by the last dispatches from our ambassador at Vienna, a letter from the republic of Ragusa, in which they supplicate the empress, our sovereign, to grant them her protection.

Pence, April 3. The marquis de Marnzi, minister from Russia, has succeeded in the loan, which he negotiated at Genoa for 2,500,000 florins.

Vienna, April 7. The scarcity of corn almost every where, and the apprehension of its continuance, has induced their imperial majesties to prohibit distilling from corn in all the hereditary countries, which consumes a great quantity every year.

Copenhagen, April 8. The king of Denmark has established a new council for the government of the city of Copenhagen, under the direction of count Ulric of Holstein, and eight principal magistrates of that city; to this council are to be added two representatives, to be chosen by the people, to take charge of their interests in the said assembly; and on any dispute, they are to bring it finally to be judged by the tribunal of the court. Many other privileges are likewise granted to the citizens by this new establishment.

Genoa, April 13. They write from Madrid, that his Catholic majesty being desirous of keeping a squadron of observation in the Mediterranean, so long as the Russian fleet cruises there, he has, in consequence thereof, sent orders to Carthage, for keeping in readiness for sailing all the ships of war there, and for finishing as soon as possible all those which are on the stocks.

Stockholm, April 13. Forty-three towns have already nominated their deputies for the approaching dyet. The greatest part of those elected are of the patriotic party, or Caps, a name given to distinguish them from the court party, which are called Hats. The latter flatter themselves with a majority of voices; however, of the ten deputies which the burghers of this city chose this day, there are only three courtiers, the rest are all patriots.

Rome, April 13. We learn from Madrid, that cardinal Fernandez de Cordova, archbishop of Toledo, died lately in his diocese.

Stockholm, April 13. Prince Charles set out this day for Ystad in order to meet the king and prince Frederick on their landing. His majesty dispatched from Paris a declaration to the senate, dated March 15, of which this is the copy:

“Whereas in consequence of the order of succession established by the states, and that by the Divine Providence I am called as heir to the government of Sweden, of the Goths and

Vandals; I should think I did not sufficiently acknowledge the endearing sentiments which the counsellors of state have ever cherished for my person, if from my first step to the throne, which I hold from the hand of God and the said order of succession, I did not give them the strongest and most immediate assurances, that at the price of my life and my blood I shall maintain the purity of their doctrine, as also their rights and liberties. My intention and my wishes being far remote from whatever comes under the denomination of violence, I declare by these solemn assurances, and on the word of a king, that I am not only thoroughly resolved to govern my kingdom, by fulfilling in all points, whatever the laws of Sweden prescribe, and conformably to the form of regency of the year 1720, on which I have already been sworn; but that I will look upon as the declared enemies of my person and kingdom, as the most notorious traitors to the country, all those who secretly or openly, on any pretence whatsoever, shall seek to introduce again an unlimited authority, or what is called Sovereignty. So help me God.”

(Signed)

GUSTAVUS.

Otranto, April 16. The Russians have made the island of Paros a place of arms, and have erected forts, which they have provided with cannon, and a sufficient number of men to defend it against any attack.

Letters from Ragusa mention, that the Montenegrins have recommenced their operations against the Turks.

Elling, April 16. We have received advice, that the Russian army, under count Romanzow, is in full march. His magazines are immense. Poland is taxed to furnish him with 55,000 bushels of oats, 3084 lasts of wheat, the last to consist of 60 measures; and 25,000 carriages.

All our advices confirm the happy event of the entire cessation of the plague.

Temeswar, April 18. The Ottoman army is actually on its march towards the enemy, and is 15,000 strong. Hussey Bey, Pacha of Romelia, commands the advanced guard, which consists of a body of 30,000 men, as well Albanians as Bosniacs. The grand Vizir is advancing by the way of Kerkel, with the grand army and the artillery, which is very numerous. He has already traced out and fortified a camp between Bazargic and Silistrie, from whence he intends to carry on his operations against the Russians. The number and good discipline of his troops give us the greatest reason to expect he will have better success than his predecessors.

Vienna, April 20. The states of Hungary are assembled to satisfy the demand made upon them

them to furnish 18,000 recruits instead of 6000.

Genoa, April 20. The small council of this republic has ballotted several times to chuse two persons to compleat the six, out of which the great council was to chuse one, to fill up the vacant dignity of the Doge. On the 15th instant, they ballotted twice; and Marcello Durazzo and Sig. Jean Baptiste Cambiaso appeared to have a legal number of votes; and, on the 16th instant, the great council met, and made choice of Sig. Jean Baptiste Cambiaso.

Cadiz, April 20. This week a proclamation was published for the Flota to prepare for sailing the 27th of next January.

Paris, April 24. Since the dispersion of the members composing the parliament of Paris, all law proceedings have been interrupted, and the injury thus sustained by the public is beyond expression. We promise ourselves, however, that matters will soon return into their former channel, as many attornies and counsellors have submitted to the new parliament, and engaged to resume their functions.

Turin, April 24. On Monday the 8th inst. the French ambassador here made his public entry. He went from his own house to court, attended by the marshal de la Roque and the master of the ceremonies, and was introduced to his Sardinian majesty and the royal family; on his return, he was conducted to a house provided for him by his Sardinian majesty, where he was entertained for three days at the expense of the court, and had a table at dinner and supper of forty-six covers. The same evening there was a grand opera at the theatre, which was superbly illuminated. On Wednesday the 10th, his excellency made a demand in form of the princess in marriage with the comte de Provence, in the name of the king his master; and in the evening there was a drawing-room at court. On Saturday the 13th his excellency, having removed to a house on the place St. Charles, which he had taken for the occasion, gave a grand masked ball and supper to all the nobility; at which the duke of Savoy, the prince of Piedmont, and the princesses of the blood, were present. On Monday the 15th, the contract of marriage was signed, and there was a grand ball at the prince of Carignan's in the evening. On Wednesday the 17th, his excellency gave a grand ball and supper to the nobility and gentry. There were three tables of two hundred covers each. On Thursday the 18th, there was a magnificent hall at court; and, on Friday, a drawing room and concert. On Sunday the marriage ceremony was performed; the prince of Piedmont being proxy for the comte de Provence. In the evening a grand firework was exhibited in the place of St. Charles; after which, the ambassador's house, a temple in the middle and four Chinese mosques at the corners, built on the occasion, were illuminated, and had a very noble effect. After this there was a ball at the ambassador's

house for the whole town, which lasted all night.

On Monday morning, about ten, the princess departed from this place: she went in a coach with the king of Sardinia, and the duke and dutchess of Savoy, and was followed by the prince of Piedmont and the duke of Chablais in another, attended by 435 persons in coaches and on horseback, and escorted by a troop of horse grenadiers. At Rivoli the king of Sardinia, the duke of Chablais, and the prince of Piedmont, took their leave of the princess, and returned to Turin. Their parting was very affecting, and moved all the spectators.

Berlin, April 27. On the 22d of this month the king of Sweden, accompanied by his brother prince Frederick Adolphus, arrived at Potsdam from Brunswick: last Thursday they came to this capital, and were immediately received by the queen of Prussia and the royal family. In the evening there was a grand concert of music, and afterwards a most splendid supper in her Prussian majesty's apartments in the palace.

Paris, April 29. By a decree of the parliament of the court, the arret of the parliament of Rouen, of the 15th, has been burnt by the hands of the common hangman, as a seditious libel infringing upon the royal authority and the laws of the realm, as tending to render the king suspicious of the sentiments of the magistrates, to shake the loyalty of the people, to withdraw their obedience, and as falsely attributed to the said parliament.

Berlin, April 30. Last Sunday the different regiments which compose this garrison marched out of town, and were exercised by his Prussian majesty, in the presence of the king of Sweden, and of his brother prince Frederic Adolphus, who both expressed great admiration at the celerity and exactness with which the troops performed their various exercises and evolutions.

Yesterday the king of Sweden took leave of his majesty, and set out, accompanied by his brother, for Stralsund, directing their rout by the way of Rheinsberg.

Hague, May 3. The Electress Palatine arrived here under the name of countess of Nesselrodt, on Wednesday afternoon; took a view of the town, lodged at the Palatine minister's, and set off for Utrecht the next morning, on her return to Dusseldrop. Her electoral highness received a visit from the prince of Orange, but declined any other visits.

Constantinople, May 8. The Porte returns nothing but vague answers to all the propositions for an accommodation by the courts of Berlin and Vienna. The resident of their Imperial Majesties had three private meetings with the Kaimacam within 15 days, the result of which was dispatched to Vienna and Berlin.

Versailles, May 18. The marriage between the count de Provence, with the princess Maria-Josepha-Louisa of Savoy, grand-daughter of the king of Sardinia, was celebrated at Versailles the 14th inst.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

IN the course of this month many reports have prevailed respecting the peace of Europe. It was confidently asserted among the first rate politicians at the west end of the town, that the courts of Vienna and Berlin had entered into a treaty offensive and defensive against Russia, in order to dispossess her of the conquests she has obtained from the Turks, and divide the spoils between the king of Prussia and the Emperor; and that there was the greater probability for believing this measure would take place, as Great Britain was not in any respect guarantee to their acquisitions from the Porte. This report was still further corroborated by its being positively asserted upon Change, that the king of Prussia was actually negotiating a loan of one million sterling in this capital, the greatest part of which was already subscribed, in order to carry his measures into execution. This alarming news to Russia was succeeded by positive advices, that the court of Petersburg having gained intelligence of the designs of the king of Prussia and the emperor, had entered into a pacific negotiation with the Porte; that preliminaries of peace were already signed between the ministers of the Czarina and the Grand Signior, which would be immediately followed by M. Obresson's being restored to liberty; and that she had made such overtures to the courts of Berlin and Vienna, as were approved of, and that the following dispositions would take place: The Crimea to be ceded to Russia with the free navigation of the Black Sea, also two islands in the Archipelago, with free passage through the Bosphorus and Propontis; Bender and Moldavia to revert to the Porte; Walachia and the Turkish part of Transylvania, with Belgrade, to be ceded to Austria; Poland to be divided into four parts; Polish Prussia and Dantzick to be yielded to the king of Prussia; the country on the frontiers of Hungary to be possessed by Austria; the great duchy of Lithuania, and the rest of Poland, to be erected into an independent monarchy, in favour of the present king of Poland, if he will quietly submit to the other dispositions.

May 1. **Y**ESTERDAY morning Mr. Alderman Oliver was brought before the Barons of the court of Exchequer, by virtue of a writ of Habeas Corpus granted for that purpose. His counsel, who were Mr. Serjeant Glynn, Mr. Serjeant Jephson, and Mr. John Lee, in the course of their argument on behalf of the prisoner, which took up the space of several hours, applied themselves principally to answer every objection which had been made in the court of Common Pleas to discharging him. The Barons however were unanimously of opinion, that he ought to be remanded.

4. Mr. Gibson's patent for a theatre at Liverpool passed the great seal last week.

6. On Wednesday last at the Constitutional Society, at the Half Moon Tavern in Cheapside (Mr. Alderman Sawbridge in the chair) Sir Robert Bernard gave one hundred pounds towards the expences of the late prosecution of Balfe and Macquirk for the murder of Mr. Clarke at Brentford.

And the same evening, at a meeting of thirteen Gentlemen of the Society of the Standard Tavern in Leicester-fields, Dr. Wilson, in the true spirit of Mr. Wilkes's patriotism, moved that as Sir Robert, though President of that Society, and solicited to go up at their head with their address to the Lord Mayor, did not comply; and yet went the very next day to the London Tavern to vote for the dissolution of the Society of the Bill of Rights, he should be expelled. Mr. Charles Martyn seconded him with many unanswerable arguments to prove that Sir Robert was determined to give no more Hundreds to Mr. Wilkes.

Extract of a Letter from Portsmouth, May 8.

"The Prince of Wales, capt. Hammonds, and the Defence, capt. Reynolds, of 74 guns each, are just sailed for Plymouth, to be paid off. The Pallas frigate, capt. Watson, and the Minerva frigate, capt. Brooks, are sailed for the Mediterranean.

"The following are to be guardships here, viz. the Royal Oak, Capt. Shulden; Terrible, capt. Arbuthnot; Centaur, capt. Bentinck; Worcester, capt. Hughes; Lenox, capt. Roddam; Asia, capt. King; Prudent, capt. Schomberg; Egmont, capt. Jekyll.

"The following to be guardships at Plymouth, viz. Ocean, capt. Cranston; Intrepid, capt. Martin; Albion, capt. Barrington; Kent, capt. Colby; Torbay, capt. Wallis; and Fame, capt. P. Ourry.

"Came into harbour the Emerald man of war, capt. Moutray, and the Trident man of war, to be paid off."

To the officers of the third regiment of guards on duty at the Tower.

'Gentlemen;

'Had not slander been busy, I should have contented myself with a personal acknowledgment; but after the illiberal abuse which has been cast upon you most unjustly, I cannot be satisfied without returning you thus publicly my thanks for the great civility and politeness with which I have been treated by every one of you during my imprisonment in the Tower. I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

'RICHARD OLIVER.'

Fenchurch-Street Wednesday, May 8.

9. Yesterday his Majesty went in state to the house of peers, and gave the royal assent to the following bills, viz.—The bill for granting to his majesty a certain sum out of the sinking funds, and for applying certain sums therein mentioned, for the service of 1771.—The bill for granting to his majesty 650,000*l.* to be raised by Lottery for the service of the present year.—The bill to explain and amend an act of last sessions for regulating the trials of controverted elections, or returns of members to serve in parliament.—The bill to prevent counterfeiting the copper coin of the realm.—The bill for repairing, amending, and supporting the several harbours and sea-ports in the Isle of Man.—The bill for incapacitating several electors of New Shoreham.—The bill for the Durham-yard embankment.—The lastage and ballast bill.—The bill to prohibit the importation of foreign wrought silks and velvets, for a further limited time, and to prevent the unlawful combination of workmen employed in that trade.—The bill for prohibiting for a limited time the exportation of live cattle and fresh provisions.—The bill for continuing the bounty on the tonnage of shipping employed in the Greenland whale fishery.—The bill for granting a bounty on the importation of white oak staves, and headings, from the American colonies.—The bill for reducing into one act the several laws relating to the keeping and carriage of gunpowder, and for more effectually preventing mischiefs, by keeping or carrying gunpowder in too great quantities.—And also to several other public and private bills

After which his majesty was pleased to make a gracious speech from the throne; for which see p. 260.

Yesterday morning, as soon as it was certainly known that his majesty would go to the house, to put an end to the session of parliament, summonses were issued out from Guildhall, to the aldermen and common council, signed D. Smith, desiring their attendance at Guildhall, and from thence to proceed to the Tower, to conduct the lord mayor and Mr. Alderman Oliver to the mansion-house.

The procession from the Tower began about half an hour past three, nearly as follows: the artillery company, with music playing, drums beating, and colours flying. The city marshal on horseback, followed by the lord mayor's household, &c. two and two. In carriages, the sheriffs. Several of the aldermen in their scarlet gowns. The committee of the common council for conducting the business of the lord mayor, &c. The state coach, with the lord mayor, and Mr. alderman Oliver in their scarlet gowns. A great number of the common council in their gowns.

On the Lord Mayor and Mr. Oliver being brought to the Tower-gate by the proper officer of that fortress, they were received with the

greatest acclamations, which were continued all the way to the Mansion-house.

When they got out of the state coach at the Mansion house steps, the committee who had alighted and gone in at a private door, met them and conducted them into the house amidst very loud acclamations of the people. There were 53 carriages in the train.

The lord mayor invited the aldermen and the committee to dine with his lordship at the Mansion house. The common council are to have that honour another opportunity, there not being time to make preparations for so large a company.

Twenty-one pieces of cannon were fired by the artillery company on Tower-hill, when the procession began.

The houses in all the principal streets of the city, &c. were finely illuminated, and the bells of most of the churches were rang on the occasion.

The mob last night broke a great number of windows in the Strand, and did not leave a whole pane in Somerset-house coffee-room; the landlord narrowly escaping with his life, in attempting to seize one of the mob; they broke down the iron gates at Serjeants-Inn in Fleet-street, and obliged all the houses therein to put out lights, and committed many other outrages.

Last Wednesday night the mob assembled before Lord North's house in Downing-street, and broke several of the windows; likewise the fan-light, and two lamps over the door.

Sir Fletcher Norton came home not above half an hour before the mob assembled in his court yard; they threw stones so fast at the windows, that the family was obliged to remain all the time in the back apartments.

On the 10th, eight prisoners confined for debt in the King's Bench prison, made their escape, by breaking a passage through the wall.

11. Last Tuesday night a duel was fought in the Green-park between Lord L-g-n-r and the Count Alt-ri, a Piedmontese nobleman, in which the latter was wounded. See p. 238.

On Wednesday night his majesty's wardrobe at Richmond was broke open, and robbed of cloaths, &c. to the value of 6000*l.*

13. The state of the national debt, as it stood the 5th of Jan. amounts to 128,998,119*l.* 8*s.* 2½*d.* and the annual interest, or other charges attending the same, amounts to 4,581,317*l.* 8*s.* 8*d.*

14. His majesty was attended yesterday morning by the dukes of Gloucester and Cumberland, generals Hervey and Carpenter, and several other general officers, at the review on Wimbledon common of the 2d and 7th regiments of Dragoons, who performed their evolutions, firings, &c. to universal satisfaction.

15. On Monday morning the celebrated capt. Jennison Shafto, so well known upon the turf, shot himself at his house in Pallmall. Various causes are assigned for this melancholy catastrophe; some believe that loss at play

was the occasion of it; whilst the most probable account is, that being delirious, his servant left him to call in assistance, and before he returned the fatal event took place.

16. A *noli prosequi* is entered for setting aside the proceedings against Whitham (messenger of the house of commons) in the king's name.

Yesterday a court of aldermen was held at Guildhall, at which the right hon. the lord mayor attended.

At the above court the following gentlemen were drunk to as proper persons to serve the office of sheriff for the city of London and county of Middlesex for the ensuing year, viz. Thomas Pen, Esq; citizen and weaver; James Marston, Esq; grocer; Neighbour Firth, Esq; silk throwster; Thomas Comyn, Esq; vintner; William Savage, Esq; grocer; John Curson, Esq; vintner; Richard Trowbridge, Esq; Plumber; James Savage, Esq; cooper; and Philip Bowden, Esq; vintner.

16. The installation of the knights of the Garter, is fixed to be at Windsor the 9th of July.

The chevalier d'Eon has disappeared within these few days, and is by many said to be kidnapped to France; whilst others aver he has been visible since in London. See p. 249.

17. A literary war has just broke out between messrs. Horne and Wilkes, in which personal abuse and scurrility are not spared on either side. It is likely to continue for some time. See p. 262.

Dublin, May 20. The following is his majesty's most gracious answer to the address of the house of commons of this kingdom.

"GEORGE R.

"His majesty thanks the house of commons for the many warm expressions of affection and loyalty contained in their address, and for their congratulations on the increase of his family.

"His majesty is extremely glad to find, that the opportunity he has given them of consulting together, at this time, for the general good of his kingdom of Ireland, has been received by them with so much satisfaction, and he trusts it will be productive of every benefit to the public that they could desire.

"His majesty is well pleased with the assurances given by the house of commons of their regard for his rights, and those of the crown of Great Britain, which it is his indispensable duty to assert, and which he shall ever think it incumbent on him to maintain."

G. R."

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. The humble address of the knights, citizens, and burgesses, in parliament assembled.

"Most gracious sovereign,

"WE, your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the commons of Ireland, in parliament assembled, beg leave to approach your sacred person with our humble thanks for

your majesty's most gracious answer to the address of this house.

"Impressed with the justest and the deepest sense of the blessings we enjoy, and of the many important benefits which we have obtained, during your majesty's most auspicious reign, and filled with the warmest sentiments of gratitude, duty, and loyalty, we beg leave to renew our assurances to your majesty, of the inviolable attachment to your majesty's royal person, family, and government."

24. Last Wednesday lady L. was served with a process, by the proctor of lord L. to proceed against her ladyship.

The same day, the lady of a great sea officer was served with a process by a proctor, on a similar account.

25. Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, arrived at his house in South Audley-street, the right hon. John Earl of Bute from Harwich.

27. The Gazette of Saturday contains an order of council dated the 24th inst. that the quarantine subsisting upon all ships from Dantzic, or any other part or place in Royal and Ducal Prussia, Pomerania, Samogilia, Courland, and Livonia, be taken off; and that all ships and vessels already arrived, or that may hereafter arrive from those places, be permitted to discharge their respective lardings, without unpacking, opening, and airing, provided they have no cotton wool on board, and have clean bills of health, and the master making oath that the crew is free from all infection.

Also another order of council for taking off the quarantine from all ships already arrived, or that may hereafter arrive from Ham-
burgh, Bremen, or the ports of Flanders, under the same restrictions as the former.

The parliament of Ireland was prorogued the 18th inst. Lord Townshend, as lord lieutenant, made a speech to both houses, upon the close of the sessions, and received addresses from them both on the occasion. The lords address was carried upon the question 38 to 13, and that of the commons, 110 to 50.

27. Saturday the earl of Bute had a conference with his majesty, the princess dowager of Wales, and all the Royal Family at Richmond.

On Friday was filed in the King's Bench office, a declaration on behalf of lord L--g--n--r, against a Piedmontese nobleman, for crim. con. with lady L--—, wherein the damages are laid at 20,000l. Mr. Dunning was retained for lord L--—, immediately upon the discovery of the cause of action, as was Mr. Wedderburne for the defendant.

29. We are assured that lady G--n--d and lady Cr--n, sisters to lord B--—, have been admitted to the first routs in town, since the malicious report of their infidelity to their husbands.

BIRTHS.

B I R T H S.

May 4. The Ducheſs of Beaufort, of a ſon, in Groſvenor-square.

13. Her Grace the Dutcheſs of Grafton, of a daughter, in Arlington-ſtreet.

22. The Lady of the Rev. Mr. Bence, of a ſon, who is heir to 4000*l.* per ann. in Burlington-ſtreet.

25. Lady Catherine Beauclerk, Lady of the Hon. Mr. Beauclerk, of a ſon, in Wimpole-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-square.

M A R R I A G E S.

30. The Hon. and Rev. Mr. Cornwallis, nephew to his Grace the Lord Archbiſhop of Canterbury, and brother of Earl Cornwallis, to Miſs Mann, of Saville-row.

May 1. Thomas Day, Eſq; of Sarat, in Hertfordſhire, to Mrs. Ann Weatherley, of Newington.

Capt. James Poole, to Miſs Anne Bennett, youngſt daughter of William Bennett, Eſq; of Briſtol.

2. Emanuel Baruch Louzada, Eſq; to Miſs Rebecca Ximenes, daughter of David Ximenes, Eſq; of Sydenham, in Kent.

The Rev. Dr. Fordyce, to Miſs Henrietta Cumming, in Mr. Fordyce's chapel, at Roehampton, by ſpecial licence from his Grace the Archbiſhop of Canterbury.

Thomas William Powell, Eſq; of the iſland of Jamaica, to Miſs Bradſhaw, of Huntingdon.

Stephen Soames, Eſq; of Paper-buildings, in the Temple, a Commiſſioner of Bankrupts, to Miſs Wynn, of Soho.

Mr. Hall, Linen draper, of Gracechurch-ſtreet, to Miſs Pullen of Rotherhithe.

Thomas Boone, Eſq; commiſſioner of the Cuſtoms, to Mrs. Peronneau, widow of Mr. Peronneau, of Charles Town, South Carolina, merchant.

Capt. George Thompson, of the 43d regiment to Miſs Leonora Hamilton, of Hull.

5. Joſeph Allenton, Eſq; of Bruton-ſtreet, to Miſs Elizabeth Wootton, of Great Ruſſel-ſtreet.

Capt. Hughes, of the Monmouthſhire militia, to Miſs Jarvis, of Brecon, niece of Sir John Meredith.

Hayes, of Scotland-yard, to Miſs Anne Inſkip, of Old Bond-ſtreet.

9. Col. Harley, of Richmond, to Miſs Budd, of Kenſington.

Samuel Ardon, Eſq; of the General Poſt-Office, to Miſs Hughes, of Berwick ſtreet, Soho.

10. George Newcombe, Eſq; of Hertford-ſtreet, May Fair, to Miſs Elizabeth Hall, of New Bond-ſtreet.

Benjamin Randall, Eſq; of Norwich, to Miſs Le Grys, daughter of Charles Le Grys, Eſq;

13. Conſtantine Phipps, Eſq; of New Bond-ſtreet, to Miſs Tierney, of Theobalds.

14. ——— Smith, Eſq; of Great George-

ſtreet, Weſtminſter, (brother to the Lady of Sir George Colebrooke, Bart.) to Miſs Burgeſs.

The Rev. Mr. Dickſon, Chaplain of a man of war, to Miſs Cobden, daughter of Capt. Cobden, of Sydenham. It is remarkable, that this Lady was the firſt child he chriſtened after taking holy orders.

15. Daniel Walker, Eſq; of St. George's Hanover-square, to Miſs Branby, of St. Margaret's Weſtminſter.

16. Edward Pynes, Eſq; of Iſlington, to Miſs Townſhend, of St. Mary-le-bon.

18. The Rev. Dr. Thomas Naſh, Fellow of Baliol College, Oxford, to Miſs Williams, daughter of Sir Robert Williams, in Soho-square.

19. John Boynton, Eſq; of Great Ruſſel-ſtreet, to Miſs Elizabeth Shelley, of New Bond ſtreet.

20. Joſeph Fraine, Eſq; a Captain in the navy, to Miſs Wright, of Bath.

21. The Rev. Mr. James Scott, one of the King's Chaplains, to Miſs Jenny Harmond.

23. William Baker, Eſq; one of the Sheriffs of this city, to Miſs Juliana Penn, daughter of Thomas Penn, Eſq; one of the proprietors of Pennſylvania, who was a few days ago put in nomination by the Lord Mayor to ſerve the Office of Sheriff. It is ſaid the lady's fortune is 200,000*l.*

24. Boyle Davies, Eſq; to Miſs Hoggins, both of America, with a fortune of 8000*l.* The years of the bride and bridegroom amount to no more than twenty-eight.

25. Henry Vaughan, Eſq; of Lower Groſvenor-ſtreet, to Miſs Pigou, of Hammerſmith.

D E A T H S.

April 25. Edmund Waller, Eſq; of Beaconsfield, Bucks.

Mr. De Hake, aged 63, at Hanover, Prime Miniſter of the Electorate of Brunſwick Lunenburgh.

26. The Hon. Lieutenant Colonel Nugent, of the Guards, and Groom of the Bed-chamber to his Maſteſty, at Bath.

27. Mr. John Barker, one of the Royal Academicians, in Denmark-ſtreet, Soho.

Lady Rich, relict of the late Sir William Rich, and mother of Sir Thomas Rich, Commander of his Maſteſty's ſhip Senegal.

28. Miſs Penelope Cave, daughter of Sir Thomas Cave, Bart. one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Lieceſter, at Twickenham.

29. Mr. Thomas Griffin, ſuddenly, Greſham Lecturer of Muſic, which place is 100*l.* a-year, and in the gift of the Grand Greſham Committee for this City

Mrs. Mary Hamilton, of Hampton-Court, a near relation of the Earl of Abercorn.

Joſhua Handerſyde, Eſq; late a Weſt Indian Merchant, in Crutched-friars.

May

May 1. Lady Holland, in Old Bond-street.
James Holman, Esq; only son of Philip Holman, Esq; of Park Place.

The Lady of Lindley Simpson, Esq; Gentleman Usher, Daily Waiter to his Majesty, at Babworth, in Nottinghamshire. She was daughter of the Hon. Dr. Henry Bridges, brother to the late Duke of Chandos.

William Shirley, Esq; formerly Governor and commander in Chief of Boston, in New England.

Christopher Pippard, Esq; of Lancashire; at the Hot-Wells, Bristol.

Robert Wadcock Avery, Esq; at Warwick, by a fall from his horse.

2. Mrs. Mathews, relict of the late Admiral Matthews, in Wimpole-street, Cavendish-square.

Arthur Edwards, Esq; at Ripley, in Surry.

The Rev. Mr. Hayter, Rector of Chagford, and brother to the late bishop of London, at Bath.

Carlos Emanuel de Durazzo, Grand Master of the Knights of Malta, in the 90th year of his age, at Malta.

Lieut. Benjamin Winthrop, of the 69th regiment of foot, at Gibraltar.

3. Col. Cholmondeley Scott, of the 11th regiment of foot, at Finchley.

Robert Sinclair, formerly an officer in the Horse Guards.

4. William Carleton, Esq; aged 78, at Kensington, possessed of near 50,000*l.* in the funds.

John Stephenson, Esq; aged 72, at Mount Pleasant, near Tottenham High Cross.

5. William Scott, Esq; near St. John's Church, Westminster.

7. Francis Duncomb, Esq; in May-Fair, possessed of considerable estates in Jamaica.

William Harvey, Esq; at Kensington.

The Hon. Miss Conway, sister to the Earl of Hertford, a maiden Lady, aged 60, at Chichester, in Sussex.

Richard Davenport, Esq; in St. James's-street.

James Ruffiat, Esq; at Foxham, in Devonshire.

6. Joseph Walkinshaw, Esq; aged 79, in Stanhope-street, May-fair.

George Chamberlin, Esq; on Winchmore-hill.

Mr. Ifatt, of Wigmore-street, Cavendish-square, agent to their Graces the Duke and Duchess Dowager of Portland.

10. Mr. Welch, brother to Mr. Welch, banker, in Cornhill.

Original Jackson, Esq; of Waternewton, in Huntingdonshire.

11. Henry Sheppard, Esq; formerly an eminent timber merchant.

13. Christopher Hallet, Esq; in Mount-street, Grosvenor-square.

15. Mr. Grant, Brewer, in Spitalfields.

16. The Hon. Henry Finch Hatton, Esq;

brother to the late Earl of Winchelsea, and Surveyor of his Majesty's private roads, in Cavendish-square.

Alexander Thompson, Esq; in Fenchurch-street, who came lately here from Antigua, for the benefit of his health.

Mrs. Kilborn, relict of William Kilborn, Esq; of Colchester.

17. Mrs. Tryon, mother of the Hon. William, Tryon, Governor of North Carolina, and of Miss Tryon, one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen.

William-Henry Flemming, Esq; at his house in Norwich, in the 81st year of his age, the eldest Captain but one in his Majesty's Navy, the date of his commission being July 26, 1728.

19. William Goring, Esq; at Cobham, in Surry.

20. The Rev. Mr. Pratt, aged 102, at Hackney.

21. Robert Scott, Esq; at Greenwich.

Daniel Webb, Esq; at Clapton.

John William Holwell, Esq; at Kensington Gravel Pits.

Edward Sparrow, Esq; at Coggeshal, in Essex.

23. James Kilshaw, Esq; at Knightsbridge.

24. William Winfield, Esq; in Chesterfield-street, May-fair.

BANKRUPTS.

James Travis, of Gracechurch street, Broker.

Henry Marchinton, Philip Marchinton, and James Marchinton, merchants.

Joseph Lovell, and George Whitehead, of Miles Lane, Cannon-street, Wine Merchants and Partners.

John Whitehead, of Barkefwell, in Warwickshire, Dealer in Timber.

James Brittif, of Norwich, Broker.

James Duke, of St. Martin's-Lane, St. Martin's in the Fields, Taylor and Haberdasher.

William Inwood, the Elder, of St. Sepulchre Without, Salesman.

Lyon Isaacs, of Wapping, Grocer.

Simon Lemon, and John Furlonger, of Lambeth, in Surry, Starchmakers, and Co-partners.

Francis Bunn, of Purple-lane, St. Andrews, Holborn, Dealer.

Henry Wood, of Great Ormond-street, St. George the Martyr, by Queen-square, Victualler.

Richard Roberts, of Lime-street, London, Wine-Merchant.

Isaac Le Gay, of Coleman-street, London, Packer.

Henry Moon, of Callington, in Cornwall, Tanner.

Lazarus Higginson, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, Tin-plate Worker, Brazier, and Chapman.

T H E
Town and Country Magazine ;
O R,
UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F
Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For J U N E, 1771.

Embellished and Illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A good POR-
TRAIT of the accomplished Miss PR—TT. 2. An approved LIKENESS of the ce-
lebrated Political MUNG0; and, 3. A fine perspective VIEW of the grand South-
Front of the ADELPHI BUILDINGS, in Durham Yard, taken from the Thames,
and executed in a masterly Manner, by an eminent ARTIST, on a large Quarto
Plate.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE;
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W.
COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-
Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle;
J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edin-
burgh; and all other Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

We think the Answer to D. C's. Question is so obvious, that we imagine the generality of our Readers would judge us trifling, were we to insert it.

Kirtonienfis's Inventory might be a good Joke, if the Parties were as well known to us as they are to him; but our Ignorance in this Respect takes off whatever Poignancy there might be in the Conceit.

John Justice's Remarks upon a late Publication, may be very just; but we acknowledge we do not understand them.

J. Helling's, and William Dawson's Answers to the Mathematical Questions, came too late to be noticed in that Department of our Magazine.

We must remind T. A. that an Acrostic, like a miniature Picture, if not touched by a nice Pencil, will not please the Judicious.

The Ode, which begins O! pater, &c. is not calculated for our Magazine.

We are astonished to find that Mr. J. T——r, who is possessed of all the Materials for producing a good Poem, should bring forth one so very indifferent.

We are sorry we cannot oblige Stella.

The Hint from Almack's, will be attended to.

We can assure B. D. that it is a Rule with us, to draw our Portraits from human Life, as like as possible, and that we never attempt to distort our literary Canvases with fictitious Deformity.

Under Consideration, Letters signed W. H. J. Bayley. K. H. D. Philo Janetta. A reformed Rake. Old Square Toes. Amen. Ludlow. O. C. O. L. U. S. An Observer. Damon. C. L. E. And some without Signatures.

Prices of GOLD per Ounce.

	l.	s.	d.
Gold in coin, - - - -	3	19	6
Ditto in bars, - - - -	3	19	6

Prices of SILVER per Ounce.

Pik. pes. eight, - - - -	5	6
Ditto small, - - - - -	5	6
Mexico - - - - -	5	6
Mexico small, - - - - -	5	6
Silver in bars stand. - - -	5	7 $\frac{1}{4}$

PRICES of GRAIN,

At Bear Key, London.

Wheat -	42s od to 48s od
Barley -	23s od to 26s od
Rye - -	32s od to 33s 6d
Oats -	17s od to 20s od
Br. Malt -	29s od to 32s od
Pale Malt	30s od to 34s od
Pease - -	31s od to 33s od
Hog-pease	24s od to 26s od
Beans - -	22s od to 28s 6d
Tares - -	24s od to 28s od
Rape-seed,	—

Per Sack.

Fine Flour	38s od to 39s od
Second -	35s od to 00s od
Third -	32s od to 00s od

PRICE of BREAD.

		s.	d.	f.
The peck loaf {	Wheaten	2	4	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
	Houshold,	1	7	0

Whitechapel Hay-market, June 27.

Hay from - - -	1 8 0 to 3 0 0	per
Straw from - - -	1 5 0 to 2 3 0	load

Prices of Stocks, Thursday, June 27.

Bank Stock, 154 $\frac{1}{2}$ a 155
India ditto, shut.
South Sea ditto, —
Ditto old annuit. —
Ditto new annuit. —
3 per cent. bank red. 87 $\frac{3}{4}$
3 per cent. consol. shut
3 per cent. Ditto 1726, shut
Ditto 1751, shut
Ditto India ann. 84 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 1-half per cent. ditto 1758, shut
4 per cent. consol. 1762, 96 $\frac{1}{2}$
Royal Assurance, —
Million Bank, —
London Ditto —
India Bonds 52s a 53s.
Navy and vict. bills, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{1}{2}$ dif.
3 per cent Ex. bills, —
Long Annuities, shut
Lott. Tickets, 13l. 12s. 6d.



The Town and Country Magazine;

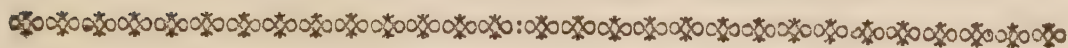
O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For J U N E, 1771.



The State of Europe for June 1771.

ACCOUNT of ITALY continued from
Page 232.

THE republic of Venice, like many others, rose from very small beginnings. That group of small islands, where the city of Venice now stands, was originally inhabited only by fishermen; but when Italy was invaded, first by Alaric, king of the Goths, and afterwards by Attila, king of the Huns, who spread ruin and desolation wherever they came, great numbers of people, who lived near the Adriatic, fled to these isles, with all their wealth. From that time a city gradually rose, which at last, in the course of several centuries, attained to a high degree of power, and a much more extensive dominion than it at present possesses, though this is far from being inconsiderable. Like Genoa, it was indebted, in a great measure, for its power and wealth to commerce; for before the

Portuguese discovered a passage to India, by the cape of Good Hope, the Venetians purchased the merchandize of the East at Alexandria, and other ports in the Levant, and dispersed them all over Europe; in consequence of which they became immensely rich and powerful, but have declined ever since they lost that trade. Exclusive of what they are possessed of, they were once masters of the island of Rhodes, Scio, Samos, Mytilene, Andros, Candia, the Morea, with the cities of Gallipoli, and Thessalonica; and in 1194, in conjunction with the French, they even took the city of Constantinople, and remained some time in possession of a part of that empire. They also disputed the dominion of Sclavonia, Croaria, Morlachia, and Dalmatia, with the king of Hungary, and contended with the Genoese for the empire of the sea with various success; but a great part of these, and other conquests, they have since been stripped, chiefly by the Turks.

As to the government of this state, it was at first vested in consuls, afterwards in tribunes. About the beginning of the eighth century, a doge, or duke, was elected, and vested with unlimited power; but in 1171, the power of the doge was much abridged, and a council of two hundred and forty persons, composed of commons as well as nobles, was appointed. Soon after, under duke Marino Morosini, the present form of electing the doge was introduced.

The Venetians are the greatest naval power in Italy. They pretend they could fit out, in case of necessity, sixty men of war, one hundred galleys, and ten galleasses; though one can hardly imagine how they could man half that number. Mr. Keyser says, that when he was there, which is about forty years ago, they had in all fifty galleys, of which twenty-five were at sea, and the rest in the harbour; ready equipped for service, besides twenty-four men of war on the stocks.

The army consists of between twenty and thirty thousand men, the greatest part of which are Dalmatians and Switzers. The commander in chief, styled capitano, is always a foreigner of distinction.

The ordinary revenues of the state are computed at about one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling; but, in time of war, they can raise them greatly. A considerable part of the revenue arises from the customs, and the duty on salt, made at Corf and Chioza.

The dutchy of Venice consists of islands, and a small part of the continent, in which the principal places are,

Venice, in Latin, Venetia, or Venetia, the capital and seat of the republic, standing at least four miles from any part of the terra firma, upon a cluster of islands. Its appearance at a distance is very striking, looking like a great town half floated by a deluge. Betwixt the city and the terra firma are a great many shallows, on which, at low water, you may almost every where touch the bottom with a pole;

but all possible care is taken to prevent their becoming dry land. On the south side of the city are also shallows, but on these there is a greater depth of water. The channels betwixt them are marked out by stakes, or poles, which on the approach of an enemy would certainly be taken away. The city is divided by a vast number of canals, on which ply the gondoliers, or watermen, in their black gondolas or boats. The streets are very clean and neat, but narrow and crooked. There are no carriages, not so much as a chair to be seen in them. Though the city, by its situation, and the great number of steeples, towering above the water, strikes the spectator with admiration at a distance; yet when he is got into it, it does not answer his expectation; for excepting the square of St. Mark, and a few other places, there is nothing grand or beautiful in it, at least in comparison of many other cities in Italy.

The number of islands on which the city stands, according to some, is sixty, according to others seventy-two. The circumference is about six Italian miles, and it takes up about two hours to make the circuit of it in a gondola. The inhabitants are supposed to be about two hundred thousand, including those of the islands Murano, La Giudecca, and those who live on the barges.

The diversions of the Venetians are chiefly masquerading, especially during the carnival, and other festivals; ridottos, operas, plays, which are generally wretched performances, and concerts of vocal and instrumental music. During their festivals, debauchery, riot, and licentiousness, are carried to the greatest height.

Mastro, or Mestre, a middling town on the continent, about three miles from the Lagune. It is so delightfully situated, that many of the Venetian nobles have seats in it.

The Paduan, or territory of Padua, is exceeding fertile, and well cultivated. Its greatest length, from north to south, is about thirty-five miles; and its breadth about twenty-eight, at
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a medium. The places of most note in it are,

Padua, which gives name to it, and is its capital. It was antiently called *Patavium*, and was one of the richest and most flourishing cities in Italy; but is now much declined, the number of the inhabitants hardly amounting to forty thousand. It stands on the *Brenta*, about thirty-four miles east of *Venice*, and contains a great number of churches, convents, and several hospitals; but the streets are narrow, dirty, and ill-paved. The university here was formerly in great repute; but it hath declined greatly, in consequence of the unbounded licentiousness of its scholars.

Abano, a village five miles from Padua, noted for its warm baths.

Arqua or Arquato, a little town, nine miles from Padua, whither *Petrarch*, after the death of his dear *Lauretta* or *Laura*, retired, and spent the rest of his days.

Este, a small place, two miles south of Padua, whence the family of the dukes of *Modena* had their name.

The *Veronese*, or territory of *Verona*, is a very fertile spot, yielding a profusion of corn, wine, oil, and fine fruits, with marble, petrefactions, valuable plants, rich pastures, great numbers of fine cattle, and a variety of fish. In this district lies the *Lago di Garda*, which was antiently called *Benacus*, of which some geographers make the length thirty, and some forty miles; and the breadth, some thirty-six, others much less. The only remarkable places in the *Veronese* is *Verona*, which gives name to it, and its capital, being a very large city, fortified in the antient manner, and delightfully situated on the *Adige*, in a serene and healthy air, forty-nine miles west of *Venice*. Over the river are four bridges, of which that which leads to the castle is much admired. The city looks much better at a distance, than when one is in it; the streets being generally narrow, crooked, and dirty, and the houses meanly built. Here are three old castles, viz. *Il Castello*

Vecchio, *St. Pietro*, and *St. Felice*. The number of the inhabitants is reckoned at about fifty thousand.

The *Vicentine* territory hath its name from its capital, the antient city of *Vicentia*, now *Vicenza*. The soil here is rich and fertile, no district in Italy being better watered, and the air serene and healthy. Its length is about forty miles, and its breadth about thirty-three. The wines of this district are much admired. In the hills are found silver and iron ore, and fine quarries of stone. Here are also fine pasture-grounds and corn-fields, with plenty of fish, game, cattle, and mulberry-trees, and a fine sort of chalk for scouring cloaths and plate, and the sand from which they make *Venice-glass*.

Vicenza, the only place of note, is a pretty large city, at the confluence of the *Bachiglioni*, and *Verone*, about twenty-nine miles west of *Venice*. It is about four miles in circuit, and its inhabitants are computed at thirty thousand.

The *Bresciana* has been subject to the *Venetians* about two centuries and a half. Though mountainous, it is fruitful in wine, oil, and grain; being watered by two lakes, and several rivers. In its mountains are found gold, silver, iron, copper, and marble of all colours. The most noted place in it is *Brescia*, which gives name to it, and is its capital, standing in a pleasant plain on the little river *Garza*. It is not above three miles in circuit, but is very populous, and drives a considerable trade in fire-arms, swords, knives, and other cutlery wares.

The *Venetians* have been in possession of the *Bergamasco* ever since the year 1428. Some spots in it are fertile enough, but others as barren; a great number of cattle and sheep, however, are bred in it, and it produces some good wine, being well watered by a number of rivers, with iron mines, and quarries of mill-stone. The inhabitants are said to be subtle and industrious, but to be very subject to the wens taken notice of in *Savoy* and *Piedmont*. The only place in this

this territory worth mentioning is that which gives name to it, viz.

Bergamo, a well fortified town, at the foot of the Alps, about twenty-five miles north-east from Milan.

The Cremasco is a small, but pleasant, healthy, and fertile district. The only place in it worth mentioning, is that which gives name to it, viz.

Crema, a well fortified town on the river Serio: the Venetians have been in possession of it since 1428.

The Polesin of Rovigo is very fertile, being a kind of peninsula formed by the Po, Adige, Tattaro, and Castaro. Its greatest length is reckoned about fifty miles, and breadth about twenty-five. The Venetians made themselves masters of it anno 1500.

The district of Marca Trevigiana, takes its name from Treviso, its capital, which also gives name to one of its subdivisions, called the Trevigiana, a spot so fertile, that it looks like one continued garden, and in particular abounds in timber. The Venetians have been in possession of it since 1388. It is the see of a bishop, and hath given birth to many princes and other great personages.

Patria del Friuli, in Latin called Forum Julium, or Forojuliensis Provincia, is situated on the most northern verge of Italy. The greater part of it belongs to the Venetians, and the rest to the Austrians. The whole country, including the Austrian and Venetian territories, is about fifty-two miles in length, and forty-five in breadth, where broadest. It is very fertile in corn, wine, and fruit.

Istria is about sixty miles long, but not near so broad. It is a kind of peninsula on the Adriatic, belonging partly to the Austrians, and partly to the Venetians, and is very fruitful, though hilly; but the air is so unwholesome, that it is but thinly peopled.

The republic of Lucca is situated on the coast of the Mediterranean, between the territory of Genoa on the west, the Modenese on the north,

and Tuscany on the east. It is only about thirty Italian miles in circumference, according to Keysser, but is exceeding fertile and populous. The inhabitants, who are said to amount to upwards of one hundred and twenty thousand, are very industrious, and very jealous of the Tuscans, by whom they are almost surrounded. The forces of the republic amount, in time of peace, to about six hundred men, including the doge or gonfalonier's guard of Switzers, which consists of seventy-six men; but there are above thirty thousand men in the territory of Lucca capable of bearing arms. The government is vested in two councils, of which one is called the council of state, and the other the great council, the executive power being in the former, consisting of nine members besides the doge, who continue in office only two months, and during that time, have apartments in the palace of the republic, and are maintained at the public expence. The great council consists of two hundred and thirty nobles, and ten burghers, who enjoy their office two years. The title of the doge is, Eccellenza, and of the state La Serenissima Repubblica di Lucca. The annual revenue amounts to about four hundred thousand scudi, or eighty thousand pounds sterling. Lucca the capital, and the only place in the republic's territory worth describing, is about three Italian miles in circumference, and well fortified. Round the walls are very pleasant walks, planted with rows of trees. The number of the inhabitants is about forty thousand. The houses are generally well built, and the streets broad and well paved, but irregular. Several manufactures, particularly of silk, are carried on, and the finest oil of any in Italy is said to be made here.

The grand duchy of Tuscany, which makes a part of the antient Etruria, excepting some small detached parts, is encompassed by a part of the Mediterranean, called here the Tuscan sea; the ecclesiastical state; the

the duchy of Modena; and the republic of Lucca: its extent from north to south being about an hundred and sixteen English miles, and from east to west, about eighty.

Though some parts of it are mountainous, yet both the hills and dales are covered with vines, olives, citron, lemon, and orange-trees, &c. The mountains yield also copper, iron, alum, &c. and some quarries of marble and porphyry. Here is also plenty of corn, rice, saffron, honey, wax, wool, flax, hemp, with mineral waters, rich pasture, salt-pits, sulphur, alabaster, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, borax, amethysts, cornelians, jaspers, quicksilver, crystals, and black slate. In some places the elms and ashes yield manna.

The principal river in Tuscany is the Arno, which has its source in the Apennine mountains, and falls into the sea below Pisa. There are some other smaller rivers.

This duchy fell under the dominion of the Romans about four hundred and fifty-five years before Christ. The Ostrogoths possessed themselves of it in the fifth century, and after them the Lombards, who were expelled by Charlemagne anno 800, in consequence of which it became subject to the German emperors, who appointed governors over it. At last the cities of Florence, Pisa, Sienna, and some others, during the contentions between the pope and the emperor, and their respective adherents, the Guelphs and Gibellines, withdrew themselves from the dominion of both, and erected themselves into separate commonwealths. In that of Florence, John de Medicis, a popular nobleman, so insinuated himself into the favour of his countrymen, that they invested him with sovereign power. Pope Pius V. conferred the title of grand duke on Cosmo de Medicis, anno 1570, in whose family the duchy continued until the death of Galton de Medicis, who died without issue, anno 1737. The duchy was then transferred to the duke of Lorrain, the late emperor, in lieu of the duchy of Lorrain,

which, by the peace of 1736, was given to king Stanislaus, during his life, and then was to be annexed to France. The present grand-duke is the second son of the late emperor Francis, and brother to the present. He is married to a daughter of Spain, and resides at Florence. His annual revenues are computed at above five hundred thousand pounds sterling, arising chiefly from the tenths of all estates, that are sold or alienated, and the ground-rents of the houses in Leghorn, and the duties on almost all manner of provisions.

The great duke is absolute in his dominions. His standing forces consist only of three regiments of foot, and two of dragoons, and his marine of a few galleys and galleasses; but, in case of necessity, it is said, he can bring thirty thousand men into the field, and increase his marine with twenty men of war; but it does not appear, how he could man them.

The principal places in Tuscany are the following,

Florence, the capital, situated on the river Arno, about fifty miles south of Bologna, sixty south-east of Modena, seventy-eight from Parma, one hundred and twenty-six south of Venice, and one hundred and twenty north-west of Rome. It is said to have been at first called Fludentina, which was afterwards altered to Florentina, on account either of its flourishing state, or fertile soil. The Italians now call it Fiorenza. It gives name to a district, which is extremely well peopled, fertile, and beautiful. Over the Arno are four stone bridges. The number of churches, convents, hospitals, and palaces is very great. The streets are mostly crooked and narrow, but clean, and paved with greyish stone dug in the neighbouring mountains. To describe all the curiosities in this city, especially in the old and new ducal palaces, would take up a volume. It is enough to say that they contain the richest collection of all manner of rarities, both of art and nature, antient and modern, that is, perhaps, in the whole world. The

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number of the inhabitants is computed at seventy thousand.

Pisa, a large town on the Arno, fifty-two miles from Florence. It was a famous republic, till subdued, first by the duke of Milan, and then by the Florentines, in the year 1406. Before it lost its freedom, it is said to have contained near one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, but now has not above sixteen or seventeen thousand.

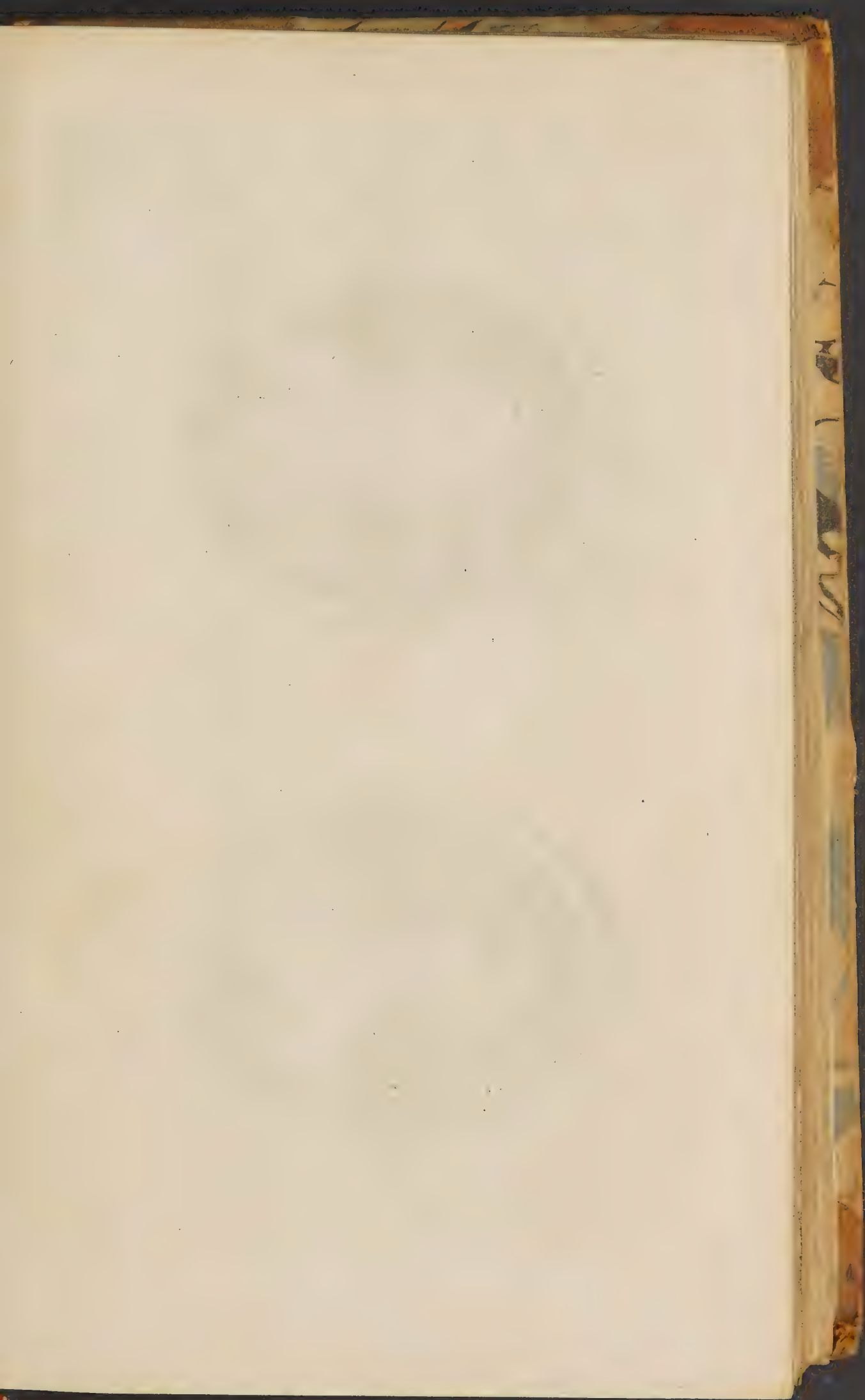
Leghorn, antiently called Liburnus Portus, but by the modern Italians, Livorno, a handsome town, and free port, about thirty miles south-west from Florence, in the territory of Pisa. The only defect of the harbour is its being too shallow for large ships. Cosmo I. had this town, in exchange for Sarzana, from the Genoese, and it is the only sea-port in the duchy. It is well built, with broad, straight, parallel streets. It is also well fortified, but wants good water, which must be brought from Pisa. The port, consisting of two havens, one for the duke's galleys, and the other for merchant ships, is surrounded with a double mole, about a mile and a half in length, and defended, together with the town, by a good citadel, and twelve forts. Roman catholics, Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Mahometans, and even the English factory, are indulged in the public exercise of their religion; but other protestants must be satisfied with the private. The trade carried on here is very great, and most of it passes through the hands of the Jews.

Sienna, an ancient and still a pretty large city, thirty-eight miles south of Florence. It was formerly the capital of a considerable republic, but was reduced by the emperor Charles V. who transferred it to his son Philip II. of Spain, and he made over the whole, except the Stato de gli Presidij, to Cosmo I. duke of Florence, in lieu of the debts he owed him. The territory to which this city gives name, is about sixty-five miles from north to south, and near as many from east to west, very fertile and pleasant, well cultivated, and peopled. The city is

very clean, neat and healthy, but far from populous, seventeen thousand being the most it contains. The other cities are not worth remarking.

The MISER'S SOLILOQUY.

HOW much was I mistaken, on my first setting out in life, when I thought that wealth was the foundation of happiness in the world! Animated by that false idea I determined to make myself every way agreeable as well as useful to the generous man who had taken me, a poor orphan, under his protection. By following his advice upon every occasion, and by doing nothing to deserve his correction, I became so great a favourite, that he left me when he died, the best part of his fortune. From the day I took possession of my splendid legacy, I date all the anxiety and disquietude which I have since endured. While my liberal benefactor was alive, I was the happiest of mortals. All my efforts to please him were amply rewarded, and I was too strongly flattered with the hopes of being particularly distinguished in his *will*, not to form schemes for the enjoyment of my future riches. My expectations were more than answered by his death, but I was rendered absolutely incapable of enjoying my riches by the cares which they brought with them. I was converted into quite a new creature. I gradually dropped my most intimate friends, with whom I spent many cheerful evenings, and with whom I often talked, with no small symptoms of exultation, of the figure I would make when I arrived at the completion of my desires. I dropped my friends: I lived chiefly by myself, in the most sordid solitude. I thought of nothing but of the improvement of my money, and almost grudged myself the decent necessities of life, in order to make an addition to my *stock*. In short, avarice was very soon my ruling passion. Every year since my benefactor's death have I increased the noble legacy which he bequeathed to me; but every year also have increased my misery, and I am, I believe, at this moment as wretched a being as ever existed.



N^o XVII.



Miss P-H.

N^o XVIII.



Mungo.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, *Memoirs of Miss Pratt and Mungo.* (N^o 16, 17.)

FROM the various accounts in the course of last month, concerning the infidelities of several ladies of fashion, it might have been expected that this Number of our *Tête-à-Tête*, would have laid before our readers one of those recent alliances that have made so great a noise; but as we consecrate this department of our Magazine to the strictest truth, as far as we are able to discriminate, and as we have reason to believe some of those supposed *faux-pas* were imaginary, and others greatly exaggerated, we have left it to the daily fabricator of fictitious memoirs to supply the public with the effusions of fancy in the surreptitious anecdotes of those celebrated personages. Every circumstance that carried a proper testimony of veracity, relative to these amours, was submitted to the world under another head * in our last Number, we shall acquit ourselves of that duty we owe our numerous and indulgent readers, by remaining silent upon these intrigues till we are furnished with such other materials as we can authenticate.

In the mean while, we are strongly solicited by a very intelligent and frequent correspondent, whose information makes a conspicuous figure in our Miscellany, to transmit to the world the history of the well known *Mungo*, and his amiable dulcinea Miss Pratt.

This gentleman's political character, has long attracted the attention of the public, though his amorous reputation has till now remained unobserved. He nevertheless deserves a conspicuous niche in the gallery of gallantry, as the following history, we think, will evince.

Naturally of a quick and lively disposition, Mungo had too much vivacity for any capital classical acquisitions, whilst he figured with much

greater success in athletic exercises; and this disposition has been a just index to his future pursuits. Turbulent, noisy, and vain, even at school, he brought the same inclinations into life, and the objects of his greatest ambition were then proportionately frivolous; yet they are most frequently such strong recommendations in polite life, as supersede genius and real merit. Thus a man who can submit to the coarse joke of a statesman, the lampoon of his mistress, and the incivilities of his favourites, may reckon his fortune half made by that time he has received a proper number of insults: and if he be always ready to cut in when one is wanting to make a party at quadrille, to be the constant butt when no greater is at hand, and above all to perform every little office and mean service that a man in power can require, he may reasonably suggest that the other half of his fortune is not far off; but that he may soon consider himself as a *very Mungo*.

Such was the present hero of our story, who after having long been the tool and sycophant of the d— of G— and Nancy P—ns, has now arisen to the superior rank of *courier* extraordinary to l—d N—th. He obtained a seat in p—t for W—th, through min—l influence; and he was constantly, blindly, and implicitly voted for every measure brought in by the t—y board, in order to secure his rank as a c—r in that office. To this end also he has, ever since the influence of the Thane prevailed, gone through all the dirty work of the Carlton Junto, and been the secret and verbal messenger between them, B—m-house, and Whitehall: in a word, his talents consist in drudgery and fatigue, his merit in hurry and bustle. So we find in the house of c—s, that though he has ever distinguished himself by being on the side of the majority, his oratory has seldom extended beyond *yea* or *nay*. Upon many emergencies, this last session in particular, he has, during the course of the debate, been dispatched to Arthur's, the opera, and even the

* See the Man of Pleasure in our last.

play-houses, to bring forth a sufficient number of ministerial voices, to decide the merits of the question by a division, and who upon their arrival were full as well acquainted with the subject under disquisition, and equally qualified to display their rhetoric, as *Jere*, by the efficient monosyllable.

Our readers are doubtless by this time enabled to form a competent idea of the political character of Mungo: let us now take a view of his amorous conduct. Having ever entertained the most religious regard for that omnipotent metal, hourly worshipped by its numerous votaries, our disciple of Plutus did not, even in his most absent moments of female dalliance, lose sight of this fascinating deity; and the most rigid œconomy, which was displayed in all his other pursuits, was constantly testified in his intrigues. Hence he often purchased literally a bargain, which he was obliged to dispose of to the faculty; but even these inconveniencies did not divert the channel of his amours, 'till by his political assiduities, being called into play by the duke of G——n, his time was so much ingrossed for the *good of his country*, that he had not sufficient remaining for his intercourse with the *Materia Medica*; and thus business and power induced him to select a female above the *ton* of his former mistresses for the relaxation of his leisure hours. A celebrated negociator in the rites of Venus, was employed by Mungo to chuse a lady according to his description, which ran thus: Neither fat nor lean, tall nor short, fair nor brown, young nor old. The expert Mercury soon fixed upon Mrs. Br——n, then residing at her own house in New-Street, Fetter-Lane. Preliminaries were presently settled; and Mungo was her constant visiter three times a week, during her residence in that remote quarter of the town. Finding a great inconvenience from the distance of her abode, he removed her to a court, in Pall-Mall, where she still resides.

Mungo had most probably an eye to œconomy in this measure; for though

it put him to some temporary extraordinary expence to remove Mrs. Br——n hither, as the house was an established seminary of devotees to the Cyprean goddess, he was in hopes her gains would be so considerable by being their abbess, that she would require little or no pecuniary assistance from his hands. But in this calculation Mungo reckoned without his hostess; for though Mrs. B——n cannot be stiled a mercenary woman, she was too well acquainted with her *business* and the rank of her *inamorato* to suffer him to be a mere *favourite man*: no, she had the honour of the Mungos too much at heart to let him be *confessor* to herself or the sisterhood. Accordingly he found his purse as much, if not more dilated in this mart of gallantry than when his lady acted only as a recluse courtesan. Add to this he had often the mortification of having the best rooms occupied by other gallants, and was even sometimes intruded upon by male visitors at a time he chose to be the least interrupted. An intrusion that greatly mortified him, was being detected by lord P——y, who coming one night from the tavern, very inebriate, to visit Miss Sc——t, residing in the same house, he abruptly forced into the apartment where Mungo and Mrs. Br——n were at supper. Our hero was greatly displeased at his lordship's behaviour; but did not dare resent it, considering his close alliance with the Thane's daughter. Thus situated, they drank a bottle together; and after lord P—— and Miss S——t had retired, Mrs. Br——n very jocularly said, "that his l——p was now gone to teize that poor creature (Miss S——t) till morning, when he would find out that he had made a capital mistake in absconding from the arms of lady P——y to make room for captain F——r. Indeed, continued Mrs. Br——n, it is not surprising that the women of fashion of the present period should be so notorious in their infidelities to the marriage-bed, when there are such a number of lord P——ys, who had, before they came to maturity, debilitated themselves for conjugal alliances.

ances. Miss S——t assures me that though he has visited her constantly for these three months, she is as complete a vestal, with respect to his lordship, as the first moment he saw her; and yet a fine blooming young woman, full of health and spirit, like lady P——y, is to be doomed to perpetual matrimonial celibacy with such a nominal husband, or else she is stigmatized by your sex, and shunned by the virtuous part of ours, for doing herself natural justice."

Mungo could not deny the rectitude of Mrs. Brown's observation; yet he had too much the *honour* of the Thane's family at heart to allow that any such connexion as she mentioned between lady P——y and captain F——r ever subsisted. To which she replied, "It was in every one's mouth, and that lord P——y himself had mentioned it to Miss S——t."

Whether this discovery made by lord P——y mortified him, or whether he considered Mrs. B——n's intimation of the Thane's daughter's infidelity, as an insult to the honour and virtue of the Carlton junto, cannot be determined; but his visits to Mrs. Br——n continued but a short time after this adventure.

From this period till the close of the last session, we do not hear that Mungo had any constant amorous alliance; but towards the middle of last month, lounging in Kew Gardens, and relaxing from the fatigues of p——y labour, he espied a young lady in a bower, alone, reading with great attention. As he approached nearer, he heard her repeat these lines:

*Under how hard a fate are women born,
Prais'd to their ruin, or expos'd to scorn:
If they want beauty, they of love despair;
And are besieg'd like frontier towns, if fair.*

She uttered them with so much emphasis and feeling, that he was readily convinced they depicted her own situation. He accosted her with great politeness, and was instantly struck with her uncommon beauty and innocence. He could not refrain paying her many compliments upon her charms and ac-

complishments, which she displayed in proportion as their conversation increased.

During this agreeable Tête-à-Tête, the time glided away so insensibly that it was almost dark before they both recollected they were to go to town that evening; and they were both unprovided with a carriage. He begged to accompany her till they could meet with some conveyance, and would then submit it to her determination, whether he should accompany her any farther. She accepted of his offer with becoming modesty, when they walked to the foot of Kew Bridge. Here they met with a returned post-chaise, in which they both reached the capital.

During their little journey, Mungo having urgently requested to be acquainted with the history of his fair companion, she replied, "Hers was but a simple, though melancholy tale, which she would relate in a few words.

"My father," said she, "was a subaltern officer in the army; my mother died when I was very young, and I was under the care of an aunt when my father was ordered to join his regiment, in Germany. He served in most of the campaigns last war, and signalized himself in the glorious battle of Minden. At this time I was about sixteen, had many admirers, whose praises were so lavish, that the giddiness of youth and inexperience, aided by the natural vanity inherent in us, began to make me believe I was really superior to most of my sex. My aunt perceived my folly, and gave me the best of advice; but a fever carrying off that good woman, a swarm of dangles, with their eulogiums and assiduities, diverted my thoughts from those lessons which I should have had ever in my mind. They all pretended to pay their addresses to me upon honourable terms, and therefore I had no selection but in the man who was the most agreeable. Mr. S——n had made the strongest impression; he was a young gentleman about twenty, then a student in the Temple. When

he had brought me to a confession of my partiality for him, instead of fixing on our nuptial day, he pretended that if he married before he was of age, without the consent of his guardian, he should forfeit five hundred a year; and that old Square-Toes had fixed his eye upon him for his own daughter; that it would therefore be necessary to defer our marriage for about half a year: but that he could not think I would make him the most miserable of beings: for those six months, which would be six thousand years, unless I convinced him of my regard, and placed such a confidence in him, as proved he was really the man I esteemed above all others.

These and the like arguments prevailed upon me, and I went and resided with him at his chambers in the Temple. I had not been in this situation above three months before my father returned from Germany, the peace being concluded, and he reduced to half pay. He made the most diligent inquiry after me; but my lover concealed me so closely, that all his efforts were for a long time in vain. My father's circumstances being greatly embarrassed, and his income diminished, his merciless creditors seized upon his person, and lodged him in the King's-Bench. Here it was that he learnt my situation from a young gentleman, who had visited us, and was then also confined. He perceived my folly, and my irretrievable fate; he foretold all my misfortunes which have since ensued; and they preyed upon him so strongly by anticipation, that when he obtained his liberty by the act of insolvency, he survived that liberty but a few weeks.

The news of his death reached my ears the very day my perfidious lover had set out for Paris, without taking leave of me, and given orders for the sale of his goods. I shall not pretend to depict the state of my mind upon this occasion; let these tears, which involuntarily flow, spare the arduous task; but let me assure you, Sir, my

fate, cruel as it was, did not shock me by far so much as the loss of such a worthy parent."

After she had recovered herself, she resumed her narration. "Poverty and distress now assailed me on every side. The only fault I had been guilty of, too much credulity for the man I loved, had not estranged me from just notions of virtue and morality; and I shuddered at the thought of several proposals that were made by Mr. S——n's acquaintance. I acquainted my mantua-maker with my deplorable situation; and she offered me an asylum at her house; little did I then think that this asylum was to be the altar of my sacrifice. I had not been with Mrs. K——s above two days, when she jocosely told me, I was an awkward huffey, and should never get bread and water by my needle. That very afternoon a gentleman was introduced to tea; Mrs. K——s soon left us alone, when he began to take such freedoms with me as plainly indicated the design of his visit. I could not refrain from tears, and some out-cries, when Mrs. K——s returning, fell a-laughing at me, saying, *Why sure the girl is a fool, or out of her senses! How do you think we all live? It is not by mantua-making, I can assure you.*" The gentleman finding his endeavours at that time must be fruitless, retired, saying, "he would return to supper, and see if I was not then in a better humour." He was no sooner gone, than Mrs. K——s began to scold me for my folly, as she called it; and concluded, "that she did not see what pretence I had to be so squeamish; it might do very well with people that did not know me, besides," continued Mrs. K——, "who is to pay the bill you owe me? I think honesty should be considered as a first virtue, especially by those who have already lost their character." Saying this she flounced out of the room, and left me to my meditations and my tears. Whilst I was revolving in my mind a thousand schemes to avoid my impending danger, supper was sent in from the tavern, and immediately

mediately followed by my tormentor.

"I eat little, and drank less. My eyes never met Mrs. K——s but they were saluted by a frown of disapprobation at my behaviour, whilst my admirer endeavoured to sooth me into good humour, by all the civil things he could utter. Supper being ended, Mrs. K——s abruptly left the room, and all my endeavours were fruitlessly opposed to prevent his designs. At her return she fell a-laughing, and said, upon espying a purse with gold in it, which my lover had thrown into my lap, *Is not that better than sobbing, and crying, and plain-work?*

"Her scheme having once taken place, I was obliged to yield to every temporary admirer she introduced. At length, however, I was relieved from the clutches of this abominable seductress, by Mr. B——, member for S——. With this gentleman I remained till his marriage, and he still makes me a decent allowance for my support, and was to have met me this evening, by appointment, in Kew-Gardens; but by what accident I missed of him, I am now a stranger."

She brought her story down to this period just as the chaise stooped in Piccadilly. Mungo waited upon her home, and finding that Mr. B——'s meeting with Miss Pr——t (such was the lady's name) had no other object than to remit her a quarterly payment of her allowance, our hero proposed to her such terms as she tacitly consented to; and in a few days the preliminaries of their amorous negotiation being ratified, *Fere* was completely blessed, and still remains in a state of fond delirium, having not once since attended either the t——y board, or the junto in Pall-Mall, notwithstanding the arrival of the Thane, and the many changes in administration that have happened. Our hero and heroine were (at the time of these pages being written) upon a tour through Surry, Sussex, Kent, and Hampshire. This is the first time that ever Mungo's heart and purse have been mutually dilated: but this ren-

counter, in an unguarded hour, hath at length caught him in the toils of the blind urchin; and he may say with the poet,

*A gen'ral doom on all mankind is past,
And all are fools and lovers first or last.*

In this situation we shall leave him to enjoy the fruits of such an agreeable alliance uninterrupted, during this vacation of p——t, as in November we suppose he will again tug at the oar; and when, in the words of his character of the play, it will be "Mungo here, Mungo there, Mungo every where."

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

By inserting this in your next Number you will oblige

Your constant reader,

St. James's-Street, And humble servant,
June 18. OBSERVATOR.

TH E R E is a species of female beings whom I do not remember to have seen noticed in the catalogue of oddities of that sex. These are a class of ladies, who forming their notions of delicacy, upon the most refined sentiments of Platonic abstinence, almost starve themselves to be reckoned something superior to mere mortals. Having often been flattered with the title of angels, the flattery has, at length, wrought so strongly upon their fancies, that they have seriously begun to think themselves somewhat celestial; and, as beings of such a superior class, they condemn the brutal gratification of a natural appetite. One of these celestials would not profane her lips with the admission of any nutriment of a more impure nature than water, or vegetables; and considers a woman who would condescend to make a meal upon flesh, or drink a glass of wine, as forfeiting every claim to a *Divine Creature*. Indeed, there are some who carry this extravagance so far, that from very agreeable comely women, they are emaciated almost to skeletons; and may justly claim a rank out of mortality.

But what renders this caprice still more ridiculous, is, that it is pursued to its greatest height, by *fallen angels*, who have given up all pretence to virtue, and whose
appetites

appetites are in other respects violent and ungovernable, and do not think it beneath their *celestial* characters to submit to the embraces of mere *mortal* man, upon the most contemptible terms. To hear a woman, who has passed her night at a common bagnio, whither she had been sent for by a paramour, an entire stranger, talk in the morning of the delicacy and refinement of her appetites, and the shocking gross custom of gorging the stomach with impure mixtures, is somewhat so extravagantly absurd, that it would make a cynic burst his sides with laughter. Yet such *divine beings* there are, and not a few in number, some of whose portraits I may be induced to give you in a future letter.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Think it was Rochefoucault that observed "the last sighs of a fine woman are more for the loss of her beauty than her life." Whether this assertion may not be somewhat exaggerated, I will not pretend to determine; but the conduct of the modern fine ladies has pretty clearly evinced that "the loss of a woman's virtue is not near so affecting to her as her beauty." I am assured, by a very intimate acquaintance of lady A. H. that when the scandalous tea-tables re-echoed with her intrigues, and she was informed of these reports by a particular friend, who greatly lamented the injury her reputation might suffer; her ladyship replied, with a laugh, "What antiquated notions you entertain! why the scandalous insinuations against a fine woman's virtue, are the surest criterion of her being a reigning toast: she whose virtue is not suspected, must certainly be suspected of being a very ugly woman." But when that fatal disorder, the small-pox, so severely attacked her pretty face, she was not to be appeased; and the first time she looked in a glass, she broke it with fury and indignation, raving like a Bedlamite at her cruel fate.

The very moment lady G—— was informed that his lordship had detected her intrigue with the d—— of C——, and had resolved upon a suit for *crim. con.* she was at her toilet, and received the news with the most pious resignation; but immediately perceiving a pimple in her magnifying mirror, she turned off her waiting-maid in the utmost rage, for not having applied a proper quantity of cold cream to prevent the irruption.

Many similar anecdotes might be produced to evince the authority of the remark; but these may suffice to prove the vanity and degeneracy of the present female world upon the *bon ton*, which justly excited a young nobleman the other day, when his father advised him to think about chusing a mate for life, to reply, "It is time enough, Sir, to think of keeping a lady, according to law, for the enjoyment of my friends."

The source of this evil is no doubt to be traced to the dissipated manner of living of even those ladies who pique themselves upon their characters. Instead of being taught housewifery, and other useful female pursuits, like their ancestors, Hoyle is put into their hands every morning instead of a Bible; and the polite *manœuvres* of fleecing the pool are considered as more valuable acquisitions than needle-work, and the barbarous morality of musty writers. Thus miss, ere she has attained her teens, is hurried in a round of fantastic pleasures; her rest is destroyed, and her constitution impaired by a constant rotation of card-visits, and when she has attained that age which entitles her to a husband, either a puny emaciated habit of body is to give birth to the rising generation of our nobility; or, if she has strength to surmount these repeated attacks upon her health, her ideas diverted from their proper objects, she follows the stream of fashion, and considers matrimony only as a licence to intrigue with impunity.

The writers of the present period would be much better employed in pointing out the means of removing these great and national evils, than in perpetually tormenting us with their thoughts upon a dry altercation between two pseudo-patriots, who only strive to prove that his antagonist is a greater r—— than himself. I shall endeavour to contribute my small mite in this laudable pursuit; and flatter myself you will not reject this my first letter, though it may not be written with so much elegance as the productions of your more polished correspondents.

A. D. C.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS I was sipping my coffee this afternoon at the Smyrna, general O—— entered into the chat of the day with me, and after we had dismissed Wilkes and Horne with all their letters and scurrility, discuss-
ed

ed the scarcity and exorbitant price of provisions, we naturally entered into the present flagrant state of gallantry among the ladies of the first fashion. The general, after having expatiated like a virtuous orator upon the fatal consequences of such unexampled immorality, said he had traced the cause of this female depravity to its real source, which, said he, "is neither more nor less than the abominable, shocking, barbarous, and indecent fashion of the present scandalous head-dresses: the basis of this horrid superstructure consists chiefly of goat's hair; now (continued he) the imagination is not only hereby heated to an unnatural degree, but imbibes, by inspiration, the most vicious ideas from the hair of that libidinous animal, a goat, whereby the fancy is set in a violent perturbation, and runs riot after every agreeable male object that presents itself." Upon my smiling at the general's whimsical conceit, he was going to prove, from the most incontestible authority of ancient and modern physical writers, not only the probability but the certainty of his assertion. To prevent the general's having so much *needle's* trouble, I assured him, "I was entirely of his opinion, and that I considered the late plentiful crop of noble antlers not, as many had supposed them to be, horns of Cornutos, but literally goats horns, planted in their proper soil (*têtes de moutons*) by a *Courtoy* or a *Mitan*, and only nurtured to maturity by a *Cumb*—d or an *Altieri*." This opinion tickled the general's fancy, I dare say, as much as Lady G— or L—'s ever were in the most voluptuous moment of their infidelities. Having by this declaration prevented the general's introducing Hippocrates, Boorhaave, and all the rest of the ancient and modern physical writers, in support of his hypothesis, as he found he had so well established it without their aid, he immediately turned his eyes to the good of his country, which he has constantly most sincerely at heart.

"Now, said he, the cause of this degeneracy of manners in the female world being so clearly ascertained, let us consider that as no laws either divine or human, no infamy, no disgrace, no, not even want and misery themselves, can prevent the beautiful and daring culprits from being guilty of their abandoned practices, whether (like real patriots and sound politicians) we may not extract *good* out of *evil*; and as the greatest emoluments that have hitherto accrued from female infamy (as well as the cause of *liberty*) have centered in lawyers, it is time to divert the channel

of these advantages, and render them of national benefit, by substituting them in lieu of many burthensome and oppressive taxes upon the necessaries of life, whereby the laborious poor are scarce able to support an irksome existence, whilst the rich and voluptuous are pampering their passions to display the unexampled vices of this period.

"To this end, continued the general, I propose levying a tax upon every female defaulter, in proportion to her rank, to be paid upon detection, and to be doubled each time of conviction. This tax may be collected by the parish officers, but not to be applied by them in the manner another tax somewhat analogous—I mean that extorted for bastard children, which is constantly feasted away, and has been very fatal to churchwardens and overseers, many of whom have been surfeited into the other world by voraciously devouring illegitimate babes.

"Well then, Sir, said the general, suppose the following proportions were to be observed in this taxation.

A dutchess cuckolding his grace, for the first offence †	£. 500
A marchioness committing her spouse	400
A countess for ditto	350
A peeress in her own right (provided her husband does not <i>already</i> bear a coronet) to do as she pleases.	
A viscountess for her first infidelity	300
A baroness for ditto	250
A member of parliament's lady	200
An alderman's ditto	200
A merchant, or private gentleman's lady	150
A trader's wife (if she stile herself a lady)	100
Otherwise	50

"As parricide among the Athenians was a crime for which there was no punishment, they judging that it was impossible it should ever be committed, so I have fixed no penalty for b—ps or the clergy's ladies, as it cannot be surmised, from the most cogent reasons, that they can ever incur any upon this occasion.

"Let it not be imagined, continued the general, that I would have the male defaulters escape without punishment: far is this from the justice of my design; on the

† These taxes, like all other *game* penalties, to be paid in guineas, and the supernumerary shillings to be appropriated to the expence of collecting.

contrary, as they can have no incentives in their heads like the ladies, except where their horns are absolutely visible, they should be doubly taxed, in proportion to their rank. Again, it may be objected, that as many ladies have no other *private* provision for their extraordinary pocket expences but their *pin-money*, that they will, if the present fashion should still be so violently prevalent, be frequently driven to great extremities to pay these penalties; and that it will often happen, after they have forfeited their brightest *jewel*, they will be compelled to mortgage the rest, in order to redeem themselves: but the virtuous and impartial will certainly judge this apparent hardship upon the ladies as absolutely necessary to restrain them; and considering the value they set upon their baubles and trinkets, in order to preserve them, they may, from this consideration alone, be induced, greatly against their inclination, to preserve the genuine lustre of their most brilliant gem.

"Now, said the general, upon a moderate calculation, this tax cannot produce, *communibus annis*, less than one million sterling, and we may venture to suppose it will for some years amount to a million and a half, especially if the present great consumption of goats hair continues; and we may therefore, without exaggeration, conclude, that many of the most burthensome taxes to the poor may be taken off, especially that upon porter."

If that should be the case, a wag who stood by observed, there is not a female member of the Coterie who would not be toasted in British Burgundy, throughout all the Parishes in England, every day of their lives.

Berkley-square,
May 28.

A. K.

[The favours of this correspondent are earnestly requested, &c. He may assure himself the *Tête à Tête* he has sent will have a place as soon as possible.]

A LIVING CHARACTER, but no ODDITY.

NOT many miles from Salisbury-court liveth a petty-fogging lawyer, who, after losing his practice in a fair way, from his sinister and low tricks, is now reduced to the shameful necessity of promoting litigious suits between servants and masters, particularly those who have been to sea upon long voyages. Having had some success in recovering damages in favour of seamen who have been to the East Indies on account of any casual difference

during their absence from England, he now makes it a regular practice to attend upon every sailor who returns from Asia, in order to discover if he has received any insult or injury from his officers; and it is now well known that he has instigated upwards of a dozen men, who returned in the last ships from India, to renew quarrels that had long before been amicably terminated, in order to commence actions for his emolument. His face is well known at the India House and Blackwall, as well as the courts of justice; and in all these places he is equally *esteemed*.

The law is an honourable profession, and when its practitioners pursue it like worthy citizens, their characters derive an additional lustre from its practice; but these vermin of the statutes, who prey upon parchments like worms and rats, should be treated by all honest men like such obnoxious beings, and, as they are the *bane* of all the worthy and just, it is a pity that no *petty-fogging bane* is yet discovered to demolish them.

RECIPE to make a MODERN PATRIOT.

TAKE of impudence, virulence, and abuse quant. suff. of flowing periods half a ream; conscience, a quarter of a scruple; atheism and libertinism, *ad libitem*; false reports, well-timed lies, and groundless alarms, 100lb. *avoir du pois*; honour and integrity, *not quite* an atom; fraud, imposition, and hypocrisy, any quantity necessary; let them infuse properly in the credulity of the people, and boil over the phrenzy of the times. At the end of nine months this menstruum will probably produce a W. or a H.

Probatum est, T. Br.-sb---y.

Amusing Questions.

I. WHETHER has love, avarice, or ambition, contributed most to render mankind unhappy; confining love to the love or passion for women; avarice to the love or anxiety for riches; and ambition to the love or desire of power?

II. Whether doth the moon at full and change really affect lunatic people; and if it doth, how and in what manner doth it work this strange alteration in them?

The above queries I lately heard proposed, but have not been able to meet with a proper solution to them, therefore I have sent them to be inserted in your excellent Miscellany, being in hopes of meeting with a satisfactory answer from some of your ingenious correspondents. A. B.

The

The PUNISHMENT of CREDULITY.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE is a great deal of severity, there is also too much truth, in the following advice of Chamont to his sister ;

*"Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, fickle, cruel, and inconstant.
When a man talks of love, with caution hear him;
But if he sweats, he'll certainly deceive you."*

It would be extremely unjust, indeed, to say, that every man deserves to be stigmatized with the abovementioned cutting epithets ; but it is certain that many women who

"Of broken vows, and faithless men complain,"

have been duped by their own credulity ; by placing an indiscreet confidence in those who made their addresses to them : and it is no uncommon thing to hear a deserted female (sometimes a deserted virgin) impute, from the predominance of her vanity, her cruel disappointment rather to the treachery of her lover than to her own imprudence.

Miss Arabella Jones, the second daughter of a worthy clergyman on the borders of Wales, whilst she was one summer upon a visit to an aunt of her's, by the mother's side, in a genteel village near London, threw herself into a distressful situation, which she might easily have avoided, had she listened to the salutary admonitions of her *real friends*, instead of the subtle persuasions of her *pretended* ones.

Being at church a few Sundays after her arrival at her aunt's house, she was distinguished by a young stranger, who sat in the next pew to her, in such a manner that she could not possibly fix her attention to the duty of the morning.

Bell had a person sufficiently striking to attract any man's notice ; and as he who had singled her out for the object of his admiration, was a handsome young fellow, and very smartly dressed, she was not a little flattered ; she was infinitely delighted with the information which *her eyes* gave her about the meaning contained in *his*.

Mrs. Bynford, a good sort of an old lady upon the whole, though she went mechanically to church every Sunday morning, and every prayer-day, if she could possibly crawl to the pew, even when she had great reason to believe that she should deafen the congregation with her coughing, frequently laid down her prayer-

JUNE, 1771.

book and her spectacles, in order to squint at the gentleman who engrossed the attention of her niece : she leered at him, indeed, so much, that she forgot herself several times, blundered out wrong responses, and made herself not a little ridiculous with her *recollections*.

Bell was so highly satisfied with the adoration which had been paid to her beauty by her unknown admirer, whose looks convinced her that she was of considerable consequence in his eyes, that she intreated her aunt, while they were walking home, to hurry dinner, as she intended to go to church in the afternoon.

"Ay, child, and I'll go myself, though I am not fond of going in an afternoon, as half the pews are filled with servants ; but I have a violent curiosity to see if the pretty young gentleman who took so much notice of you, will be there again."

Some of their inquisitive neighbours joining them at that instant, Bell hastily turned the conversation.

As soon as she entered the church, after dinner, her heart was in a pleasing flutter ; for she beheld her new admirer, posted exactly in the place to which he had been admitted in the morning.

Mrs. Bynford twitched her by the sleeve ; she coloured, and followed her aunt up the aisle, more and more fluttered.

Mrs. Bynford's devotions, as well as her niece's were again powerfully interrupted ; and they both wished to hear particulars about the *dazzling* disturber of them, particulars relating to his character and fortune : Bell was anxiously interested in such a discovery, as she felt very strong prepossessions in his favour, and resolved to procure all the intelligence she could concerning him before she retired to her apartment for the evening.

Just when she was coming out of the pew, Bell tumbled over a hassock, and could not save herself from falling.

Mrs. Bynford cried, "Oh ! my dear, I hope you have not hurt yourself," holding out her hand to raise her.

The *sweet fellow*, as Bell really thought him, who had indeed occasioned her fall, by making her regardless of her steps, turned about quick, not being many yards from the spot on which the charmer of his eyes wished for *his* hand, and, with the utmost address, assisted her in rising. After having expressed the warmest satisfaction to find that her spirits had only been flurried a little by the failure of her feet, he begged to have the honour of waiting on her home ; bowing, at the same time, in the most respectful manner to Mrs. Byn-

Qq

ford,

ford, who hung over her niece with a maternal tenderness.

The good old lady, transported with the graceful motions with which her petitioner's request was accompanied, could not articulate a refusal; she, therefore, told him, with her usual honest bluntness, that he might go home with them if he liked it.

Elated with a permission by which he hoped to arrive gradually at the consummation of his infamous desires, he waited on the charmer of his eyes with all the obsequiousness of a lover; and, like a man *backneyed in the ways of women*, was extremely attentive also to her venerable companion. His behaviour, during his visit, was truly polite, and attractive; and he made his court to Mrs. Bynford with so much dexterity, that when he took his leave, she, on his informing her that he had taken lodging at the milliner's in the next street, gave him a second invitation; that second produced a third, and he soon found himself quite upon an easy footing at her house.

George Danfield, the abovementioned *sweet fellow*, was the illegitimate son of a country gentleman, with a large estate, and with a very lucrative place under the government, remarkable for his illicit amours, and for his propensity to seduce innocent girls out of the paths of virtue. George having *that* propensity, with a high relish for *those* amours, had bastards in almost every county in England, and took a detestable pleasure in boasting of his original successes in the character of a libertine among his licentious associates.

As the annual allowance which he received from his libidinous father was considerable, he was but too well furnished with strong supplements to those advantages by which nature had liberally distinguished him, and to the pernicious accomplishments which he had acquired in the schools of vice.

George's frequent visits to Miss Jones alarmed the whole neighbourhood: all the girls in it were ready to pull her cap off her head for having so smart a lover; and she, very imprudently, gave herself many unbecoming airs upon the occasion, which sharpened the edge of the sarcasms circulated pretty freely round the tea-tables through the village.

George having, without much difficulty, prevailed on Mrs. Bynford one afternoon to let him treat her niece with an airing to another village not many miles distant, in which there was a very elegant entertaining house, with pleasant gardens an-

nexed to it, containing some remarkable curiosities in shell-work, hired the genteel carriage in the place, and gave them both no small diversion, by his lively observations upon the various objects which fell under his inspection.

While they were strolling round the gardens, after having expressed much satisfaction at the sight of the *grotto*, George was, with all his constitutional assurance, thrown into a great embarrassment by the approach of a tall, genteel, agreeable girl, who came up to him, and darting resentment from a pair of uncommonly spirited eyes, reproached him, in the severest terms, for his scandalous behaviour to her. "You are a cruel fellow, Danfield," added she, fiercely; "and if you do not fulfil your engagements with me, I will post you for a villain wherever I go."

George, conscious of his having behaved to the lady who attacked him with so much fury in her looks, voice, and whole deportment, in a most dishonourable manner, was somewhat confounded; but his confusion would, probably, have been less had he not apprehended the demolition of his designs against Miss Jones from it.

Hoping, however, to get rid of his troublesome assailant without infusing any suspicions into Bell's mind concerning the sincerity of his attachment to *her*, he turned short upon his heel, saying, at the same time to Mrs. Bynford, "The woman's mad, stark mad: somebody has, by his ill usage, turned her head, and she fancies every man she sees is the man who has betrayed her."

"No, Sir," replied she, briskly, and seizing him by the arm, "I am not mad: my head is not turned. You are the man who has deeply injured me, and I will not leave you till you give me a solemn promise under your hand, to make me your wife, whenever I call upon you for the performance of it."

George was now exceedingly distressed: however, being determined to deny any knowledge of her, he disengaged himself, with a sudden motion, declared again that she was not in her senses, and, joining Mrs. Bynford and his mistress, who stood a few yards from him looking astonished, intreated them to let him wait on them home immediately? "That impertinent mad woman, added he, will not suffer us to stay here any longer unmolested."

"No sooner were these words out of his mouth, than a violent scream from her whom he had pronounced a lunatic, affected Bell so much, that she could not help running to her assistance, as she saw her upon the

the ground, apparently in a strong hysteric fit. George could not, without appearing a monster, attempt to hinder the exertion of her humanity; and as Mrs. Bynford seemed to be equally affected by the sight of a fellow creature of her own sex in so pitiable a condition, she followed her niece without delay, pulling out a bottle of salts which she always carried about her.

By the benevolent efforts of Bell and her aunt, to which George also added his, the lady, whose situation required them, recovered. When she was recovered, George, who had been contriving while he assisted her, how to extricate himself out of the scrape into which she had by the intemperance of her carriage brought him, seized a moment, unobserved, to whisper a few words in her ear, which proved so conciliating, that she accepted immediately of his offer to conduct her to her party in the house, after having made polite acknowledgments to the ladies who had relieved her.

When he returned to Mrs. Bynford and Miss Jones, he accounted in so plausible a manner, for the extraordinary scene which had so much surprized them, that they really believed the girl had fallen upon him with her reproaches by mistake, and that *he* was not the man who deserved them.

In a few days after this dramatic adventure Bell received a visit from one of her young female acquaintance, whom she, very unwisely, ranked among her *friends*, a miss Jenson, who having been informed of many of George's infamous proceedings, came on purpose, *with the best design in the world*, to persuade Bell to give all possible encouragement to *so charming a man*. "I have heard a *prodigious* character of him, my dear:" Bell whose credulity perpetually operated with her vanity, did not perceive that Harriot Jenson's persuasion had been dictated by envy; and that she had delivered them with the most malevolent intentions. She listened to them with too much avidity, and too hastily gave her *false friend* credit for her sincerity. "You may be sure, my dear, that I shall do every thing in my power to make Mr. Danfield constant to me."

Harriot smiled at the word *constant*, and repeating her persuasion, wished her credulous companion a good morning.

"How rarely is a true friend to be met with," said Bell, when she was gone. "If Harriot had the least propensity to act an insincere part, she would certainly, as she has heard a *prodigious character* of Mr. Danfield, take some pains to secure him for herself, as she has still more reason

than I have, from the extreme narrowness of her circumstances, to wish to be advantageously married."

When that short soliloquy was over, she went in search of her aunt, in order to tell her in how very friendly a manner Miss Jenson had behaved.

With her aunt Bell found a prim but worthy maiden lady, in her autumn, *a Miss Twyford*, who, with a very solemn face, accosted her, on her entering the room, in the following terms: "I have been acquainting your aunt, Miss Jones, with a piece of intelligence relating to Mr. Danfield, in which you are greatly concerned, and I hope you will so far consult your own interest as to have nothing more to say to him on any account: he is a dangerous man, Miss Jones, and very unworthy of the encouragement which he has hitherto received from you."

Without waiting for an answer she then made a solemn curtsy, and retired.

"What is the meaning of all this, madam?" cried Bell, as soon as Miss Twyford was out of their hearing; "what strange story has this four-faced *old Miss* trumped up to set me against Mr. Danfield? These *tabbies* are monstrously envious. You look graver than usual, madam; I hope you do not believe any report to the disadvantage of Mr. Danfield."

"Why, child, I do not well know what to think of Miss Twyford's information: she is not a romancing woman, and I am therefore apt to think that it is to be depended upon. All I can say is, that if what she has told me be true, Mr. Danfield is by no means a man to be encouraged: however, as Miss Twyford may have been misinformed, I am willing to make farther enquiries about Mr. Danfield; but I must insist on his being refused admittance here till my doubts concerning him are entirely removed.

Bell, having particular prejudices against Miss Twyford, was the less inclined to believe the intelligence which she had too officiously, in her opinion, communicated to her aunt, and could not possibly relish that aunt's determination with regard the non-admittance of her lover: she was just going to mention what had passed between her and Miss Jenson, in hopes of producing a change in her sentiments, when her servant informed her, that a young lady, genteely dressed, but seemingly in great affliction, begged the favour to speak with her. She went down immediately into the parlour.

At the sight of her unexpected visiter she started, as she directly recognized the young lady, whose singular behaviour to Mr. Danfield had made him pronounce her to be out of her senses, and to whose recovery from her hysteric fit she had herself contributed.

The affecting narrative which that lady delivered, strongly confirmed what Miss Twyford had related; and it was delivered with such striking marks of truth, that Bell could not help looking upon her lover as a man formed for the ruin of her sex, as a man whose supreme delight was to triumph over innocence and virtue.

When the much injured Miss Gatton had taken her leave, with tears in her eyes, Bell hurried up to her aunt, repeated what she had heard concerning Mr. Danfield, and told her, in accents expressive of resentment, that she would not desire to see his face again.

Mrs. Bynford highly commended her spirit; and all her servants were that moment ordered to shut the door against Mr. Danfield whenever he made his appearance.

George, having had no small reason to expect a repulse when he found that Sally Gatton had been with his new mistress, was not surprized at the rebuff he met with; but he, in a short time afterwards, contrived to get a letter conveyed to the hand of *her*, whom he, more than ever, longed to draw into his power.

Bell, not in the least guessing by the superscription from whom it came, opened it. When she saw the name of Danfield at the bottom of the paper, she tore it in several pieces, and threw them in a passion upon the floor: but, repenting in a few minutes afterwards, she picked up the scattered fragments carefully. While she was so employed, she said to herself, "It is not fair to condemn a man who has ever behaved to me in the tenderest, most respectful, and generous manner, without hearing his defence."

In consequence of this soliloquy she laid the torn pieces of her love-letter upon her dressing-table, and read them with attention. The perusal of them weakened her resentment to such a degree, that she wrote a favourable answer, and in that answer promised to meet him at the appointed place.

George, on her appearance at that place, felt himself in high spirits, as he attributed her speedy compliance with this request to a prepossession in his favour which no reports against him had been able to diminish: he, therefore, received her with a profusion of affectionate, of grate-

ful expressions, which quite destroyed the validity of Miss Gatton's narrative to his discredit. She gave herself up to the felicity of the instant, and when he, in order to heighten the emotions which she evidently felt in his behalf, entered into an apology for his conduct with regard to Sally Gatton, he had the excessive pleasure to see her swallow his artful defence with a greediness not to be described. When he had softened her to his utmost wishes, he pulled out of his pocket a licence and a ring. "Now, my dearest Bell," cried he, in rapturous accents, "we have nothing to do but to get married as fast as we can. A very amiable clergyman, a near relation of mine, in Westminster, uncommonly happy with an exemplary wife, has often desired me to let him officiate at my wedding. I shall give him great satisfaction, I am sure, by requesting his assistance in his religious character: to *his* house I will, with your approbation, carry you, some friends of mine will meet me there. As soon as the ceremony is over, we will return to Mrs. Bynford: we shall very agreeably surprize her, I imagine, by making our appearance before her inseparably united."

George, finding by Bell's looks that her reply when she could articulate it, would not prevent the execution of his designs, turned round to his intelligent servant, whom he had summoned with his foot from an adjoining apartment, and with a significant look sufficiently informed him how he was to act.

Bell, credulous Bell, was indeed absolutely overpowered by the concluding words of the above ensnaring speech. To Westminster she went with her seducing lover, almost delirious with expectation: she was quite so before the next morning, in consequence of the severity of her disappointment. The marriage on which she had raised a flattering superstructure of durable happiness was an invalid one, as it was impiously conducted by a man unordained, the most abandoned of his species, in a house devoted to iniquity.

The WHIMSICAL REVENGE. A DRAMATIC TALE.

WHEN a man of an amorous complexion outlives his abilities, his old age generally sits very ungracefully upon him; and when he retains his passions after the extinction of his powers, he becomes not only exceedingly contemptible, but troublesome in the female world. The feeble

feeble attempts of a battered old fellow to shine in the annals of gallantry expose him to many mortifying affronts from the fair sex, and throw him into many disadvantageous, not to say deplorable situations; for with all his efforts to appear *un beau garçon*, his pretensions to youthful ardor can never be admitted by those females to whom he wishes to recommend himself.

Mr. Benson, having by his amorous excesses much injured a naturally very good constitution, found himself in his fifty-fifth year in almost as debilitated a condition as some men are in their eightieth. However, as his attachment to the fair was not weakened with his bodily infirmities, he endeavoured to acquire new vigour by all the restoratives which the ablest disciples of Esculapius could prescribe for him: but it was not in the power of medicine to make him the man he *would be*, and he was therefore cruelly tormented with fierce desires, desires the more fierce, as they were never to be gratified. No battered libertine ever rendered himself more ridiculous by his intemperate amours; numerous too were the disgraces he met with in the management of those amours, for he was as vain as he was vicious, and occasioned as much mirth by the manner in which he conducted his *ovidian operations*, as by his egregious folly in supposing that they could ever prove successful.

Young Benson, of a sober virtuous turn, dutiful and discreet, an every way valuable son, was often shocked at his father's improper behaviour, and often blushed to see him in a despicable, who might have appeared in a respectable light, as he had a very tolerable common understanding, and some qualities for which he was really to be esteemed; but his ruling passion was so absurdly predominant, that he lost a considerable part of the reputation to which his head and his heart entitled him, by engaging in affairs which could not redound to his honour.

Charles, pitying and condemning his father at the same time, earnestly wished to render him sensible of the unamiable appearance he made in the world, and to convince him how much ridicule he drew upon himself by his preposterous gallantries. The delicacy of the undertaking long deterred him from following the bent of his inclination; but he at last made his delicacy give way to what he thought his filial duty, and seizing a moment when his father was heavily complaining of the contemptuous rebuffs which he had met with from a *coquetish little devil*, accosted

him in the subsequent terms, with the most submissive accents.

"It gives me a great concern, Sir, to find that you have been treated with such contempt by Miss Ridley."

"Contempt! d—n her, she has used me scandalously. She had the impudence to bid me go home, and think of a nurse instead of a mistress."

"Why, really Sir, you should not at your time of life."

"At my time of life, Charles! what do you mean by that? I don't understand that insinuation. I am not too old for the girls, Sir, let me tell you, though I am not so young as *you*."

"Pardon me, Sir, if I have offended you; it is not my intention, I am sure, to give you any offence: I only mean that you might escape much mortifying treatment from the ladies if you would not affect to be a man of gallantry among them, as they will necessarily draw comparisons between you and their younger admirers, not at all to your credit."

"Charles, Charles, I won't take this language from you: if you say another syllable by way of reflection on my behaviour to the women, I will disinheritor you."

Charles made no reply: he bowed and retired, to his own apartment he retired, and there with increased concern, ruminated upon his father's unwillingness to believe himself too far advanced in life, and too much broken by his irregularities, to be well with the sex to whom he had devoted his best days.

In a few weeks after the above short dialogue, Mr. Benson met with a disgrace which chagrined him extremely.

Happening to sit by a very pretty woman, one night in the two shilling gallery at Covent-Garden theatre, to which part of the house he frequently went on a *cruise*, he was so struck with her beauty, that he could not help exerting all his elocution to fix her attention to him. The new idol of his eyes had two female companions with her; foils, for they were both as homely as she was handsome.

Mr. Benson was generally upon these occasions furnished with sweetmeats; with them his sweet looks, and sweeter words, were often accompanied. The goddess of his idolatry enjoyed the incense of adulation which he profusely offered to her, because she was not unacquainted with her flattering power, though he did not seem to recollect her. He had not indeed seen her for several years, and then only once at the Villa of

a friend of his in Hertfordshire, a Mr. Gurney; but she marked him at that visit, and having been thoroughly let into his character, was determined to strike some entertainment out of the adventure of the evening. She therefore chatted away to him with the utmost ease and freedom, and humoured his vanity with so much address, that before the curtain dropped, he really believed he had made a considerable conquest.

When the play was over he asked her if she had a carriage waiting for her and her friends; and having received a negative answer, intreated her to stay till he had ordered a coach. When he had dispatched an emissary for the smartest hack he could find, he stepped into the Shakespeare; penned a very tender *billet*; and on the return of his *Mercury*, went in search of his *Venus*.

While he was conducting her to the coach he had secured for her, he contrived to slip his *billet* into her hand, unperceived, he imagined, by her companions, who with no small difficulty restrained themselves from laughing aloud at the old coxcomb's farcical proceedings.

Mrs. Gurney, having directed the coachman to the part of the town in which she had taken up her companions, two very decent country girls for whom she had a great regard, to treat them with a play, wished Mr. Benson a good night in the politest manner; and he was so perfectly satisfied with her last words, that he fully expected a favourable answer to his affectionate note, dictated by love.

Mrs. Gurney, having left the Miss Cottons at their lodgings in Pall-Mall, drove home, and finding her husband just returned from Lincoln's-Inn, made him very merry with her gallery rencontre, and with the *billet* which it had occasioned.

"What an egregious puppy!"

"He is the most contemptible fellow I ever met with," replied she; "but I have thought of a way to expose him completely, and if you approve of my design, I will endeavour to carry it into execution in a short time."

Her scheme was highly relished as soon as it was communicated.

The very next day Mr. Benson passing through Dover-street took it into his head to call at his old friend Gurney's house, to know when he was expected in town.

To his agreeable surprize the man who opened the door informed him that his master had been in town near a fortnight.

Mr. Gurney, at the sight of Mr. Benson, made a polite apology for not having called upon him since his arrival from Hertfordshire, adding, that he had been too much engaged with his lawyer to pay any visits.

Mr. Gurney, then smiling, asked him whether he had received any particular favours from the ladies since he had the pleasure of seeing him?

At the mention of the word *Ladies*, the old satyr's eyes glistened with a *plentiful lack of lustre*. "O Gurney," cried he, "I have such luck—the finest creature in the world—an angel."

When he had thrown out a number of similar expressions, he related the whole Covent-Garden affair with all its circumstances, and concluded with saying, "I fully expect to find a favourable reply to my note when I go home, and so I wish you a good day."

Mr. Gurney returned his good wishes, though he could hardly bring out his words with decency, so much was he agitated by emotions which are, generally, great impediments to articulation.

Soon after Mr. Benson's departure, Mrs. Gurney came in from a morning visit. Mr. Gurney repeated what had passed during her absence, and the exposure of Mr. Benson was thoroughly settled between them.

From Mr. Gurney's Mr. Benson hurried, or rather hobbled, as fast as he could, to his own house, and met with a slight mortification.—No answer to his note.—However, in about a quarter of an hour he received an answer which absolutely convulsed him with joy.

In compliance with the appointment in it, he was carried away in a carriage, blindfolded by the servant whom his *Dulcinea* had deputed to attend him, and was sufficiently elated with the hopes of being soon within her arms, to be quite satisfied with the whimsical mode she had thought of to put him into the possession of her person.

When Mr. Benson was brought into Mr. Gurney's parlour, just when he and a select party of his friends had supped, and were waiting with impatience to see him exhibited in a very ridiculous light, their mirth immediately, in consequence of their previous intentions, ceased; but the room rung with their merriment as soon as Mrs. Gurney, advancing to her blinded admirer, tore off the handkerchief which was tied over his eyes, "Here, gentlemen, is the curiosity which I promised to introduce," cried she, and then added,

added, with an insulting curtsy to the astonished veteran in folly and vice, "Mr. Gurney, Sir, will never forget the civilities you paid me last night, and for the happiness which you designed to give me this evening with your company."

Mr. Benson, who had heard nothing of his friend's marriage, was confounded at the discovery, and so totally disconcerted by the keen strokes of raillery flying about him, that he did not know which way to look, nor what to say.

THE UNFORTUNATE ACQUISITION.

NUMEROUS are the satirical strokes, in prose and verse, pointed against *avarice*, and the sharpest of them are not too severe.

Jack Willet, at his first setting out in life, was as generous a fellow as ever breathed. His patrimonial estate was small, but he had a large soul; no man in England had a stronger inclination to be hospitable, he only wanted abilities adequate to his desires: however, when he received his friends he entertained them with such a genuine heartiness, that they warmly wished his income was three thousand instead of three hundred a year: nay, some of them went so far as to wish an old rich niggardly uncle of his, who had promised to leave him all his fortune, decently deposited in his grave.

Here and there indeed among those who flocked to his table upon the slightest invitation a wretch was found mean enough to ridicule him behind his back for living up to his little income, without saving a shilling. A real friend one day having heard him very unfairly exposed by a person whom he had distinguished by his liberality, could not help acquainting him with his name, that he might not confer any more favours on a man who had shewn himself so unworthy of them. Jack immediately made a reply which sufficiently proved that his sentiments were superior to his circumstances. "I have full as much pleasure," said he, "in being generous, as he can possibly have in being ungrateful."

Struck with that answer, the friend who heard it took care to have it communicated to him who had, by his ingratitude and indiscretion, given rise to it: and he was so much ashamed of his behaviour that he never met Jack afterwards in any place without discovering confusion in his face. His pride would not suffer him to

make the least apology for his unjust ridicule; but he was prudent enough not to repeat his injurious railleries when he found he had lessened himself in the eyes of the most respectable people among his acquaintance.

Jack, indeed, had been very undeservedly ridiculed for living up to his income, and for being too liberal to save any money out of it. With his income few men would probably have been so liberal, in order to make their friends happy about them. Had he, like a thousand generous fellows, indulged his generosity at the expence of his honour, he might have figured in a larger way, and have doubled the number of his benefactions: he might have contracted considerable debts without giving himself any trouble about the payment of them; but he did not blush at a singularity in his mode of thinking, which urged him to look upon the man who paid no regard to justice, as a man who could not, without the greatest impropriety, be complimented for his honour.

For many reasons Jack could not help wishing, frequently, that he was in a more roomy situation; but his wishes were not very painful to him, till he began to feel the *tender passion* stirring within his breast: his wishes then became tormenting.

Having been, by an unlucky boy, while he was riding down, one Summer, to his uncle's house in Lancashire, directed to the very road which he should have avoided, soon after his entrance into that county, he found himself in a most ineligible condition. He found himself benighted in a place extremely perplexing, as he did not know to which of the paths before him he should turn his horse's head. His servant, equally ignorant of the ground, could say nothing to remove his embarrassments.

When he had waited some time tortured with uncertainty, a whistling rustic made his appearance, and administered much consolation to him, by offering, in a very hospitable manner, to give him a night's lodging in his cottage.

Such an offer at such a juncture was too seasonable to be refused. Jack being heartily tired with the journey of the day slept soundly, though he was but poorly accommodated.

In a few moments after he waked in the morning, his ears were regaled in a manner which astonished him. The sweetest female voice warbled the most melodious notes; he was quite delighted with them, he

he was half mad to see the bewitching songstress. Not being able to be a mere listener long, with patience, he quitted his apartment in order to gratify his curiosity, which grew insupportable. He was informed by Mrs. Beech, the honest rustic's wife, that "the young gentleman he had heard singing was the daughter of a strange lady not many miles off, who had turned her out of doors because she would not marry a rich old man she did not like, and only allowed her just enough to live as they did. She has boarded with us about a month, continued Mrs. Beech, and a more pretty nor better humoured young gentlewoman I never set my eyes on."

Jack listened with great attention to Mrs. Beech's intelligence in answer to his enquiries, and when she had finished her speech, begged to see the lady whom he had heard with so much satisfaction.

"You will see her soon, Sir, replied Mrs. Beech, "for breakfast is almost ready."

When Miss Millington, that was the young lady's name, appeared, her personal charms, rather heightened than diminished by the simplicity of her dress, captivated Jack to such a degree, that he stood with his eyes fixed on her lost in admiration. Recovering himself, however at last, and seeing her eyes rivetted on the floor, while her face and neck were as red as scarlet, he advanced to her, and, in the politest accents, apologized for his behaviour, intreating her, at the same time, to pardon a rudeness which her beauty had occasioned.

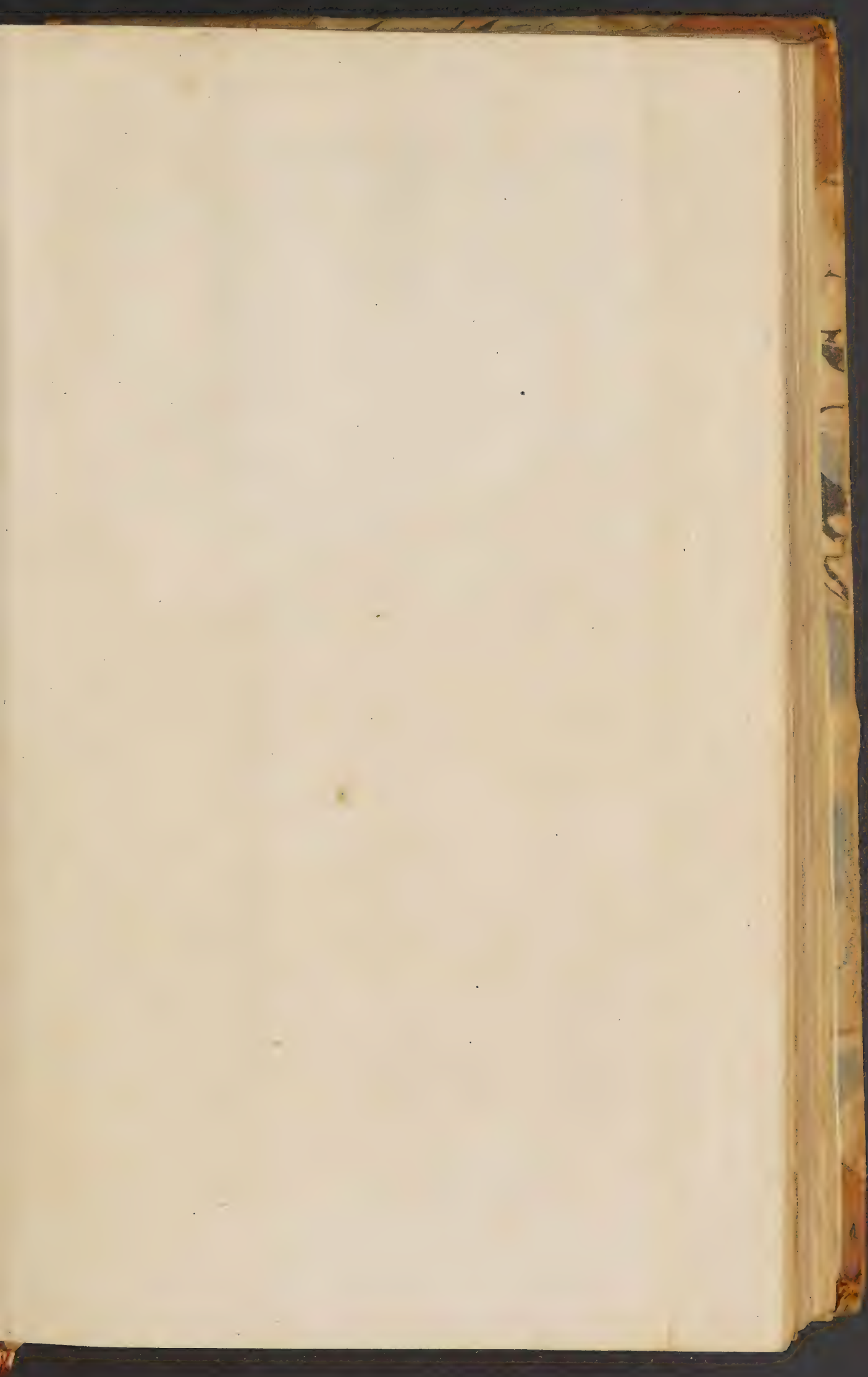
By that address Miss Millington's confusion was increased; but as her admirer immediately turned to the good cottagers, and talked to them about several matters adapted to their capacities, she became less and less disconcerted, and found herself able, when he directed his conversation again to her, to convince him that her understanding was not inferior to her beauty, and that her education had thrown a lustre on them both.

He breakfasted, he dined, he supped at the cottage. In short, he was prevented from pursuing his journey to his uncle by the abovementioned powerful attractions. Miss Millington's whole carriage indeed was so very discreet, and he enjoyed so much pleasure in her society, that he became desperately enamoured with her: nor did he think of quitting a spot on which his heart had been so forcibly attached, till he accidentally saw one morning (at a coffee-house in the

next town, to which he often walked to shift the scene, and to pick up a little news) in the *Gazetteer*, that his uncle died two days before the publication of it. He started at the sight of so unexpected a paragraph, as if he had felt the electrical shock, and hurried back to the cottage: he hurried to it more agitated than he had ever been in his life. After a short interview with the sole mistress of his affections, he took his leave of her, assuring her, in the strongest terms, that he would return to solicit the possession of her hand, if his uncle's will was as favourable to him as he imagined it would be; adding, that he should have pressed her to make him the happiest of men before, had he not thought that his fortune was unequal to her merit.

With these words he departed. On his arrival at his uncle's house his expectations were fully answered. Mr. Dodswell had left him near fifteen thousand pounds in the funds, and a very genteel landed estate.

With such a desirable acquisition Jack was so highly elated, that he could hardly keep his joy within decent bounds. He wrote a letter immediately to his Harriot, and in that letter solemnly promised to make her his wife as soon as he had settled the business in which his uncle's death had engaged him. However, before that business was entirely settled, he became quite a new man, and as miserable a man as ever lived. The acquisition which he fondly imagined would have completed his felicity, was indeed the cause of his wretchedness. Avarice took possession of his soul: all his generous emotions were extinguished by that contemptible passion. He not only ceased to be liberal, he hardly allowed himself the meanest necessities of life. His acquaintance, his friends, and even his Harriot were forsaken by him; nor did he feel the slightest pang of remorse, while he barely existed in a selfish solitude, when he heard of the untimely end of the last, in consequence of his having abandoned her, as she doated on him too much to endure life without him. No longer did he remember what he had often declared with regard to honour and justice. By deserting Miss Millington, and by the many extortions which he practised to increase his wealth, he plainly discovered how little his actions were influenced by the former or the latter. A severe master, and a grinding landlord, he was abhorred by all who were in any shape dependent on him; and nobody ever mentioned his name without joining the most reproach-





A VIEW of the ADELPHI (late Durham Yard) June 1771.

reproachful epithets to it. How unfortunate was poor Jack's acquisition! and it proved fatal to him. In less than two years, by constantly wishing with a rack-ing anxiety to be richer, and by his excessive penuriousness, he so much injured both his body and his mind that he hastened his dissolution. He died an object of horror, and he died universally unlamented.

An Account of the New Buildings in the Strand called the ADELPHI, illustrated with a beautiful and accurate Copper-plate, from a Drawing taken on the spot, by an eminent Artist, in the course of this Month.

Durham-yard in the Strand had long been in a ruinous condition, when Mess. Adam, architects, purchased the lease of the ground, then belonging to the duke of St. Albans, and planned a most elegant range of buildings, which are now nearly finished, and are called the ADELPHI, in allusion to the proprietors and architects being brothers.

The subjoined VIEW is the grand front towards the river Thames, consisting of eleven different houses, built of grey stock bricks, with artificial stone dressings, and curious iron balconies at the windows of the principal floors; the three center and corner houses being decorated with artificial stone pilasters richly embellished with Grecian ornaments. One of the center houses is purchased by Mr. Garrick, and is almost compleatly fitted up in a truly classic style. The ceiling of the front room on the principal floor is painted by Zuccì *, in the middle of which is represented the Graces attiring Venus, Cupid standing by her. The chimney piece in this apartment is of white marble, finely sculptured; and is said to have cost three hundred pounds.

There will be, when the *Adelphi* is finished, two streets leading from the Strand to the Thames. One is already completed on the east side, as is displayed in the view annexed, built on the same plan as the south front; the other cannot be effected till some houses, lately occupied, are entirely removed, and the proper foundations laid.

* The ceiling of the principal apartment of each house is painted by the same artist, and the subjects taken from the Heathen Mythology.

JUNE, 1771.

Behind the principal south street is aⁿ area, which forms a kind of yard to each house on that side, and those of the north street. Here are several spacious apertures which afford light to various offices belonging to the respective houses, and communicate the same to the warehouses underneath.

The warehouses extend beneath the whole building, and many of them are already occupied, as very proper and commodious receptacles for the merchandize of some considerable traders of this metropolis.

The piazza before these warehouses, on the south front; the elegant pallisades; the agreeable terraces; the regularity and neatness of the building, as well internal as external, render this undertaking the greatest ornament to the river Thames, and make it highly to be wished that there were many such public spirited men of property and genius as Mess. Adam, who would risk a part of their fortunes to increase the beauty, regularity, and convenience of this metropolis on the banks of the river.

To the Author of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS I find by your last Magazine that the proceedings of our jury is no secret to you or the public, I think it incumbent on me to lay before you what transpired on the 22d of this month, when * the decisive determination concerning D'E---n's sex took place.

The jury met, and after a proper examination on my part, I reported, that the *Chevaliere* was positively and *bona fide* a woman: to this *she* pleaded *not guilty*; but lady H-rr---n having, as *chair-woman* upon this occasion, ordered the subject-matter to be laid before the whole jury, it was resolved *nemine contradicente*, that M. D'E--- was, to all intents and purposes, of the female gender, and that she could not carry the secret of her sex to the grave with her. M. D'E--- then appealed to the jury, and represented what an injury it would be not only to the whole French court, but the whole French nation, (who have adopted, and rigidly persevered, in carrying into execution the *salique law*) to have had a female representative at this court, not

* The jury adjourned from the 3d to the 22d, M. D'E---n not being present.

R f only

only as minister plenipotentiary, but *extraordinary*; and farther she said, she did not know whether the late peace would stand good (notwithstanding all lord B——'s influence) if it were proved that it was negotiated by a woman.

Lady T——d judiciously observed, this was but a secondary consideration; and that whether he was an amb——r or an amb——ss, or a m——r or a m——ss, it was of no sort of consequence to the English nation; and that considering the peace had been so universally disliked, the *patriots* (if any such there really were) might seize this favourable occasion to have it invalidated.

Lady G——r was of a very different opinion, saying, she should always consider the peace of Versailles as one of the most favourable occurrences, as it had given her an opportunity of seeing France, and particularly Paris, where she had passed the most *voluptuous* hours of her whole life.

Lady Lig——r was of the same opinion, and added, she had there renewed her acquaintance with count A——i, after he had first been introduced to her at Turin; and that if the fortunate incident of the peace of Versailles had not happened, her journey to Paris would have been prevented.

These, and many reasons equally cogent, were urged to prove the utility and advantage of the late peace; but Mrs. B——, with an admirable patriotic spirit declared, that she thought it an infamous and inadequate treaty; and that though Lord B——e might inscribe his tomb-stone as soon as he pleased with being the fabricator of that *excellent* pacific convention, for her part she should consider it as the happiest day of her life, when, from the discovery of one of its *negotiatresses*, it could be laid aside.

Lady Har——n then averred, that tho' mademoiselle D'E——n might, from the present determination, be allowed any reasonable gratification as a female, she thought it unreasonable and enormous, that she should desire, as it seems she has done in print, to encounter with a whole regiment; and therefore, as *chair-woman* and *president* of that society, she moved that the regiment might be *reformed* to a single company.

Many debates hereupon ensued. Lady T——d set forth, that she had long considered herself as commander in chief of the three regiments of foot-guards, all whom she had at times personally exercised, and that she therefore thought mademoiselle D'E——n's claim was just, provided she confined it to a marching regiment not in actual service.

Lady G——r seconded this opinion, and lady L——r strongly insisted upon it, that a regiment was no way adequate to the service a *French* lady might require, considering how long she had been obliged to conceal her sex.

After a very warm debate, the chair-woman put the previous question, whether the jury should adjourn,

Ayes 6

Noes 7

Then the main question was put, lady H——n desiring an amendment might be made, that instead of the word regiment, *two companies* should be substituted,

For the question 11

Against it only 2

Mademoiselle D'E——n was accordingly allowed two companies, provided not of the guards.

Mademoiselle D'E——n now dismounted the pedestal, curtsied, and thanked the jury, for the impartial sentence, and just determination they had made in her favour, and proposed setting out for the country the next morning to review her party, and take into immediate pay such recruits as she should be able to enlist under her banner.

This, Sir, is the substance of what passed in the jury of matrons on the 22d inst. at Medmenham abbey. As I thought the public were intitled to a just account of this transaction, I have sent it for the perusal of your readers.

R———D, *Inspectress Gen.*

To the Printer of the TOWN and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

As the proceedings of the common hall on the 24th of June, at Guildhall, are of great importance to the public, I have transmitted you the particulars of the business of that day, for the information of your numerous readers.

I am, Sir, &c.

A. L.

MIDSUMMER-Day, according to annual custom, a common hall was assembled for the election of sheriffs, chamberlain, bridge-masters, city-auditors, ale-conners, and other city officers.—Guildhall was perhaps never more crowded with liverymen—the intended contest for the shrievalty, the affair of the three companies, and the other interesting matters which were expected to be laid before the common hall, exciting the attention of every

every liveryman who had any regard for the honour of the city in general, and his own welfare in particular, at the same time that the business of the day from being so multifarious, commanded the presence of the curious, the ignorant, and the vulgar; it is not therefore to be wondered at, that there was a very numerous posse of liverymen in the hall, and from an experimental knowledge, I assure your readers, the fumes exhaled by such a close crammed assembly of citizens in the middle of a hot sunny day, were equally odoriferous and agreeable. At one o'clock the lord-mayor and the court of Aldermen, attended by the city officers, mounted the hustings; the common crier having, with the usual droning tone, proclaimed *silence*, the recorder rose in order to open the business of the day. The livery present not forgetting his refusal to attend the late alderman Beckford with the City Remonstrance, received him with groans, hisses, and other tokens of their displeasure; he braved the storm, waited with patience till its violence subsided, and then began with telling them that for nine years he had officially addressed them on that day, and till the city had of late been distracted by political party rage, he had ever been received with — Here the *vox populi* rose again, and with re-echoing groans stopped all possibility of his proceeding, and drove him to his seat. After some little pause, the lord-mayor came forward, and assured the livery, that the recorder was an officer in his service, and that the business of the day could not go on without his formally opening it, he therefore desired that they would suffer him to do his duty. The recorder then again addressed himself to the livery, and assured them that he would trouble them no farther respecting himself: sticking to his word, he confined himself to the subject matter of their meeting, and informed them how necessary it was that they should be cautious and deliberate in their choice of sheriffs; it was an election (he declared) trusted in their hands by the constitution of the city, from a full confidence that they would not abuse their trust, but making the support of the interest of the city the principal object of their attention, they would select from the *good*, the *wealthy*, and the *independent*, two fit and able men, who equally deserved the character of good subjects, and good citizens. His address (as it deserved) met with applause from all present.

The court having left the hustings, the election proceeded, and the common serjeant, and common crier, proclaimed se-

parately the respective names of all who had been nominated to serve the office of sheriff. Mr. alderman Plumbe, who stood first on the list, had not above two or three hands held up in his favour; Mr. alderman Kirkman but few more; Mr. alderman Wilkes almost every hand in the hall; Mr. alderman Kossiter, not one hand, but the unanimous hiss of all the livery; Mr. alderman Oliver a great number of hands, though not equal to Mr. Wilkes; Mr. Bull as many as Mr. Wilkes; the other candidates none at all. — Having gone through the list, the sheriffs declared their opinion that the election had fallen on Mr. alderman Wilkes and Frederick Bull, esq; whereupon a poll was instantly demanded in favour of John Kirkman, esq; and Richard Oliver, esq; and another poll in favour of the aldermen Plumbe and Kirkman, as the two senior aldermen. Some little demur was made about opening the books for the poll: the common serjeant declared the books would be open for that purpose as the next morning, when he was stopped short by Mr. sheriff Baker, who addressed the livery in a short speech, declaring he thought it best to take the opinion of the candidates; and assuring the livery, that he and his colleague would agree to their determination; upon which Mr. Maskeil declared from the hustings, that it was an important crisis, and that as a single moment was of consequence, the poll books ought to be opened that day; the hall immediately resounded with the words, "this day, this day," and the sheriffs consented, declaring that the books should be opened at four and close for the day at six. The sheriffs then proceeded in the other elections, which being ended, they returned to the court of aldermen, to report the business that had been done; upon the lord-mayor's return to the hustings, the recorder reported, that all the elections were confirmed, excepting that of the sheriffs, which on account of the polls demanded, was consequently still depending. The lord-mayor then came forward and informed the livery, that according to the order of the common council, the proper officer would recite to them the several motions that were to be laid before them: Sir James Hodges accordingly read the motion for taking advice of council respecting the possibility of carrying a legal prosecution against the superior officers of the three companies, the *Goldsmiths*, *Grocers*, and *Weavers*, for refusing to the summonses for calling together the livery of the said companies to meet at a common hall, agreeable to a precept from the lord-mayor.

mayor for that purpose, together with the queries addressed to the counsel, and their answers, which declared the lord-mayor, or chief officer of the city, has full power to call the livery together, and in case the master, head warden or wardens of any company refuse to summon the livery of their company, that by a legal process, such master or chief warden, with the other wardens, may be disfranchised.—Motion being made and the question put, whether the common hall, were of opinion that a prosecution for the disfranchisement of such officers of the three companies should be set on foot, it was carried by a great majority.

The queries to the counsel respecting the power of recovering damages from the house of commons, for false imprisonment, made by the committee to assist the lord mayor, the aldermen Wilkes and Oliver, were also read, with the answer of the counsel thereunto; and after reading some other matters, Sir James Hodges informed the livery, that a motion was then made that an humble address, remonstrance and petition to his majesty should be drawn up, and presented, setting forth the many grievances already complained of, and still unredressed, together with the most injurious, infamous and unconstitutional behaviour of the house of commons during the late session, who had imprisoned the person of the lord-mayor, their chief magistrate, and Mr. alderman Oliver, one of their representatives; erased a judicial record, thereby arbitrarily stopping the course of justice; and by a most uncommon and heretofore unknown *saving clause*, inserted in a late bill, given away the property of the city long since confirmed by various well known grants and charters.—The lord-mayor here again stepped forward, and informed the hall, that he would advise that the address be styled, *The Address, Remonstrance and Petition of the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen, and Livery of London, in Common Hall assembled*; for if his majesty did not pay any attention to this address, it would then be time enough for the common council to take the matter up, and present another, his lordship declaring that for his part he never should either be afraid or ashamed to go to the king at the head of the livery, or with the common council, until the grievances they laboured under were properly redressed.—After a short pause, the address was drawn up and read to the livery, its contents were spirited and proper, beginning with a most pathetic recital of the injury sustained by the people in the affair of the Middlesex election; relating next the arbitrary and despotic conduct of the House

of Commons during the late sessions, respecting the illegal imprisonment of the Lord Mayor and Alderman Oliver, for having kept holy the sanction of their oaths as magistrates for the city, and particularly enlarging upon the amazing stroke of tyranny exercised in their erasing the record of a judicial proceeding, thereby assuming a power unknown to the crown, and unknown to the courts of law; finally desiring his Majesty to dissolve the parliament, and put for ever from his presence those ministers, who by their wicked and designing arts had persuaded him to issue his proclamations for apprehending the printers contrary to the known laws of the land. The address met with the unanimous approbation of all present; a motion was then made, that the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, and the livery should go up in their *gowns*, attended by the recorder, the sheriffs, and other proper officers. This was also unanimously carried, as was a motion that the sheriffs forthwith attend his majesty to know when he will be pleased to receive the address, and that the lord mayor do give immediate intelligence to the livery of his majesty's answer to the sheriffs.—Two more motions were made, which closed the business: the one, that the thanks of the livery be given to the right hon. the lord mayor, Mr. Alderman Oliver, and Mr. Alderman Wilkes, for their magnanimous and intrepid conduct respecting press-warrants, and other important matters. The other motion was made by Mr. Maskell, that it be recommended by the livery to the common council and court of aldermen, that a silver cup, with the city arms thereon, of 200l. value, be presented to the lord mayor, and one of 100l. value to each of the aldermen Wilkes and Oliver, for their great and important services. These motions were unanimously agreed to, and the hall shook with reiterated claps, huzzas, and expressions of satisfaction, applause, and esteem; at the same time the aldermen Oliver, Townsend, and Sawbridge, as well as Mr. Bellas, were disrespectfully treated by the populace in consequence of their supposed desertion from the banners of patriotism.

When this Magazine when to press on Friday evening, June 28, the five days poll stood as follows:

Mr. Alderman Wilkes	1642
Mr. Alderman Kirkman	1567
Mr. Alderman Plumbe	1513
Frederick Bull, Esq;	1509
Mr. Alderman Oliver	109

The poll terminates on the 1st of July.

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

SIR, Bristol, June, 1771.
THOUGH your correspondents have lately been so satirical upon the Bristolians, I can assure you, that they are not so entirely destitute of taste, sentiment, and delicate sensations as their sarcasms seems to insinuate. We are here improving vastly in our externals, which will render that crooked line that describes the manner of travelling in our streets, inserted in your Magazine for the benefit of strangers, totally unnecessary. Pulling down houses, churches, nay, whole streets, building others on more elegant plans, constructing, repaving, and beautifying, are surely indications of superior taste and elegance. Nor are we altogether without literary improvements, a fondness for which seems to be infused even in the lower classes of society: amongst other modern refinements, there is started up a set of geniuses, who call themselves spouters, and have formed a society which they term a *spouting club*. These young artisans meet in a hired room at a public house, near the Exchange, once every fortnight, very prudently reflecting that their finances would be wonderfully impoverished by a weekly three-penny disbursement, besides the deposit of two-pence for supporting the general fund, which is expended as occasion requires in scenery, habits, truncheons, swords, and other theatrical properties.

These disciples of Melpomene chuse to keep their scheme as private as the nature of the undertaking will admit, as many of the principal performers are still in their non-age, and servants by covenant for a certain term; but like lads of spirit, detest controul, scorn the drudgery of dirty mechanics, and pant for fame in the more glorious fields of Literature. Here they give full scope to their natural free-born sentiments, curse the inventors of subordination and servitude, lament that Britons should ever be restrained, and, like true sons of liberty, (for they are all staunch patriots) rail at their masters for keeping them to their duty: these are the mighty potentates they fear, who, were they to get scent of their haunt, would doubtless apply to the corporation (who it seems are plaguy enemies to the muses) when our young heroes, perhaps, at the very moment they were immortalising their names, by sacrificing their lives for the good of their country, or some other noble exertion of human nature, might be hurried off, by virtue of a justice's warrant, to a situation not quite so agreeable in the

house of correction. Besides, the proprietor of the press, not having obtained the king's licence for the toleration of a theatre, would probably undergo some severe censures from these foes to the republic of letters.

Here the apprentice, who trembles at the commanding voice of his master, being stripped of his timidity and his apron, transforms himself to the victorious general of an army. Here you may see a blacksmith dying at the feet of a sempstress, a taylor roaring in Bajazet, a turner in Sir John Brute, or, by a Garrick-like transition, starting in Richard or Hamlet—here a phantom,

—clear'd of his deadly white,
Rises a barber-dasher to the sight;

a linen-draper's shop boy in vellum, a book-seller's in tinsel; whilst a young lady in the neighbourhood, the only daughter and heiress of a very eminent cobbler, squeaks in Mrs. Abigail. Here are basket-makers, barbers, distillers, carvers, carpenters, and butchers, who bid fair to be great ornaments to the stage and society, though but very indifferent tradesmen.

In this group of dirty-faced wits, are three or four *authors* and *poets*, who have already composed, or at least transposed, more verses than Dryden or Pope ever wrote, and with much more elegance and fire, as these prodigies of erudition, their fellow members, very confidently assert. The effusions of their brains are eclogues, elegies, epigrams, epitaphs, odes and satires, with the last of which they keep their neighbours in awe; for if a man by any transaction has rendered himself ridiculous, these wits immediately publish his folly in a lampoon, by setting his name at the top of a half-penny publication, called *A new Copy of Verses*, to the great diversion of themselves and the public. Some cavilling critics, indeed, charge our adventurers with many heinous crimes, such as plagiarism and parricides upon their mother tongue, &c. but these we may suppose are rather the offspring of envy, from the conviction of superior abilities, than the dictates of truth and justice.

This is but a superficial sketch of the principal characters which form the new constellation, that shines with superior refulgence in our hemisphere; for to write a panegyric suitable to their merit would exceed the bounds of your Magazine.

No more, then, let your correspondents stigmatize our citizens as illiterate drunkards and gluttons, when learning, science, and genius flourish in the midst of us almost

most spontaneously. I shall only hint that if the thirst after knowledge has engaged the attention of the vulgar, your experience must dictate the great progress it has made amongst their superiors.

COSMOPOLITUS.

The THEATRE. Number XXVII.

ON Wednesday, June 26, Mr. Foote brought on his new piece, entitled *The Maid of Bath*. The Prologue, written by Mr. Garrick, was spoken by Mr. Foote, in which the author of the piece is compared to Jack the Giant Killer, a knight errant, and defender of the fair sex.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr Flint, in love with	{	Mr. Foote.
Miss Linnet,		
Sir Christopher Cripple,	{	Mr. Woodward.
Mynheer Sourgrouts,		
Monsieur De Jersey,	{	Mr. Castle.
Major Racket,		
Billy Button, (a taylor)	{	Mr. Didier.
Peter Poultrice (an apo-		
thecary)	{	Mr. Aickin.
Philip (an inn-keeper)		
Jack (the waiter)	{	Mr. Weston.
Lady Cath. Coldstream,		
Mrs. Linnet,	{	Mr. Fearon.
Miss Linnet,		
The Maid,	{	Mr. Davis.
	{	Mr. Vandermere.
	{	Mrs. Fearon.
	{	Mrs. Collet.
	{	Mrs. Jewell.
	{	Mrs. White.

The Fable of this piece is founded on a late affair which occurred at Bath, between Sir Walter L—g and Miss Linley, whose father is a musician. It seems this gentleman paid his *honourable* addresses to Miss Linley; and when the match was judged, by her and her friends, to be upon the point of celebration, the knight abruptly broke off the connexion, suspecting that her relations proposed quartering themselves, upon him and his fortune; and it is said this affair will soon afford merriment for a court of justice as well as the theatre.

The scene lies in Bath. Mr. Foote, with great comic humour, hits off the personal absurdities, as well as sentiments of the amorous knight, who appears to be a compound of meanness, ignorance, and folly. The ridiculous manner of his making love, added to the insignificance of his presents to his intended bride, and the frivolous inducements for breaking off the alliance, give Mr. Foote a fine scope for displaying his inimitable talents of mimicry. The dangers of wedlock to men advanced in years are humorously depicted; and the

uncommon catastrophe that befel general Armiger on his wedding night, when he expired, is pertinently, and *decently* hinted at. A stroke, which is levelled at a certain parson, relative to the fine wardrobe he left at Paris, had a very good effect upon the audience; and they *encored* it so forcibly, that Mr. Foote thought proper to repeat it. This slap at H—ne is thus introduced: when Mr. Flint's friends are dissuading him from so disproportionate a match, and Button urges, among other arguments, that if this marriage takes place, he will want new liveries, and a new wardrobe to make a figure with his wife at public places about London, as every body there judges of people according to their appearance -- "I do not mind that a jot (says Flint) I can have a very rich wardrobe at a very moderate price -- for to let you into the secret, the parson, who is come down to tack us together, and who is a very great patriot, and a most profound politician, was sometime since a travelling tutor, and judging it consistent with his character to leave his laced and embroidered cloaths at Paris, they by some accident got pawned, and he says if I'll redeem them, they are my own -- so that I can make a brilliant figure, dog-cheap, with the parson's finery."

These dissuaves, however, operate, and he runs to his mistress at midnight, to break off the match, or make her consent to a dishonourable request, of passing the night with him, previous to their marriage, as a proof of her affection for him. This proposal Miss Linnet receives with just indignation, and she treats him with the contempt he deserves.

We have thrown the principal outlines of his character into one point of view, as it is the most important of the whole piece, and, indeed, forms the basis of it.

Sir Christopher Cripple is an old luxurious, gouty debauchee, and owes much of his dramatic consequence to Mr. Woodward, who makes it a character of infinite pleasantry. Billy Button is a smart, little, self-sufficient taylor, (well known at Bath) exceedingly laughable, and admirably exhibited by Mr. Weston, whose abilities are here displayed in a new walk, and deservedly met with universal applause. Mr. Fearon personated a celebrated Bath apothecary, which character he displayed very happily. Major Racket is an officer of gallantry and spirit, performed with ease and propriety, by Mr. I. Aickin.

The other male characters of *The Maid of Bath* were tolerably well supported. Mrs. Jewell,

Jewell, in Miss Linnet, gave great proofs of her improvement, and she introduced very happily the *Birks of Indermay*, a favourite Scotch air, which she executed with great taste and judgment.

Mrs. Fearon, who is a native of Scotland, and never till within these three months crossed the Tweed, was extremely characteristic in lady Catherine, a Scotch lady of quality, who has imported with her all the brogue of Edinburgh. Her fluency of speech added greatly to the poet's picture. Most Scotch and Irish characters are murdered on the English stage for want of performers being properly acquainted with the true pronunciation of the natives whom they represent.

Mrs. Linnet is a part of little consequence; Mrs. Collet did it as well as could be expected.

The Maid of Bath was extremely well received. Throughout the piece, the audience are perpetually incited to laugh, and that man must indeed be a cynic who can keep his muscles in form for half an hour. The characters are highly coloured, the diction characteristic, and the satire poignant. Many of the witticisms are admirable; several, indeed, are trite, but from being well adapted, become agreeable and pleasing. As Mr. Foote disclaims the merit of invention, we shall not say any thing against the originality of some of the characters, which we might otherwise carp at, Mr. Foote had the outlines of his piece ready drawn to his hand, and he has worked them up into a very excellent picture.

Mrs. Jewell spoke the Epilogue, written by Mr. Cumberland, author of the *Brothers*. It has a pretty turn; which we think entirely new, and is wrought out of the character of *The Maid of Bath*, in which she supplicates the applause of the audience and nine full nights, as an alleviation of her distress, and a recompence for her virtue.

ANECDOTES of PETER CARRON.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Having lately read Mr. Rousseau's Criticism upon the works of Mr. Charron, I could not refrain making the following remarks upon the occasion, which I should be glad to see inserted in your valuable Miscellany.

Cambridge,
June 1771.

J. D—E.

W H Y should Charron be tried by an old edition? Why not use the last? The reason is obvious. Some passages were there omitted that Mr. Rousseau judged would serve his purpose, and he would rather err against justice, than lose the least advantage he imagined himself possessed of.

If it be horrible to insult the living, how much more odious to sully the reputation of the dead? It was reserved for the philosopher of Geneva to analyze the faith of Peter Charron from the most imperfect of his works, which were the evidences. Some phrases, accidentally dropt in a treatise upon wisdom, are sufficient grounds for the atrocious imputations of M. Rousseau. Little reason is requisite for those who are resolved to do evil. Let us avenge the memory of a sage distinguished by his merit and the extent of his talents; we shall hereby confound the malice of his detractor.

Peter Charron, born at Paris in 1541, began his career in the literary world by *Les trois Verités* (The three Truths) a work whose principal object tends to distinguish the church of Jesus Christ from the false assemblies which dishonour its name. Being called to Cahors, in quality of official, by M. D'Ebrard, he thought it was his duty to dedicate to this prelate the two parts of his book, which contain proofs of the existence of God, of the necessity of worship, and the use of revelation. This virtuous priest afterwards offered the third part of *his Truths* to king Henry IV. who had recently abjured Calvinism, and whom it was necessary to fortify against the doctrines of the reformers. Charron, a short time after, wrote his Discourses upon the Mystery of the Redemption, upon the Eucharist, Providence, the Communion of saints, &c. In the midst of his edifying works, he composed, by way of relaxation, his Books upon Wisdom in 1600, and published them the year following. This precipitation, so contrary to prudent caution, which should never be swerved from, when important subjects are to be treated of, evinces that the prebend of Condom considered this as only an amusement of no consequence.

It cannot be denied that this work, as it then appeared, includes some assertions which would prejudice the author's reputation, if we were ignorant that the first edition should be considered only as essays proposed to the judgment of men of letters; wherefore Charron retouched whole chapters in a second edition, which he prepared in 1603, and of which he had seen several proofs

proofs, when in the month of November, of the same year, he died suddenly at Paris, as he was going to his bookseller's.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Am ready to burst; little lord V—— came just now into the coffee-room with your last Magazine, and swears vengeance against your engraver. He says lady V——'s accusations levelled at him are nothing compared to your virulent invectives. Moreover, he said, let his character be what it would, you should, at least, have made his picture resemble him, and not drawn him so damn'd ugly. "I'll appeal to you (looking in the glass) gentlemen, if I am like this print; have I such a nose as that? such lanthorn jaws? I think they might at least have done me justice in that respect, as the print strikes more forcibly every cursory beholder than the writing. For my part, I should not have minded it two-pence, if Mrs. M——I had not seen it. She thought me a handsome, sensible, fellow before: you do not know how these things affect the women---A picture *outré* will make them discover a hundred imperfections in a man's face they never saw before. To be sure, they have been very civil to Mrs. M——I, and it must be owned the print is a good deal like her—but why make me such an ill-looking dog? I'll positively prosecute the engraver, let him be who he will. It certainly is as much a libel against a man's person (especially if he is a man of gallantry) to disfigure his countenance, as to attack his probity---What do you say, counsellor?"

Such was the address of his lordship this instant to the gentlemen of the other table, and as the counsellor and he are retired, I doubt not but your engraver will be prosecuted upon the Coventry act, for maiming and disfiguring the sweet countenance of lord Vainlove*.

Marlboro' Coffee house, I am, &c.

June 4, 1771.

G. S.

To the female President, and other Ladies of the
Coterie.

Ladies,

I Have for some days resided in the capital of France, the emporium of pleasure and unconstrained delight. I have now

at my toilet, whilst I am writing this letter, two musqueteers, an abbé, and a poet, all waiting to have the honour of seeing me dress from head to foot, and compliment me upon every charm they can descry or imagine. Oh! this, ladies, is the only country for us to reside in, where husbands have so much *good sense* as not to pretend to the sole possession of a fine woman; they know the folly of the attempt, and therefore wisely laugh at jealousy as the most ridiculous of all passions. Every woman, of any consequence, has at least one *cher ami*; and a husband would think himself as ill bred to disturb a *tête-à-tête* party between them, as he would to be seen with his wife in public. This is the standard of politeness and good breeding. Though you every day hear of a duel, or rencounter for a wry word, or indeed a wry look, there is not an instance in all the annals of French chivalry, of a husband calling his wife's gallant to account for having injured his bed. This is barbarous indeed, and is reserved for our Gothic half bred countrymen, who ridiculously consider their wives as much their property as their fortunes.

Neither is there an instance to be met with in the French courts of law of a suit for *crim. con.* though *litigation* is the motto of the French for every thing that relates to the incroachment of a denier of their property.

This is the true *savoir vivre*, with which we are unacquainted, though we so much boast (and boast alone it is) of our rights and liberties. Nay, I even doubt whether the laws and ordinances of the coterie, so salutary as they appear, will secure you entirely from the tyranny and barbarity of your husbands; or whether we may not soon hear of a divorce, even within the pale of your association. If this be the case, follow my example, and meet me in this delightful spot, where pleasure and politeness go hand in hand to make our lives glide away in a sweet delirium.

The abbé is a fine fellow, and he is convinced of my partiality for him; but as I hourly expect the arrival of count Alt-i, he will be but a temporary lover. The black musqueteer is handsome, but rather too volatile; however, he is next upon the list. The poet is indeed my most ardent admirer; but I believe he makes love best upon paper.

Adieu, in hopes of seeing some or all of you very soon in this delightful spot.

Paris, Hotel de Saxe,

June 12, 1771.

L——R.

the

* See last Numb. p. 233.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS the learned world are lamenting that the life of the celebrated Maupertuis has never appeared, and are doubtful whether it is yet written, the following memoirs of that great man may, perhaps, induce some able pen to make proper researches for more extensive materials necessary to produce such a work: I therefore request your inserting them in your Magazine; and if they produce the desired effect, or afford any satisfaction to your numerous readers, I shall not think the few hours I have employed in collecting them have been misapplied.

Oxon, June 16,

1771.

I am, Sir, &c.

SCHOLIAST.

MEMOIRS OF PETER LEWIS MOREAU
DE MAUPERTUIS.

THIS gentleman, so well known in the mathematical world, was of an ancient family, born at St. Malo's, Sept. 27, 1698. He entered into the musketeers in 1718, and obtained a company of cavalry in the regiment of La Roche Guyon, which he soon quitted to devote himself to mathematics and natural philosophy. He was admitted a member of the academy of sciences at Paris in 1723, and of the French academy in 1743. In 1746 he was raised to the presidial chair of the academy of Berlin.

Maupertuis, though he had not studied mathematics and physics from his infancy, nevertheless obtained a rank among the greatest geometers and most skilful natural philosophers of his age. He convinced to the world that a man may be a good citizen, and yet not adopt the physical system of his country. Whilst he entertained a proper esteem for the celebrated Descartes, he was the first Frenchman that had the resolution to declare himself openly a Newtonian. He introduced in his researches that spirit of philosophy which makes them useful to society. His writings abound with refined notions that tempt the reader to proceed; with schemes for the improvement of the sciences, schemes that are sometimes hazarded, and even chimerical at first sight, but which, nevertheless, spur the attention, and promote reflexion. He has written upon happiness, without being able to obtain it. His self-love was too conspicuous, his manners too imperious, and his general disposition stiff and inflexible. In the latter part of his life he was grave, choleric,

JUNE, 1771.

and sarcastic. Before this period, the vivacity which he constantly displayed in his eyes and his discourse, joined to his uncommon dress, and the manner of presenting himself, gave him a very singular appearance. He was, nevertheless, in the great world, polite and engaging, and spoke with facility and grace. But this ease is not to be met with in his writings, for having no style of his own, he endeavoured to acquire one; wherefore we often find in his dictation laboured periods, and an affected, concise titerceness, which have not the effect he expected.

In 1735, after the three academicians had set out to measure a degree under the equator, he proposed a voyage to the polar circle, as the most certain means of obtaining (by comparing the extreme degrees of the meridian) a conclusion wherein no material error could prevail. He set out in 1736, with the celebrated Clairaut, and two other academicians. They accomplished their voyage in eighteen months; and Maupertuis in the public assembly of the academy, in November 1737, proved that the degrees of meridian traverse in approaching the north pole; and consequently that the earth is flat under the pole. His portrait, engraved by Daule, from a painting of Tourniere, represents him in Lapland, flattening the poles of the earth. At the bottom are these four lines written by Voltaire:

*Ce globe mal connu, qu'il a su mesurer,
Devient un monument où sa gloire se fonde.
Son sort est de fixer la figure du monde,
De lui plaire, et de l'éclairer*.*

The prince royal of Prussia, having mounted the throne, and proved himself a great monarch, was very emulous of cultivating a friendship with Maupertuis, and desirous that he should fix his residence at Berlin; but the geometer did not yield to Frederick's solicitations, till he had obtained the consent of the king of France, and secured all the privileges of a Frenchman. Frederic was then at war with the emperor; and Maupertuis was desirous of sharing the perils of a military life. He accompanied the king of Prussia to the battle of Molwitz, was taken and stript by a body of hussars. He was sent prisoner to Vienna. The emperor was very

* This globe ill known, which he was able to measure, becomes the monument and basis of his glory. It is his fate to ascertain the figure of the world, to please, and enlighten it.

S f

curious

curious to see this great genius, and gave him a very gracious reception. The emperor asked him if among the baggage the hussars had taken from him, there was any of which he particularly regretted the loss. Maupertuis did not judge it his part to complain, and replied by testifying his acknowledgment for a question so very obliging. Being, however, pressed by the emperor, he confessed he greatly lamented losing a watch, made by Graham, which had been of great assistance to him in his astronomical observations. The emperor, who was possessed of one by the same English artist, but enriched with diamonds, said to Maupertuis, "It was only a joke of the hussars; they brought me your watch: there it is, I restore it to you."

It is added, that the empress asked him about the news in Prussia, saying, "You know the queen of Sweden, sister to the king of Prussia; they say she is the most beautiful princess in Europe." To which Maupertuis politely replied, *So I thought, madam, till this very day.*

The principal motive for the king of Prussia's requesting Maupertuis's residence at Berlin, was that this great mathematician should new-model, and preside in the academy of that city. But this illustrious man, who was capable of reaching the summit of the sciences, was but ill qualified to rule over a society who acknowledged no superiors. He is, indeed, accused of arrogance when docility and politeness should have prevailed, and of having often substituted authority for reasoning. He was, perhaps, too warm in his dispute with professor Kœnig; but Maupertuis was a man of such distinguished knowledge, that we easily forget his faults in reading his works. A beautiful edition of them was published at Lyons in 1756, in four volumes, octavo; but the life of the author is wanting, and it would be conferring great obligation upon the republic of letters, and advance the progress of the sciences, for some eminent writer to give us an accurate history of the works of this learned academician. It was said some time since that Voltaire had written his life; but as it has not yet appeared, we fear it is a matter rather to be wished than expected.

M. De la Condamine, Maupertuis's illustrious friend, who partook with him in the labour and glory of astronomical discoveries, by the voyage to the equator, whilst Maupertuis was performing that of the polar circle, is the first who conceived the design of erecting a monument to his

memory, and which has been executed in the church of St. Roch, at Paris, by M. D'Huez, the royal sculptor. The Latin epitaph upon it, was written by Mr. De la Condamine.

An EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURER.

OUR present *adventurer* has made so much noise here as well as abroad, in the different characters of politician, man of gallantry, and knight of the order of industry, that he will be immediately known to the generality of our readers by the slightest sketch of his features.

Whilst his father was ambassador at Constantinople, his mother, who accompanied her husband upon his embassy, was very curious in investigating the secrets of the seraglio; and it was positively asserted the grand signior became equally curious in ascertaining her sex, which terminated in proving the fruitfulness of lady W—— M——.

Whether Sir W—— M—— had any doubts concerning our hero's being his real issue, cannot be determined; but it is certain he appeared to have very little of that parental feeling for him, which nature almost constantly inspires. So we find that upon W—— M——'s being guilty of some juvenile irregularities incident to youth, his father abandoned him, and he was driven to the greatest difficulties, and compelled to submit to the most menial employments to obtain a livelihood. But his uncommon genius and abilities soon extricated him from these difficulties. He applied himself to the study of the law, and took chambers in the Temple.

It was at this period that he made a conquest of the celebrated Miss A——, who has since appeared so very conspicuous upon the horizon of gallantry; and when he gave her a bond for three thousand pounds * upon his marriage with any other woman, at a time that he could as easily have paid off the national debt as have raised three hundred shillings.

After he had exhausted all his credit and imagination, in supporting the appearance of a gentleman, without the least assistance from any of his relations, he found it necessary to quit the pursuit of the law, as it was at present too much in pursuit of him. But what chagrined him the most was the necessity he was under of leaving his dear Miss A——, whom he still

* See p. 517, vol. II.

passionately admired, as well for her personal as her mental qualifications.

He repaired to Paris, and renewed his acquaintance with a certain member of the British S——e, who being nearly in the same situation as W——y, they were obliged to have recourse to the same means for supplying their wants. The blind goddess was for some time propitious to them at the Pharaoh table; but one unlucky vigil swept away all their hopes from that quarter. An Englishman in Paris, without money or credit, makes a very ridiculous appearance; and though a Frenchman in London considers himself as thrown into fortune's lap, if he can but reach the metropolis, without a shilling, or even a pair of breeches, as he knows the follies and caprices of this nation, will soon enable him to riot in luxury, a Briton, in a similar situation in the capital of France, would starve upon a dunghill, with ten times the Frenchman's merit and abilities; and all the consolation he would receive from a Parisian *petit maitres* might consist of *c'est un pauvre gueux d'Anglois qui meurt de faim* *. We then cannot be surprised that our hero with his extraordinary capacity and knowledge of the world, should, by his most industrious endeavours, prevent such a sentence being passed upon him, and have recourse to those arts which enable many fine gentlemen to strut in this capital with laced cloaths and swords. In a word, he learnt play as a science, and became a *joueur de profession*.

As an Englishman, and a man of fashion, he was admitted into the best companies; and as play is a constant concomitant, he found incessant opportunities of exerting his skill, and replenishing his pocket. As a man of taste, it was necessary that he should have an alliance with a singer, a dancer, or an actress; and accordingly we find W——y very happy, and much envied in his connexion with madame Favarre. Thus rolled his hours agreeably away, till the unlucky adventure between him and Paiba the Jew, who was then at Paris with Nelly Rois †. According to this son of Levi's attestation, Mr. W—— M—— and Mr. T—— invited him to their apartments to supper, and play after ensuing, he won a considerable sum of them: that the next night they supped with him, and found means

to strip him of a much greater sum, which he went so far as to swear they took out of a strong box in the room. The event was that the two Englishmen were sent to prison, and confined some time; but by the interposition of lord Albemarle, the English ambassador, they obtained their liberty.

This affair made so much noise, and by many was construed so greatly to the disadvantage of the Christian Englishmen, that they judged it prudent to retire from Paris. Mr. M—— travelled through several parts of Europe, and visited Constantinople, where he remained some time, from a secret, perhaps a natural, attachment he entertained for the Ottomans, their customs and manners. An intrigue which he had with a bashaw's favourite sultana, had very nearly cost him his life. He had found means to bribe one of her black eunuchs to introduce him in female apparel, and his visits were constant at those hours the bashaw was differently engaged. Another of the black eunuchs, who did not share the spoils, had some suspicions concerning our hero's sex, and intimating them to his master, it was resolved to examine the supposed female visiter the next time she appeared. Luckily for W——y he was seized with a violent fever, and could not attend his mistress according to appointment. His trusty Mercury acquainted him with his danger, and he immediately quitted Constantinople, without being reduced to the condition of an Abelard, with which he was threatened.

Soon after his return to England, his father, Sir W—— M——, died; and actuated by his insurmountable partiality, left him only an annuity of fifteen hundred pounds: whilst the Thane, who is married to his sister, obtained an Asiatic fortune by the same will. Lady B—— (to her honour be it mentioned) has considerably increased her brother's income, and enabled him to yield to his strong inclination for travel; he has accordingly visited most of the courts of Europe, several remarkable places in Asia, traversed Africa, and is now actually at Constantinople.

He is said to be engaged in the service of the grand signior, in capacity of chief engineer; and there is great probability if his plans are carried into execution, in case of another campaign, the arms of the Turks will derive renown in the annals of fame from the judgment, skill, and abilities of W—— M——.

* A poor devil of an Englishman, famishing for want.

† See p. 234, left Number.

To the Authors of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

Bristol, June 17, 1771.

AS I imagine none of your Oddity-Hunters ever make their appearance in the country *, I shall for once supply their place, by sending you the characters of two brothers, who are every way remarkable. The eldest, Sandy Catskin, formerly made his appearance in the literary world, he having endeavoured to prove, with great learning and profound judgment, what may be known full as well by reading the seventh and eighth chapters of Genesis. Though this gentleman has such an heroic name, yet is he neither a Scotchman nor Macedonian, being born in Bristol, where he now resides. He has spent best part of his life in collecting a large quantity of fossils, minerals, petrified wood, bones, &c. in contemplation of which rarities he employs great part of his time. If you pay him a visit, he conducts you into his best parlour, where are deposited the above valuable curiosities, each sort by themselves. After he has explained the beauty and remarkableness of each class, the place where they were found, as also how they came into his possession, he asks you, with a look of infinite satisfaction, whether all these things do not plainly prove a deluge?

He is acquainted with all the colliers and miners, for at least twenty miles round, better than any other man in the kingdom, who often taste of his liberality for supplying him with minerals, &c. One of those infernal gentry came to his house the other day, and produced a piece of brass nearly of an octagonal form, which he assured Sandy he had found in digging into a new vein of coal. Sandy received it with great pleasure, and gave the man half a piece for his trouble. Indeed, some ill-natured folks have been malicious enough to say, that it is only part of an old brass-kettle, which those footy gentlemen, knowing our hero's love for antiquities, had formed into that shape; but he seems perfectly satisfied with his bargain, and declares it has the sound, colour, taste and consistency of the true Corinthian brass. He is now employed in writing an elaborate treatise, concerning the most likely means whereby the said brass might have been conveyed into the vein of coal.

* This gentleman has probably overlooked the oddity from Newcastle in our Magazine for April last.

His brother George, the other of these remarkable personages, is noted as the man, who in this city is the most ambitious of acquiring a name, in search of which, he has twice lately risked his neck.

First, When the arches of our new-bridge were turned, he gave the workmen a very handsome treat, to have the unspeakable honour to be the first man that ever rode over that bridge. So exalted, like Mordecai the Jew on the horse of Ahazuerus, he rode triumphantly over a few tottering planks, his horse being guided by one of the labourers, who acted the part of Haman in this grand scene.

And, *Secondly*, Upon the finishing a lofty spire for the church of St. N—, George performed likewise a very capital part, which was no less than mounting between two and three hundred feet in the air, to have the satisfaction of placing the last stone on that structure; on the top of which he has fixed a plate of brass, informing any who are fool-hardy enough to venture there, that he George Catskin placed the last stone on that pile anno domini 1770.

George has a large collection of books, of which he frequently boasts, that none are less than a hundred years old, which indeed seems the principal reason for his having any; for, as Pope says, "His shelves admit not any modern book." His favourite author is king Charles I. whose works he has nearly by heart; and, to use the words of Fielding, "he very seldom goes without them in his pocket."

He has one failing which indeed is common to many others; that is, always framing his opinion according to the last author he has read, or the last tale he has heard; as a proof of which, he went last season to see Mr. King, the celebrated comedian, perform the part of a tragedian, in the character of king Richard the III^d. George came home with great detestation against Richard, whom he called tyrant, butcher, murderer, with many other abusive epithets. A few days after a friend put into his hand baron Otranto's historic doubts, which after perusing, he declared, that Richard was not quite so bad as some folks made him out; that Henry was an usurper, and that it was plain Perkin Warbeck was the duke of York. By the bye, the baron has been a great favourite with him ever since; and, who he says (notwithstanding the insinuations thrown out against him lately by your sad-dog of a correspondent,) is one who is not easily deceived, the best writer at present in the three king-

doms, and the greatest antiquarian since the time of Camden.'

George has a proper notion of the dignity of human nature, as he is frequently reflecting what a noble creature man is! In short, he never sees a common mason at work, erecting a hog's-stye, without exclaiming, "How great is the art of man!" By his frequent repetition of these words, they at length got to the ears of some unlucky boys, who very possibly had read the works of the immortal John Bunyan, and who knew no difference in the words art and heart, and have ever since given him the appellation of Mr. Giant Great-Heart; though indeed he is far from a giant, unless it be such a one as that famous historian, the Old Woman of Ratcliff-Highway describes, as coming out of a wicker-bottle.

George is likewise a great newsmonger; and has been frequently taken by the clerks and sextons for one of those gentlemen who are denominated death-hunters. Does a knell ring? Go to George, if you would know who is dead; nay, it is more than probable that he tells you without asking him, as he is remarkable for communicating his knowledge to all he meets. He was near Portsmouth at the time of the late fire, upon which he left his business, and immediately set out for Bristol to bring the news; but, alas! how great was his disappointment, when he found that it had arrived full two hours before him! He was so mortified at this information, that he was taken dangerously ill, and kept his chamber several weeks. As I have already exceeded the bounds I at first intended, I shall leave it to your readers to make what remarks they please on these two odd mortals, who certainly might employ their time to better purposes.

I am,

Another Hunter of Oddities.

We seldom make Extracts from printed Books, as our Intention is to furnish our Readers with original Matter, a Plan never before attempted; but the singular Merit of Humphry Clinker, (by the Author of Roderick Random) has made us so far deviate from our general Plan, as to present our Readers with the following satirical Descriptions of London and Bath, which we doubt not will to them be agreeable and entertaining.

"I N London, I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room

enough to swing a cat; and I breathe the steams of endless putrefaction; and these would, undoubtedly, produce a pestilence, if they were not qualified by the gross acid of sea-coal, which is itself a pernicious nuisance to lungs of any delicacy of texture: but even this boasted corrector cannot prevent those languid, fallow looks, that distinguish the inhabitants of London from those ruddy swains that lead a country-life—I go to bed after midnight, jaded and restless from the dissipations of the day—I start every hour from my sleep, at the horrid noise of the watchman bawling the hour through every street, and thundering at every door; a set of useless fellows, who serve no other purpose but that of disturbing the repose of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I start out of bed, in consequence of the still more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noisy rutties bellowing green pease under my window. If I would drink water, I must quaff the maukish contents of an open aqueduct, exposed to all manner of defilement; or swallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Westminster—Human excrement is the least offensive part of the concrete, which is composed of all the drugs, minerals, and poisons, used in mechanics and manufactures, enriched with the putrefying carcases of beasts and men; and mixed with the scourings of all the wash-tubs, kennels, and common sewers, within the bills of Mortality.

"This is the agreeable potation, extolled by the Londoners, as the finest water in the universe.—As to the intoxicating potion, sold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious sophistication, balderdash with cyder, corn-spirit, and the juice of sloes. In an action at law, laid against a carman for having staved a cask of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paste, mixed up with chalk, allum, and bone ashes; insipid to the taste, and destructive to the constitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholesome bread, because whiter than the meal of corn: it is thus they sacrifice their taste and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a most absurd gratification of a mis-judging eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poison them and their families;

families, in order to live by his profession. The same monstrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villainous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; so void of all taste, nourishment, and flavour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricasee of kid-kin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn.

"As they have discharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers-meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts, fricasees, and sauces of all kinds; so they insist upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be so mad as to boil their greens with brass half-pence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true—Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no personal merit. They are produced in an artificial soil, and taste of nothing but the dung-hills, from whence they spring. My cabbage, cauliflowers, and asparagus in the country, are as much superior in flavour to those that are sold in Covent-garden, as my heath mutton is to that of St. James's market; which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but something betwixt the two, gorged in the rank sens of Lincoln and Essex, pale, coarse, and frowzy.—As for the pork, it is the flesh of an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horse-flesh and distillers grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in consequence of a fever, occasioned by the infamous practice of sewing up the gut, that they may be the sooner fattened in coops, in consequence of this cruel retention.

"On the fish, I need say nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes sixty, seventy, four-score, and a hundred miles by land-carriage: a circumstance sufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's stomach, even if his nose was not saluted in every alley with the sweet flavour of *fresh* mackarel, selling by retail.—This is not the season for oysters; nevertheless, it may not be amiss to mention, that the right Colchester are kept in slime-pits, occasionally overflowed by the sea; and that the green colour, so much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occasioned by the vitriolic scum, which rises on the surface of the stagnant and stinking water—Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exercise, consequently they must be firm in flesh, and delicious in

flavour; and there is no game to be had for love or money.

"It must be owned, that Covent-garden affords some good fruit; which, however, is always engrossed by a few individuals of over-grown fortune, at an exorbitant price; so that little else than the refuse of the market falls to the share of the community; and that is distributed by such filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yesterday that I saw a dirty barrow-bunter in the street, cleaning her fruit with her own spittle; and, who knows but some fine lady of St. James's parish might admit into her delicate mouth those very cherries, which had been rolled and moistened between the filthy, and, perhaps, ulcerated chops of a St. Giles's huckster—I need not dwell upon the pallid, contaminated mash, which they call strawberries; soiled and tossed by greasy paws through twenty baskets crusted with dirt; and then presented with the worst milk, thickened with the worst flour into a bad likeness of cream; but the milk itself should not pass unanalysed, the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and sour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruised snails, carried thro' the streets in open pails, exposed to foul rinsings, discharged from doors and windows, spittle; and tobacco-quids from foot-passengers, over-flowings from mud-carts, spatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and trash chucked into it by roguish boys for the joke's sake, the spewings of infants, who have flabbered in the tin-measure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next customer; and finally, the vermin that drops from the rags of the nasty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the respectable denomination of milk-maid.

"I shall conclude this catalogue of London dainties, with the table-beer, guiltless of hops and malt, vapid and nauseous: much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirst and promote digestion; the tallowy rancid mass, called butter, manufactured with candle grease and kitchen-stuff; and their fresh eggs imported from France and Scotland—Now, all these enormities might be remedied with a very little attention of the police, or civil regulation; but the wise patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconsistent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way, without restraint—Nay, as there is not sense enough left

left among them to be discomposed by the nuisances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution."

The following is a description of the late improvements in Bath:

"Bath is so much altered, that I can scarce believe it is the same place that I frequented about thirty years ago. Methinks I hear you say, 'Altered it is, without doubt; but then it is altered for the better; a truth which, perhaps, you would own without hesitation, if you yourself was not altered for the worse.' The reflection may, for aught I know, be just. The inconveniencies which I overlooked in the high-day of health, will naturally strike with exaggerated impression on the irritable nerves of an invalid, surprised by premature old age, and shattered with long-suffering---But, I believe, you will not deny, that this place, which nature and providence seemed to have intended as a resource from distemper and disquiet, is become the very center of racket and dissipation. Instead of that peace, tranquillity and ease, so necessary to those who labour under bad health, weak nerves, and irregular spirits; here we have nothing but noise, tumult, and hurry; with the fatigue and slavery of maintaining a ceremonial, more stiff, formal, and oppressive, than the etiquette of a German elector. A national hospital it may be; but one would imagine, that none but lunatics are admitted; and, truly, I will give you leave to call me so, if I stay much longer at Bath.---But I shall take another opportunity to explain my sentiments at greater length on this subject---I was impatient to see the boasted improvements in architecture, for which the upper parts of the town have been so much celebrated, and t'other day I made a circuit of all the new buildings. The square, though irregular, is, on the whole, pretty well laid out, spacious, open, and airy; and, in my opinion, by far the most wholesome and agreeable situation in Bath, especially the upper side of it; but the avenues to it are mean, dirty, dangerous, and indirect. Its communication with the baths, is through the yard of an inn, where the poor trembling valetudinarian is carried in a chair, betwixt the heels of a double row of horses, wincing under the curry-combs of grooms and postilions, over and above the hazard of being obstructed, or overturned by the carriages which are continually making their exit or their entrance---I suppose after some chairmen shall have been maimed, and a few lives lost by those accidents, the corporation will think, in

earnest, about providing a more safe and commodious passage. The Circus is a pretty bauble, contrived for shew, and looks like Vespasian's amphitheatre turned outside in. If we consider it in point of magnificence, the great number of small doors belonging to the separate houses, the inconsiderable height of the different orders, the affected ornaments of the architrave, which are both childish and misplaced, and the areas projecting into the street, surrounded with iron rails, destroy a good part of its effect upon the eye; and, perhaps, we shall find it still more defective, if we view it in the light of convenience. The figure of each separate dwelling house, being the segment of a circle, must spoil the symmetry of the rooms, by contracting them towards the street windows, and leaving a larger sweep in the space behind. If, instead of the areas and iron rails, which seem to be of very little use, there had been a corridore with arcades all round, as in Covent-Garden, the appearance of the whole would have been more magnificent and striking; those arcades would have afforded an agreeable covered walk, and sheltered the poor chairmen and their carriages from the rain, which is here almost perpetual. At present, the chairs stand soaking in the open street, from morning to night, till they become so many boxes of wet leather, for the benefit of the gouty and rheumatic, who are transported in them from place to place. Indeed, this is a shocking inconvenience that extends over the whole city; and, I am persuaded, it produces infinite mischief to the delicate and infirm; even the close chairs, contrived for the sick, by standing in the open air, have their frize linings impregnated, like so many sponges, with the moisture of the atmosphere, and those cases of cold vapour must give a charming check to the perspiration of a patient, piping hot from the Bath, with all his pores wide open.

"But, to return to the Circus; it is inconvenient from its situation, at so great a distance from all the markets, baths, and places of public entertainment. The only entrance to it, through Gay-street, is so difficult, steep, and slippery, that, in wet weather, it must be exceedingly dangerous, both for those that ride in carriages, and those that walk a-foot; and when the street is covered with snow, as it was for fifteen days successively this very winter, I don't see how any individual could go either up or down, without the most imminent hazard of broken bones. In blowing weather, I am told, most of the houses in this hill are smothered with smoke, forced

ced down the chimneys, by the gusts of wind reverberated from the hill behind, which (I apprehend likewise) must render the atmosphere here more humid and unwholesome than it is in the square below; for the clouds, formed by the constant evaporation from the baths and river in the bottom, will, in their ascent this way, be first attracted and detained by the hill that rises close behind the Circus, and load the air with a perpetual succession of vapours: this point, however, may be easily ascertained by means of an hygrometer, or a paper of salt of tartar exposed to the action of the atmosphere. The same artist, who planned the Circus, has likewise projected a Crescent; when that is finished, we shall probably have a star; and those who are living thirty years hence, may, perhaps, see all the signs of the Zodiac exhibited in architecture at Bath. These, however fantastical, are still designs that denote some ingenuity and knowledge in the architect; but the rage of building has laid hold on such a number of adventurers, that one sees new houses starting up in every out-let and every corner of Bath; contrived without judgment, executed without solidity, and stuck together, with so little regard to plan and propriety, that the different lines of the new rows and buildings interfere with, and intersect one another in every different angle of conjunction. They look like the wreck of streets and squares disjointed by an earthquake, which hath broken the ground into a variety of holes and hillocks; or, as if some Gothic devil had stuffed them altogether in a bag, and left them to stand higgledy piggledy, just as chance directed. What sort of a monster Bath will become in a few years, with those growing excrescences, may be easily conceived: but the want of beauty and proportion is not the worst effect of these new mansions; they are built so slight, with the soft crumbling stone found in this neighbourhood, that I should never sleep quietly in one of them, when it blowed (as the sailors say) a cap-full of wind; and, I am persuaded, that my hind, Roger Williams, or any man of equal strength, would be able to push his foot through the strongest part of their walls, without any great exertion of his muscles. All these absurdities arise from the general tide of luxury, which hath overspread the nation, and swept away all, even the very dregs of the people. Every upstart of fortune, harnessed in the trappings of the mode, presents himself at Bath, as in the very focus of observation---Clerks and factors from the

East Indies, loaded with the spoil of plundered provinces; planters, negro-drivers, and hucksters, from our American plantations, enriched they know not how; agents, commissaries, and contractors, who have fattened, in two successive wars, on the blood of the nation; usurers, brokers, and jobbers of every kind; men of low birth, and no breeding, have found themselves suddenly translated into a state of affluence, unknown to former ages; and no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption. Knowing no other criterion of greatness, but the ostentation of wealth, they discharge their affluence without taste or conduct, through every channel of the most absurd extravagance; and all of them hurry to Bath, because here, without any further qualification, they can mingle with the princes and nobles of the land. Even the wives and daughters of low tradesmen, who, like shovel-nosed sharks, prey upon the blubber of those uncouth whales of fortune, are infected with the same rage of displaying their importance; and the slightest indisposition serves them for a pretext to insist upon being conveyed to Bath, where they may hobble country dances and cotillions, with 'squires, counsellors, and clergy. These delicate creatures from Bedfordbury, Crutched-Friars, and Botolph lane, cannot breathe in the gross air of the Lower Town, or conform to the vulgar rules of a common lodging-house; the husband, therefore, must provide an entire house, or elegant apartments in the new buildings. Such is the composition of what is called the fashionable company at Bath; where a very inconsiderable proportion of genteel people are lost in a mob of impudent plebeians, who have neither understanding nor judgment, nor the least idea of propriety and decorum; and seem to enjoy nothing so much as an opportunity of insulting their betters.

Thus the number of people, and the number of houses continue to increase; and this will ever be the case, till the streams that swell this irresistible torrent of folly and extravagance, shall either be exhausted, or turned into other channels, by incidents and events which I do not pretend to foresee. This, I own, is a subject on which I cannot write with any degree of patience; for the mob is a monster I never could abide, either in his head, tail, midriff, or members: I detest the whole of it, as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice, and brutality; and, in this term of reprobation, I include, with-
out

out respect of rank, station, or quality, all thote of both sexes, who affect its manners, and court its society."

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

READING some time ago in your useful and entertaining Miscellany, the curious observation of one of your learned correspondents, that the numerical letters of the pope's inscription *Vicarius filie Dei*, if valued and summed up, made the exact number in Revelations, chap. xiii. ver. xviii. give me leave also to observe that the pope also styles himself *Vicarius generalis Dei in terris*; or God's vicar general on earth, which if valued and summed up in the same manner, will produce the sum mentioned thus:

V	5
I	1
C	100
A	
R	
I	1
V	5
S	
G	
E	
N	
E	
R	
A	
L	50
I	1
S	
D	500
E	
I	1
I	1
N	
T	
E	
R	
R	
I	1
S	
666	

In inserting the above in your Magazine, you will oblige,

S I R,

Your constant reader,

Cork,

May 26, 1771.

A. B.

JUNE, 1771.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AGREEABLE to my promise, I here transmit you a faithful account of the state of my patient, the parish clerk, which I should sooner have presented you with, had I not been unwilling to impose upon the public, by a premature account of the success of my medicines, before I could visibly discern their effects: I can now, however, with great pleasure assure them, that Mr. Sternhold is in a fair way of recovery, and likely to do well. My satyric corrosives, I find, have produced as wonderful effects in their operations on the mind, as the most sovereign medicine could possibly have wrought on the body; and had they not been administered at the very juncture they were, I am afraid he would have proved an incurable, in spite of the united efforts of the faculty. I have not, however, discovered one absurd, antic, or preposterous feat, since their administration; so that I expect to be able, in a very little time, to produce a certificate under his own hand of this amazing cure, which I presume will have some influence with the public, and convince them that I am no quack in the profession. Upon the receipt of my purgatives, he very prudently kept his chamber for some days, and I would hereby recommend it to him not to stir out till he can sit silent one half hour, and cease laugh at his own talk. Above all things, I would have him carefully avoid working off these my mental medicines with spirituous or other strong liquors, as they, instead of assisting the designed operation, will not only greatly retard it, but raise inflammations, which may probably produce a relapse. I may indeed add this for his comfort, that should he by his irregularities bring these direful disorders once more upon him, I have not the least doubt but I should, by infusing more of my satyric corrosives, be able to bring him to rights again, although the task would be as disagreeable to myself, as the working of the cure would be painful to him. I would therefore, for these reasons, earnestly advise him to an abstemious regimen, particularly in drinking, during the working of this salutary dose of admonitions; which, succeeding my former purgatives, will, I am persuaded, if properly observed, contract his personal activities, reduce his chimerical conceptions to their proper size, still his Stentorian tongue, and completely silence his roaring ribibility. With the sincerest wishes for their producing these desirable

T t

effects,

effects, and that Mr. Sternhold may reap
a speedy and permanent cure by them,

I remain,

His very humble servant,

A Candidate Doctor of Oddities.

Near Newcastle upon Tyne.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

WHILE I was strolling, a few after-
noons ago, through a village near
London, my old friend, the curate of it,
who has *merit* enough, if *that* would do his
business, for a *mitre*, laid his hand upon
my shoulder when I little imagined he was
so near me, and pressed me to go home
with him. He is a very happy man, though
not a bishop, and though married, and
makes as respectable a figure in his par-
lour as in his pulpit. Mrs. G—— re-
ceived me as one of her husband's inti-
mates with her usual goodness and affabi-
lity, and I found several agreeable ladies
on a visit to her.

During a lively conversation, in which
my friend G—— appeared to no
small advantage, being a facetious man,
and a favourite with the fair sex, the flow
of our mirth was interrupted by the en-
trance of the clerk of the parish, with a
very forbidding funeral face.

"Sir," said he (a fellow of exquisite
simplicity; in *his* walk, a character) "Mrs.
Swabber will be buried to-night; she
won't keep; she grows offensive."

It was with much difficulty we could
controul our muscles during the delivery
of those few words, accompanied with
looks not to be described by *me*. My
friend, seeing us struggling to compose
our features, threw all the solemnity he
possibly could into his countenance, though
he evidently did no small violence to his
own features at the same time, and dis-
missed his formal intelligencer very gravely,
telling him that he should be ready to bury
Mrs. Swabber that evening, as she could
not be kept till the next day.

When the honest clerk was gone, we al-
most shook the room with our laughter,
as certain anecdotes relating to the deceased
were immediately recollected by us all.
My friend indeed shocked me once; for
he ventured to utter an observation which
I should not have presumed to articulate
before a room full of ladies. "If every

woman in England," said he, "was to
be buried as soon as she became offensive,
our good king would, I am afraid, lose a
considerable number of his female sub-
jects." Some men may say what they
please, though not members of ———.

I am, Sir,

Your occasional,

I hope not too frequent,

Correspondent,

And humble servant,

GEORGE AMBLER.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

AFTER having paid a visit to the Royal
Exhibition, in Pall-Mall, and received a
great deal of melancholy satisfaction from
Mr. West's masterly picture on the death
of general Wolfe, I happened to fall in
company with a gentleman, who was in-
timately acquainted with that gallant young
warrior, and related several anecdotes
concerning him, which greatly redounded
to his honour. One of those anecdotes I
had never heard before, and as it will be,
probably, *new* to the majority of your
readers, you will not, I believe, think it
undeserving of a place in your instructive
and entertaining Magazine, in which the
utile and the *dulce* in literature is, in my
opinion, more happily blended than in any
monthly production upon a similar plan.

General Wolfe, it seems, had very fine
hair. Observing one day several young
officers more attentive to the out-sides of
their heads than he imagined they ought
to be, in the *field*, and wishing to give the
strongest discouragement to their *effeminate*
manœuvres, took a pair of scissars out of
his pocket, and cut off those locks which
had been frequently admired by both sexes.
When he had performed his *manly* opera-
tion, he gave his scissars to the young gen-
tleman who seemed to have the greatest
affection for his hair. "I dare say, Sir,
you will be polite enough to follow my
example." He did so, and his *well curled*
companions immediately *cropped* them-
selves.

I am, Sir,

Your occasional correspondent, &c.

AMICO.

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS and
PAMPHLETS.

The Expedition of Humphry Clinker. By the Author of Roderick Random. 12mo. Three Volumes. Price 7s. 6d. Johnson.

THE author of this production has so completely established his reputation as a novel writer, that to say this performance is not inferior to any of his former pieces, will be a sufficient recommendation of the work. In this opinion we have laid before our readers two extracts, page 317.

A practical Treatise on Singing and Playing with just Expression and real Elegance. By Anselm Bayley, L. L. D. 8vo. Price 2s. Ridley.

A work that will be highly serviceable to vocal performers, who at present pay little or no attention to emphasis, punctuation, pronunciation, &c. whereby the auditors can form no idea of the subject they are chanting about. It also contains some judicious observations upon church music, translated from the Italian.

Impartial Remarks on the Suttonian Method of Instruction, interspersed with Cases, Observations, and Remarks on both the natural and artificial Small-Pox, in a Letter to Dr. Glas. By Nicholas May, junior, Surgeon at Plymouth. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. Wheble.

These remarks are impartial enough; but they are neither very new nor interesting.

The Fair Orphan, a Comic Opera of three Acts, as performed at the Theatre in Lynn, by G. A. Stevens's Company of Comedians. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

This appears to be a hasty production, but not destitute of merit; the songs in particular are well adapted to the piece.

A new, historical, biographical, and classical Dictionary: containing a concise and alphabetical Account of the most remarkable Events recorded in ancient History. Extracted from the most celebrated classical Writers: also the Lives and Characters of the most illustrious Personages among the Greeks, Romans, Carthaginians, and other distinguished Nations. Comprehending Heathen Deities, Patriots, Priests, Philosophers, Kings, Princes, Legislators, Statesmen, Generals, celebrated Ladies, Orators, Poets, Historians, Painters, Physicians, Lawyers, Players, Artificers, and in short all who have signalized themselves by their Virtue, Courage, Learning, or Abilities. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. Kearsly.

The editor of this work has very elaborately discharged his office, and produced a very useful epitome for schools.

The Nun; or, the Adventures of the Marchioness of Beauville. One Volume. 12mo. Price 3s. Roson.

Fictitious, immoral, and indelicate.

Travels into France and Italy. In a Series of Letters to a Lady. Two Vols. 12mo. Price 5s. Becket.

These letters contain many agreeable and curious anecdotes, written in an easy elegant style.

The Life of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist. Written by himself in the Tuscan Language. In which are contained many public Occurrences which happened in the Space of fifty Years, and many curious Particulars relating to Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture: With Anecdotes of the most celebrated Artists. Translated from the Original, by T. Nugent, L. L. D. F. S. A. In two Volumes. 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. Davies.

The author of this performance was a celebrated artist, and the intimate friend of Michael Angelo. He was also a brave soldier, and a man of uncommon gallantry. From these traits of his character, the reader may promise himself both information and amusement; especially as this account of Cellini's life contains some of the most remarkable events of the general history of his period.

The Conduct of the Royal Academicians, while Members of the Incorporated Society of Artists of Great-Britain, viz. from the Year 1760 to their Expulsion in the Year 1769: With some Part of their Transactions since. 8vo. Price 1s. Dixwell.

A vindication of the conduct of the incorporated Society of Artists, containing many severe strictures upon that of the royal academicians.

The Philosopher: In three Conversations. Part 2. With a second Dedication to Lord Mansfield. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Becket.

We have already given an account of the first part of this performance; and we may venture to pronounce that the author keeps up the spirit of reasoning in the sequel, in which he has introduced the additional character of an ecclesiastic.

An Essay on the Revolutions of Literature, translated from the Italian of Sig. Carlo Denina, Professor of Eloquence and Belles Lettres, in the University of Turin. By J. Murdoch. 8vo. Price 3s. Cadell.

The writings of signor Denina are in such high esteem among his countrymen, that we shall only observe upon this occasion the translation is not unworthy of the original work.

Principles of penal Laws. One Volume, 8vo. Price 5s. White.

A judicious compilation that will be useful to students, and other persons desirous of being acquainted with the rudiments of the penal laws.

The Farmer's Kalendar; or, a Monthly Directory for all Sorts of Country Business; containing plain Instructions for performing the Work of various Kinds of Farms, in every Season of the Year, respecting particularly the buying, feeding, and selling live Stock; the whole Culture of arable Crops; the Management of Grasses; the æconomical Conduct of the Farm, &c. By an experienced Farmer. Price 5s. 8vo. Robinson and Roberts.

This appears to us a work perfectly well calculated for the instruction of all persons desirous of making any progress in agriculture; and is the production of Mr. Young, a gentleman whose name is well known throughout the kingdom for his productions in this department of literature; and appears to be a well digested epitome of all his other works upon husbandry.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. Edward Smith.

Let x be the divisor sought; then by the question we have $\frac{7315}{x} = 125x$; whence $x^2 = \frac{7315}{125}$ and $x = \sqrt{58.6} = 7.65$ nearly.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. Reynolds.

Let x = the number sought; then by the question $x^3 - x^2 = 2x^2$, or $x - 1 = 2$. Hence $x = 3$.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. Sleight.

Let $A = 9l. 2s. 6d.$ $R = 1.05$, $r = 1.03$, $a = 9s. 1d.$ the yearly simple interest, at 5 per cent. and x the time required. Then by the question $A \times r^x = A + ax$, solved gives $x = 32,6849$, &c. or 32 years, and 250 days nearly.

The same Answered by Mr. Richard Hale.

Put $R = .05$, and $r = 1.03$, $p = 9.125l.$ the principal; x for the time required. Then $pRx + p$ is the amount at simple interest, and pr^x the amount at compound interest. These by the question must be equal, therefore $pr^x = Rpx + p$, or $r^x - Rx = 1$. This exponential equation solved gives $x = 32.91451$, the time required.

Mr. John Raven has very ingeniously solved this question by the rule of double position, and makes the answer 32.9 years.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. William Sparks.

The perpendicular (or shortest leg) of any right-angled triangle, whose sides are in arithmetic progression, is three times the radius of its inscribed circle; the diameter whereof is the first of four terms in the same proportion as the sides are; and the radius is the common difference; whence the required side are 60. 80. and 100.

The Same answered by Mr. William Sedgwick.

Let x, y and z be the sides of the required triangle. Then $x + y - z = 40$, per question, $x^2 + y^2 = z^2$. Eucl. 47.1 and $2x = y + z$ by the nature of arithmetic progression. From these equations we get $\frac{1600 + 160x}{2x + 80} = \frac{40 + x}{2}$ $\therefore 80 + x = 160$, $\therefore x = 80$, $y = 60$. and $z = 100$.

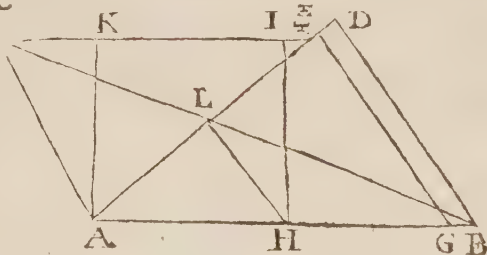
QUESTION V. Answered by Mr. John Jewell.

Put $a = 768$ and $b = 36164$; then multiply the first equation by xy , and subtract that product from the second equation, we have $ax^2y = b$; whence $y = \frac{b}{ax}$; then by substituting this value of y in the first equation, there will arise $\frac{bx^2}{ax} + \frac{b^2x}{a^2x^2} = a$ or $\frac{bx}{a} + \frac{b^2}{a^2x} = a$,

$= a$, whence x is found $= 12$ and $y = 4$. So that master Reynolds (the young proposer) was 12 years old last April.

QUESTION VI. *Answered by Mr. William Castieau.*

Let the triangle AHL be constructed, having its sides in the given ratio, upon the base AH ; make the rectangle KH $=$ given area, in AH produced; take $HB = AH$; produce IK to C ; draw CLB and AC ; upon AB describe the triangle ADB similar to AHL ; produce CKI to meet AD in F ; and take AE a mean proportional between AD and AF parallel to DB ; draw EG , then shall AGE be the triangle required.



Mr. John Jewell, schoolmaster in Bideford, Mr. Thomas Barker of Wiffet, Mr. Robert Hale, mathematician, and land-surveyor, of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, Mr. Edward Smith, teacher of mathematics, and bookseller, in Baldock, Mr. John Aspland, school-master, at Mildenhall in Suffolk, and Mr. William Castieau, answered all the questions; master Edmund Barber, pupil to Mr. Richard Harvey, of Bungay, master John Reynolds, pupil to the same gentleman, Mr. Charles Sleight, Mr. J. Raven, bailiff to the reverend Mr. Townsend, of Pewsey, Mr. William Sparks, of Pewsey, and Mr. Glanvil Smith, school-master, answered the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth questions; Mr. William Sedgwick, of Cottingham, answered the first, second, third, fourth, and sixth questions; Mr. Peter White, of Bideford, in Devonshire, answered the first, second, fourth and sixth questions; Mr. Moses Cadon, of York, answered the first, second, third and fifth questions; Philo Mathematicus, of Boston, answered the first, second, fourth and fifth questions; P. V. of Hull, answered all the questions; Mr. John Skinner, of Ashby-de-la-Zouch, answered the first, second, and fourth questions; Mr. Thomas Adcock, of the same place, answered the second and fifth questions; Mr. Joseph James, of Stoke-Bishop, near Bristol, answered the first and second; Mr. William Turner, teacher of mathematics, in Witney, Oxfordshire, answered the first question; Mr. R. P. Le Marchant answered the first, second, fourth and fifth questions; Mr. William Peter Le Cocq answered the first, second, and fifth questions; and Mr. John Carey Metiviez answered the first and second questions. These three last mentioned gentlemen are pupils to the ingenious Mr. Adams of Waltham-Abbey.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. *By Mr. Thomas Barker.*

Four men bought a grinding-stone, which cost them just as many shillings as the stone was inches in diameter. The first man paid eight shillings, and his share to grind down of the semi-diameter was 2,07704 inches: moreover the shillings paid by each were in arithmetic progression. From hence it is required to find the diameter of the stone, and shares of the other three men.

QUESTION II. *By Mr. P. V.*

Admitting I am to receive 1081. upon condition of throwing one ace precisely in three throws with a single common die. Required the value of my expectation.

QUESTION III. *By Mr. J. Raven.*

Given $x^4 + y^4 = 337$
 $x^5 - y^5 = 781$ } Required the value of x and y .

QUESTION IV. *By Mr. William Sparks.*

Given the difference between the base and hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, whose sides are in arithmetical progression $= 6$ feet. Required those sides.

QUESTION V. *By Mr. R. Spakeman.*

The distance of the centers of two equal circles that cut each other is given equal to 2. It is required to find their diameter, when the three spaces formed by their cutting one another are equal.

POETICAL

P O E T I C A L P I E C E S.

J U N E.

WHAT pleasure now to wander through
the mead

In the calm coolness of the op'ning dawn,
O'er dewy, fragrant scented fields to tread,
And taste the enjoyment of a summer's
morn!

Aurora, blushing, opes the gates of day,
With dazzling splendour Phœbus' beams
arise;

Lost in their blaze, the misty clouds decay,
And rays diffusive gild the eastern skies.

To hail the morn a thousand warblers wake!
The woods, the groves, with harmony re-
found!

As nature dictates joy, the concerts make,
And swell the tuneful chorusses around.

The earthy tenant lark now leaves her nest,
And soaring upwards thrills melodious lays;
Flits thro' the air, expands her dewy breast
To heav'n; and cheerful sings her maker's
praise.

The ruddy milkmaid early tends her charge,
The time beguiling with her artless song;
Freed from the close, the cattle graze at large,
By love-sick Hodge drove carelessly along.

Defying danger 'midst the leafy grove,
(Rushing thro' briars, and th' obstructing
thorn;)

To seek the new built nests the youngsters
rove,
And string the eggs their cottage to adorn.

The aged matrons with an eager care,
Now leave their elbow chairs, and chimney
seats,

Tott'ring with baskets, to the fields repair,
And cull the health-dispensing simples sweets.

Now bloom the gardens in their rich array!
The blossom'd orchards shed a sweet perfume!
Darting thro' air unnumber'd insects play,
Re-activated by the beams of noon.

In ev'ning pastime on the circled plain,
Queen Mab with all her fairy train advance;
Whilst fancy'd danger dictates to the swain
A distant path, to shun the midnight dance.

Fatigu'd with toil the rusticks seek repose---
All nature sleeps! - the whole creation's still!
But plaintive Philomel, whose tuneful woes
Pierce the dark groves with their harmoni-
ous thrill.

* * * *

H Y M N to the D E I T Y.

O Thou! with never - ceasing splendor
crown'd!

Who dwell'st supreme amidst ethereal day,

Father of all! at whose all-pow'rful word,
This wond'rous frame, with perfect beauty
crown'd,

Sprung out of nothing--source of every good;
O! woud'st thou deign to animate my breast
With the least spark of thy celestial fire,
Then shou'd the rapt'rous animated song
Flow unpolluted as the silver stream
Soft gliding thro' the flow'r-enamel'd mead.

--- When the bright source of light
Spreads o'er the plains th' invigorating ray,
And bids the opening buds their breasts unfold
To meet his cheering beams, then shall my
soul

With nameless ardor pour the morning song
To thee alone, and hail thy glorious name:
And when dark evening, solemn, slow, and still,
Spreads her grey mantle o'er yon eastern brow,
And Contemplation fills my peaceful breast
With thoughts divine, within some rural
bow'r,

Then shall my artless tongue adore thy name,
And teach the list'ning echo how to praise
thee.

O first and last! eternal! unconfin'd!
Thou all-creative pow'r! who thron'd sublime,
Upon the whirlwind's wing, canst view un-
mov'd

The jarring elements; and at whose nod
Whole systems tremble--thou whose sov'reign
sway

Extends beyond the stretch of human thought,
Wilt thou indulgent hear the lowly pray'r
Of a frail son of earth? wilt thou whose eye
Dart'st thro' the dark abyss of endless night,
Incline thine ear to these unpolish'd strains,
Which strive to chaunt thy praise?---Thou
wilt, thou wilt;

Thy piercing eye surveys my inmost mind,
Thou see'st th' unform'd idea in my soul,
Ere yet the accents murmur on my tongue.

To thee, all-wise disposer, I submit
My future life, and shou'd'st thou deign to
send

Prosperity in all her charms array'd,
To strow my path with roses--may I then
When fell Disease with unrelenting hand
Writhes the pale victim on the restless bed,
And meagre Poverty conjoins to raise
The horrors of his mind---O! may I then
With sympathetic heart relieve his pain,
Pour the sweet balm of pity on his woes,
Soft as the morning dew from heav'n descends:
--- And far remove from me the Stoic pride,
That drowsy apathy of joy and sense,
That deadly languor of the feeling mind,
And foe to every bliss: when that prevails,
Lost is each generous feeling of the soul,
The tear no more must stream for others
woes,

No more the heart with fond affection glow,
Dull to the sense of every dear delight.

E.t

But, oh I may love, and all its pleasing cares
Still flourish in my breast, still be the joys
Of virtuous friendship mine---'tis these alone
Expand the heart, and bid the generous souls
Aspire to noblest deeds, the only spring
Of every bliss the virtuous mind enjoys.

But shou'd Adversity, with frown severe,
Dash the bright cup of Pleasure from my hand;
Whilst every summer friend, with eager haste,
Flies from her wintry blast---when left alone,
Unpitied, and neglected---when the bloom
Of youth shall fade, and Age, with trembling

steps,
Shall spread his hoary honours o'er my head,
And every day a gloomier scene unfold;
Oh! then! be thou my guardian and my
friend,

Nor let me sink beneath the weighty stroke,
(For wisest purpose, tho' unknown to me)
But say, with heart resign'd, "Thy will be
done."

W. R.

O D E for his M A J E S T Y's Birth Day.
JUNE 4, 1771.

L O N G did the churlish East detain
In icy bonds th' imprison'd Spring:
No verdure dropp'd in dewy rain,
And not a zephyr wav'd its wing.

Even he, th' enlivening source of Day,
But pour'd an ineffectual ray
On earth's wild bosom cold and bare;
Where not a plant uprear'd its head,
Or dar'd its infant foliage spread
To meet the blasting air.

Nor less did man confess it's force;
Whate'er could damp it's genial course,
Or o'er the seats of life prevail,
Each pale disease, that pants for breath,
Each painful harbinger of death,
Lurk'd in the loaded gale.

But now th' unfolding year resumes
It's various hues, its rich array;
And, bursting into bolder blooms,
Repays with strength it's long delay.
'Tis Nature reigns. The grove unbinds
It's tresses to the southern winds,
The birds with music fill it's bower's,
The flocks, the herds beneath it's shade
Repose, or sport along the glade,
And crop the rising flowers.

Nor less does man rejoice. To him
More mildly sweet the breezes seem,
More fresh the fields, the suns more warm,
While health, the animating soul
Of every bliss inspires the whole,
And heightens each peculiar charm.

Loveliest of months! Bright June, again
Thy season smiles. With thee return
The frolic band of pleasure's train,
With thee Britannia's festal morn,
When the glad land her homage pays
To George, her monarch and her friend.

"May cheerful health and length of days;
And smiling peace his steps attend!"

"May every Good!"—Cease, cease the strain;
The prayer were impotent and vain;

What greater good can man possess
Than he to whom all bounteous Heaven,
With unremitting hand has given
The power and will to bless?

O D E to L E V E N - W A T E R.

By the Author of R O D E R I C R A N D O M.

O N Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love;
I envied not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain,
Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood;
The springing trout in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide,
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and motled par*.
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flow'r'd with eglantine.
Still on thy banks so gayly green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses chanting o'er the pail,
And shepherds piping in the dale,
And antient faith that knows no guile,
And industry imbrown'd with toil,
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

G A Z I N G on th' enliv'ning bowl,
Rapt'rous pleasures fill my soul:
Hence be far away dull care,
Pining sorrow come not here:
Smiling mirth, and songs of joy,
Shall the cheerful time employ.

Sons of mirth your revels keep,
Banish thought, and banish sleep;
Give the sounding chorus birth,
Sing the praise of wine and mirth,
Wine, that cheers the drooping sage,
Wine, that smooths the brow of age.

What is fame but empty breath,
What is gold but purer earth,
Honour's but an empty boast,
Science but a toil at most;
Why shou'd we for phantoms pine,
All our joys are in the vine.

* The par is a small fish, not unlike the
smelt, which it rivals in delicacy and flavour.

L. c.

Let us then serenely gay
Sweetly trifle time away ;
Envious death our steps attends,
And his fatal scythe he bends,
Let us from his presence fly,
Give the hours to mirth and joy.

See! the goddess comes along,
Ever smiling, ever young ;
Show'rs of opening roses shed
Fragrant odors o'er her head ;
Blest with every blooming grace,
Smiles eternal deck her face.

Far from slavery's iron cells,
From the place where av'rice dwells,
From the thorny path of care,
And the haunts of wild despair,
Far from every tear-steep'd eye
Does the smiling goddess fly.

Where the sons of Bacchus gay
Laugh and sport the time away ;
Where the flowing, genial bowl
Spreads its influence o'er the soul,
Does the smiling nymph resort,
Full of revels, full of sport.

At her approach resentment flies,
Mis'ry wipes her bloodshed eyes,
Dull reflection thuns her sight,
Melancholy takes her flight,
With her all her gloomy train,
Starting fear and fancy'd pain.

Goddess of the chearful smile,
Thou can'st every care beguile !
Still to me thy joys impart,
Warm the blood, and raise the heart ;
Fix thine empire in my breast,
Still an ever-welcome guest.

W. R.

*On Mr. SHENSTONE, and his
Writings.*

O Shenstone! fav'rite of the nine,
What sweetly varying pow'rs are thine !
'Tis thine to bid the soul to glow
With sweet delight, or melt with woe ;
O'er thee bright Fancy waves her wings,
She strikes for thee th' enchanted strings,
And soft Simplicity combines
To warble thro' thine artless lines.

Far from the glitt'ring scenes of care,
Thou breath'dst content, thy native air ;
Too good for pow'r, too great for pride,
Thou liv'dst lov'd, respected dy'd.

When first thy genuine warblings stole
With gentlest magic on my soul,
So soft, so sweet, so clear, so strong,
The tide of music roll'd along,
That quite enraptur'd by the strains,
Methought with thee I trod the plains,
Reclin'd with thee in shady bow'rs,
Survey'd with thee the op'ning flow'rs,
The spacious lawn, the rising hill,
The rural cot, and sparkling rill.

But soon the dear delusion fled,
And left reflection in its stead.

W. R.

The FOND SWAIN, A SONG.

Consisting entirely of Monosyllables.

I.

WHILE you, my fair one, (sure to please)
Smile with a grace, and talk with ease,
Each look has charms, each word has art,
To fix my eyes, and melt my heart,
That heart which now, by turns, must prove,
The hopes and fears that wait on love.

II.

In vain to check the flame I try,
Or stop a sigh, when you are by ;
My books, which once were all my joy,
I read no more—for now they cloy ;
The pains, the griefs, which now I feel,
No herb can cure, no balm can heal.

III.

From field to field, from grove to grove,
To vent my sighs and griefs, I rove ;
Thus (lost in thought) like birds I stray,
Who know not to their nests the way ;
So deep the wounds of love are made,
No herb nor balm can give me aid.

On the APPROACH of EVENING.

SEE now the sun declining, to make way
For night's approach, has ting'd the west-
tern clouds,
And skirted round each vapour's edge with
gold :
In darkness now he shrouds his vanish'd beams,
And night ascending mounts her sable throne !
How chang'd, how gloomy, every scene that
glow'd
So late with beauties !—earthly scenes divine !
Faint, and more faint, the sick'ning splendors
die
That streak'd yon skies ; a louring sadness
hides
Each flow'r's expiring lustre ; while the gold
That edg'd the gay carnation flames no more,
Each object wearing one sad mournful hue.

*The Judges bewitched ; or, off with your Hand-
kerchiefs.*

Addressed to the LADIES.

DRAW near, draw near, ye ladies fair,
For here I shall display
What wond'rous force of argument,
Does in a white neck lay.

At Athens fam'd dwelt Phryne fair,
A lass of coming mind ;
For to a youth with gold in hand
She never was unkind.

Of this kind girl Athenian wives
Did make most heavy plaints,
For she their husbands led astray
Who once liv'd chaste as faints.

Of crimes accus'd, by these good wives,
To trial she was led,
Was cast, condemn'd, by judges stern,
Unheeded all she said.

With curtsies low, the lovely girl
For pardon 'gan to plead,
All in a moving, mild-ton'd voice,
Sweet as the shepherd's reed.

But to her moving, mild-ton'd voice
They turn no gentle ear,
And all the wonders of her face
Avail her nothing here.

Not the sweet radiance of her eyes,
So form'd to light up love,
Nor rosy lips, the marble hearts
Of judges stern could move.

Abash'd—distrest—the trembling nymph
Just driven to despair,
To Love's mild mother mutter'd low
This short, yet fervent pray'r :

“Thy vot'ry hear, Oh! goddess bland,
“Oh! quick, some means devise,
“By which I may delude these men
“Who seem so *very wise* :

“Then to thy altar I, each morn,
“With grateful heart will bring,
“Sweet frankincense and vervain green,
“And doves with downy wing.

Her pray'r was heard, and now inspir'd
By the gay Paphian queen,
The silent rhetoric she tries
Of charms till now unseen :

For with a down-cast eye, the fair,
Full in the judges' sight,
Unveils her panting, swelling breast,
All as the lilly white :

Save here and there (as painters say)
A quick and curious eye,
Might just an azure tinctur'd vein
Meand'ring sweet descry.

The judges all their wond'ring eyes,
Of anger now disarm'd,
Full on the bare-neck'd beauty fix,
Beyond expression charm'd.

By the strong plea of those soft charms
Her pardon she obtain'd,
And (to the grief of Grecian prudes)
Dear liberty regain'd.

Ye white-skinn'd lasses, take the hint,
This method pray pursue,
And all take off your handkerchiefs
When—tongue and eyes won't do.
JUNE, 1771.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

Happening to look over some old papers, among the rest I found the following epitaph on a blind man's dog, from Euchanan. As his merit is well known, I presume it needs no other recommendation to be favoured with a place in your valuable Magazine. M*****.

HERE rests Lycifus, undisturb'd and freed
From all those toils and watchful cares of
life

His master's age and want of sight requir'd—
When he, necessitated, walk'd abroad
To seek what nature crav'd, I led the way;
Nor needed he the guidance of a wall;
His staff was useless, and his steps secure;
For all his confidence was plac'd in me,
Nor plac'd in vain.--When, seated on a turf,
Pleading his blind and miserable state,
He begg'd assistance, and a kind relief,
From those on whom great nature had be-
stow'd

An easy fortune, and a heart to give :
Mean while, tho' tempting slumber clos'd my
eyes,

My ears ne'er slumber'd to my duty's voice ;
Nor ever disobey'd my master's call,
If to receive from his rewarding hand
The reliques of his feast, a crust or bone ;
Or, night approaching, with a cheerful prance,
To guide him safely to his wish'd for home.

These were my cares, this my officious life,
Till age and sickness slow-creeping seiz'd,
And robb'd me of my breath, and so depriv'd
Poor Irus of his guardian and his guide.
But, that injurious time might not deface
The mem'ry of his faithful servant's name,
He rais'd this humble monument to tell
The Dog's Fidelity and Master's Love.

On MODERN COMEDIES.

SHakespeare and Johnson, with the learned
corps

Of poets, much admir'd in days of yore,
From Nature drew their characters, like fools ;
Our modern play-wrights follow no such rules :
Pictures from life they scorn to let you see :
Not *Nature*---but what Nature *ought* to be.
Your low-liv'd humour, wit, and such poor
stuff,

In times of ignorance did well enough.
In this *refin'd*, this novel-reading age,
They've banish'd all such nonsense from the
stage :

No wonder play-wrights swarm in these blest
days,
Sermons, they find, are easier made than plays.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, April 17.

THE ministers of Vienna and Berlin have continued conferences with those of the Porte. As the above Courts employ their mediation to re-establish peace between the Porte and Russia, we no longer doubt but that this Empire will soon be delivered from the misery into which the present war hath plunged it. It is certain that in consequence of the declaration of the Empress of Russia, that she would hearken to no proposals of peace till M. Obreskow, her resident, should be set at liberty, the grand Seigneur hath already acquiesced to that condition, and hath sent orders to the camp of the Grand Vizir, where that minister is detained prisoner, to release him and his retinue. His children, who have been in this capital some time past, have obtained permission to join their father, and return to Russia.

We are assured, that the preliminary articles of the peace between the two belligerent powers are signed; that the Porte hath entirely placed its interests in this matter in the hands of his Prussian Majesty; and that Russia will approve of whatever shall be done for her by the court of Vienna. God grant that this good news may be confirmed. In the meantime the preparations for war are continued with the same activity as before.

Warsaw, May 1. All our advices from Podolia, Walachia, and other provinces of the kingdom, confirm the cessation of the plague. They write from Rowns of April 9, that there reigns among the Peasants and Jews in the environs of that place a violent fever, of which many die for want of care and precaution.

Winter still continues there, and by the great quantity of provisions which they are obliged to deliver to the Russian army near Jassy, their misery is excessive. The ravages which the plague hath made in those cantons are incredible. As they have not the means of burying the dead, they throw some promiscuously into ditches, and leave others in the woods unburied.

Madrid, May 3. Advices from Cadiz confirm, that the English have been dislodged from St. David's Isle by the Spaniards, which make us apprehend new troubles between the two nations.

Vienna, May 15. For some months past, Prince Galitzin, Ambassador from Russia, has made known to our Court the double desire the Empress of Russia had, that their Imperial Majesties would employ their good offices, 1st, That the Russian Resident should be set at liberty, after being conducted to the Russian frontiers; and, secondly, That the mediation demanded by the Porte, "that the Emperor and the King of Prussia, setting aside all the

the formality of an open mediation, should use their good offices jointly to bring about a just and equitable peace." Their Imperial Majesties in consequence of the above desire, have sent the necessary instructions to their Resident at Constantinople; and we are informed he has so far succeeded, that the Porte has consented to M. Obreskow's being conducted to the frontiers with all the honours due to his rank, and we have the greatest reason to believe he is on his way: And as to the second point, the Porte has given its full consent to it.

Ratisbon, May 16. The Elector of Bavaria going a few days ago to Nymphenbourg, was alarmed at seeing his coach surrounded by a multitude of people, who cried out, "That they did not want to hurt his person, but demanded the immediate dismissal of four of his principal ministers of State," whom they named, and to whom they attributed their present starving condition, and indeed all their distresses. The Body-Guards refused to obey the order they received to disperse the populace; so that there was no other way to appease them, than the Elector's promising that their grievances should be redressed. Since that day, the garrison of Munich, and the Elector's guard have been trebled.

Hague, May 24. Private letters from Peterburgh inform us, that when count Alexis Orlov, commander in chief of the Russian naval forces in the Mediterranean, had his audience of leave of the Empress, in order to return to his post, her Imperial Majesty caused to be delivered to him, not only a considerable sum of money in specie, but also bills of exchange for upwards of five millions of roubles for the support of the said naval forces; which, added to the contributions that the Russians levy in the islands they have subdued in the Archipelago, will enable them to live plentifully, and to advance their progress.

Cracow, May 23. The Confederates who were entrenched two leagues from hence in the Monastery of Tiniec, where they had constructed a fort, have been driven from thence by Colonels Ronne and Drewitz, and abandoned 27 pieces of cannon to the conquerors, with a considerable magazine of all sorts of provisions and ammunition. After this successful expedition, Colonels Drewitz and Ronne marched to Landkroon with their united corps, where the confederates endeavouring to oppose them were beaten, and had 500 men killed, a great number taken prisoners, and wounded, and lost 13 pieces of cannon.

Hague, May 28. Yesterday morning the grand manœuvres of the garrison of this place were finished; but their end, contrary to all expectation, was somewhat tragical, as one of the Captains of the regiment of the Holland Grand

Guards was dangerously wounded in the thigh, by a ball, which, it is presumed, was discharged by a soldier of the regiment of the Swiss Guards, and which, according to appearances, was not designed for that officer, but for the D. of Wolfenbüttele, Field Marshal, who was very near him. This misfortune threw all the officers into great consternation, the retreat was immediately ordered to be beaten, and the troops to be dismissed, though they had not gone through half their manœuvres. The Prince of Orange, the Duke Field-Marshal, and all the Generals are returned here very sorrowfully affected by this unhappy adventure.

Vienna, May 29. Letters are received here from Pera, a suburb of Constantinople, dated the 18th instant, which inform, that on the 11th of this month a fire broke out there, which reduced a great number of houses to ashes with two pleasure houses belonging to the Grand Seigneur, and the hotels of some of the foreign Ministers.

Warsaw, May 29. Prince Repnin, who is at present at the head of the troops commanded by the late General Olitz, has taken the town of Vidden.

Leghorn, May 29. Letters from Corsica intimate, that in the environs of San Fiorenzo, a gold mine has been discovered, on which they have already made several experiments with such success, that it will soon begin to be wrought.

Stockholm, May 31. The King and Prince Adolphus his brother, returned here yesterday from their travels into foreign countries. When his Majesty entered this city, the people received him with marks of the most lively gladness, the air resounding with their joyful acclamations and wishing their august Sovereign a long and happy life.

Paris, June 3. Our situation becomes more melancholy from one day to another. We are now at the eve of a general discredit. The Abbe Terray has put an end to his projects of resources, and beats a retreat. The King wants money, and must have it; he will neither retrench his expences nor his pleasures; the complaints of his people, as well in the provinces as in the capital, only render him more inflexible. As M. de Maupeou deals only in *coups d'éclat*, he has formed a plan to suppress all annuities, and to reduce to three per cent. those that are five; but some Members of the Council have strongly opposed this, and three Commissioners of the Council are appointed to find means to procure money. This is the result of their deliberations:

“1. The King owes to the 60 Farmers General 90 millions, advanced by them, for which he pays them eight per cent. and they borrow of the public at four per cent. This interest is to cease till further orders; the advantages they have reaped, from the day they advanced the money to the present time, must stand them in lieu of an indemnification, and,

when the profit is balanced, the government will proceed to reimburse them.

“2. All annuitants, whether natives or foreigners, at 8 or 10 per cent. who have been in possession 16 or 20 years, shall have their contracts reduced to 4 per cent. and made an hereditary and transferable yearly income, which shall not die with them.

“3. Every annuitant at 5 per cent. shall be reduced to 3 1-half, provided he has enjoyed the same 20 years, without which he cannot be liable to the reduction.

Hague, June 4. We are informed by letters from Paris, that the new code of laws registered on the 17th ult. was made public on the 29th of the same month. The Lawyers say that it is the ordinances of 1667, copied almost entirely.

Count Altieri, a Piedmontese nobleman, against whom Lord Ligonier has commenced a suit in England, is now at the Hague, where he resides incognito, and lodges, it is said, at the house of Mr. d'Arunha, the Portuguese Minister there.

Vienna, June 5. The march of our troops is not suspended, as had been reported. They continue not only to levy recruits in Bohemia, which are to be raised to 30,000 men; but there are orders, likewise, to do the same in Austria and elsewhere. Besides these, more are to be drawn from other countries. A transport, with 500 men, collected in the empire, lately arrived here, who were directly sent down by water to Hungary. It is observed, also, that the delivery of provisions of all kinds for that kingdom is not discontinued.

Hamburg, June 7. They write from the borders of the Danube, that advice has been received there from Constantinople, that a Persian army composed of 70,000 men was in march to render themselves masters of the city of Bagdad.

Ratisbonne, June 8. We learn this moment that the imperial troops are already in march from Transylvania, where the Emperor is assembling an army of 160,000 men who are to extend themselves quite to the frontiers of Turkey, in order to oblige the belligerent powers to accept the conditions of peace.

Hamburg, June 9. We are assured that France hath resolved to pay to Sweden the arrears which are become due from her to that kingdom by the last treaty of alliance and subsidy, without exacting any new engagements on the part of that crown; in consequence of which France hath already remitted the sum of 1,500,000 livres, and will continue to pay the same sum for four successive years.

Hague, June 13. Letters from Paris of good authority inform us, that the king nominated, on the 6th instant, the Duke d'Aiguillon minister of foreign affairs.

The Prussian General Weissman, has defeated 6000 Turks, and taken possession of Isaiza.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

OUR politicians are very impatient to hear the views of the pacific designs of Russia and the Porte, whilst many are of opinion that another campaign will take place before the tranquillity of that part of Europe is restored. The dissensions in France between the king, his parliament, and the princes of the blood, form an interesting subject of political discussion, which, however, from the monarchic constitution of that kingdom, will most probably terminate in submissions and concessions to the throne. The king of Prussia pays attention to the most trifling movements of the different courts of Europe, and seems only waiting for a plausible opportunity of displaying his military skill and the prowess of his troops; whilst the Emperor is not behind hand in putting his military upon the most respectable footing. The court of Russia is endeavouring, by every possible means, to influence the king of Sweden, and has even agreed to pay the arrears of the old subsidy; whilst the king of Denmark, like a wise and good prince, is giving the greatest encouragement to the domestic arts of peace, and the advancement of his subjects' happiness. At home we seem entirely engrossed by party and cabal, the ministerial leaves and fishes, and city elections; whilst, our ministers abroad claim respect and proper attention, from the courts where they represent our sovereign, and give the most favourable accounts of the good dispositions of the different powers for preserving the general tranquillity of Europe.

May 30. ON Tuesday there was a combination among several prisoners in the King's Bench to make their escape: they were provided with fire-arms. They first set fire to some apartments, which threw the whole prison into confusion. A party of the guards was sent for, who secured the ringleaders in the New Jail.

31. On Tuesday lord Grantham set out to embark for his embassy at the court of Spain; his lordship is to go by the way of Paris, where he will make some stay.

The following are the particulars relative to the indecent behaviour of the person who struck his royal highness prince Henry. The prince of Wales, the bishop of Osnaburgh, the princes William, Henry, &c. were at play in one of the apartments, and the head of one of their drums being out, the young gentleman prevailed on the attendant to get into the drum hoop, that they might draw her about. Prince Henry (who is full of humour) contrived to throw her down; when she, in her foolish resentment, flung him against the wainscot. The king was told of it, who ordered her to go to St. James's, and re-

main there till lady Charlotte Finch came to town, as his majesty did not chuse to interfere in such matters. On lady Charlotte's arrival, she examined into particulars; when another of the attendants said, that the person accused did not strike the prince. The prince of Wales being present, said, pray, Mrs. —, do not assert any such thing, you know she did strike my brother; but you are both Scotch women, and will say any thing to protect each other. His royal highness's answer occasioned much diversion. Mrs. — is dismissed with 50l a year.

June 1. On the 22d, ult. the earl of Sandwich, accompanied by the admirals Pye and Montague, with several other lords, walked round Portsmouth Dock, and examined all our naval stores, in the presence of the French ambassador, the count de Guigne. His excellency and lord Sandwich walked arm in arm. Immediately on his return to town, the count dispatched an express to Versailles.

3 Last Wednesday a young lady of an independent fortune of 10,000l. (left by an aunt) daughter of an eminent merchant near Broadstreet, eloped with her father's footman. They immediately set out for Scotland in a post-chaise and four in order to be married. But they were missed about two hours after they had set out; and they were pursued, and found at an inn at Puckeridge, just going to dinner. The young lady at the sight of her father and servants entering the inn, advised her lover to make his escape, which accordingly he did; and she was on Thursday brought back to her father's house.

6. Yesterday morning, at half an hour past four o'clock, her majesty was taken in labour, notice of which was immediately sent to her royal highness the princess dowager of Wales, the archbishop of Canterbury, the secretaries of state, and the ladies of the bed-chamber; and a little before six o'clock her majesty was safely delivered of a prince. This happy event was announced to the public by the ringing of bells, hoisting the flags, and firing the Tower guns.

On Monday last came on a cause in the court of Common Pleas, Westminster, on the statute of usury, wherein a tradesman in the Strand was plaintiff, and a person who lends out money in Oxford-street was defendant, when a verdict was found for the latter. The plaintiff, in November last, obtained a verdict of 1000l. damages in the court of King's Bench, Westminster, against the defendant, in the very same cause, which was removed into the Common Pleas.

Yesterday the lord mayor received a letter by the Penny Post, containing most audacious

ous threats against a great personage, and against his lordship, if something be not immediately done to reduce the price of provisions. His lordship sent the letter to the earl of Rochford for his inspection, and to be laid before the great personage. It is written in a fair hand, and well spelt. It was put into the General Post Office, and conveyed from thence to the Penny Post.

NORFOLK CIRCUIT.

Lord chief justice De Grey, Mr. Baron Adams. Bucks, Monday July 15, at Buckingham. Bedfordshire, Thursday 18, at Bedford. Huntingdonshire, Saturday 20, at Huntingdon.

Cambridgeshire, Monday 22, at Cambridge. Suffolk, Thursday 25, at Bury St. Edmund's. Norfolk, Mond. 29, at the Castle of Norwich. City of Norwich, the same day at the Guildhall.

HOME CIRCUIT.

Lord Mansfield, and Mr. Baron Smythe. Hertfordshire, Monday July 8, at Hertford. Essex, Wednesday 10, at Chelmsford. Kent, Monday 15, at Maidstone. Sussex, Monday 22, at Lewes. Surry, Wednesday 24, at Croydon.

OXFORD CIRCUIT.

Mr. Justice Atton, and Mr. Justice Ashurst. Berkshire, Saturday July 6, at Abingdon. Oxfordshire Tuesday 9, at Oxford. Worcesterhire, Friday 12, at Worcester. City of Worcester, same day, at Worcester. Gloucestershire, Wednesday 17, at Gloucester. City of Gloucester, same day, at Gloucester. Monmouthshire, Saturday 20, at Monmouth. Herefordshire, Tuesday, 23, at Hereford. Shropshire, Saturday 27, at Shrewsbury. Staffordshire, Thursday, August 1, at Stafford.

NORTHERN CIRCUIT.

Mr. Justice Gould and Mr. Justice Willes. City of York, Sat. July 13, at the Guildhall. Yorkshire, same day, at the Castle of York. Durham, Tuesday 23, at the Castle of Durham. Town of Newcastle upon Tyne, Saturday 27, at the Guildhall.

Northumberland, same day, at the Castle of Newcastle upon Tyne.

Cumberland, Friday, August 2, at Carlisle. Westmoreland, Wednesday 7, at Appleby. Lancashire, Sat. 10, at the Castle of Lancaster.

WESTERN CIRCUIT.

Justice Blackstone and Justice Nares. Southampton, Tuesday, July 16, at the Castle of Winton.

Wilts, Saturday 20, at New Sarum. Dorset, Thursday 25, at Dorchester. Devon, Monday 29, at the Castle of Exon. City of Exon, the same day, at the Guildhall. Cornwall, Monday, August 5, at Bodmin. Somerset, Monday 12, at Wells.

City of Bristol, Friday 16, at the Guildhall.

MIDLAND CIRCUIT.

Lord Chief Baron Parker and Mr. Baron Perrot. Rutlandshire, Friday, July 19, at Oakham. Lincolnshire, Monday 22, at the Castle of Lincoln.

City of Lincoln, the same day, at the City. Nottinghamshire, Thurs. 25, at Nottingham. Town of Nottingham, Fr. 26, at Nottingham. Derbyshire, Saturday 27, at Derby. Leicestershire, Wednesday 31, at Leicester. Borough of Leicester, Thursday, August 1, at Leicester. City of Coventry, Saturday 3, at Coventry. Warwickshire, the same day, at Warwick. Northamptonshire, Thursday 8, at Northampton.

13. On Tuesday a grant passed the Great Seal to John Pownall, Esq; of the office of provost master general of his majesty's islands of Nevis, St. Christopher, Montserrat, Antigua, and other his majesty's Leeward islands and Caribbee Islands in America, to hold the same by himself, or sufficient deputy, during his life, or the lives of John Livingston Pownall, and George Pownall, his sons or the longest liver of them.

Also a grant to James Irvine, Esq; of the office of clerk of the Navy Office in Jamaica, to hold the same by himself, or sufficient deputy, during the life of Mary Irvine, otherwise Forbes, commonly called lady Mary Irvine.

Arthur Jones Neville, John Staples, and James Aggr, Esqs. are appointed commissioners of his majesty's revenue in Ireland.

June 17. From the London Gazette.

St. James's, June 12.

This day the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of London, in common council assembled, waited upon his majesty; and being introduced to his majesty by the earl of Hertford, lord chamberlain of his majesty's household, Sir James Hodges, Knt. town clerk, made their compliments in the following address.

To the king's most excellent majesty.

The humble address of the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the City of London, in common council assembled.

Most gracious sovereign,

We your majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the lord mayor, aldermen, and commons of the City of London, in common council assembled, embrace this joyful occasion of approaching your majesty with our sincere congratulations on the safe delivery of the queen, and the auspicious birth of another prince.

Your majesty's ever loyal and faithful citizens of London, exceeded by none of your subjects in honest and anxious zeal for your majesty's happiness, and the glory and prosperity of your reign, rejoice in all events which augment your majesty's domestic felicity; firmly trusting that every increase of the august house of Brunswick will prove an additional security to our religion, and the great charter of liberty, which, in consequence of the glorious and necessary revolution, that illustrious house was chosen to defend.

Signed by order of court,

James Hodges.

To

To which address his majesty was pleased to return the following most gracious answer.

I thank you for this dutiful address, and for your congratulations on the safe delivery of the queen, and the birth of a royal prince.

It gives me great satisfaction to find that you consider the increase of my family as an additional security to our religion, and to that liberty which I look upon with pleasure as the basis of my government, and which I most always think my honour and interest concerned to defend.

They were all graciously received, and had the honour to kiss his majesty's hand.

At the court at St. James's, the 12th day June, 1771.

P R E S E N T,

The king's most excellent majesty in council.

His majesty having been pleased to deliver the custody of the Privy Seal to his grace Augustus Henry duke of Grafton, the oath of keeper of the Privy Seal was this day administered to him, and his grace took his place at the board.

His majesty having been pleased to appoint the right hon. Henry earl of Suffolk and Berkshire to be one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state, his lordship was this day, by his majesty's command, sworn one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state accordingly.

At the court at St. James's, the 14th day of June, 1771.

P R E S E N T,

The king's most excellent majesty in council.

His majesty having been graciously pleased to deliver the custody of the seals of the duchy and county palatine of Lancaster to the right hon. Thomas lord Hyde, the oath of chancellor of the said duchy was this day, by his majesty's command, administered to his lordship.

St. James's, June 12. This day the king was pleased to appoint the hon. Robert Walpole, Esq. to be his majesty's envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to his most faithful majesty.

18. On Sunday evening the Earl of Sandwich and lord le Despencer, arrived in town from their late survey of the shipping, &c. at the different sea-ports of this kingdom.

21. Yesterday morning the Right Hon. the Earl of Sandwich set out from his house in the Admiralty for Deptford, in order to visit the state of the dock yards and shipping there; as also to review the Royal College at Greenwich, and so proceed to Woolwich, where he will inspect into the present situation of the ordnance, and the rest of his Majesty's stores.

A paper of a very unpleasing nature, was yesterday morning taken down by the Duke of G——'s servants from his grace's gates, being by no means calculated to do honour to their noble master, or that master's master.

22. Thursday the Chevalier D'Eon, whose very extraordinary disappearance, above six weeks ago, has been the subject of so much enquiry and conversation, arrived in good health

at his house in Petty France, Westminster: in proof of which a correspondent has favoured us with a letter, written in French by the Chevalier, the translation of which we give to our readers as we are assured the original was received at twelve o'clock the same night by the gentleman to whom it is addressed.

"I arrived this moment from Germany, my dear Fountain, very much fatigued. I have great need to go to bed. Pray deliver to Coustan, my valet de chambre, the keys of my apartments. I have seen at Hamburg, in one of the English papers, what your heart has done for me during my absence. I was so affected by it as to shed tears. This has determined me to return to England sooner than I hoped, to thank my real friends, like you, and to punish the insolence of such impertinents as have, during my absence, calumniated me.

"Good night. I reckon you will come and see me some time to-morrow.

"LE CHEVALIER D'EON."

We hear that the Duke d'Aiguillon, the new French Minister, has declared his intention to apply, in a particular manner, to the augmentation of the marine.

24. The king has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed and issued under the great seal of the kingdom of Ireland, for the promotion of Robert Fowler, doctor in divinity, to the bishoprick of Killaloe and Kilfenora, a layman, now in his Majesty's disposal by the death of the Rt. Reverend Father in God Dr. Nicholas Synge, the bishop thereof.

The king has been pleased to grant unto Thomas Patrick Young, doctor in divinity, the place and dignity of a prebendary of the Collegiate church of St. Peter Westminster, void by the resignation of Dr. Robert Fowler, late Prebendary thereof.

Mr. Thomas Bradshaw, minister to the Junto, has just bought of the duke of Athol for four thousand pounds, a house for his town residence, opposite to Lord Bute's, in South Audley-street.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, June 27, 1771.

Orders for the court's going into mourning this day, for the late king of Sweden, viz.

The ladies to wear black silk, fringed or plain linen, white gloves, necklaces, and earrings, black or white shoes, fans and tippets.

Undress, white or grey lutestrings, tabbies or damasks.

The men to wear black full trimmed, fringed or plain linen, black swords and buckles.

Undress, grey frocks.

Yesterday the hon. and rev. Brownlow North, D. D. kissed the king's hand, on being appointed bishop of Litchfield and Coventry. His lordship is half-brother to lord North, and was born in 1741. So that he is near thirty years of age.

28. Mr. Dunning is retained in an action brought by a young lady of Bath against a neighbouring squire for a breach of marriage contract. See *Plan of the Maid of Bath*, (p. 310.) founded on this incident.

BIRTHS

B I R T H S.

The Countess of Donnegall, of a son, in St. James's-square.

The Countess of Arlington of a still-born child.

M A R R I A G E S.

May 27. Jonathan Jameson, Esq; Ruslin merchant, to Miss Maria Charlotte Raybolt, daughter of — Raybolt, Esq; of Ipswich, Suffolk.

28. William Backwell, Esq; an eminent banker in Pall-Mall, to Miss Aspinwall, sister-in-law to W. N. Hunt, Esq; Member for Stafford.

30. Mr. William Baldwin, hop-merchant, in the Borough, to Miss Clutterbuck, of Stanmore, in Middlesex.

June 2. William Horton, Esq; of Harley-street, Cavendish-square, to Miss Sarah Wheatley, of Portland-street.

Charles Vere, Esq; banker of London, to Miss Martha Lucas, youngest daughter of the Rev. Mr. Lucas, of Elich-Wotton, in Rutlandshire.

3. John Murphy, Esq; of the Strand, to Miss Murray, of Arundel-street.

9. Thomas Heytham, Esq; of New Bond-street, to Miss Elizabeth Page, of Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square.

11. Charles Long, Esq; nephew to Earl Tilney, to Miss Phipps, of Heywood-house.

Alexander Emerson, Esq; of Retford, Nottingham, to Miss Susan Lyon, Niece to the Countess Dowager of Southmore.

13. The Hon. Archibald Douglas, Esq; to the Right Hon. Lady Lucy Graham, only daughter of his Grace the Duke of Montrose, and grand daughter of his Grace the Duke of Rutland.

The Rev. Mr. Evans, of Mordon, to Miss Coker daughter of Cadwallader Coker Esq; Brewer, in Old street.

14. Sampson Wildman, Esq; of Mading, in Essex, to Miss Charlotte Wiles, of Chelmsford.

15. Thomas Wooldridge, Esq; Provost Marshal General, and Receiver General of his Majesty's Province of East Florida, also Fort Adjutant and Barrack Master of Fort St. Mark's, to Miss Kelley, of John Street, Crutched-friars.

17. Thomas Stockford, Esq; of Cavendish-square, to Miss Henrietta Hunter, of Bloombury.

18. Philip Playstowe, Esq; of the Royal Navy, to Miss Kennedy, of Northumberland-street.

20. Robert Bentham, Esq; of Dover-street, to Miss Dorothy Turner, of New Bond-street.

Mr. Griffin, Glover, under the Royal Exchange, to Miss Payton, daughter of the late Mr. Payton, of Spital-fields.

21. William Arbutnot, Esq; of Northum-

berland, to Miss Elizabeth Mary Strangford, daughter of Timothy Strangford, Esq; of Hickney.

Mr. Thomas Rickards, of Fenchurch-street, to Miss Rickard of Newington-Green.

23. Henry Hammond, Esq; of Charles-street, Beckley-square, to Miss Elizabeth Jellieys, of Cannon-street.

Captain McKenzie, in the West India trade, to Miss Pamp, of Roddithie.

D E A T H S.

May 25. William Harrison, Esq; aged 80, at Hendon, in Middlesex.

Nathaniel Bailey Edwards, Esq; in the 21st year of his age, at Jamaica.

Thomas Grendon, Esq; at Bromley, in Kent.

James Tidmarsh, Esq; near Uxbridge.

26. William Jephson, Esq; of Hickney.

27. Thomas Egerton Esq; of Farthinge, in Northamptonshire, cousin to Sir Thomas Egerton, Bart.

Mr. Gilchrist, of Parliament-street, Westminster, suddenly, in an apoplectic fit.

28. James Errington, Esq; in Stanhope-street, May-fair.

29. The Right Hon. Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, Baron Ashley of Wimborne St. Giles, Baron Cooper of Pawlet, and Baronet, one of the Lords of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the County of Dorset, and of the Town of Pool, Recorder of Shaftesbury, and F. R. S.

James Dickens, Esq; in Hanover-square.

Mrs. Sayer, a daughter of the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

30. The mother of the Hon. Lady Vane, in Hertford-street, May-fair.

Stephen Devine, Esq; at China, in the East Indies, late a Resident and Supercargo of the East India Company there.

John Wells Luck, Esq; at Wardhurst in Suffolk.

June 1. Lady Chesterhall, mother of Mr. Wedderburne, his Majesty's Solicitor-General, in Cavendish-square.

Mrs. Egerton, at Kensington, aged 92.

4. John Read, Esq; many years a wholesale Linen-draper in Fenchurch-street.

Mrs. Furman, Relict of — Furman, Esq; a Merchant of this City.

6. Richard Moncrieff, Esq; at Ewthington, in Hertfordshire, reckoned to be worth 50,000*l*.

7. Henry Rogers Trubshaw, Esq; at Barnet.

8. The Right Hon. George Montagu Dunk, Earl of Halifax, Viscount Sunbury, Secretary of State for the Northern Department, Ranger and Warden of Salcey Forest and Bushy Park, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Northamptonshire, and one of his Majesty's Most Hon. Privy Council, Knight of the Garter, a Governor of the Charter-house, and

and ranked as Lieutenant General of his Majesty's Forces.

9. Capt. Harper, Provost of the Savoy, in the Strand.

10. Jonathan Richardson, Esq; in Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

Richardson, Esq; in Queen-square, Bloomsbury.

12. Mr. Pope, merchant, in King-street, Cheap-side, in partnership with Mess. Carr and company.

Mrs. Nichols, wife of Mr. Nichols, iron-monger, in Fleet-lane, after three hours illness; and immediately after Mr. Nichols was taken ill, and died at nine the same morning.

The Hon. Col. Butler, aged 95, many years an officer in the Spanish service, and related to the late Duke of Ormond.

17. William Holbeach, Esq; of Farmborough, in Warwickshire, of a stroke of the palsy.

Vincent Phipps, Esq; in lower Grosvenor-street lately arrived from the East-Indies.

Samuel Grundy, Esq; a wholesale Linen-draper, of St. Edmund's Bury, Suffolk; in Leadenhall-street.

William Maynard, Esq; at Kensington-Gore, a gentleman of a very opulent fortune in the county of Salop.

18. Mr. Jones, late Master of the Sun Tavern, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

20. Theodore Stone, Esq; late one of the Judges of the supreme court of Judicature, in Jamaica.

The Right Hon. Lady Viscountess Mayo, in Dublin.

Michael Goden, Esq; at Brompton, late master attendant of his Majesty's Dock-yard, at Chatham.

Edward Holden Cruttenden, Esq; an East-India director, of John-street, Bedford-Row.

21. Jonathan Blackshaw, Esq; at Knightsbridge, formerly an officer in the Horse guards.

24. Thomas Harvey Turner, Esq; merchant and planter in Jamaica.

John Everitt, Esq; at Bethnal Green, eldest Serjeant at Mace of this City, which place he kept to exempt himself from fining not to serve the office of sheriff. The bulk of his fortune, amounting to 70,000*l.* he has left to a Ship-wright at Rotherhithe, who married his niece.

Jonathan Merriweather, Esq; aged 105, in Hatton-Garden.

Edward Nash, Esq; Tea merchant, of Copt-hall court, Louthbury.

Mr. Billingsley, nephew of the late Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, Clerk of the Briefs of the Court of Chancery.

Capt. James Meriton, of his Majesty's Artillery, at Greenwich.

Mr. Paul, Chief Mate of the True Briton Indianman.

BANKRUPTS.

John May, of St. Lawrence Jewry, Ware-houseman.

Evan Rowland, of Bartholomew-Close, Grocer and Oilman.

William Terrill, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, Butcher.

William Burfield, of Midhurst, in Sussex, Tallow Chandler.

Elizabeth Porter, of Queen-street, Cheap-side, widow, Dealer.

John Johnson, of Long-lane, Southwark, Blanket and Stripe-maker.

Charles Greaves, of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, Merchant.

Thomas Down, of Chatham, in Kent, Bricklayer.

James Smith, of Letton, in Herefordshire, Drover.

Thomas Creighton, of Leadenhall-street, Vintner.

John Drowith, of the Strand, Victualler.

Henry Nell, of Sun Tavern-fields, Shadwell, Brewer.

Henry Walle, and Peter Reilly, of Sherrard-street, near Golden-square, Upholsterers and Partners.

Thomas Nell, of Louth, in Lincolnshire, Grocer.

John Corrie, of Maiden-lane, Covent-Garden, Woollen-draper.

Robert Dare, of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, Serge-maker.

Thomas Smith, of Woolverhampton, in Staffordshire, Stationer.

John Lamb, of King's Norton, in Worcester-shire, Maltster.

Robinson Farrow, of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, Salt Refiner.

William Huston, of St. Mary, White-chapel, Chemist.

William Holdsworth, of Red-Lion-court Passage, Fleet-street, Stationer.

James Grey, of Penryn, in Cornwall, Linen-draper.

Francis Greaves, of Guildford, in Surry, Brewer and Inholder.

William Hannam, of Plymouth-dock, Grocer.

Thomas Forbinch, of Fleet-market, Hosier.

Thomas Staniforth, of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, Flax-dresser.

John Clarke, of Afsbury, in Cheshire, Dealer.

Robert Smethurst, of Manchester, Callico-Printer.

T H E

Town and Country Magazine ;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For J U L Y, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A fine Likeness of Mrs. M—lls. 2. A good Portrait of Lord S——k, one of his M. principal S. of S. 3. A Knight of the Garter, whole Length, in the full Habit of that noble Order; and 4. The Bristolian Cosmopolitus, cut in Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE;
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

The Half-penny from Bristol, will not pass for currency among our Readers.

A Country Clergyman's Hint will be attended to.

The French Letter from Paris, is better calculated for a News Paper than a Magazine.

We are sorry that Mr. B——y's Request cannot be complied with.

The Letter transmitted us by J. D. is inadmissible.

J. H's Thoughts On Censure and Rash Judgment, are well meant, but they would require as much trouble in polishing as the penning a new Essay to render them deserving the Attention of our Readers.

Verax from Bristol, will find another Correspondent, from the same Place, has handled the Subject in question pretty severely.

We acknowledge the Receipt of R. B's. Dissertation upon Sir Isaac Newton's Principia, and sincerely wish (for the sake of our Correspondent's Reputation) it were placed in the most advantageous Light possible, i. e. committed to the Flames.

E. B's Thoughts upon the Tea-table, might be worked up much better.

The Epitaph on a Country Sexton is not original.

T. D. of St. Mary Axe, has mistaken his Talent—it does not consist in Poetry.

W. R's 9th Ode of the 3d Book of Horace hath neither Novelty nor Elegance to recommend it.

J. C's Extempore is very much out of Time.

We are very sorry the Compositor has mislaid some Pieces of Mr. Alley's; but if that Gentleman will favour us with another Copy, proper Attention will be paid to it.

The Poem to Tiverton would not do Honour either to the Poet or the Place.

S. S. must excuse our informing him, that there are more Defects in his Poem than Penmanship.

The Genius of the Author of the Ode to July, seems to be scorched up by the intense Heat of the Caniculæ.

Anabella's Hint is kindly received, and this Lady may assure herself, whatever Anecdotes she may communicate will be properly applied.

The Tête-à Tête from our Correspondent in Berkley-square will be in our next.

We should be very glad to avail ourselves of Curio's Information, but it requires being authenticated.



The Town and Country Magazine;

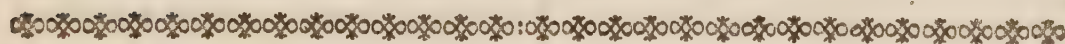
O R,

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O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For J U L Y, 1771.



The State of Europe for June 1771.

ACCOUNT of ITALY continued from
Page 288.

THE ecclesiastical state, called by the Italians Stato della Chiesa, lies about the middle of Italy, and is bounded on the north by the gulph of Venice, and the Venetian dominions; on the south by the Mediterranean; on the east by the kingdom of Naples and the Adriatic; and on the west by Tuscany and Modena. Its length is about two hundred and forty miles; but its breadth varies from twenty to an hundred and twenty miles.

The soil, in general, of the pope's dominions is very fertile, but ill cultivated; and there are many fens and marshy grounds, which are very prejudicial to the air. That the lands are badly cultivated and inhabited, the air bad, and the inhabitants poor, idle, lazy, and grossly superstitious, is owing to their being governed by priests, who may be justly said not only

to fleece them, but flea them. But it will, perhaps, be asserted, that though they shew little or no concern about their temporal welfare, they take care of their souls. If teaching them the most ridiculous and absurd superstition, to pray to saints and angels, and worship images, instead of God and Christ; to place religion in farce and mummery; insignificant rites and forms; in pilgrimages; in a profound veneration for the clergy; in offerings to the church; in founding and endowing convents; in hating, and persecuting protestants, even more than Jews or Turks; in believing, as articles of faith, the most impious and irrational notions: if this is taking care of their souls, and conducting them to heaven, we own the priests who govern this, and other popish countries, cannot, in the least, be charged with the want of zeal or diligence. Be that as it will, this country, with respect to the accommodations of life, is but in a very indifferent condition; for, notwithstanding the fertility of its soil, its advantageous situation for traffic, the

large sums spent in it by travellers, or remitted to it from foreign countries, and its having, for its ruler, the successor of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, and the vicar of Jesus Christ, yet it is poor and thin of inhabitants, ill cultivated, and without trade and manufactures. This is partly owing to the great number of holidays, of sturdy beggars, called pilgrims, and of hospitals and convents, with the amazing but useless wealth of churches and convents, and the inquisition; but the chief cause is the severity of the government, and the grievous exactions and hardships to which the subjects are exposed. The extravagant claims and pretensions of the pope are well known, and, by all the rational part of Christendom, now treated with contempt and mockery: the reformation gave a great blow to his spiritual power, but as to his temporal dominions, he still possesses them entire; though it is not likely that that will long be the case, considering how much he hath lost, and is daily losing of his ghostly empire, and the veneration in which he was formerly held. The Jesuits, who may justly be regarded as one of the main pillars of popery, have been already expelled from several of the most bigotted Roman catholic countries; and it is more than probable, the holy father will soon be obliged entirely to suppress them. The papal dominions were originally procured, partly by the voluntary gift of bigotted princes, and partly by other methods. The campania of Rome is under the pope's immediate government; but the other provinces are governed by legates and vice-legates; and there is a commander in chief of the pope's forces in every province. The pope is chosen by the cardinals in the conclave, who are seventy in number when complete, and consist of three classes, namely, cardinal bishops, priests, and deacons: they look upon themselves as on a footing with crowned heads, and have the title of *eminentissimi*. The pope holds a consistory of cardinals on ecclesiastical affairs; but the cardinals

do not meddle with his civil government. The pope's chief minister is the cardinal patron, usually his nephew, who amasses an immense estate, if the reign be of any long duration. The cardinal that is chosen pope must be an Italian, and at least fifty-five years of age. The spiritual power of the pope, though far short of what it was before the reformation, is still considerable. It is computed that the monks and regular clergy, who are absolutely at his devotion, do not amount to less than two millions of people, dispersed through all the Roman catholic countries, to assert his supremacy over princes, and promote the interest of the church. The revenues of these monks do not fall short of twenty millions sterling, besides the casual profits arising from offerings, and the people's bounty to the church, who are taught that their salvation depends upon this kind of benevolence.

The pope's revenues, as a temporal prince, may amount to about a million sterling per annum, arising chiefly from the monopoly of corn, the duties on wine, and other provisions. Over and above these, vast sums are continually flowing into the papal treasury from all the Roman catholic countries, for dispensations, indulgences, canonizations, annates, the pallia, and investitures of archbishops, bishops, &c.

The pope has a considerable body of regular forces, well clothed and paid; but his fleet consists only of a few galleys. His life-guards are forty Switzers, seventy-five cuirassiers, and as many light horse.

We now proceed to a more particular account of the several territories of which the papal dominions are composed, beginning with

The Bolognese, or territory of Bologna, once a republic; but the popes, at last, found means to annex it to their dominions. It still, however, enjoys many privileges. Its chief governor, who is changed or confirmed every three years, has the title of legate a latere, and is always a cardinal. The
soil

soil here is very rich and fertile ; but not so well cultivated or peopled as might be expected. The only place of any note in it is

Bologna, which gives name to it, and is its capital. The city was antiently called Felsina, and is now the second in the ecclesiastical state, and one of the most considerable in Italy, the number of its inhabitants being reckoned at upwards of eighty thousand.

The dutchy of Ferrara had formerly dukes of its own ; but in the year 1597, it was annexed to the ecclesiastical state. The dukes of Modena have often laid claim to it, being descended of the family of its antient dukes. The only place worth mentioning in the dutchy is that from which it takes its name, viz.

Ferrara, a very large town on the Po, but extremely thin of people, standing twenty-three miles almost north-east of Bologna, and an hundred and ninety north-west of Rome. Here is a citadel, and a huge castle, in which the legate resides. The streets are very beautiful, in respect of length, breadth, and regularity, and contain many handsome houses and palaces.

The province of Romagna is very fertile and pleasant, producing corn, wine, oil, fruits, rich pastures, woods abounding with game, and hot mineral waters. The mountains yield mines of several metals, and the sea and rivers plenty of fish. Considerable quantities of salt are made on the sea-coast. After the declension of the Roman empire, it was some time under the dominion of the Ostrogoths; then of the Eastern emperors, who governed it by exarchs; then of the Lombards, till Pepin king of France took it from them, and bestowed it on the see of Rome. The principal city is

Ravenna, old and decayed, thirty-eight miles east of Bologna, and an hundred and sixty north-west of Rome. Antiently, it was the most famous of all the Roman sea-ports, and afterwards the seat of the ex-archate. At present, it hardly con-

tains fifteen thousand inhabitants, yet there are no fewer than twenty-four convents in it.

The dutchy of Urbino was governed by dukes of its own, until the death of Francis Maria Rovera in 1631, who leaving no issue, bequeathed it to pope Urban VIII. Neither the air nor soil is much admired. Its greatest extent, from north to south, is about fifty-six miles, and from east to west sixty-five, and the only place of any note is,

Urbino, the capital, situated near the Via Flaminia, a hundred and eighteen miles north of Rome. It is the seat of a legate and archbishop, and has a noble palace, built by its former dukes.

The marquissate of Ancona lies on the Adriatic, and extends from east to west about twenty-four miles, and from south to north eighteen. The air is gross and unhealthy, but the soil fertile. Wax and flax are said to be whitened and prepared here with great skill. Along the coast are many towers, mounted with cannon, to keep off the Corsairs, and on the shore are found a sort of shell fish, called ballani, or ballari, in large spongy stones, of which some have little apertures on the surface. Twenty or thirty of these fish are some times lodged in one stone ; but the taste of them is generally disagreeable to strangers. Both the fish itself and its juice are so luminous in the dark, that one may see to read by them. Even the water, in which they have been squeezed, retains a lustre for ten or twelve hours. Great quantities of them are sent to Rome. A variety of other shell-fish are found upon the coast. From its being governed, in the time of the Longobards, by a margrave, this country got the name of a marquissate. It fell under the dominion of the pope in the year 1532. The most considerable places in it are,

Ancona, the capital, and the see of a bishop, immediately subject to the pope, situated on the Adriatic, about
one

one hundred and thirty miles almost north from Rome ; and is but a mean place.

Loretto, a small city, fifteen miles south-east of Ancona. It is the see of a bishop ; but what renders it famous throughout Christendom, is the *santa casa*, or holy house, in which, it is pretended, the Virgin Mary dwelt at Nazareth, and which towards the end of the thirteenth century, according to the legend, was conveyed hither by angels.

The territory of Perugia from north to south, is not above twenty-eight miles, from east to west about thirty. It contains the lake antiently called *Lacus Trasimenus*, and now *Lago di Perugia*, near which Hannibal defeated the Romans, under the command of the consul *Flaminius*. The only place in it worth mentioning, is that from which it takes its name, viz.

Perugia, which was antiently called *Ferrugia*, and suffered the most dreadful calamities during the triumvirate of Augustus and his colleagues.

The territory of Orvieto is but of a small extent, containing the lake antiently called *Lacus Volsinienus*, and now the lake of Bolsena, from the same town, called antiently *Volsinium*, and now *Bolsena*. Orvieto, the capital of this district, and the only place, besides *Aquapendente*, worth mentioning, is the see of a bishop, has several churches and convents, and stands forty miles north-west from Rome. The town is supplied with water from a well, cut into a rock, two hundred and fifty cubits deep. *Aquapendente*, though a bishopric, is but a mean place, twelve miles to the west of Orvieto.

The duchy of Spoleto extends from north to south about forty-seven miles, and about sixty-five from west to east. The soil of a great part of it is low and fenny, yet, in general, rich and fertile. The place of most note is,

Spoleto, antiently one of the most celebrated municipal towns in Italy, and even now the capital of the duchy.

The province of Sabina, a part of the territories of the ancient Sabines, is reckoned about twenty-six miles in length, and near as many in breadth. The soil is very rich and fertile, and well watered. There are two or three inconsiderable market towns in it, viz. *Magliano*, *Monte-Rotondo*, *Palombaro*, and *Vicovaro*.

The duchy of Castro, and earldom of *Ronciglione* belonged formerly to the house of *Farnese* ; but were at last annexed to the papal dominions, in lieu of a debt, for which they had been mortgaged, but never redeemed. They are naturally fertile in corn and fruit, but ill peopled, and worse cultivated. The only place in them worth mentioning is,

Castro, which was formerly a handsome town ; but, in the year 1646, was destroyed by pope *Innocent X.* because the inhabitants had murdered the bishop he had sent them.

The patrimony of *St. Peter*, so called from a pretended grant of it made by *Constantine the Great* to *Sylvester*, bishop of Rome, in 324, for the maintenance of the church of *St. Peter*, and its bishops ; but this grant, in fact, is said to have been made by the countess *Matilda*, in the year 1077. The principal place in it is,

Viterbo, the capital, thirty three miles north-west of Rome. It is pretty large, well built, and contains a great number of churches and convents ; but that of the inhabitants is but small, considering its extent.

The *campagna*, or *Campania di Roma*, is what the antient Romans called *Latium*, or at least the greater part of it. The air is said to be unwholesome, which is partly owing to the *Pomptine marshes* and many lakes in it, and partly to a rich, but uncultivated soil, the inhabitants being few, and these poor, lazy, and indolent. The chief place in it is,

Rome, antiently the capital and seat of the Roman empire, and now the head of the Roman catholic religion. What a melancholy reverse ! Rome that was once the abode and nursery of heroes, and of all that was great and

and noble in human nature, is now a nest of drones; a nursery of vermin, that prey upon the community; a scene of the grossest priestcraft; of the most ridiculous farces, under the name of religion; of ecclesiastical tyranny, and the most wanton abuse of the blind zeal, credulity, fanaticism, and ignorance, of a weak, deluded laity. Rome, after she had lost her liberty, sunk into the utmost degeneracy, slavery and corruption, and was trampled under foot by a set of the vilest monsters and tyrants that ever disgraced human nature: but her thralldom was not then greater under her secular, than it is now under her spiritual masters. Rome is generally believed to have been founded by Romulus, upwards of seven hundred years before Christ, after which it was gradually enlarged, till it took up the following twelve, or rather thirteen hills, viz. Monte Capitolina, Palatino, Aventino, Celio, Esquilino, Viminale, Quirinale, Monte Cavallo, Janiculo, Pincino, Vaticano, Citorio, and Giardino; but its figure and situation have been often changed, in consequence of the many sieges it hath sustained. It is thought the walls of the modern Rome take in nearly the same extent of ground as the antient; but the difference between the number of buildings on this spot is very great, one half of modern Rome lying waste, or occupied with gardens, fields, meadows, and vineyards. One may walk quite round the city in three or four hours at most, the circumference being reckoned about thirteen Italian miles. With regard to the number of the inhabitants, modern Rome is also greatly inferior to the antient; for, in 1709, the whole of these amounted only to one hundred thirty-eight thousand five hundred and sixty-eight; among which were forty bishops, two thousand six hundred and eighty-six priests, three thousand five hundred and fifty-nine monks, one thousand eight hundred and fourteen nuns, three hundred ninety-three courtisans, about eight or nine thousand Jews, and fourteen Moors. In 1714, the number was in-

creased to one hundred and forty-three thousand. In external splendor, and the beauty of its temples and palaces, modern Rome is thought by the most judicious travellers to excel the antient. There was nothing in antient Rome to be compared with St. Peter's church in the modern. That Rome was able to recover itself after so many calamities and devastations, will not be matter of surprize, if we consider the prodigious sums that it has so long annually drawn from all countries of the popish persuasion. These sums, though still considerable, have been continually decreasing since the reformation. The surface of the ground on which Rome was originally founded, is surprisingly altered. At present it is difficult to distinguish the seven hills on which it was first built, the low grounds being almost filled up with the ruins of the ancient streets and houses, and the great quantities of earth washed down from the hills by the violence of rains. Antiently the suburbs extended a vast way on all sides, and made the city appear almost boundless; but it is quite otherwise now, the country about Rome being almost a desert. To this, and other causes it is owing, that the air is none of the most wholesome, especially during the summer heats, when few go abroad in the day-time. No city at present in the world surpasses, or indeed equals Rome, for the multiplicity of fine fountains, noble edifices, antiquities, curiosities, paintings, statues, and sculptures. The city stands on the Tyber, ten miles from the Tuscan sea, three hundred and eighty from Vienna, five hundred and sixty from Paris, seven hundred and forty from Amsterdam, eight hundred and ten from London, and nine hundred from Madrid.

The republic of St. Marino consists only of a mountain, and a few hills, that lie scattered about the bottom of it. The number of the inhabitants is about five thousand. The mountain yields good wine; but they have no other than rain or snow water. The founder of the republic was a Dalmatian, and a mason, who, up-

wards

wards of thirteen hundred years ago, turned hermit, and retired to this mountain. Here his devotion and austerity, and in consequence of that, his reputation for sanctity, were such, that the princes of the country made him a present of the mountain, on which many, out of veneration for the saint, soon after, took up their abode. Thus was the foundation laid of the town and republic, which still bears the name of the saint. The town stands on the top of the mountain, and there is only one way by which it can be come at. In the whole territory are only three castles, three convents, five churches. The largest of the churches is dedicated to the saint, and contains his ashes and his statue. He is looked upon as the greatest saint, next to the blessed Virgin; and to speak disrespectfully of him is accounted blasphemy, and punished as such. The republic is under the protection of the pope.

CHARACTER of JUVENAL, the Latin Poet.

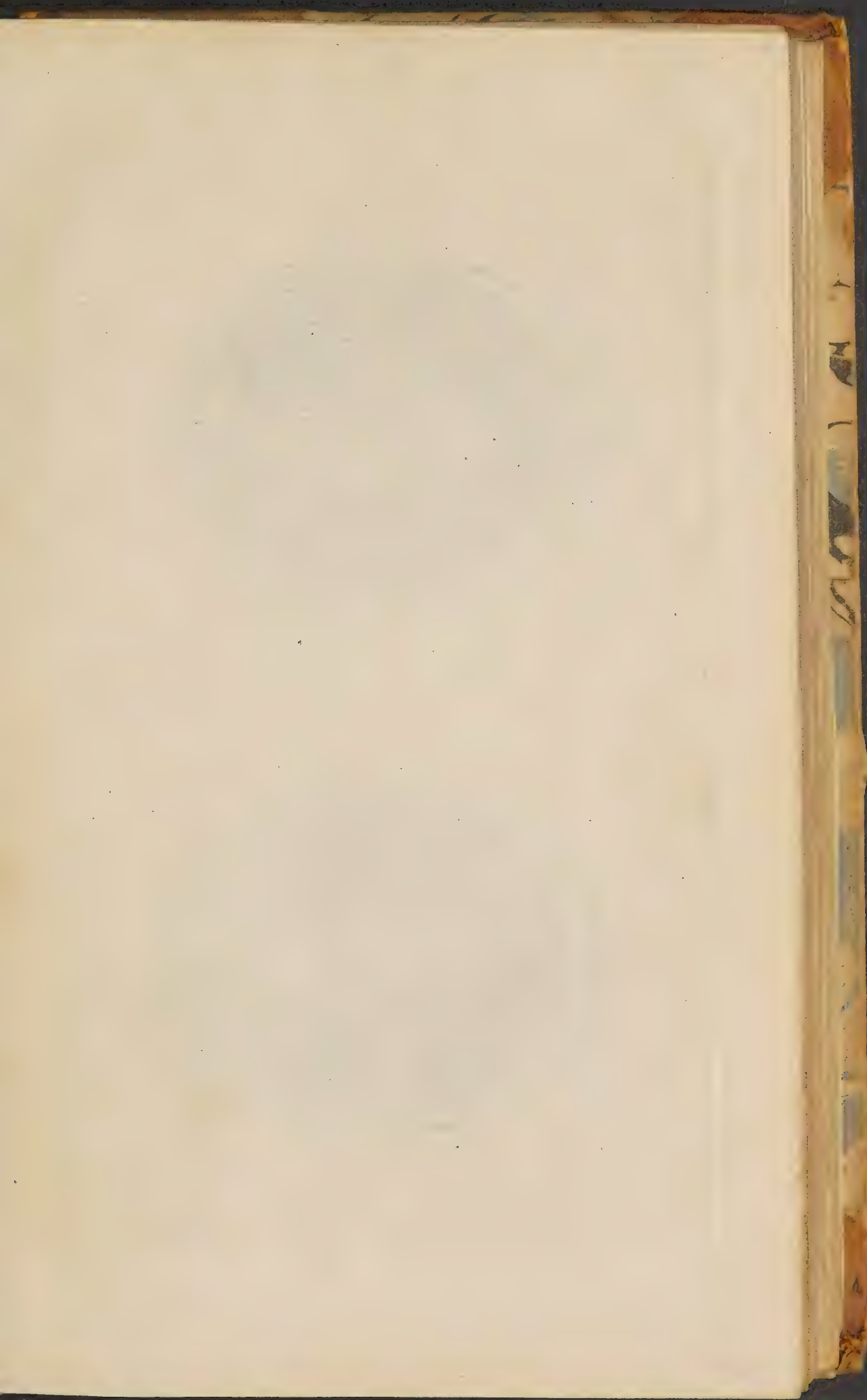
JUVENAL was by birth a Neapolitan. Indignation more than nature inspired the satyric muse of this bard, which he himself avows. Desire, fear, choler, voluptuousness, in a word, all the passions unite in the composition of his works: *Quidquid agunt homines, nostri est farrago libelli*. He does not, like Horace, turn vice into ridicule, in order to decry it. Trained in the bustle of schools and courts of law, he attacked the vicious part of mankind with all the powers of the most vehement eloquence, without paying attention even to decency and good manners: he strips vice stark-naked to flagellate her the more. He was an inflexible censor, a misanthrope almost frantic with the crimes of his age; and who did not blush to penetrate its most gloomy horrors. His style is acute and terse, interwoven with the most sarcastic hyperboles; but in vain do we search for

the elegance, purity, and natural enlivened satire of the Augustan age.

History has not transmitted to us many particulars of the life of this satyirical declaimer. All we learn of him is, that having attacked the celebrated comedian *Paris*, this son of *Thalia* had sufficient influence to obtain the poet's banishment, at a time that Juvenal was far advanced in years. The satyrist was sent to the frontiers of Egypt and Lybia, under pretence that his presence was there necessary to command the cavalry. The poet of seventy, a warrior against his will, underwent many hardships in his military employment, conferred upon him through derision, and had no other consolation within his power, but the penning another satire against the buffoon. Juvenal survived his theatrical antagonist, and returned to Rome, where he lived under Nerva and Trajan.

The WIDOW of FUNCHAL, the Capital of MADEIRA.

OVINGTON declares that parents in Madeira, pay no regard to the chastity of the young persons whom they intend to connect by marriage; sobriety of morals and continency are, especially in a husband, the worst of all recommendations to the favour of a lady. He relates a pleasant instance of this which happened during his residence on the island. A widow of fortune at Funchal had proposed a match between her daughter and a young gentleman of a neighbouring family, and matters were pretty far advanced; but the old lady hearing that the intended bridegroom had ever enjoyed perfect health, and that he had always avoided all communication with loose women, immediately broke off the treaty; affirming that the gentleman's conduct was the result of some constitutional defect, and not of a prudence scarce compatible with his time of life.



N^o. XX.



M^{rs}. M-ll.

N^o. XX.



Lord S-k.

HISTORIES of the Tête à Tête annexed;
or, Memoirs of L——d S—— and
Mrs. M——lls. (N^o 19, 20.)

A Politician! a patriot! a placeman! how easy the transition. A politician, according to the modern acceptation of the word, is a man who skims the surface of party-altercation in the news-paper essays; and fancies when he has discovered that Junius is an elegant writer, that his periods are well-turned, and that he says a great many impudent things in easy language, that he has fathomed all the depths of politics, and is a second Machiavel. A patriot, by a similar definition, is a violent orator against administration, in and out of the house: he endeavours to prove that the source of all the public measures may be traced to the fountain of an impure junto; that the senate is actuated only by corruption, and all the elections by the most bare-faced venality. When by dint of Stentorian lungs, bold assertions, and brazen effrontery, he has wrought himself into some popularity and consequence, he snatches at the first bait that is thrown out, and either forgetting that his country is upon the very brink of perdition, or viewing the state of affairs through a more *perfect medium*, he contentedly sits down to share the loaves and fishes with those he lately depicted as the declared foes of the rights and liberties of the people. A placeman is most frequently a recreant patriot, who having recanted his former political errors, is placed in some conspicuous point of ministerial view; and by the exertion of his great political knowledge, and his intimate acquaintance with the interest of foreign powers, their views, dispositions, and intrigues, collected from the vague conjectures of news writers and Gazetteers, is to counteract the subtle machinations of the cabinets of Versailles and Madrid, maintain the honour of the British flag, secure our commerce, protect our colonies, and make us at once the terror and admiration of all Europe.

JULY, 1771.

Such a trinomial portrait have we now before us in the character of lord S——. It is true his l——p has taken his degrees at Oxford, and that he has even been complimented with the degree of Master of Arts, for a poetical address in English to the late earl of W——, when he was installed chancellor of that university; but whatever his knowledge may be of the dead languages, or even his mother tongue, it is confidently asserted that his ignorance of the living polite tongues was so great, that after he had accepted of the post of s——y of s——, he was incapable of translating his own motto (*Nous maintenons* *); and when it was rendered to him in English, he sniggered so much at having thus sullied the honour of his ancestors, that he was upon the point of resigning the seals through shame and remorse; and had not lord S——h entered at that very instant, and given his motto, as well as his conduct, a very ludicrous turn, we might ere now, by way of additional alliteration, have seen a *penitent placeman*.

But his l——p has gained sufficient fortitude from the advice, as well as raillery, of his great colleague in administration and virtue, to continue in place; and the *politesse* of the French amb——r, who has complimented his lordship upon the *purity* of his pronunciation, has made him resolve to throw aside all reserve and bashfulness in conversing in the Gallic language; and he now speaks no other with all the foreign ministers, to their great *information and entertainment*.

But whilst he is thus assiduously engaged in the service of his country, and is *strenuously* endeavouring to convey a proper judgment of the knowledge and learning of our statesmen to the different courts of Europe, let it not be imagined that the ladies pass entirely unnoticed by the gallant lord S——k. His lordship married in 1764, Miss Maria Constantia

* *We will uphold the Cause.*

F——; but having the misfortune to lose this agreeable lady in 1767, he has never since turned his thoughts towards the connubial state: we may therefore readily suppose that his lordship, in the prime of life, of an amorous complexion, with a heart attuned to love, and an agreeable person, must have had some connexions of a less constrained nature. In the private tablets of intrigue, we find his lordship's name frequently coupled with the demi-reps of the first rank, as well for taste as sensuality: many of the female members of the coterie, at this time, lay claim to his affections; and the *trading* milleners in the purlieus of St. James's have experienced his success and generosity.

Among his mistresses who have taken less pains to conceal their gallantries, we find Miss Charlotte Spen——r. This lady borrowed her name from lord S——r H——n, at the time of her alliance with that nobleman; and whilst she publicly maintained a correspondence with Mr. M——n, the musician, before his marriage with the honourable Miss K——ry. But her inconstancy has not diminished the number of her admirers; and though she now professes the strongest partiality for captain G——n, her favours are still to be obtained at the *moderate* rate of fifty pounds a night. Lord S——k, who was greatly struck with her apparent innocence, and the simplicity yet gentility of her dress, at the opera last season, made her such overtures as she prudently listened to.

This amour was but of short duration. Miss T——t succeed to Charlotte S——r. The elegance and simplicity of Miss T——'s person, might probably have still secured his l——p's regard and attention; but a frailty which this lady cannot *always* conceal, gave him such disgust, that he discontinued his visits within a few days after they had taken place. His l——p is a professed foe to inebriety, especially among the fair sex.

Miss K——y*, notwithstanding her present avowed attachment to lord F——e, has occasionally favoured lord S——k with some temporary *Têtes-à-Têtes*; but whether these interviews originally related only to some intercessions in favour of her unfortunate brothers, or had their basis in an amorous correspondence, there is no reason to doubt from the place of assignation, that they terminated in some mutual sacrifices to the Cyprean goddess.

The lady, who has for some time engrossed his L——p's greatest attention is Mrs. M——ls. She set out in life with the most pleasing prospect of virtuous felicity. Her father, Mr. S——th, was a considerable trader in the city, and was at one time supposed to be worth fifty thousand pounds. A capital failure involved him in the like distress. His daughter, who had received an accomplished education, was at this fatal period upon the point of marriage with a member of parliament; but this calamity broke off the match. Mr. S——th found it expedient to go abroad, and left his daughter under the care of a distant relation. The disappointment she met with in her matrimonial expectations, made her desperate, and she listened to the addresses of Mr. M——ls, who made the appearance of a gentleman, but who in fact lived by play. She gave him her hand, and shared his fate.

The transitions of fortune in the life of a professed gamester, are so frequent and extraordinary, that from rolling one day in wealth and affluence, he is the next reduced to the most abject want; and unless a man can divest himself of every social feeling, and plan the ruin of his dearest friend, he may probably end his days in a goal; if he has not the spirit to draw a trigger as a retaliating draft upon the public, for his run of ill luck at the hazard table. M——ls, though prompted by passion and compelled by ne-

* See p. 287. Vol. II.

cessity to pursue the odious life of a gambler, had not so entirely divested himself of gratitude and other moralities, as to lie in ambush for those to whom he had once professed a friendship. This delicacy was his ruin; his associates frequently upbraided him with his folly for not introducing a good pigeon to be plucked, because *forsooth* M—lls had some obligations to the man they wanted to plunder, and finding him at length incorrigible, the Family * discarded him from their party, and he had no other resource than the chance-medley of the day, which often produced—*nothing*.

In this situation, as debts increased, his wife's trinkets, and at length her cloaths, of which at her marriage she had great plenty, (and which probably formed the object of magnetic attraction to M—lls's heart) were disposed of to produce the common necessities of life. His creditors, discovering his poverty, became clamorous, and he took refuge in the verge of the court.

Mrs. M—lls, thus stript and distressed, began to surmount some scruples which had hitherto actuated her conduct. She had received several overtures from men of fortune, to listen to their proposals, many of which were very advantageous. Mr. S—th, who then held a considerable place in Chelsea Hospital, had offered her a handsome settlement; but his person and age were very disagreeable to her, which, joined to other motives of a moral kind, induced her to reject it with disdain. But her wants were now so great, and her resources so small, that she wrote to Mr. S—th to solicit his friendship. He comprehended her meaning, and waited upon her. He presented her with a sum of money, and an alliance took place, not to their mutual satisfaction, though he testified the utmost felicity in the connexion. She reminded him of his proposal; but having once attained the summit of his wishes, he

constantly evaded fulfilling his promises. This disingenuous behaviour increased her disgust, and she left her antiquated admirer to put herself under the protection of Mr. C—— the brewer.

With this gentleman she passed her time very agreeably, he having provided her with a pleasant country retreat, and thought no reasonable expence too great that she occasioned. Mrs. M—lls frequently supplied her husband's wants, but he not judging these temporary *douceurs* a sufficient balance for his dishonour, he threatened a prosecution for *crim. con.* This menace occasioned a separation between Mr. C—— and Mrs. M—lls. They nevertheless frequently met at such secret places of rendezvous as they judged could not be discovered by Mr. M—. But these casual interviews were not sufficient to support the ardour of C——'s first passion. His coolness was soon perceived by Mrs. M—lls, and she judging a rival had supplanted her in the affection of Mr. C——, was resolved not to be distanced, as soon as a favourable opportunity presented itself.

Whilst the connexion between Mr. C—— and Mrs. M—lls was in this luke-warm state, a fever carried off her husband, and set her once more at liberty from conjugal restraint. Her widow's weeds heightened the expression of her features, and the softness of her complexion, and gave her powers to captivate lord S——k at Ranelagh.

His lordship having made himself acquainted with Mrs. M—lls's situation, and discovered her rival, soon found means to let the widow know to whom she was indebted for the diminution of Mr. C——'s visits. Revenge in a female breast, operates, perhaps, more forcibly than any other passion; and many a woman has been surprised into a concession to retaliate a lover's infidelity! Mrs. M—lls verified the observation upon this occasion, and entirely quitted the arms of the brewer for those of the placeman.

This lady, of whom our engraver has given a strong resemblance in the subjoined plate, is formed of that happy temperament, which cannot fail to please: her person, her disposition, her accomplishments all unite to captivate: she is one of those enchanting females that seem destined never to cloy; or as the song says,

When the short transports are all at an end;
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend.

This his lordship daily and almost hourly experiences; so that his time is divided between Mrs. M—lls, Monsieur De — the French teacher, and his dispatches, which he frequently writes in the situation that Lewis XIV. did, when he dated them, *Des Fesses de Madame de Montespan*: this indeed his lordship has hitherto omitted, for a reason that Monsieur De — promises soon to remove.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

The following thoughts upon raillery will, I imagine, be agreeable to many of your readers, as they are new, and, I think, much to the purpose. They are written by a gentleman now abroad, who has desired me to transmit them to you for insertion.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

Newington,

July 5.

A. L.

THOUGHTS upon RAILLERY.

WE may learn to write a good hand, and even read with propriety; but it is impossible to learn the power of raillery; it is a peculiar gift of nature not to be acquired. To say the truth, I think it is happy for those who are not possessed of it, or envious of obtaining it; for the character of a man of raillery is not only disagreeable to people of sense and judgment, but it is, at the same time, a very dangerous profession. Though raillery consists only of some words, which are nothing more than the simple movements of the air, they fail not frequently of causing the most violent tempests in the commerce of life. *Esse caret glossa per*

quam franguntur & ossa. A professed joker is sure to obtain the contempt of the world, as it is the profession of a buffoon; and though he may excite laughter in those who are not hurt by it, he will never procure any esteem from his humour.

Raillery is the eldest daughter of familiarity, and is sure, by her prostitution, to bring shame on those who wed her. If in opposition to these reasons, a man will jest, his wit and humour should be of the agreeable kind, without stinging, and his own conduct should be irreproachable; otherwise his satire will recoil upon himself, and display his own foibles in the most ridiculous point of view, in despite of the greatest effrontery. This makes me call to mind a story I heard lately at Paris of the famous count De Gramont, who was esteemed a great wit in the reign of Lewis XIV. He attempted one day to rally a gentleman of Brittany, who had just made his first appearance at court. Without having any other knowledge of the stranger than his being such, the count approached him, and asked the signification of *parabole*, *faribole*, and *obole**, thinking to disconcert the Breton by so ridiculous a question; when the gentleman replied, without hesitation, *Parabole is what you do not understand; Faribole, what you say; and Obole the full extent of your worth.* The count was greatly confused at this reply, to the no small diversion of the court.

When in consequence of the citation of the emperor, the protestant deputies of Germany came to Ratisbon, to confer with the catholics, relative to the means of uniting both parties, they brought with them a kind of philosopher, named *Cornelius Martini*; and when father Gretzer, a Jesuit, observed this man among the protestant theologians, he could not refrain crying out, *Quid Scillus inter Prophetas*; to which the other instantly replied, *Quarit asinos Patris sui.*

A certain Saxon envoy having one day jocosely asked the Dutch ambassador, at the court of Denmark, whence was derived the proverb, *Er gehet durch wole ein Hollander*, (he passes every where like a Dutchman) when he was answered, that to endeavour tracing the origin of proverbs, which were so numerous, would be as useless as difficult, and then slapt upon him a proverb from Dresden, which was as indelicate as it was severe; to which the Saxon could make no reply.

* A parable, nonsense, and an ancient base coin, the sixth part of a farthing.

Let us therefore, ere we make the setbacks, remember what Seneca says, *Injuriam fortis non facit, nec ingenuus fert*. As we are diverted with hearing the echo repeat the words that have been uttered, so the roasted jester never fails to afford merriment at his expence to the company.

X. X.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

*Qui alterum inculcat probri cum ipsum se in-
tueri oportet.*

Plaut. Truc. 1, 2, 25.

IF you will give me leave to resume my last motto, as I don't know any better adapted to my present purpose, I shall endeavour to point out another species of uncharitableness, which although it may not be ranked equal to that of robbing a man of his reputation, through personal pique, or any worse motive, is, however, a plain proof of the little knowledge we have of our own hearts.

Philanthropy is that kind of virtue, which teaches us benevolence, charity, and general love for mankind; and is never better put in practice, than when we can make allowances for the foibles of another, provided that principle is not carried to an extreme. Now as there is no age or situation in life in which the frailties of human nature do not in some degree appear, nothing can be more absurd than to condemn a man as totally lost to every sense of reason for the single commission of a vice, which a true spirit of charity would look on as the imprudence of youth, or the unsuspected folly of an unguarded moment. Every stage of life has its foibles; the youth of twenty is not more strongly propelled by the passions of extravagance and dissipation than the hoary hairs of seventy by those of avarice; nor is the one more to be condemned for the impropriety of his pursuits, than the other for the vanity of his.

The extremes either of youth, or age, make a man's judgment fail him. He that views another's faults is often apt to misrepresent them, or inflame the account; but how favourably does he pronounce, when an equal charge is brought home to himself? Prejudice, the prevailing passion, will not suffer him to search out the truth; and he finds himself too much interested to confess it.

Avaro is a man whom Providence has blessed with no little share of understand-

ing. He has been guilty, perhaps, of as many failings in his youth as most people in the sphere of life in which he moved. These he recollects with regret and concern; but his present passion is avarice, which leads his prejudices as much in old age, as the more dissipated ones involved his youthful adventures in. No man is more capable of descanting on the vices of the age, or better able to give a serious lecture on morality; but, alas! no man is more blind to his own failings. If an acquaintance with the world may be allowed to give a sanction to his authority, Avaro can claim as much pretensions to this as any man living; but his strictures on vice are generally handled with so much severity, that the person to whom his admonitions are addressed, receives them with much more coolness and indifference than if they had flowed from the mouth of one, in whose character and conduct nothing blameable had ever appeared. For being naturally of a covetous disposition, joined to a small tincture of envy, his advice makes but a despicable figure with a man, who can see so many errors in Avaro's own conduct.

It is not often that a man can have that knowledge of another that is necessary to make instruction useful. We ourselves are sometimes not conscious of the original motives of our own actions, and when we know them, our first care is to hide them from the sight of others, and often from those most diligently whose superiority of understanding may intitle them to inspect our conduct: it is therefore very probable that he who attempts the cure of our intellectual diseases mistakes the cause, and that his prescriptions avail nothing, because he does not know which of our passions or desires are vitiated.

Advice, as it always gives a temporary appearance of superiority, can never be very grateful, even when it is most necessary or most judicious. But for the same reason, every one is eager to instruct his neighbour. To be wise or virtuous, is to buy dignity and importance at a high price; but when the detection of follies is found to proceed from a desire of elevation, the endeavours for amendment seldom produce the effect. Vanity is so frequently the apparent motive of advice, that we for the most part summon our powers to oppose it, without any very accurate enquiry whether it is right; for many would be contented to suffer the consequences of their mistakes, rather than bear the insolence of him who triumphs as their deliverer.

Thus

Thus it happens that few things are so liberally bestowed or squandered with so little effect, as good advice; for when we consider the manner in which those who assume the office of directing the conduct of others perform what they have undertaken, it will not be very amazing to find their labours prove abortive. The arguments in favour of truth, virtue, and purity of life, fail of their due influence, not because they have been considered and confuted, but because they do not seem to proceed from a real motive of benevolence, and are delivered by those whose conduct will bear as much criticism as any other.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere, sed mantica tergo præcedenti spectatur.

Mile-End, July 17,
1771.

R. W.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have sent you the following thoughts of a country gentleman upon the most intoxicating of all passions, *ambition*. If you judge them worthy of a place in your Miscellany, their appearance in print may probably increate the number of your correspondents, and will oblige

Far from the
metropolis.

Your humble servant,
RUSTICUS.

IT is natural for great souls to be animated with the desire of inrolling their names in the annals of immortality, that their manes may, after their short human transit, still gather laurels, and be the object of admiration to posterity. Pliny the Younger makes this acknowledgment, by saying, "I confess nothing more engages my mind, than the extreme desire I entertain of immortalizing my name; which, in my opinion, appears a design worthy of a man of virtue; for he who knows his life can admit of no reproach, is not afraid of being remembered by posterity."

It is certain that the inclination of shining in history, of making one's name live in future ages, and to gain immortality by dint of virtuous actions, is a passion worthy of a great man. To attain this noble goal, the greatest hardships, and the most menacing perils, become pastime and amusement: we rejoice at fatigue, and brave even death itself. It must be acknowledged that this disposition is some-

what superior to man; and that the soul of a hero contemns in the most obvious manner every object that does not tend to immortality.

Virtue is a spur to the great man's ambition; and it is therefore no way astonishing, that it cannot receive any other as a just recompence, but the eternal remembrance of his glorious exploits. Our nature revolts at the idea of annihilation; and the man who quits this terrestrial abode, without having distinguished himself by his virtue, and thereby engraven his memory in the minds of good men, is entirely annihilated when his presence no longer obliges us to recollect him. A man who is eternized (if I may be allowed the expression) by his good actions, serves as a model to the great men of future ages; and besides feeling the inexpressible satisfaction of knowing that he shall ever be respected by posterity, he has also the pleasure of foreseeing the attention and regard that will be paid to his descendants.

Antiquity furnishes us with an infinite number of such examples. I am not surprised that ambition should have so greatly prevailed in those remote periods, when it is considered that the antients had little or no idea of the immortality of the soul. To avoid being entirely buried in non-existence after death, they endeavoured to immortalize themselves by virtue. This indeed is not astonishing; but I am amazed to find that the same passion prevailed in vicious, as well as virtuous men, heroes and villains. Erostratus burnt the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that his name might be handed down to posterity. Ogniato, one of the assassins who murdered the duke of Milan, whilst upon the rack, consoled himself with saying, *Mors acerba; fama perpetua, stabit vetus memoria facti*. Nor was he mistaken, for the history of his time makes mention of him; but the difference between the remembrance of a hero and a villain, is like that of the two pictures, one of which represents *Marcus Curtius*, who, to save his country, precipitated himself into an abyss; and *Nero*, who put to death his own mother: the first inspires veneration; the latter excites horror and indignation.

X.

A whimsical Anecdote concerning the celebrated
Rabelais.

THE cardinal de Billay, to whom Rabelais was a domestic physician, being troubled with an hypochondriac disorder, it was resolved by the skilful gentlemen of the

the faculty, in a consultation, that an opening decoction should be prepared without delay for his eminence. Upon this *Rabelais* takes himself away, leaving the junto to prate themselves into a sweat for higher fees; orders a huge fire in the yard, and one of the largest kettles: into that kettle, brimful of water, he threw all the keys he could find or borrow; then stripped himself to his doublet, fell to stirring them about with all the anxiety of a cook, lest they should not boil well. The doctors, at their coming down, surprized at such an apparatus, and asking the meaning of *Rabelais's* diligence, he made the following reply to them; I am about *your* prescription, gentlemen; keys are certainly the best *openers* in the world, and if you are not satisfied with what I have done, I will dispatch a messenger to the arsenal for a dozen of battering cannon.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

MANY people of both sexes are weak enough, though in general, not deficient in sense, to wish for riches, from a false supposition that those who are rich have it necessarily in their power to secure felicity in this world, and indeed every thing desirable in it. By the perusal of the following little history, such people may be induced, perhaps, to change their sentiments with regard to the omnipotence of wealth.

Soon after I came of age, I came into the possession of a very good estate, which brought me in near a thousand a year, by the unexpected death of my father. By so considerable an acquisition, for which I was not prepared, I was thrown into such a flutter of joy (for I will own I dropped not a single tear at my father's decease, as he had always behaved to me more like a tyrannical master, than an affectionate parent) that I was almost delirious; and it was some time before my carriage was decently composed upon the agitating occasion.

When I recovered from my violent hurry of spirits, I thought myself the happiest fellow in the universe; but my happiness was not of a long continuance. I was perpetually puzzled about the disposal of my money; and never laid it out to my satisfaction: having more money at command than I knew what to do with, I was never satisfied with my purchases, or my pursuits. I was fickle to a degree, and my fickleness was productive of many in-

conveniences; I may add, very disagreeable situations: for as I changed my companions as often as my amusements, I affronted, by turns, half the county, and made myself, indeed, at last, so odious by the capriciousness of my behaviour, that whenever I appeared (from a strong propensity to be a man of consequence) desirous of having my advice followed at any public meeting, I was certainly opposed by the majority present, and in a manner too which considerably increased the mortification which their opposition occasioned.

In the midst of my disquiets of various kinds, with a detail of which I could fill your Magazine, I was visited by a gentleman lately arrived from the West-Indies, who gave me a piece of intelligence which surprized me extremely. He told me, in few words, that I had no right to the estate I enjoyed.

On my appearing astonished at his assertion, his companion, who was, I found, his lawyer, confirmed it.

At first, I replied, coolly, that as my father had enjoyed my grandfather's estate, without any molestation, his right to it was, I thought, indisputable, and that *my* right to it, consequently, was not to be doubted.

The gentleman solemnly assured me that my grandfather had made an unfair purchase of it, and that he had, himself, an unquestionable claim to every acre in my possession.

I was then so much irritated that I lost all patience. In short, Sir, we went to law, and I was *ejected* out of my estate.

To many people the loss of near a thousand a year would be a sharp trial; to some it would, perhaps, prove fatal. By *me*, I confess, it was painfully felt for a great while; but I reasoned myself, at length, into a philosophical way of thinking; and I am now happier by living frugally within a small annuity of seventy pounds a year, which I bought with a little money saved out of the wreck of my fortune, than ever I was since I existed. I am no more perplexed about the disposal of my money: with my estate, my fickleness left me. I lost also three-fourths of my companions. I cannot afford to give entertainments; I am not, therefore, troubled with much company; with a few *real* friends only I associate; with them I am contented. Expensive pleasures are not to be thought of, nor do I sigh after them, as I am fond of books. For twelve shillings a year my circulating librarian furnishes me with literary food sufficient for any

any reasonable man; and as I have now leisure enough for the indulgence of a passion I ever had for scribbling, I fully intend, if this letter is not quite unworthy of your attention, to endeavour to deserve a niche in your instructive and entertaining repository.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

D—— D——.

Amongst the many Accidents which happened last Thursday at the Installation, the following are just come to Hand.

LOST, a young gentleman's heart, in the walk of a minuet. It is supposed to be in the possession of Miss K——, who is desired to return it immediately, or to deliver up her own, as a proper acknowledgment.

DROPT, two courtesies between the present and late duchess of G——n, who appeared very magnificently dressed, in honour of his grace's installation.

LOST, a lady's reputation, somewhat the worse for wear. Whoever brings it, in its present condition, to Mr. Sch——z, at the St. James's coffee-house, shall be rewarded with his wife's vestal zone, and no questions asked.

MISLAID, Mrs. G——. All those who can keep the secret, may be assured of a very favourable reception.

FOUND, the duchess of N——d, lady H——n (and several other ladies of fashion, who are compleatly *en bon point*) themselves sweltering in a polite mob.

LORD L——, who was escorting Mrs. E—— through the court that leads to the dancing-room, had the misfortune to run his head against the large pair of moose deer's antlers that front the stairs, which so discomposed the decoration of his attic story, that he was obliged to retire, and leave his partner in the possession of a rival, until he could repair the damage the region of his brain had sustained.

N. B. These enormous antlers discomposed the heads of several other noblemen and gentlemen, who testified their surprise that they had not been removed upon this occasion.

Honi soit qui mal y pense.

A singular Character, approaching to an
ODDITY.

*Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine laesus:
Rem magnam praestas, Zoile, si bonus es.*

Mart. Epig. 54. l. 12.

Thy head and heart are of a different dye;
Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
With all these tokens of a knave complete,
Should'st thou be honest thou'rt a devilish cheat.

JACK Spratt is that very little man, who makes his appearance every day precisely at two at the London Coffee-house. To say that he limps would only be saying that he is a little lame: he is qualified to perform the *diable boiteux*, almost as well as *Sam Foote*. It is next to impossible, unless you have the patriotic squint, and catch him in his own medium, to know whether he looks at you or the clock; and as he is a great admirer of the rotation of time, and considers

—— every hour a mighty treasure won,
As we cannot live too fast, but may live too soon;

it is with inexpressible pleasure he hears St. Paul's sonorous bell every day strike two, as it not only reminds him he has *eat* so long to *live*, but that he has *lived* so long to *eat*; for the hour of attack approaches, and the fumes of Dolly's in the *dog-days* cannot diminish his great aptitude, from *use* as well as a *desire* of swallowing one pound three quarters of Burrows's *ten-inch deep rump*.

[Perhaps this expression may require an explanation, and we will do it in crotchets, not to interrupt Mr. Spratt's progress. It is a steadfast and invariable rule with Messieurs L. S. K. G. and R. who never fail appearing every day, the *two* sabbaths excepted, upon Change, between the hours of two and three, whether they have any business there or not, as constantly to call in their way thither at Burrows's, and prick down upon the rump, in hand, the precise place of cutting their allowance, to be ready exactly at five and thirty minutes past three; whence these gentlemen are stiled the *ten-inch deep rumpers*].

His devotion being ended at Dolly's, with a half pint libation, in honour of *Old Porto*, he adjourns to the St. Martin's le Grand coffee-house, to pay his *devoirs* to the widow, and *smoke* two pipes of *Harding's* best Oroonoko. It may, perhaps, be doubted in the physical world whether the virtues of tobacco extend to the fair sex: the scent of it is indeed in general disagreeable to them; but its effects

effects we have reason to believe are nevertheless much to their advantage. At least Mr. Sprat's journal in a great measure corroborates this opinion. No sooner has he finished his last pipe, but he repairs with all possible activity to the next stand of coaches, and drives to his beloved Mrs. K——, in Titchfield-Street, Cavendish-Square, where tea and love by turns solace him till ten, when he appears once more upon the horizon of punch and politics at Ashley's.

Jack is an arrant patriot, and would sooner give up his best leg, the only support of himself and his constitution, than give up sheriff Wilkes, whom he considers as the support of the life and constitution of this kingdom: he therefore discants, with great volubility, upon the depravity of the times, the unredressed grievances of the people, the venality and ignorance of the ministers, the rectitude of the patriot's public and private conduct, till he is frequently taken for the sheriff elect's brother; but this is only whilst he sits. He no sooner rises in support of the last Address, Petition and Remonstrance, but even Ashley, deaf as he is, distinctly hears the sum of all paper political disquisition in favour of patriotism and the liberties of the people.

Though Jack, the little patriot, is thus strenuous in the support of the cause of his namesake, the great patriot, he has not yet subscribed a single shilling at the society of the Bill of Rights; for, to own the truth, no man knows the value of money better than Sprat, and no man is a greater censor upon dissipation, and the folly of enriching our enemies, by drinking their four wines at five shillings a bottle, whilst we may drink good old port for two, notwithstanding this erroneous system is constantly pursued by the great patriot, at the expence of the people.

With all these whimsicalities about Jack, he has some virtues, which should not be concealed. He is no hypocrite, and acknowledges his faults: he frequently debars himself of a new suit of cloaths, as he thinks the money more usefully employed in assisting two young females, his kinswomen, who have no other support than his beneficence. He will serve a friend in distress, and would consider it as an insult, if either interest or premium were offered for the loan of a hundred for six months. Jack has six hundred a year, of which he does not lay up a farthing: though he does not expend three hundred entirely on himself, he ap-

propriates the other three to those who really want them. In a word, *Jack is honest, and a devilish cheat!*

COSMOPOLITUS DETECTED.

Bristol, July, 1771.

INGRATITUDE is at length become so very familiar to a great part of mankind, that the detection of it can scarce excite a blush in the face of the offending party; it stamps the blackness of a Zanga on the consciences, it finds a safe harbour in the inmost recesses of their hearts, and their minutest actions evince an utter estrangement to every good principle. That such is the state of Cosmopolitus is irrefragable, he being lately a member of that very club (till by various misdemeanors he was unanimously expelled) against which he now rails with such sarcastic virulence.

He sets out with remarking the torrent of abuse which has been so liberally poured out lately against the Bristolians. Strange! that Saturn should be divided against himself; when he, this very identical Cosmopolitus, has been the cause of great part of this ferment, by spreading the conflagration still further; as an instance of which (see his elegant remonstrance, Vol. III. p. 70,) where the gratitude of a Bristolian shines in him with redoubled lustre. The depreciating the characters of his best friends, or villifying his native city, he considers as shewing his parts and superior strokes of genius; the blackening the reputation of an eminent merchant he calls "damned good fun, merriment, and harmless railery." His endeavours to make his master ridiculous were not, however, attended with that *funny success* which his vanity seemed so sanguine of. Some obvious proofs coming to the knowledge of the enraged Harry Croker, convinced him that our hero was the "dirty-faced wit" who had treated his honour so sacrilegiously. Harry, who is a common-council-man of this *polite* corporation, was it seems, equally with the rest of his venerable brethren, a *plaguy enemy* to wit and humour; and therefore it will not appear at all strange that the miraculous erudition of our merry philosopher should make no impression on the callous heart of the unerudite anti-patriotic Harry, who retorted his literary arguments by unanswerable manual responses, which the *slender frame* of our unlucky satyrist bore with the most astonishing Stoical fortitude.

JULY, 1771.

Z z

Although

Although he hath proclaimed to the world, in broad hints, Harry's numerous intrigues, yet Cosmopolitus himself may boast of many favours received from the fair-sex, though his amours end but seldom so fortunately as his master's. A young lady, who sometimes of a morning and evening sells milk just for her amusement, and to keep herself from idleness, to which it seems she always had an unconquerable aversion, played the fatal artillery of her bright eyes with such success on his ductile heart, ever susceptible of the tender passion, to the destruction of his peace, that sleep was banished from his couch by night; and by day the image of her charms made him commit various unaccountable blunders, such as making Harry debtor to private expences, with which he was entirely unacquainted. Having gained intelligence of her habitation, he found means to introduce himself to her, and pleaded the violence of his passion with such persuasive eloquence, that the condescending nymph, whose tender heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness, could not withstand the triumphant power of his rhetorick, and accordingly appointed him an assignation, which was to be at his own house, when the rest of the family were sheltered beneath the downy wings of Morpheus. At the appointed time Cosmopolitus repaired to his charmer with as much impatience as a physician for his fee, or a beau, with his first pair of silk-stockings on, to a ball. No ideas but those of love, rapture, and extasy entered his beatific imagination. His goddess appeared at the door ready to receive him: whereupon he began to bless his stars, and congratulate himself as a devilish lucky fellow; but giving vent to his passion with too much energy, the watchful mother of his angel, hearing our hero in close conference with her daughter, curiosity, aided by jealousy, those dæmons of the fair-sex, stimulated her to an increase of knowledge, which passion she instantly gratified, by the assistance of the moon, at the expence of her quiet; for looking out of window, the sight of a person, in so critical a situation with her beloved daughter kindled some very disagreeable sensations in her breast. Starting back with the frantic gesticulations of a bedlamite, she caught up a very necessary utensil, common in most bed-chambers: and, O direful event! discharged the aromatic contents as expeditiously and with as little ceremony as lord M—— can alter a record, or the a—— - g—— file an

official information, on the devoted head of our satirical lover; with the addition of a volley of opprobrious epithets. The fervour of Cosmopolitus's love now being pretty well cooled, he retired as *decently* as he possibly could, and has never since ventured his *sweet* person within the purlieus of the Great-garden.

He is pleased to compliment the members of the Bristol spouting club, with the title of "staunch patriots." Their pretension to this appellation they by no means choose to deny; and think themselves out-done by none in *that* department, saving the republican *Cosmopolitus*, who, having adopted his master's cast-off principles, seems to be *doubly staunch*; as no one in this anti-ministerial society can drink confusion to Jacobites, or success to the opposition, with half the grace of this apostate brother. A taste for politics, and a love for his country, seem to be infused into the most common occurrences of his life. He being appointed to compose some rules for the well-regulating of this school of Thespis, among others equally patriotic, he says, "expulsion is incapacitation by the laws of this society, though not by the genuine laws of the land. N. B. The case of the Middlesex election is quite out of the question." Here are rules for ye, law and patriotism in a breath. O ye sage legislators of Great-Britain, be petrified with wonder! ye beef-eating sons of liberty, who support the Bill of Rights, blink like owls in the sun-shine, to see yourselves out-done by that wonder of wonders the inimitable Cosmopolitus. In short, shew me such another set of rules in this kingdom, and I'll forfeit every pretension to popularity.

He likewise charges them with lampooning their fellow-citizens: this assertion is enough to excite the risibility of a cynic, as I know of none but Cosmopolitus himself, whose character is here hinted at. A gentleman, remarkable for his inordinate love to a well known vegetable, called *cabbage*, thought himself corpulent and consequential enough to influence the vestry of a certain parish to choose him church-warden; in search of which preferment, however, he made more bustle than well became him: the behaviour of this ninth part of a man awoke the resentment of Cosmopolitus, who straight set his wits to work to compose a *thing* which he called an epigram, which in less than a fortnight he completed, and sent the astonished maker of habits by the post as follows:

"Advice

“ Advice to a certain busy taylor in the parish of St. Philip.

*If your nose or your breech you would save
from abuse,
Mind your business at home---I say stick to
your goole.*

NO VESTRYMAN.”

Now let the world judge to whom the title of lampooners rightly belongs—

The delicate texture of Cosmopolitus's feelings so far from being inferior to Harry's is infinitely superior, notwithstanding the disadvantage of his never being in the “ lobby of the house of commons,” which misfortune, however, he very amply balances by closely frequenting the seminary of theatrical exhibition in *Casile-Green*, where that essence of oratorical excellency, the polite *Mr. Lascivious*, attracts the attention of the gaping multitude by the mere dint of graceful elocution and pantomimic flourish. Our satyrist is the sincerest votary, and greatest admirer of this *Cambrian* comet, whose eloquence is out-done by nothing but his egotism.

Here Cosmopolitus may be constantly seen once a week amidst his auditors, his eyes, head, and hands keeping such exact time and imitation of the most approved actions of the modern *Henley*, as induces many of those fascinated sons of enthusiasm to imagine he will shortly have a *call*, and publicly step forth a champion in support of his favourite doctrine, *Deism*.

In enumerating the characters performed by those young Thespians, he has unfortunately neglected mentioning the principal performer, *CYRUS*, by the incomparable Cosmopolitus. Perhaps, this was done designedly, lest his uncommon accomplishments should be waisted on the passing breezes of fame to the ears of the hero of Drury, and he should oblige him to accept of a salary of one thousand pounds against his will; but as Mr. Lofty observes, “ every man hath some failing, and too much *modesty* is his.” I must, therefore, beg leave of the ingenious Mr. Davis, in justice to his merit, to *hang* him up among the WOODEN WORTHIES, in character.



Z z z

Behold

Behold then this prince of players, this prodigy of poets, with what grace he handles his *spear*, what majesty is seated in his countenance, what gallantry in his deportment, what elegance in the turn of his shoulders! Where are your Powells and Hollands now? Arise ye sons of slumber from the subterraneous repositories of the dead, and see yourselves eclipsed by this stripling, who, like a blazing meteor, illumines our Bristolian firmament. Now fix you attention, ye sharp-visaged crew of critics, I dare you to point out one impropriety, either in attitude, action, or accent. No! ye are all silent, all turned to statues with wonder; and the cruelty of your tempers, mollified by the humanizing power of admiration.

A terrible *fracas* happening the last time of his representing this character, had like to have made the whole performance terminate in a real tragedy. Harry Pop, well known for his erroneous method of pronunciation, and still more erroneous action, condescended to *do* the part of Mandane to him; in the course of which, he was guilty of a solecism, as usual, which the delicate ears of Cosmopolitus could by no means bear, and which he instantly corrected: whereupon her royal highness, who thought herself in the right, and who had forgot the good-manners necessary in so polite a place as the court of Media, flatly gave our hero the lie. This was an insult which required immediate satisfaction, so away fled filial respect, like the impartiality of a Monthly Reviewer, or the chastity of a modern chamber-maid, and with the uplifted arm of impiety, he smote the mother who bore him; who instantly returned the favour with a blow, which brought the son of *Cambyse* to the ground. Jack Touchstone, the haberdasher, who had just been murdering the majesty of *Alexander*, flew to the assistance of his friend *Cyrus*, who had by this time again joined the fight. The two heroes of antiquity, in vain, used their utmost efforts to subdue this Amazonian princess, who with one blow stretched young *Annon*, the Macedonian warrior, on the tragical carpet, and quick as lightning darting her fist at the lengthened visage of the other buskined brother, laid him once more in the same posture: now the engagement became general; kings, queens, and conquerors, threw aside their tin crowns, brazen scepters, and rolling-pin truncheons, to gain a share in the glory of the day. Cato left moralizing, forgot his soliloquy, and exerted his little powers for the preservation of that life for which he had just be-

fore expressed the greatest contempt. Grave senators, soothsayers, and reverend priests, engaged in the horror of civil war; and monarchs with plebeians fought promiscuously. This was the state of affairs, when the *maitre d'hôtel* (Mr. Peck) interposed his supreme authority to quell the noisy combatants. By this management discord hid her sable plumes, and the peaceful olive branch was once more displayed before the eyes of those sons of terror. This accident almost exhausted their treasury, in repairing the damage done to their swords, scepters, and helmets. "Ye gods, what havoc doth ambition make—among your works."

I shall take leave of this *Citizen of the World*; for were I to attempt communicating every *interesting* event of his life, it would prove a work as voluminous as Hill's British Herbal, and be of as little consequence to the generality of your readers.

VERITAS.

THE THEATRE. N^o. XXVIII.

ON the 15th instant a comedy, called the *Tobacconist*, was performed at the Theatre-Royal, in the Hay-Market. It is founded on the *Alchymist* of Ben Johnson, most of whose characters are retained, and two new ones are introduced. This piece is altered by Mr. Gentleman, who has endeavoured to preserve the ridicule and satire of Ben Johnson, and to suppress the superfluous characters and bombast dialogue. Being curtailed to a *petite piece*, the *alchymist* appears in a more agreeable dress, suited to the taste and manners of the times; and some temporary strokes are thrown out in the characters of Miss *Rantipole*, a gay giddy girl of fortune, and *Headlong*, a boisterous blade, a modern buck of the first head. The first was performed by Mrs. Didier, and sustained with great spirit and propriety. Mr. Weston was furnished with an opportunity of displaying his great dramatic powers in low comedy, in the part of Abel Druggier, which he performed much to the satisfaction of the audience, and obtained that applause to which he is so justly entitled.

The *Tobacconist* was introduced by a Prologue, written and spoken by Mr. Gentleman, which we have selected in our Poetry.

The comic opera of *QUEEN DIDO* was performed for the first time at the same theatre on the 24th instant. The story of this

this piece, which is written by the author of *Homer Travesty*, is taken from Cotton's *Travesty of Virgil's Æneid*. The Prologue was spoken by Mrs. Gardner in the character of Flora, and was much applauded. (See page 385.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Æneas,	- - -	Mr. Dibdin.
Achates,	- - -	Mr. Robson.
Neptune,	- - -	Mr. Phillips.
Eolus,	- - -	Mr. Hamilton.
Vulcan,	- - -	Mr. Vandermere.
Jarbas,	- - -	Mr. Cornelys.
Antheus,	- - -	Mr. Farrel.
Cupid,	- - -	Master Sewett.
Dido,	- - -	Mrs. Didier.
Juno,	- - -	Miss Ambrose.
Nanny,	- - -	Mrs. Granger.
Iris,	- - -	Mrs. Collins.
Venus,	- - -	Mrs. Jewell.

The first scene represents a street, where Juno descends from her chariot, and after an air, a dialogue takes place between her and Eolus, in which she engages him to sink Eneas's bark. The next scene represents the sea with a rock, on which Eolus is discovered with his four journeymen, every one having a pair of long nozzled bellows; and when a boat appears with Eneas and Achates, they blow it off. Neptune then rises out of the sea, and abuses him for his insolence; but Eolus laying the blame upon Juno, Neptune pardons him. Neptune now hauls the boat on shore, and lands Eneas and Achates, when Neptune makes himself known, and promises if they return that road, not only to procure a week's fair weather, but also to provide a good dish of sprats for them, as Juno has bore a little too hard upon them and their countrymen.

The next is a rural scene, in which Venus descends from her chariot, when, lamenting the hard fate of Eneas, and resolving to assist him, she sings the following air, which is very happily set, and met with so much applause as to be *encored*.

Let every god his taste pursue,
Let Mars get cudgel'd black and blue,
Let Juno scold, let Bacchus drink,
Let sage Minerva pore and think,

Let squeaking Dr. Catgut sing,
Let Neptune catch his cod and ling,
Let Mercury mind his thieving trade,
Let chaste Diana die a maid;

But all the joys that they can prove,
Must yield to one soft hour of love.

Achates and Eneas now appear, and Venus, after having retired, returns disguised, when she directs them the way to the city of Carthage, and lends each of them a cloak to render them invisible. When Venus goes off, Achates says, "if this was not your mother Venus, I'll never trust my nose again; don't you smell what a refreshing scent of rose-water she has left behind her?" which Eneas crediting, he sings

Why, O mother, wou'd you run
From so dutiful a son,
And leave your bastard in a pet,
Hungry, thirsty, cold and wet?

I took my father on my back,
And let him ride a-pig-a-pack;
Pray what harm then cou'd there be,
If you had done the same for me?

This air was happily suited to Mr. Dibdin's manner, which he executed with his usual taste.

The next scene is in Dido's house, where Dido and Nanny enter. Nanny informs the queen that Jarbas, her old lover, is coming to see her, which, after a short dialogue, introduces this air by Dido.

I often have try'd, my dear sister Nan,
To bring down my stomach, and like that
poor man;
But whenever he's with me, I sit upon
thorns,
And all the next night dream of nothing
but horns.

This temporary allusion has a good effect upon the risible muscles of the audience.

Venus and Cupid next appear, in which she instructs him how to assail Dido, in favour of Eneas, and Cupid concludes with the following song.

Cupid, god of pleasing anguish,
Teach, O teach my swain to languish;
Teach the silly youth to be
As great a simpleton as me.

Silly maid, shou'd thy desire
Fill his breast with equal fire,
All thy love would in a trice
Change from scorching flame to ice.

Wouldst thou all thy pains remove,
Fly to wisdom, not to love;
Wisdom will thy peace regain,
Cupid only laughs at pain.

In the next scene Dido invites Eneas to partake of a repast after his fatigue, and when

when they go off together, Achates sings this much admired air, which was *encored*.

Whenever I ask a brisk girl for a kiss,
She looks plaguy frumpish, and takes it
amiss;
But when this Eneas once offers to bill,
She cocks up her chin, and cries kiss if
you will.

The man has most certainly got a rare
knack
Of giving a kiss with an excellent smack;
And no sooner's alone with a wench, but
he whips
His arms round her neck, and then smack
goes her lips.

The second act opens with a room in
Dido's house, where Eneas and Achates
are very busy in doing honour to some of
her cuttards, and she sings,

Shall the dame that milks six cows,
Cuttards to her guests refuse:
Shall the famous Queen Dido
Let the hungry Trojans go
With empty stomach?—no, no, no,
No, no, no, they shall not go
With empty stomachs from Dido.

In the next scene Venus and Juno have
a conference concerning Dido, in which
Juno expresses her concern lest Eneas
should prevail upon her majesty to make a
faux pas; but Venus fancying that Juno
wants the Trojans to be gally-slaves to
her Tyrian wenches, she sings

Juno in the suds wou'd leave me,
When she's got her own jobs done;
But no woman shall deceive me,
That she may depend upon.

Men, indeed, do often nick us,
Canting rogues, that swear and lie;
Nature helps the knaves to trick us,
We believe, we know not why.

In the succeeding scene Venus endeavours to persuade Vulcan to put a fine steel point to a broomstick and an iron handle to a potlid for Eneas; but he refuses to work for that bastard, till she persuades him by singing

Come my dearest Vulkee, come,
Do not look so cross and glum:
You forgot your turtle dove,
Is the beauteous queen of love.

Shall my Vulkee, whom I kiss,
Grudge so small a boon as this,
Grudge to make my hopeful son
Swords, or potlids, or a gun?

No, it never shall be said,
That to him that shares my bed,
Beauty, in a humble strain,
Ever pleaded once in vain.

Eneas in the next scene resolves to fly from Dido; when she detects him making off with a wet shirt, and gives him a hearty scolding and kicking till she falls into a swoon, when he sings,

Old soldiers like me who in dangers have
been,
Chuse to sleep if they can with whole
bones in their skin;
And know by experience a prudent retreat
Has often prevented a total defeat.
I think it best to move off whilst she is
quiet;
If I stay till she wakes, she'll soon kick up
a riot;
And therefore no longer in danger I'll
keep,
But steal a day's march whilst the foe is
asleep.

Jarbas now comes to pay his devoirs to Dido, and brings some provisions, as he fancies the Trojans must have eat her out of house and home. Dido is so much affected at Eneas's departure, that she hangs herself in her garters, and is cut down by Jarbas, to whom she is soon persuaded to give her hand, Juno, Venus, and Cupid assisting; and the little god concludes the piece with the following air.

Ye batchelors all, who wou'd lead happy
lives,
I'll tell you the method of gaining good
wives;
You must boldly attack 'em, and throw off
all fears,
But take special care that you prick up
your ears.

And when you have gain'd a most excel-
lent wife,
Remember, the market's to last for your
life;
So don't, in a fortnight, grow tir'd of
your dears,
But keep up your spirits, and prick up
your ears.
So don't, &c.

This Opera was extremely well performed, and met with great applause from a polite audience.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

NOTwithstanding the many severe reflections that daily appear concerning the unparalleled depravity of the polite world at this time, I cannot discover with what justice these censors so peculiarly stigmatize this period for vice and immorality. It is well known that at the beginning of this century the young men of fashion were so famous, or rather infamous for their nocturnal debaucheries and licentious cruelty, that it was dangerous for a sober person to be in the streets after midnight. The *Mohawks* and *Sweaters* are handed down to us as an abandoned set of young fellows of fashion, who patroled the streets, to break lamps, insult the watch, and roll them in their stands, if they made any opposition: to surround an honest citizen with drawn swords, and pink him on which ever side he endeavoured to make his escape. These gentlemen soon after incorporated themselves, with several ladies of the first fashion, into a society, under the denomination of the *Hell fire club*, where every kind of obscenity was practised; and it is asserted upon good authority that all the members danced naked. The rendezvous of the celebrated Moll King in Covent-Garden, must be remembered by many of your middle-aged readers, which was a receptacle for libertines of both sexes, and where drunkenness, prophane discourse, and the most libidinous conversation, formed a prelude to every other species of practical debauchery. Lord Mordington's public gaming table under the Piazza was a kind of auxiliary to this infamous rendezvous, by hourly supplying it with broken gamblers, way-laying sharpers, and highwaymen in waiting for the departure of the stage coaches. The suppression of public masquerades in the Hay-Market is so recent, that it is astonishing so many invectives should have been thrown out against the private balls given by different societies of gentlemen as a kind of infamous prelude to appointments and assignations, with which we were till now unacquainted.

Not one of these nuisances now subsists, and yet this is pronounced the most profligate and immoral æra that can be traced in the annals of this country. Are the amours and intrigues of a few women of fashion, to stamp the whole nation with the brand of infamy? No,

there certainly are at this time as many virtuous women and faithful wives as at any other period that can be mentioned. There ever were and ever will be some vicious females in the most exalted ranks of life, and if accident has lately rendered their faults more conspicuous than those of their predecessors, it is to be attributed more to chance than to any extraordinary proportion of vice being prevalent amongst them. Let those who doubt this assertion read Mrs. Behn's *Atalantis*, and several other works of a similar nature that have appeared at different periods.

The accusation, which is almost constantly taken for a proof, that the women in general are now more addicted to play, and less disposed to needle work and such like female vocations, than ever was before known, is equally groundless. I will venture to affirm that a greater emulation now prevails among the ladies for producing fine works than ever before excited them; and that every department of female education is now more studiously attended to, than in the time of their grand-mothers. The modern languages and music were acquisitions they were entirely unacquainted with, and very few could write their own tongue with any degree of propriety.

I could not refrain setting this matter in its real light, for the honour of my fair countrywomen, in despite of those censors and correctors, who consist either of needy authors, who write for bread, and are compelled to snatch every popular breeze of scandal to supply their necessities; old dotards, who having outlived their passions and their powers, rail at the fair like the fox in the fable, and would represent them as devils because they cannot attain them as angels; or antiquated Beldames, who having survived all claims of admiration, through envy and despair, represent every agreeable female, whose youth and beauty secure her admirers, as a demi-rep at least, if not a downright concubine.

With regard to the young fellows of taste and fashion, those who have sense enough to avoid being ridiculous through extravagance and vanity, are as virtuous and honorable as any of their predecessors: and though they may not claim the chastity of a Scipio, when a fine woman comes in their way, there are but few *Lotharios*, and only one *Altieri*, and he is not an Englishman, but an Italian.

If, Sir, you judge these observations worthy of a place in your impartial Miscellany

cellany, I should be glad to see them inserted as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,

Amongst the number of your

Lincoln's Inn,

Constant readers,

July 1771.

ALTAMONT.

A LETTER from a Persian Merchant to his Friend at Ispahan.

A Very pretty, fresh-coloured girl lodges in a house opposite to mine. After having observed her staring at me from her window, for several days, and solitious to fix my attention by a thousand little arts, which I cannot describe, I became so enamoured with her, that I resolved to demand her in marriage. I went to make a visit to her in form; and was received by her mother, a widow, who very civilly desired to know what I wanted.

"I have a garden at Ispahan, madam," said I, "adorned with the finest flowers of the East. I have the Persian jasmín, the Indian rose, the violet of Media, and the tulip of Candahar; but I have lately beheld an English lilly, more fair than all those, and far more sweet, which I desire to transplant into my garden. This lilly, madam, is now in your possession, and I come a suppliant to you, that I may obtain it." The old lady, not comprehending what I meant, assured me, very seriously, that I was mistaken, as she had neither a rose nor a lilly belonging to her.

"Lilly," replied I, "is your lovely daughter, whom I come to ask of you for my wife."

"What do you propose to settle upon her?" answered she, "that is the first point to be considered."

"I will do by her very handsomely," said I. "She shall have two black eunuchs, an old midwife, and a chamber-maid."

"Two Blacks," answered she, "are well enough; but I should think two French footmen would be genteeler. However, Sir, we won't quarrel about her equipage: the question is what provision you think of making."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," replied I, "she shall have meat enough, I warrant you: plenty of rice; and the best sherbet in all Persia."

"Don't tell me of rice and sherbet," said the old woman, "what jointure will you give her?"

This word stopped me short, for I did not know what a jointure signified: at last

she explained herself, by asking me how her daughter should live after my death?

"I have an Indian wife," answered I, "who intends to burn herself as soon as I expire; but I would not recommend this way of proceeding to your daughter."

"How!" said she. "You are married then already?"

"Yes," said I, "in Persia we are allowed to take as many women as we can keep; and it seems to me that the men in England do the same, only leaving out the ceremony."

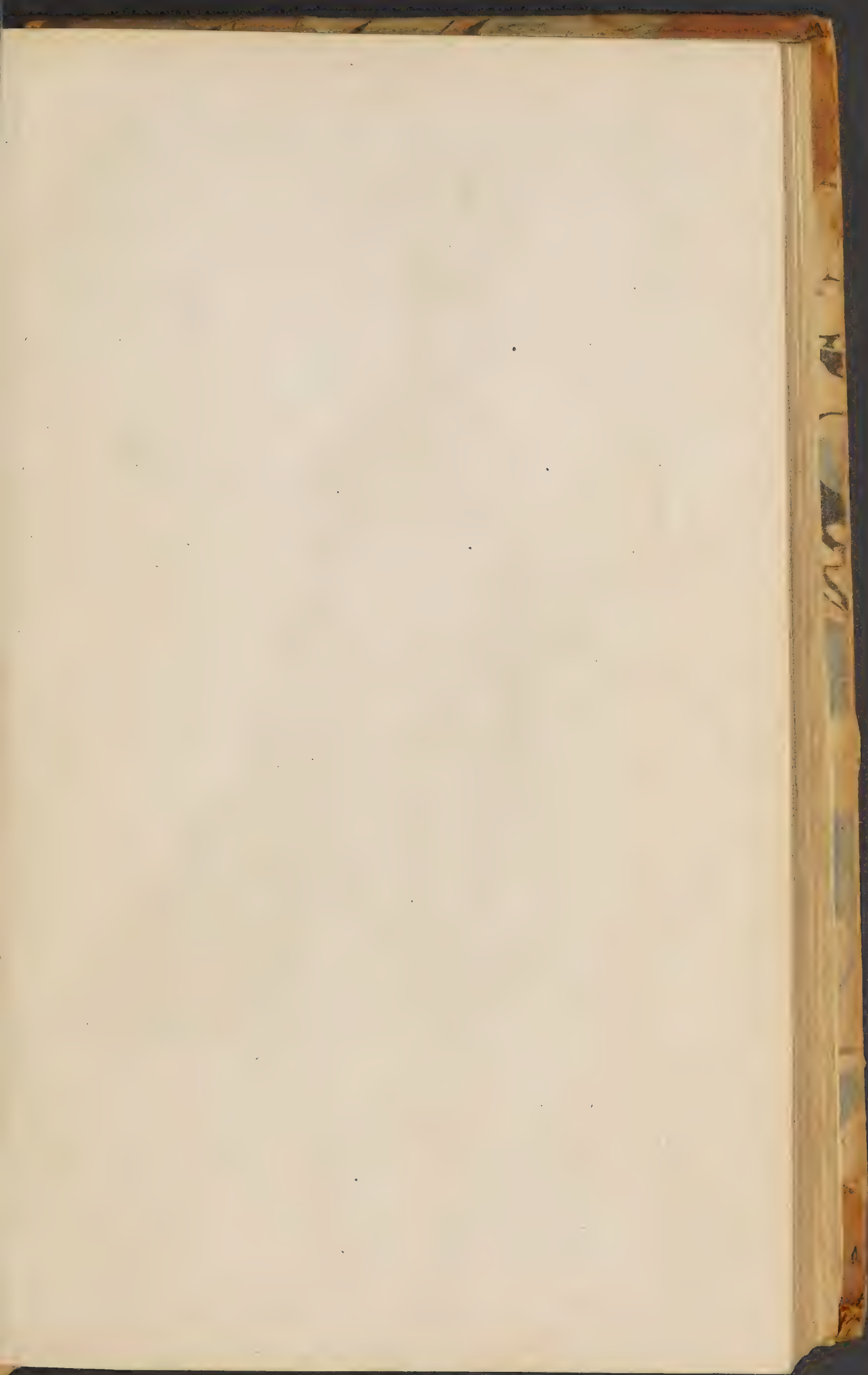
"It is a very wicked practice," replied she, "but since your religion allows you to act in that manner, and since my daughter's fortune is too small to get a husband among Christians, I am not much averse to the disposal of her to you upon reasonable terms, because I am told you are very rich."

Scarce had she spoke these words, when my little mistress, who had been listening to our discourse behind a skreen, came out from the place of her concealment, and told her mother, "That if so many women were to live together, she was sure there would be no peace in the family; and therefore desired her to insist upon a good separate maintenance, in case her husband and she should disagree."

"What," said I, "young lady, do you think already of separating your interests from mine? and must I be obliged to pay my wife for living ill with me, as much as I should for living well? No, by Heli, I will never marry a woman who is so determined to rise in rebellion against her husband, that she even articles for it in her marriage-contract."

Boileau's Apology to the Ladies for the Liberty he had taken in painting their Vices.

ALL the pictures which I have drawn are so genteel, that instead of being afraid of making the ladies offended with me, I ground my greatest hopes of success on their approbation and curiosity. For one thing, at least, they will, I am sure, commend me; that is, for having found out a way of treating a very delicate affair in such a manner, as not to give the least offence to modesty by any indelicate expressions. I hope, therefore, I shall easily obtain my pardon; I hope too that the ladies will not be more shocked at my preaching against their faults in this satire (his satire against women) than at the satires which are every day levelled against them from the pulpit."





*A Knight of the Garter;
in the full Habit of the Order.*

An Account of the Installation of the Knights of the GARTER at WINDSOR: illustrated with a fine Copper-Plate, representing a Knight at full Length, dressed in the Robes of the Order, executed by an eminent Artist.

THE castle of Windfor (in the lower court of which is situated St. George's chapel, wherein the august ceremony of the installation of the knights of the Garter is performed) was first built by William the Conqueror, soon after his ascending the throne of England, on account of its healthful and pleasant situation; he resided here, as it was a place of strength and security, which he judged necessary at the beginning of his reign.

Henry I. his son, greatly improved it, adding many buildings, and surrounded the whole with a strong wall. Several succeeding monarchs also resided in this castle, and probably for the same reason as William the Conqueror. Edward the Third was born in this castle. This sovereign razed the ancient building, and erected the present, inclosing it with a strong stone rampart: the chapel of St. George was new built in the year 1337, and the noble order of the Garter instituted by him.

The architecture of the inside of this chapel, has ever been esteemed for its neatness and beauty: the stone roof in particular is reckoned a most excellent piece of workmanship, scarcely to be equalled. It is an ellipsis supported by pillars of the ancient Gothic order, which sustain the whole ceiling with much taste and elegance. Each part of this lofty ceiling has a different device; among others, the arms of Edward the Confessor, Edward III. Henry VI. Edward IV. Henry VII. and Henry VIII. also the arms of France and England quarterly, the holy cross, the shield or cross of St. George, the rose, portcullis, lion rampant, unicorn, flower de luce, dragon, prince's feather, &c. also the arms of Bouchier, Stafford, Hastings, Beaufort, Manners, and other noble families.

The knights elect antiently went in a solemn and stately cavalcade to Windfor, accompanied by their friends, and attended by their servants in the richest liveries. The procession from their lodgings in the chapel, to the castle of St. George, has likewise frequently been on horseback, but most commonly it was, as it is at present, on foot. The conducting the many ceremonies established by the royal founder, and the succeeding sovereigns of this illustrious order, belongs to Garter king at arms, who is appointed to maintain and support its dignity.

JULY, 1771.

On the morning of the installation, the knights commissioners, whom the sovereign has appointed to install the persons who are to have the honour of being invested with this dignity, assemble in the great chamber, at the dean of Windfor's lodgings, robed in the full habit of the order, where garter and the officers of the order likewise attend in their robes; but the knights elect appear there only in their under habits, with their caps and feathers in their hands.

Here, being all assembled, those knights who are not named in the commission, are first conducted in their full habits to the chapel, preceded by the poor knights and prebends, who enter the choir bowing to the altar and the sovereign's stall; and when the knights have entered their respective stalls, the poor knights and prebends returning wait in the cloyster, but the officers of Arms in the dean's hall.

The procession from that hall to St. George's chapel then begins in the following order:

The poor knights two a-breast.

The prebends, two a-breast.

The officers of arms, two a-breast.

The elect knights, two a-breast, with their caps and feathers in their hands, the junior walking first, and if the number be odd, the junior walks alone.

Then come the officers of the order in mantles of crimson sattin, the register having on his right hand garter king at arms, who carries the sovereign's commission; and on his left the officer termed the black rod.

These are followed by the knights commissioners, two a-breast, wearing their black caps and feathers, the juniors first.

In this manner they proceed to the north ile of the chapel, where the poor knights make a stand at a small distance beyond the chapter-house door. Mean while the knights elect retire to chairs placed for them behind the altar.

The three officers of the order then enter the chapter-house, followed by the commissioners, who seat themselves by the sides of the table, according to their seniority, and the order of their stalls in the chapel. After which garter presents the commission to the senior commissioner, who delivers it to the register for him to read, which having done, he presents it to the lords commissioners, who give it him back, in order to its being entered.

Garter is then sent to conduct the senior knight by election, from his chair behind

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the

the altar, to the door of the chapter-house, where the commissioners receive him; and then garter walks before them to that part of the table where the ensigns of the knights elect are placed. After which the same officer is sent to bring him all the other knights elect, or their proxies, according to their seniority, all of whom are singly introduced, and received in the same manner.

Garter then presents to the lords commissioners the surcoat or upper habit of the order of the senior knights elect, and they invest him with it, while the register reads the following admonition: "Take this robe of crimson, to the increase of your honour; and in token or sign of the most noble order you have received; wherewith you being defended, may be bold, not only strong to fight, but also to offer yourself to shed your blood for Christ's faith, the liberties of the church, and the just and necessary defence of them that are oppressed and needy."

Garter then presents the girdle of crimson velvet to the lords commissioners, who buckle it on over the surcoat. After which they gird on the hanger and sword. The same is repeated to all the knights elect in their order, but the proxies are not invested.

The knights elect are now left in the chapter-house, while the rest go and offer the achievements of the deceased knights at the altar.

In this procession the poor knights enter the choir first, and making their reverences all together, first to the altar, and then to the sovereign's stall, proceed as near as possible to the rails of the altar, placing themselves below each other on each side.

The prebends, who follow them, make the same reverences, and stand all below the poor knights, except two, who walk up to the altar.

These are followed by the officers of arms, who bow in the same manner, and stand on both sides below the prebends.

Next come the officers of the order in the same manner, and stand before their own seat. These are followed by the commissioners, who, if they are companions, enter together, make their reverences, and stand under their banners before their respective stalls; but if they are not knights of the garter, the junior enters first, and the others follow.

Garter then going into the middle of the choir, makes his reverence, and repairs to the place where he had before caused the achievements to be laid on a stool; and taking up the banner, holds it almost

rolled up. The provincial kings at arms then meet, make their reverences, and passing down into the middle of the choir, advance to the lords commissioners, who instantly join, and receiving the banner from garter, bow towards the altar, and then to the sovereign's stall; when being preceded by the two kings at arms, carrying it with the point forward and a little declining to the first step of the altar, there make the like reverences, and from thence go to the rails, where they bow only to the altar; then kneeling, deliver the banner to the two prebends, who place it upright at the south end of the altar; when the lords commissioners, after making the same reverences as they did before in their coming up, return to their former place under their banners, attended by the provincial kings at arms, who afterwards return to their former station.

The two eldest heralds then meet in like manner; and after making their reverences, repair to the lords commissioners, to whom garter delivers the sword with the pomel upwards, which is carried and offered at the altar in the like manner; after which the commissioners again return. The two next heralds then meeting as before, repair to the lords commissioners, to whom garter delivers the helmet and crest, which are likewise offered in the same manner. And in this form the achievements of each deceased knight are offered one after the other.

The knights then standing under their respective banners, the poor knights instantly joining, make their reverences, and walk out of the choir two a-breast. The prebends next follow, and then the officers of arms in the same order. The commissioners, if knights of the garter, walk out together with the like reverences; but if they are not companions of that most noble order, the junior goes out first, and waits on the outside of the choir door till the other commissioner comes; and then the procession is continued through the ile towards the chapter-house, where the poor knights divide themselves on each side, standing at a distance from the door. The officers of arms stand nearest to it, and those of the order enter the chapter-house before the lords commissioners.

Thus the ceremony of offering the achievements is performed, previous to the installation, which now begins. The poor knights, prebends, and officers of arms, having again ranged themselves walk in procession into the choir. The poor knights pass into the chapel, make their reverences, and, as before, place themselves on both

near the altar. The prebends then follow with the same reverences, and go to their respective seats. The officers of arms stand next below the poor knights, and those of the order follow, garter in the middle carrying a cushion, on which is the mantle, hood, great-collar, George, and book of statutes: the register walking on his right hand, carries the New Testament, and the oath fairly written on parchment; and on his left walks the black-rod. They enter the choir with the like reverences, and proceed towards a seat before or below the stall of the elect knight, where garter places the cushion, with the ensigns, on the desk; the officers of the order standing below in the choir.

The commissioners having between them the knight elect, who carries his cap in his hand, then enter making the like reverences; after which they go into the seat below or under the knight's stall, the senior commissioner entering first. If there are three commissioners, the junior goes before them, and the two seniors conduct the knight.

One of the officers of the order then holding the New Testament open, the knight elect places his right hand upon it, and the register reads the oath, which is expressed in these terms: "You being chosen to be one of the honourable company of this most noble order of the garter, shall promise and swear by the holy evangelists by you here touched, that wittingly and willingly you shall not break any statute of the said order, or any articles in them contained, the same being agreeable and not repugnant to the laws of Almighty God, and the laws of this realm, as far forth as to you belongeth and appertaineth: so help you God and his holy word." Then the knight elect kisses the book. About the same time the verger conducts two prebends to the altar to officiate.

The commissioners and knight elect now leaving this under seat, the senior knight enters the appointed stall of the knight elect, who follows him, then the other commissioner also enters.

Garter and the register now enter the under seat, the black-rod continuing in his former place; and the former presenting to the commissioners the mantle, they invest the knight with it; mean while the register reads the admonition, "Receive this robe, &c."

Garter then presents to the commissioners the hood, and they put it over the knight's right shoulder, bringing the tippets

across his breast, and tucking them under the belt.

This being done, garter presents to them the great collar and George, which they hang over the mantle and hood, while the register reads the following admonition: "Wear this collar about thy neck, adorned with the image of the blessed martyr and soldier of Christ, St. George; by whose imitation provoked, thou mayest so pass over both prosperous and adverse encounters, that having stoutly vanquished thy enemies, both of body and soul, thou mayst not only receive the praises of this transient combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory."

Garter then presents the statute book, which the commissioners deliver to the knight, after which they place his cap and feathers on his head, and seat him in his stall. This being done, the officers of the order retire with the usual reverences, and stand before their seats; while the knight thus installed rises, and bows first towards the altar, and then to the sovereign's stall: The commissioners then embracing him, congratulate him, and descend; when being come into the middle of the choir, they make their reverences; and if no more are to be installed, the junior knight stands in the choir before his stall, till the senior ascends his; the other then also takes his stall, and both make their reverences as soon as they are in them; after which the officers of the order make their reverences, and place themselves in their seats. The officers of arms in a body do the like, and proceeding towards the sovereign's stall, place themselves on both sides. At last the poor knights do the same, and retire to their seats.

But if any other knight is to be installed, the commissioners descend in the manner above described, and stand under their banners. The poor knights then join, and making their reverences, go out two and two. The officers of arms then do the same; then the officers of the order, and then the commissioners, if companions together, or otherwise the junior first; and from thence introducing the other knight elect, install him in the same manner.

If this be done by proxy, he enters bare-headed between the commissioners, and is conducted as above to the seat under the stall of the person he represents, where the commissioners put the mantle over his left shoulder in such a manner, as the cross embroidered within the garter may be seen; and then the commissioners seating him in the stall, he rises up, bows

to the altar and to the sovereign's stall; and then the commissioners embrace and congratulate him in the name of his principal. After which the officers of the order and the commissioners retire as above, and the proxy stands up or leans on the cushion, holding the mantle in the above mentioned form.

Prayers now begin, and the Obiit service is read in remembrance of their pious predecessors, and when these words in the prayer are pronounced, "Let your light shine, &c." the poor knights come from their seats, make their reverences, and walk up near the altar, where they place themselves as before, and are followed by the pursuivants and the officers of arms.

Garter then rising from his seat, proceeds to the middle of the choir, and there making his reverences, comes before the stalls of the junior knights, whom he summons, if they are pairs or companions, to descend together; and they having made their reverences together, go under their banners, and then all the other knights and proxies are summoned, who in the same manner descend; but if any knight or proxy wants his companion, he descends single. While all the knights and proxies are thus standing under their banners, garter making his reverences, repairs to his seat, and the provincial kings at arms meeting, make their reverences, repair to the senior knight or knights, if pairs, who go from their banners, make their reverences, and being preceded by the kings at arms, walk to the first step of the altar, where they again make their usual reverences; but on coming to the rails, bow only towards the altar, and kneeling down, offer gold and silver into the basin held by the two prebends. They then again bow to the altar only, and at their return, on the lowest step bow to the altar and the sovereign's stall. Thence they are conducted to the stalls of the junior knights, on their respective sides, where being ascended, they again make their reverences, and pass on through the stalls to their own, where they do the same, and then sit down.

Afterwards the two eldest heralds, in like manner, conduct the next knight or knights, who with the same ceremonies make their offerings, and return to their stalls; and this is repeated till all the knights have offered; it being a rule constantly observed, that if any knight has not his companion, he offers singly by himself. After the offering, the officers of arms make their reverences in a body,

and stand in their former places, near the sovereign's stall, while the poor knights retire to their seats.

The prayers being ended, the vergers conduct the prebendaries from the altar to their seats, having made their reverences.

The solemnity of the installation being thus over, and prayers being ended, the grand procession from the choir begins. The knights being now in the full habit of the order, with their caps on their heads, adorned with plumes of feathers, richly set with diamonds, proceed round the body of the church, and passing out at the south door preceded by his majesty's music, the poor knights of Windsor, the choir of St. George's chapel, the canons or prebendaries of Windsor, the heralds and pursuivants at arms, the dean of Windsor, register of the order, with garter king at arms on his right hand, and the black rod of the order on the other. Then follow the knights companions, according to their stalls, their train supported by the choiristers of St. George's chapel.

It is to be observed, that the proxy goes in the place of the principal, carrying the mantle on his left arm; but at the door of the chapel, the sexton receives the mantle from him, and he goes no further in the procession.

The procession is thus continued in great state through the courts of the castle into St. George's hall. The knights then rest themselves in the royal apartments, while a sumptuous dinner, if the sovereign be present, is served up in this magnificent room, or, in the king's absence, in the great guard chamber next adjoining, into which the knights are introduced, and dine with great state in the habits of the order, the officers of the order of the garter and the music attending.

At the second course, garter, with the officers at arms, proceeds from the lower end of the room to the place where the new installed knights are seated, but instantly stand up uncovered while garter proclaims the stile and title of each knight, either in English or French; and then all the officers at arms crying *largesse*, make their obeisances, and retire. The day is concluded with a ball for the ladies in the royal apartments. *

* The first founders, Anno dom. 1349. Anno Regni Regi Edwardi III.

1. The sovereign king Edward III.
2. Edward prince of Wales.
3. Henry, duke of Lancaster.

4. Tho-

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS you often usher to the world a great deal of advice, permit me to give a little in my turn upon the subject.

Of all the services a man can possibly do his neighbour, there is no one which he engages in with more pleasure and satisfaction than to give advice; as it costs him nothing, he thereby offers up incense to his own judgment. The promptitude with which we afford advice to others, is certainly a mark of vanity in presuming to have more discernment than our neighbours; and real friendship has seldom very little share in the offering. Advice, in the usual intercourse of the world, is nothing more than the effusion of lukewarm friendship, and is substituted in lieu of good will, when the party is not inclined to perform any other service. I have indeed observed that these ready counsellors, however lavish of their counsel, are very tenacious of their purse.

At the same time I do not pretend to decry all advice; it is often well meant, and sometimes useful, even from ignorant people, which evinces that it is not always by dint of genius that we are extricated from difficulties. Counsellors of the poorest abilities in the general commerce of life, may sometimes throw out a useful hint that is not to be despised. As such events are scarce, it requires as much judgment to discriminate between good and bad advice, as is necessary to enable us to give the former and restrain the latter.

A man of sense will not idly prostitute his advice, on a capricious madbrain, who will only laugh at him for his trouble, and fancy himself infinitely superior in judgment to his adviser. None but wise men in general are capable of giving or receiving wholesome advice, being persuaded that *Nemo scit quantum nescit*. Therefore take the hint, Mr. Editor, and do not throw away your advice upon fools, puppies, *petits maitres*, and demi-reps.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

A Bit of an Adviser.

4. Thomas Beauchamp, earl of Warwick.
5. Piers Capitow de la Bouch.
6. Ralph Stafford, earl of Stafford.
7. William Montacute, earl of Salisbury.
8. Roger Mortimer, earl of March.
9. Sir John Lisle.
10. Sir Bartholemew Burghersh.
11. Sir John Beauchamp.
12. Sir John Mohun.
13. Sir Hugh Courtenay.
14. Sir Thomas Holland.
15. Sir John Grey.
16. Sir Richard Fitz-Simonde.
17. Sir Miles Stappleton.
18. Sir Thomas Walle.
19. Sir Hugh Wrotsley.
20. Sir Nele Loringe.
21. Sir John Chandos.
22. Sir James Audeley.
23. Sir Olles Holland.
24. Sir Henry Eam.
25. Sir Sanchet Daubrichourt.
26. Sir Walter Paveley.

3. Landgrave of Hesse Cassel.
4. Prince of Orange.
5. Duke of Mecklenburgh Strelitz*.
6. Duke of Rutland.
7. Duke of Kingston.
8. Duke of Grafton*.
9. Duke of Northumberland.
10. Marquis of Rockingham.
11. Earl of Bute.
12. Earl of Albemarle*.
13. The prince of Wales*.
14. Duke of Gloucester.
15. Bishop of Osnaburgh*.
16. Duke of Cumberland*.
17. Prince Ferdinand.
18. Prince of Brunswick*.
19. Earl of Chesterfield.
20. Duke of Leeds.
21. Duke of Newcastle.
22. Duke of Montague.
23. Earl of Hertford.
24. Earl Temple.
25. Duke of Marlborough*.
26. Earl Gower*.

The present Knights of the most noble
Order of the Garter are as follow :

1. The sovereign.
2. Duke of Saxe Gotha.

* Are the knights who were installed
the 25th instant.

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R, Paris, July 1, 1771.

As your Magazine still continues to furnish us with the most curious and interesting intelligence respecting the Beaumonde on your side of the water, particularly that department called the *Têtes-à-Têtes*, which are now translating by an eminent hand, and will form a neat pocket-volume, *en revanche*, I have sent you some anecdotes of gallantry within the vortex of Paris and Versailles, that will, probably, be as entertaining to your English readers.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

LE BL—C.

Mademoiselle *Du Plan* has at length broke with the perspiring *Colin* *, who for six years did the honours of her kitchen; and she has, without taking a *congé*, gone into the service of the Venetian ambassador, who retains her only *ad honores*.

The chevalier de Choiseul, not having a shilling in the world, and being desperately fond of mademoiselle *Hingel*, engaged her in a rural party *tête-à-tête*, some leagues from Paris, where he obliged her to capitulate by famine. When he found he could not inspire her with the tender passion, being destitute of the all-powerful argument *gold*, he threatened a common doom to both: said he, "I am dying by inches with love, and you will not take pity on me, so I'll starve you to death out of pure revenge." Mademoiselle *Hingel*, who esteems good eating as one of the greatest blessings of this life, judged it prudent to surrender at discretion, and made the chevalier happy at the price of a good dinner.

Mademoiselle *Arnout* has just succeeded the count de —, in the hôtel of grey musquetteers, with his majesty's permission of having always one at command at her apartments.

Mademoiselle *Tesard* having told the marquis de Romé, that she could never

* This is not *Colin Tampon*, nor *Colin Maillard*, nor *Colin the shepherd*; but *Colin the butcher*, who runs in debt like a man of quality, and imitates that character, even in a number of mistresses. This was the gallant who gathered the first fruits of the charms of the celebrated mademoiselle *Beaumenil*, who has since been so lavish of her favours to the English nobility.

like him, as he was both ugly and foolish; the marquis, in order to convince her of the contrary, sold two estates, and deposited the money in her hands; and she now begins to think him tolerably agreeable and very sensible.

Mademoiselle *Borvofin*, Mademoiselle *d'Albigni*, and some other princesses of the same order, who gave to play at their houses, have set out for the *salt-petre-works* *, for the benefit of their health; and it is expected they will remain there six weeks, at the request of his majesty.

Mademoiselle *Beaumenil* has, within these ten days, changed her lodging, which is smaller than her former apartments, though pretty extensive; and a very expert *English* geometrician, who has been upon the spot, has pronounced her residence not sufficiently extensive for her charms.

Mademoiselle *Laurencin*, who for ten years had trudged through Paris on foot, has just stepped into her coach, being handed in by the count de Bintem, whom she honoured with her acquaintance in an accidental rencounter in the Thuilleries, whilst she was there performing evening service †.

The suppers which Mademoiselle *Guimard* gives at Pantin continue very brilliant: she there receives the best and worst company in France. Princes of the blood go there to kill an hour, and the half lords through ostentation. In this respect there is a great resemblance between Pantin and Versailles.

Of all the female opera dancers, *Guimard* is the only one that has not been debauched by a footman, a soldier, or a hair-dresser. She received her first amorous lessons from Leger the dancer; and they were so instructive, that the fruits of her learning soon appeared in a child, to which she gave birth in a garret, in the midst of winter, without fire, or a laced counterpane. But since that time she has danced herself into a coach, and drives like a female phaeton throughout Paris.

* Like our Bridewell.

† In the dusk of every evening, a corps of female votaries to the Cyprean queen make their appearance in the Thuilleries: they are chiefly composed of mantua-makers and milliners, who conceal their pretty or their ugly faces under their veils. Mademoiselle *Laurincin* had served ten years in this corps, when she was promoted by the count de Bintem to be his *hand-maid*, having long experienced her dexterity and vigilance.

There

There is a school at the royal musical academy, where the opera dowagers teach their pupils to blush by rule, to cry without grief, and express their imaginary passions in cadenced airs. It was from these useful lessons, and the astringent pomatum of *Du Lac*, that mademoiselle *Graudi's* mother (who passes for her aunt) was enabled so often to sell the *frail innocence* of her *immaculate* daughter.

Mr. *Brissard* having made mademoiselle *Vestris* a settlement of sixty thousand livres a year, this grateful lady has generously allowed him a pension of a thousand livres out of her settlement, now he is ruined.

Mademoiselle *Beze*, who arrived at Paris about four years ago, with a letter of recommendation from the duke de Villars, is now upon very good terms with all the noblemen of the first rank; amongst others, she has the confidence of the duke de Bouill—, the count de Noail—, and some other admirers, whom she has reclaimed from the aversion they heretofore entertained for the fair sex.

Mademoiselle *Fleury Hoquard* is now kept by the prince of *Nassau*, who dreamt the first night he slept with her, that he was once more making the tour of the world*.

Mademoiselle *Crémille*, after having performed four successive quarantines by way of precaution, has entered the convent of Carmelites, where, it is assured, she has produced a child, by dint of endeavouring to forget the world with the director of that seminary.

Mademoiselle *Vernier* was the other night obliged to stop in the middle of her part, being taken in labour; and she accuses no less than twenty different persons of being accessory to her misfortune.

Dorothea Du Barré, (who was mistress to the count of that name, in conjunction with mademoiselle de L'Ange, and who, in 1766, entered upon a similar alliance with Mr. De Bintem, after having been for some time a monthly pensioner upon his list of dulcineas) and who had long been pronounced *schirrous*, has just been radically cured by a remedy known to all the royal family, who bear its name.

Mesdemoiselles de *St. Julien*, *St. Firmin*, de *Fresnay*, *Beauvoisin*, &c. not being able to engage themselves at the opera this season, have enlisted in the legion of madame *Gourdan*†, under whose banner they propose serving till the manager has occa-

sion for them. And Mesdemoiselles *Boufcarelles* and *De Lorme*, being pronounced superannuated in their former professions of opera dancers and *filles de jolité*, have opened two new shops upon the Boulevard, and expect to have as much business as madame *Gourdan*, under whom they learnt their profession. It has just been discovered that madame *Montanfer* has been for some time in league with madame *Montigny* and madame *Gourdan*, for raising provincial recruits for their different female garrisons: and mademoiselle *Le Doux* and mademoiselle *Saron*, who were banished from the opera for their behaviour behind the scenes, are just banished from Paris for a fantastic taste they introduced in their amusements.

Mr. *Molé* (the nicest of all Parisian fops) and the tender madame *Previ*— are pronounced beyond the reach of the *Materia Medica*, their disorder arising from a violent sympathetic affection.

Mademoiselle *St. Fal*, whose figure is most happily framed for parts of horror, makes such surprising progress in these characters, that she already terrifies the whole audience as soon as she appears upon the stage. Madame *Favarre**, who contributed to make marshal *Saxe* as illustrious as Fontenoy, is now reduced to the melancholy necessity of mental amusements only, not having had a tender thing said to her by an admirer, except upon the stage, for some months.

Mademoiselle *Du Fresne* is esteemed a lady of great natural parts, and of a most generous disposition to all mankind: her sister is pronounced a machine whose proportions are quite different.

Mademoiselle de *St. Martin* found M. de *Bintem* so very disgusting, that she was obliged to take him by the nose with the tongs, which unfortunately were red-hot. In other words, he not paying her that respect she judged her due, in the course of a *tête-à-tête*, she made a burnt offering at his shrine, and entitled him to a place among the opera-invalids.

Mademoiselle *Allard*, having the other night some high words with mademoiselle *Pelin*, a rival dancer, took her revenge with a few kicks, which she applied very dexterously in a new burlesque ballet. *Pelin* not being so *adroite* in the new step, gave her rival a *plumper* with her double fist. Many of the audience thought this too was part of the dance: but the blood gushing from *Allard's* nose, the secret was

* His highness made this tour in company with monsieur De Bouquenville.

† A celebrated procurefs.

* See page 315, in last Number.

discovered

discovered. Messrs. *Trial Le Breton* and *Joliveau*, sworn arbiters of all opera contests, have condemned the two amazons to constant duty, the first for six months, the other for a year.

The prince de Soubise, who had greatly hurt his finances, by his connexion with the marchioness de L'Hospital, is in a fair way of adjusting his affairs, since he has been *intendant* only of mademoiselle *Guimard's* amusements. The prince de Soubise was at one time knight of honour to the marchioness de L'Hospital, keeper of the daughter of the director of hackney-coaches, and mademoiselle *Guimard's* half yearly *intendant*; the sieur *Laborde*, valet de chambre to the king, performing duty the other six months.

The prince of Conti finding he was imposed upon by the opera girls, and that all his female pensioners were unfaithful to him, has struck twelve off his list. In consequence of this arrangement, the sieur *Guerin*, keeper of his privy-purse, will make extraordinary provision for mademoiselle *Pelin*, and two figure dancers, the only remaining.

Count de P—ki, who has taken a distaste to Paris, from the filthiness of mademoiselle *Duthé*, is set out from that capital, upon quitting the perfumed bath in which he jumped in a fright, upon being detected in bed with that lady by the duke de Du—, her keeper. The duke avers that he found his rival floating in the wreck of a close-stool, which had not been emptied for a fortnight; and to compleat the count's disgrace, the lieutenant of police, who is not fond of sweet scents, has enjoined him by letter of cachet to go clean and air himself out of the kingdom.

[To be continued in our next.]

AN ESSAY ON PROPRIETY.

[Continued from page 203.]

NUMEROUS are the improprieties in dress committed by those who are fond of making a figure upon the strength of their money. They imagine (but how grossly are they mistaken!) that they may, without being chargeable with the least absurdity, appear in lace and embroidery, merely because they can afford to decorate their persons with them; little, or, indeed, not at all considering that *wealth alone* will not secure its possessors a reputable reception in the polite world; the world in which they ardently wish, and studiously endeavour to *shine*, if it is evident from

their looks, their conversation, or their behaviour, that they have been raised by fortune, like mushrooms, from the lowest spheres in life, and that they are entirely unacquainted with the *ton* in every respect.

Ned Cleaver, the son of an industrious butcher in the Borough, a sturdy young fellow, stoutly built, *Herculean* in his make, but as heavy-headed as any bullock that ever felt the weight of his nervous arm, having got a five thousand pounds by the sudden death of an old aunt (who very affectionately starved herself, in order to leave him a good legacy) was seized with a strange desire to dress up his *elephantine carcass* in a splendid manner, and to mix with the *genteelst* people in town. Ned would no longer be a butcher when he had got his legacy into his own possession, not he. "D—n it, I am fit for any company whatsumdever, now; and I won't kill another calf by G—. No, nor have no more to do with business: I'll be a *gemman*, that's what I will."

Just when he had closed his soliloquy, his father, who stood behind him, unperceived, during the utterance of it, cried, "You a *gemman*! No, by G—, that you will never be, Ned. However, if you have a mind to be an idle fellow, you shan't stay with me: none of *my* children shall do nothing. Therefore, if you don't chuse to kill that *there ship*, you may go and be d—d where you please, for you shan't stay here."

"Ho, ho, my Buff," replied Ned, grinning from ear to ear, with the utmost contempt at his father, "if that's your lingo, I am off. Never a man in England shall make me kill another *ship*."

With those words he left his father, without paying any regard to the persuasions of his mother (who flew at her husband, like a true vixen, for his *impolite behaviour* to her Neddy) took a lodging in Covent-Garden, and endeavoured to put himself off for a fine gentleman, by the finery of his dress.

Ned spends a great deal of money, in order to support his false pretensions to gentility: it is a pity he should ruin himself by acting so preposterously out of character; but his passion for gentility will certainly drive him to a jail.

How many are there of Ned's disposition, who, though in different walks, make themselves equally ridiculous by *dressing* according to their fancies in consequence of their *circumstances*.

[To be continued.]

The FALSE FRIEND.

A MORAL TALE.

VERY soon after the marriage between Mr. Buckland and Miss Davenport was solemnized, the happy bridegroom, in the gaiety of his heart, could not help acquainting his most intimate friend with the completion of his felicity. He could not, indeed, restrain himself from dwelling with the highest delights upon his wedding-day; and he certainly flattered himself while he was writing his uxorious epistle to Mr. Barnet, at that time abroad upon his travels, that his domestic happiness would be as permanent as it was intoxicating.

Mr. Barnet had sense enough to make proper allowances for the fond effusions of his new married friend, who had long been wishing for the event which had occasioned them, and, immediately, dispatched his congratulations. His occasional compliments were received with great satisfaction, as his sincerity had never been questioned.

Mr. Buckland, by marrying Miss Davenport, sufficiently convinced her that he married her entirely for love, as her fortune was too inconsiderable to be an object: but as his income, though very respectable, arose chiefly from precarious emoluments under the government, the prudent people among his acquaintance thought he rather militated against discretion by entering so early in life, being only in his twenty-second year, into a state which he would probably find disagreeably expensive, as the lady of his choice, though upon the whole an amiable woman, discovered too strong an inclination for the fashionable pleasures of the age: pleasures which cannot be pursued in a spirited manner (and if not pursued in *that* manner, what are they?) without proving ruinous to those who are not possessed of almost oriental fortunes.

I should go out of my way if I were to launch into a digression on the various pleasures of the age, numerous, alluring, enervating, and expensive; but I am, insensibly tempted to intreat the dissipated of both sexes, especially, the younger part of them, to reflect a little seriously on the consequences with which a warm attachment to the enchanting public diversions may be and generally are attended: even supposing them ever so well able to pay for them. When our health is impaired, and when our peace is destroyed, by the excessive indulgence of our taste for pleasure, we shall re-

ceive a poor consolation by considering that we are still rich enough to purchase our favourite luxuries, had we but minds and bodies in a condition to enjoy them.

Mr. Buckland, as he doated on his Fanny, thought himself a very enviable man by having married her (she was indeed extremely admired for her beauty, and for not a few bewitching graces beyond the reach of description) and never offered to lay her under any restrictions. Instead of discovering any doubts with regard to the propriety of her conduct, he was so perfectly satisfied with it, that he suffered her to make what parties she liked among her friends. If his business permitted him to accompany her he was doubly delighted; but he never gave the least interruption to her engagements, when he was unavoidably, prevented from sharing the pleasure expected from them.

Mrs. Buckland had no small reason to be contented with a husband who studied from morning to night, to render her life agreeable to her. She was thoroughly pleased with his behaviour to her: she was always ready to express her gratitude for his liberalities; and every grateful expression which flowed from her lips, increased his love for her.

Mrs. Buckland was not merely a grateful, she was also an affectionate, wife; she really loved the hand which generously enabled her to support the desired figure in the fashionable world: but her ruling passion---her passion for dissipation became at last fatal to herself, as well as to her husband. It was attended with consequences which neither of them foresaw, but which a little consideration on both sides might have happily prevented.

Before he had been married two years, Buckland found his circumstances exceedingly embarrassed. From an unpardonable inattention to his domestic affairs, and from an equally unpardonable concealment of them from his wife, he was surrounded with greedy creditors, whose clamorous demands were inexpressibly irritating, because he could not answer them.

The moment he felt himself overwhelmed with debts which he was unable to discharge, he reflected, with torture reflected, on his criminal carelessness, and cursed himself also in the bitterness of vexation, for having been so blinded by his attachment to Mrs. Buckland as not to see that her mode of living was sufficient to ruin any man whose income was five times as large as his own. The

moment he reflected upon the capital error he had committed, he rushed into her apartment, loaded her with reproaches for her extravagances, and in the heat of his resentment wished, with a furious solemnity, that he never had been in any shape connected with so destructive a woman; forgetting all the while that he had himself laid the foundation for that destruction, which had extorted the most galling wishes and reproaches from him.

She looked at him with a steady countenance while he vented his rage against her. She was indeed so astonished at his unusual behaviour that she could not articulate a syllable.

When he had finished his severe address to her, she burst into tears.

Her tears gave an immediate turn to his ideas, and raised new feelings. He had no longer a terrifying aspect, he was dissolved in tenderness. He flew to her, caught her in his arms, hung over her in the fondest attitude, strained her to his agitated bosom, and requested her earnestly to forgive him for the violence of his carriage.

She continued weeping: she sobbed aloud; her whole frame was convulsed; she could not speak.

"O Fanny! Fanny!" cried he, almost distracted to see her in so pitiable a condition, "my dearest Fanny, pardon me for every unkind word which I have uttered; I am shocked, I am afflicted, I could tear myself in pieces for having thrown you into this unmerited distress. Look up, my charming girl, dry those lovely eyes, and be assured that I never more will offend in this censurable manner, into whatever misfortunes I am plunged."

His voice was so much softened when he pronounced the few last words, that the delivery of them roused Mrs. Buckland. Wiping away the last tears, which trembled in her eyes, she folded him in her arms, and said, "O George, do not talk of misfortunes; I can't bear to hear you talk of misfortunes. If I have injured your circumstances by spending more than you could afford, heaven knows how deeply I shall be grieved; doubly grieved shall I be to find that you have suffered me to occasion any embarrassments in your affairs by concealing them from me. But perhaps it is not too late to retrieve them. Perhaps they may, by a rigid œconomy, be retrieved; and you may depend upon my doing every thing in my power to make you cease to repent of your connection with me."

Melted by the conclusion of that speech, affectingly delivered, he replied, pressing her still closer to his fond bosom, "I am satisfied, my dearest Fanny, with you: I have only myself to blame. I should have made you acquainted, from time to time, with the true state of my affairs. My negligence has ruined me. But to think of your sufferings on my account stabs me to the soul."

He then informed her of his very distressful situation, as he was utterly incapable of gratifying those creditors who had, just before his entrance, urgently demanded the money he owed them. "With much difficulty," continued he, "I have prevailed on them to stay another week: If I do not then answer their demands a prison must be my habitation."

The word prison forced a second shower of tears from Mrs. Buckland's eyes.

While George was exerting himself in the tenderest manner imaginable, to administer consolation to his afflicted Fanny, the servant came in to tell him that Mr. Garnet the jeweller desired to speak with him.

George immediately cried, in a hurrying tone, "Tell him I cannot see him to day, I am very busy; bid him call another time."

His answer had not the intended effect; for before the last syllable was spoken, Mr. Garnet made his appearance.

"I am sorry to be so troublesome, Sir," said Mr. Garnet; but as you have a long account to settle with me, and as I want the sum you owe me for a particular occasion, I hope you will not make me come again for my money."

"Indeed you must come again, Mr. Garnet," replied George, rather peevishly, "for I have no money in the house."

"You may then give me a draft upon your banker, Sir," said he, with a sneer.

That answer, with the sneer by which it was accompanied, was provoking beyond expression. George felt the full force of it; but the consciousness of his extreme imprudence tied up his tongue, and prevented him from making a reply. He felt himself in a contemptible light before the man into whose power he had by his own folly put his person.

"Well, Sir," said Garnet, after having waited some moments for a reply, in vain, for George stood with his eyes fixed on the floor, and was too much abashed to open his lips; "am I to have my money or no? If I go home without it you shall very soon hear from me in a way you will not like."

Having

Having spoken these words fiercely, he threw his bill upon the table, which stood near him, and walked towards the door.

Mrs. Buckland, immediately starting from her chair, ran up to Garnet, and catching hold of the flap of his coat, cried, in mild but eager accents, "Stay, Mr. Garnet, stay, I beseech you; let me beg you to have a little patience."

"Patience, madam! I have had a great deal of patience, I think. I am sure I have been here fifty times at least about this affair; and I am quite tired of being kept out of the money."

"Well, Mr. Garnet, in still milder accents, you *have* had a great deal of patience; but a little more won't hurt you. I cannot bear the thoughts of your treating Mr. Buckland roughly."

"Roughly, madam! He shall be treated like a gentleman: but if he does not think proper to discharge this bill (pointing to it) he must expect a visit from my lawyer, that's all; and so I wish you good morning, madam."

When he had uttered the last word, he broke from Mrs. Buckland, whose delicate hands, enfeebled by the agitation of her spirits, were too weak to detain him, and left the house, glowing with resentment against his thoughtless debtor.

Mrs. Buckland, as soon as Mr. Garnet had quitted the room, took up the bill in which she felt *herself* deeply interested. Having just cast her eye upon the sum total, she was too much affected by it to proceed to a review of the articles which filled the column it closed.

The bill dropped from her hand; she was ready to faint: she, probably, would have fainted, had not her attentive husband clasped her to his breast. "My dearest Fanny," cried he, almost choaked by his sighs, "do not afflict yourself about Garnet's bill: I am considerably in debt; but I thank God I am not destitute of friends: I have not yet *once* applied to them for their assistance, I have the more reason, therefore, to expect it. Cruelly am I pained to risque the loss of their friendship, by soliciting pecuniary favours; but necessity drives me to bring their sincerity to the proof. I shall in a short time be able to distinguish my true friends from my false ones: I will, this moment, set out in order to make the ineligible, but most necessary trial; for on that trial"—

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who gave him the following letter:

"Dear George,

Calais.

"I arrived at this place a few hours ago, and shall be very glad to leave it, for I wish very much to set my feet upon English ground again. I wish to see all the friends whom I left in my native country: and I wish particularly to see *you*; I repeat the word *particularly*. I have heard of your embarrassments. Why would you not acquaint *me* with them? Be assured that I will do every thing in *my* power to be serviceable to you, to disentangle your affairs, and to throw them into an agreeable situation again. The wind is fair.

Adieu.

Yours sincerely,

William Barnet."

The perusal of this short letter gave George great satisfaction: he thought it very friendly, even an affectionate one. It filled him with pleasing sensations; but it did not prevent him from paying his intended circular visits.

From those visits, however, he returned considerably chagrined, for he met with not a single *friend* ready to be of the least real service to him: but they all very *politely* declared themselves *extremely* sorry that their abilities were not equal to their desires upon the occasion; and all dismissed him with the strongest assurances that they wanted only the *power*, not the inclination, to serve him. Politeness is, in general, highly agreeable; yet in some situations you may be severely pained by it. He, who after having professed the sincerest regard for a man, refuses to assist him in any shape, when he stands in need of his assistance, renders his refusal doubly disheartening by the *politeness* of his carriage, as the insincerity of it is at that critical moment too glaring to be overlooked; too mortifying to be *quietly* endured.

George, deeply chagrined as he was, in consequence of the treatment he had received from those whom he had too hastily believed to be his friends, in the most liberal sense of the word, waited with the utmost impatience for the arrival of Mr. Barnet. "If Barnet," said he, one day to his Fanny, "deceives me, I shall never give credit to any man's professions of friendship as long as I live. From the regularity and uniformity with which he has hitherto behaved, I feel myself strongly inclined to expect a consistency between his words and his actions; and yet I am almost afraid, after the usage I have met with to"—

Just as he had uttered the last monosyllable Mr. Barnet was announced.

Barnet, on his entrance, flew immediately into his friend's arms, embraced him with the greatest cordiality, and repeatedly assured him, at the same time, that he had never wished to see him so much since the commencement of their acquaintance.

George was, at first, so overpowered by the various emotions which the sighs of his friend occasioned, that he could only murmur out a few words expressive of his joy, and of his gratitude.

Barnet stopped him short when he mentioned *gratitude*, and addressing himself to Mrs. Buckland, who sat with her handkerchief up to her eyes, paid his compliments to her in the most respectful manner.

She made proper acknowledgments to him with the most obliging accents, and retired: but as she also made a full discovery of her face, by the removal of her handkerchief, she raised, before her departure, a tumult in his breast, which he had never felt before.

A beautiful woman in distress is universally allowed to be particularly attractive. Mrs. Buckland was certainly *that* woman, and her whole appearance struck her husband's friend so forcibly, that he stood for some moments with his eyes fixed to the spot from which she removed herself, wishing eagerly for her return. Then, grasping Buckland's hand, he cried, "What a lovely creature your wife is, George! What a pity is it that she should be distressed! But she shall not be long distressed: I will soon enable *you* to wipe away all her tears, and brighten *that* face with smiles, in which no marks of sorrow should ever be seen."

He then earnestly requested George to acquaint him with the true state of his affairs, and to make no concealments of any kind relating to them, as he was determined to prove himself the friend he had always professed himself to be.

George, having thanked him over and over for so kind a declaration, made the intreated disclosure.

"Enough," replied Barnet. "Your creditors shall immediately be satisfied, and I will furnish you with any sums you may want for the subsistence of your family."

With those words he left the room; and left George in a sort of astonishment at the nobleness of his behaviour. He went directly in search of his Fanny; and when he had informed her of what had passed between his friend and him, fully expected to see a gleam of satisfaction, at

least, on her countenance; but she greatly disappointed him by the communication of her doubts with regard to his friend's sincerity. "After the cruel shocks, my dear George, which you have met with," continued she, "you have little reason, I think, to depend upon Mr. Barnet's assurances."

"Well, well, my dear girl, do not condemn him yet. We shall see in a short time whether his deeds correspond with his declarations."

Mrs. Buckland was silenced; but her apprehensions still remained. They were, however, in a few days entirely removed by the excessive generosity of the man whose sincerity she had suspected.

By paying off Buckland's debts, and by furnishing him with a considerable sum for the defrayment of his family-expences, Barnet fulfilled all his promises.

When he was complaining one day to his friend of his lodgings, George invited him to come and occupy a part of his house.

Barnet, who had laid a trap for that invitation, received it with much silent delight, and in less than a fortnight was very agreeably accommodated in his new apartments.

George and Fanny were both pleased with their new guest, and studied, from gratitude, as well as inclination, to make his residence with them eligible.

By the pains which Mrs. Buckland took, modestly and innocently, to render the friend of her husband happy, she fanned the flame which her first appearance had kindled in his bosom, and it burnt at last with so much violence, that he was unable to bear the torment occasioned by it. To enjoy that beauty, the sight of which destroyed his peace, and robbed him of his rest, was the supreme wish of his soul: but when he considered that he could not arrive at the completion of his wishes without grossly injuring the man to whom he had appeared in the most honourable light, his conscience smote him. His passion, however, grew at length so outrageous, that it quenched all his conscientious scruples; and he resolved, at all events, to riot on those charms which he could not behold without feeling insupportable sensations.

Impelled by sensations which he could not controul, he had recourse to the arts he was master of; and soon flattered himself, from the little freedoms which Mrs. Buckland allowed him, that he was not an object of indifference to her. Animated by every liberty with which she indulged him, he grew bolder and bolder.

By

By a train of execrable expedients, he alienated her affections from her husband, and by giving her strong encouragement to believe that he was unfaithful, he found it no difficult matter to gain the point which had so long wholly engaged his attention.

Mr. Buckland, having received an express one afternoon from Northamptonshire, which informed him of the death of an aunt, from whom he had great expectations, gave immediate orders for a post-chaise, being extremely desirous to know the contents of her will.

Mrs. Buckland appeared so *affectedly* concerned when the moment of her husband's departure arrived, that had he not been blinded by her beauty, he would have seen hypocrisy stamped in her forehead in very legible characters. Barnet was an admirable *Cantwell* upon the occasion; and they both performed their parts as if they were thoroughly acquainted with each other's *play*.

The seduced wife, and her seducing companion, had enjoyed several delicious interviews while the deceived husband was necessarily busied at his office; but they were not entirely satisfied with those interviews, because they were frequently interrupted in the midst of them by his unexpected appearance. As they had therefore met with frequent interruptions, they could not see the post-chaise set off without secret exultation.

Buckland, quite pleased with his Fanny's tender behaviour when the last adieus were exchanged between them, went away in high spirits, as his aunt had always declared that he should inherit the bulk of her fortune.

On his arrival at his aunt's old mansion-house, he was not disappointed. Her *will* was exceedingly in his favour, and he had no reason to be displeased with the distribution of any of her effects.

When he had finished all the business which fell to his share by the death of Mrs. Cooper, he made preparations for his return to London, in still higher spirits, as that lady had left him a very considerable legacy.

By some unforeseen delays upon the road, on the last day of his journey, he did not reach his own house near Piccadilly, till near midnight.

After having waited a good while, impatient for admission, one of his servants, half a sleep, and half-dressed, opened the door.

As soon as he entered the house, and was informed that his wife had

been in bed above an hour, he flew up stairs.

To his excessive surprise, when he came to the door of his chamber, he saw Barnet hurrying up to his apartment on the second floor, in his slippers, and with his cloaths under his arm.

His chamber-door was shut; but on his knocking at it several times, pretty smartly, he heard the bolt pulled up. He then went in, not a little puzzled to account for his friend's suspicious appearance.

"O my dear George," cried Mrs. Buckland, on his advancing to the bedside, with a candle in his hand, "I am glad you are come back again."

George, setting down the candle upon the table, replied, looking sternly at her, "I believe, madam, that you are sorry, very sorry—These things, madam," pointing to some parts of Barnet's dress, which he had through haste left behind him, "sufficiently convince me that my presence is unwelcome. Ungrateful woman," continued he, throwing himself into a chair, "am I thus rewarded for all my love, all my tenderness, all my"—

His voice failed him, he could not proceed; he wrung his hands, and tears started from his eyes.

Let the reader of strong feelings conceive in what situation the injured husband passed the remainder of the night. The offending wife, struck with the agonies of affliction, into which he fell several times, made a full confession of her criminal conduct, and in the most solemn terms, protested that she would never be false to him any more.

"You have said enough, madam," said he, hastily. "You and my false friend have destroyed all my happiness in this world, and I have only to wish for a speedy removal from it."

As soon as it was light, next morning, he left his house: before sun set he was found floating in the New River.

The DANCING-SCHOOL.

A MORAL TALE.

IF young ladies learned nothing at dancing-schools, but what related to the graceful exhibition of their persons, dancing-schools would be very innocent places, and deserve no reprehensions from the pen of the satirist: but as many a girl has, under the direction of a dancing-master, acquired accomplishments of which she ought to have been totally ignorant, it is highly incum-

incumbent on all fathers and mothers to make strict enquiries into the morals of him whom they pitch upon for the improvement of the feet of their children, lest their heads should be injured by some collateral instructions.

Mr. Bidfield, an eminent grocer, having raised a fortune with indefatigable industry, and with an irreproachable character, felt himself so well satisfied with the situation of his affairs, that he left his successful shop to a nephew, and retired with his (second) wife and daughter to a little box which he had built in Hampshire, his native country, intending to spend the remainder of his days in rural tranquillity, and undisturbed by any commercial connections.

On his arrival at his *villa*, Mr. Bidfield was very much pleased with every thing about him. It was summer, indeed, and the weather was so fine, that all the beauties of nature appeared to the greatest advantage. Mrs. Bidfield too, though she had been born and bred in the heart of the city, and had something like an affection for the bustling lane in which she lived from her infancy, owned that her house was vastly pleasant. Miss Bidfield, a very pretty girl, about seventeen, was quite charmed with the spot, especially as it was near a genteel neighbourhood. In short, the whole family found Bidfield-Lodge an agreeable place. Mrs. Bidfield, alone, discovered, now and then, a hankering after the old house in London, and complained of the dulness of that neighbourhood from which her daughter expected so much pleasure.

The truth is, the families in that part of the country were really genteel, and Mrs. Bidfield, conscious of her own awkwardness, though as proud as any woman could possibly be, did not chuse to mix with the people who would, she fancied, look upon her, in spite of her finery, with contempt, and most probably turn her into ridicule: she, therefore, as there were no neighbours suitable to her, being either too high or too low, amused herself chiefly with feeding the poultry, killing the snails in the garden, and trotting about after the servants.

Mr. Bidfield, who with a hording disposition, had some taste and passion for the *best company*, took a great deal of pains to make his wife sociable with the ladies, who came to visit her on her arrival; but he could not prevail on her to be in the least intimate with them. She returned their visits, indeed, but kept herself always at a ceremonious distance, and, by

going rarely to them, gave them no opportunities to be upon a familiar footing with her.

Mrs. Bidfield, however, with all her oddities and peculiarities, was a good wife, and a good mother; she did all in her power to render her husband's house agreeable to him in every respect, and entertained his friends in the manner he desired. She also permitted her daughter to form what friendships she pleased with the young ladies whom she visited, as she never had found her inclined to the slightest indiscretions. Nancy was as discreet as she was dutiful and affectionate; but there are certain moments in which the most discreet woman in Christendom may be thrown off her guard: and how dangerous an age is seventeen in a female life?

Towards the close of the summer the whole neighbourhood was alarmed by the arrival of a very smart fellow, tall, graceful, in one word, an Adonis, who at the next town professed himself a dancing-master, and set up a school as soon as he could find a house fit for his purpose. In less than a fortnight, merely by the magic of his appearance, for he was quite a stranger, he had several scholars, reputable ones. He certainly appeared to be extremely well qualified for the profession which he had announced, and his fame increased every day. His behaviour as a man, added to his address as a master, strongly recommended him to the soberest families within his reach, and many grown ladies thought they might acquire new graces, by putting themselves under his hands.

Nancy having been violently pressed one day by her favourite friend, a Miss Chedder, who had been several times at Mr. Sharp's elegant room, and *liked him prodigiously*, to go with her the following evening, told her, "that if her mother would give her leave, she would accompany her with all her heart."

Charlotte burst into a loud laugh when that reply was out of Nancy's mouth.--- "My dear creature," said she, "you are a dutiful child, to be sure; but I think you may venture to go with me to Sharp's room without asking your mother's leave. Mrs. Bidfield has not hitherto discovered any terrible apprehensions about your intimacy with *me*: you may therefore, I imagine, very safely promise to be of my party without her particular permission. But do as you please: I will carry you directly to your mother; I dare say she will make no objections to my request."

With.

Without waiting for an answer, she clapped her hand under her arm, and hurried her to Mrs. Bidfield's apartment.

Mrs. Bidfield was not one of those women always prepared to see company: she was disconcerted whenever she was taken by surprise. She therefore started on the abrupt entrance of Miss Chedder into her dressing-room, and with no small precipitation, stuffed a stocking which she had been mending into a corner of the settee, in order to conceal it.

Miss Chedder, with her usual vivacity, wished her a good morning, and then proceeded to business at once. "I am come, madam, to beg the favour of Miss Bidfield's company to dinner to-morrow. We shall fall forth afterwards in a strong party to Mr. Sharp's school."

"To Mr. Sharp's school, Miss Chedder!"

"Ay, madam, surely there is no harm in going to see two or three dozen of innocent girls dance."

"True, Miss Chedder; but I don't find that any body knows who this Mr. Sharp is, nor from what place he comes, nor, in short, any thing about him. He may be a very indifferent kind of a person, for aught I can tell; and his morals perhaps——"

"Oh! as to his morals, madam," replied Charlotte, briskly interrupting her, "I have not had time to make any inquiry about them. I can only inform you that he is generally allowed to behave with great propriety; and, therefore, I conclude that his morals cannot be very bad. Besides, my papa says he believes Mr. Sharp is a very good sort of a young man."

"Well, if Mr. Chedder has a good opinion of him, I will say no more. Nancy shall wait on you."

With that reply Nancy and Charlotte were both thoroughly satisfied, and on the following evening appeared together, with several other ladies, at the elegant room abovementioned.

Sharp apparently endeavoured to behave to all the ladies who honoured him with their company, with an equality of attention; but in spite of his efforts to be equally attentive to them all, his partiality in Miss Bidfield's behalf was glaring.

Nancy went home in tip-top spirits, highly flattered by the compliments which Mr. Sharp had addressed to her; but could not help wishing that he had been a gentleman. However, after having been several times at his school, her prejudices against the dancing-master gradually wore away, and she began to look at him with

favourable eyes. Her sensations in his favour were, perhaps, strengthened by the envious emotions which his singular politeness to her evidently excited in the breasts of her female companions; even in the bosoms of those who would have felt themselves grossly affronted by the most honourable overtures from him.

Nancy came home one evening, so delighted with Sharp's behaviour to her, and mentioned him to her mother in such terms while she was undressing, that Mrs. Bidfield began to fear she was actually in love with him; and therefore launched out, with great vehemence against those silly girls who were drawn in by dancing-masters, and such like people of no fashion, in hopes of inspiring her with a sufficient quantity of pride, to prevent her from thinking of Mr. Sharp for her husband.

Nancy had sense enough to see her mother's drift; but Mr. Sharp, with his *silver tones*, had made such an impression on her tender heart, through her *charmed ears*, that she paid no regard to it: she knew that by giving her hand to him she should irritate both her parents against her; but she knew also that she had five thousand pounds (the legacy of an aunt) in her own power, and she determined, with more spirit than prudence, to put them and herself into the possession of the man who was become absolutely necessary to her happiness.

In consequence of that determination, she wrote a few lines to her lover, which produced the most grateful answer to be conceived; and they were soon afterwards privately married.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Sharp hurried his bride into a post-chaise, and away they went with the utmost expedition towards London.

Nancy did not much relish the ready-furnished lodgings to which her husband carried her; but as his carriage to her was exquisitely endearing, she could not bring herself to complain of the shabbiness of her apartments: imagining, no doubt, that she would be carried to more eligible ones when they had been some time in town.

In a few days after their arrival, Mr. Sharp said to his Nancy, fondly patting her face, while he sat upon her knee, "Suppose, my dear, we go to the Bank to-morrow; we have a little business to settle there you know: you understand me, Nancy."

"Yes, my dearest," replied Nancy, sweetly smiling on him, "and I will wait on you with the greatest pleasure."

They

They went the next morning to the Bank. Sharp, when he saw his Nancy's fortune transferred to him, quitted her with an abruptness which astonished her, "Now, my dear, you may go to the devil."

The LOVER returned from his TOUR.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

"INDEED, my dear, I don't think you have any reason to be alarmed about Mr. Harrington; his last letter from Paris was penned in the most affectionate style; and as he told you in the postscript, that he intended to set out for Calais the next morning, you may expect to see him in a few days."

"In a few days, madam?" replied Miss Maitland eagerly to her mother. "The letter which you have mentioned, I received a week ago; and surely he might have been here by this time."

The entrance of a servant to Mrs. Maitland prevented her from making the answer she intended to her disquieted daughter, as her presence was immediately required in another part of the house. She intreated her, however, before she quitted the room, not to give way to any disagreeable reflections. "I am very well assured," added she, "that Mr. Harrington will account for his delay, when he arrives, in a satisfactory manner."

With those words Mrs. Maitland left her daughter; but left her not at all satisfied with them: she could not help fancying (so fanciful are those who are truly in love) that her *dear Charles* had deserted her, and fixed his affections on another woman. To think of his desertion was torture. In short, she worked herself up to such a pitch about Charles's inconstancy, that when her mother returned, she burst into tears, and said, "This uncertainty is not to be borne, madam. I beg that a messenger may be sent directly to Ash-Place to know whether any of the family have heard of Mr. Harrington."

Mrs. Maitland, ever willing to give her daughter all the consolation in her power, consented immediately to her request.

At that moment there was a smart rap at the street door.

Mr. Shelbourne was announced.

"What can he want?" said Miss Maitland, with some agitation: "I won't see him; yet, on second thoughts, I will see him. He can, perhaps, as he corresponds with Mr. Harrington, tell me some news about him."

Mr. Shelbourne had long been in love with Miss Maitland; but having a great regard for his friend Harrington, could not bring himself to use any endeavours to draw his mistress from him till he left England, in order to make the tour of Europe. He then was violently prompted by his passion for Miss Maitland to address her in the character of a lover. Frequent were his addresses to her, but he was always repulsed. Irritated, at last, as well as discouraged, by her repeated refusals, he determined to occasion a breach between them, and to avail himself of the resolution in his favour, which he strongly believed *that* breach would produce.

In order to facilitate the execution of his dishonourable designs, he found means to bribe Miss Maitland's maid to his interest; and as Sally had often discovered a great deal of ingenuity in various shapes, he warmly hoped that she would be extremely serviceable to him.

Sally, being very expert at imitating *hands*, and being also particularly acquainted with her young lady's mode of writing, with regard to the manual part, was quite fit for the business about which Shelbourne wished to employ her.

Sally, having finished the letter dictated to her, Shelbourne seized it with a kind of transport, and cried, "I swear I never saw two *hands* more alike. Charles will certainly be deceived by this happy counterfeit."—He then almost smothered his ingenious assistant with kisses, threw a purse into her lap, and set off in the highest spirits imaginable to dispatch it to the post-house.

Charles, having received *that* letter a few days after he had written the very affectionate one abovementioned, was astonished, beyond expression, at the contents of it. He read it over several times with equal surprise and concern, as he entertained not the slightest suspicions about a forgery. In consequence of *that* letter, he wrote in a great hurry to Shelbourne, to know if Miss Maitland was addressed by any other man, and on being assured by his friend that another man *did* make his addresses to her, gave her up: with two much haste, indeed; for he, certainly, should have solicited an explanation of that *ænigma* which had so much perplexed him, from the supposed writer of it herself.

Shelbourne's visit to Miss Maitland was decisive in his favour. By the help of another forged letter, by the *same hand*, he sufficiently convinced Eliza that her Charles had not only forsaken her entirely, but that he was actually going to be married to

a lady at Paris. When he had gained so important a point, he found it no difficult matter to substitute himself in his friend's room, as Miss Maitland, though she ever had rejected him as a lover, always professed a sincere esteem for him, and was ever ready to own that she thought him a very sensible, agreeable, worthy man.

Shelbourne, though he had no reason to expect his friend's speedy return to England, as he had informed him that he should stay abroad till he was more recovered from the severest disappointment he had ever met with, could not help pressing Eliza to fix an early day for the consummation of his felicity.

Eliza could not immediately forget all the tender interviews which had passed between her and her dear Harrison; but resentment, at length, extinguished the last remains of love in her bosom, and she returned a definitive answer to Mr. Shelbourne's intreaties.

Charles, when he informed his friend that he should stay abroad till he was more recovered from the severest disappointment he had ever met with, wrote agreeably to his intentions at that time; but in a few days after the dispatch of his letter, he felt himself unable to exist at such a distance from the lovely woman on whom he still, in spite of her falleness, doted.

The moment he found his residence at Paris insupportably painful, he ordered his servant to make preparations for his departure.

During his journey to Calais he was almost distracted with impatience, for he was frequently retarded on the road by accidents as uncommon as they were unexpected.

On his arrival at Calais, he behaved like a madman; not because there was no vessel to receive him, but because there was not a favourable wind to drive her sails to the English coast.

Shelbourne, supremely happy with his bride, was too much intoxicated with his domestic sweets to reflect upon the unfair manner in which he had arrived at the completion of his happiness.

Eliza, though extremely well satisfied with her husband's affectionate assiduities, and endearing behaviour, often heaved a sigh at the remembrance of those moments in which her heart bounded with joy at the sight of her Charles; and often did she blame herself for her precipitation. "I fear I have been too hasty." Those words frequently dropped from her lips, as they were sometimes accompanied with tears.

JULY, 1771.

Shelbourne, being obliged one day, in about a fortnight after his wedding, to go into the country, in compliance with the request of a dying relation, left his Eliza with the greatest reluctance.

Charles on the very morning after his arrival in London, went, at a decent hour, having impatiently waited for *that* hour, to his friend Shelbourne, in order to give a vent to the various emotions of his soul on Miss Maitland's account.

"Is your master at home?" said he, in hurrying accents, to the servant who opened the door.

"No, Sir; but my lady is."

Charles, though a little surprized at his friend's having stolen into matrimony, without giving him the least hint of his design, followed the servant into the parlour.

Eliza was standing near a window, which looked into Hyde Park, with a book in her hand, when Charles entered the room. For some moments they fixed their eyes on each other, unable to utter a syllable. At last Eliza, finding herself ready to faint, tottered to a chair, within a few yards of her, and would certainly have fallen to the ground before she reached it, if Charles had not flown across the room to her assistance. Having seated her in the chair with the utmost tenderness, he, with much difficulty, asked her if her name was Shelbourne.

She answered, with a deep sigh, "It is. I am the wife of your friend."

"My friend? No, the greatest enemy I have in the world, to supplant me in so dishonourable a manner! O Eliza! what had I done to deserve so cruel a letter in answer to my last affectionate one from Paris?"

"What letter, Mr. Harrington? I returned no answer to it, because I expected to see you in a few days. But when Mr. Shelbourne produced a letter from you, in which you informed him that you was on the point of being married to a lady at Paris"--"You then gave him *that* hand which you had solemnly promised. It is enough. But know, madam, I never wrote such a letter to him. Here are some mysteries to be cleared up."

Just when he had uttered those words, Shelbourne entered the room. High words were immediately changed between him and Harrington. In a short time the latter quitted the room, precipitately desiring his rival to follow him.

At that instant Sally, having heard the altercation between her master and his friend, and fearing they were going to

fight, made her appearance, and upon her knees confessed the forgeries she had committed, at her master's request.

Her confession produced a melancholy event.

Shelbourne was brought home early next morning mortally wounded by Harrington, and in a few hours expired.

Mrs. Shelbourne was at first exceedingly shocked at the manner in which her husband had been hurried out of the world; but at the expiration of her mourning, did not think she should act a criminal part by giving her hand to the man whom *that* husband had so deeply injured.

A humorous Description of the Installation, in a Letter to a Friend.

Windfor, Mermaid and Castle, seven o'clock Friday morning, July 26.

Dear Sam,

HERE I am sipping my coffee upon the balcony, and thinking of my two days adventure in this *enchanted* place. The bottle conjuror in the Hay-market, Elizabeth Canning, a *ridotto* at fresco, or even a *bal paré*, are nothing compared to an installation. Why, Sir, I have been *ravished* out of my money, out of my time, and out of my rest.

On my arrival here on Wednesday I found Jonas and Breslaw, the two conjurors, to be persons of no small consequence as well as dexterity; and that evening they amused the company (and themselves, by pocketing the cash) in the Town hall. Ere this the royal family and many of the nobility arrived, and were saluted with a discharge of the cannon from the round tower, and a *most magnificent* fire work was played off near the market place, to the wondering spectators, who had never before seen three rockets and half a dozen paper serpents, crack, bounce, and smoke in the air.

I retired early to bed, that I might be ready in time to obtain my five guinea place in the chapel: accordingly I did not grudge giving three guineas for a very indifferent bed, in a scanty room, containing another of the same kind, which was unfortunately occupied by a city alderman, who incessantly snored off the fumes of two bottles of port, from ten till five; when, unable any longer to toss and tumble, without closing my eyes, I rose, sent for the *friseur*, to dress for the morning ceremony. I hurried down a basin of tea and a slice of bread and but-

ter, and reached the castle just as the doors were opened. But notwithstanding I was so early an attendant, it was with great difficulty I gained admittance, and thought myself very lucky I could find by hard squeezing my place, with the loss of a ruffle, as I saw several ladies, entirely disannetled of all their ornaments, still remaining at the door at the end of the ceremony.

In this situation I was a spectator of the solemn pageantry, which was frequently interrupted by the faintings of several ladies, and indeed gentlemen, notwithstanding the aromatic perfumes that were on all sides exhaled from the smelling bottles of the spectators of both sexes. The duke of Cumberland walked with the prince of Wales, Lord Holderness with the bishop of Osnaburgh, the duke of Grafton with lord Gower, the earl of Albemarle with the duke of Marlborough. The sword of state was carried before his majesty by the duke of St. Albans. The ceremony in the chapel lasted near four hours, to the incredible emolument of the surgeons and apothecaries of this town.

The knights now returned in the same *doughty* manner they came to the hall to dinner. After the first course Mr. Desse, clerk of the cheque belonging to the gentlemen pensioners, was knighted at the royal table; after the duke of St. Albans and several other noblemen had in vain tugged for near a quarter of an hour to draw the sword of state, the expectant knight remaining all the time upon his knees, which made a punster present say, "This must be a great cheque upon his first onset in Chivalry." At length, however, the sword of lord Cadogan performed the deed, and relieved the palpitating, almost fainting knight, from his inexpressible perplexity.

At six the hall began to clear, and every one repaired to dress for the ball. I got a leg and a wing of a tainted chicken, and a glass of sour claret, whilst my *friseur* performed his second operation upon this numscull of mine, for such I shall ever call it after this ridiculous adventure.

Being at length *pare'd* for the ball, I repaired to the *great* guard and *little* ball room, some accidents* intervening before I reached the *all-exciting* Tabour. About nine the ball was opened by the D. of G.

* These casualties (sent us by another correspondent) could not be inserted here for want of room; but they will be found page 352.

and the Dfs. of G---n, in honour of her *Caro Spozo's* installation, and a more excellent minuett was *walked* than was ever perambulated by the grown gentlemen and ladies in *Cow-lane*. Justly sensible of his skill and abilities in this walk, he conferred a similar honour upon the Dfs. of M---. The dowager countess of W---e was not present; indeed, it would have been impossible for her to have been a spectator of the prostitution of such *sue t. rned* limbs—that always do their office.

His brother the D. of C. however out-triapt him in this, as he does in most other of his *demarches*; but not finding a Mrs. B---y, as he did at Southampton, to go down the country-dances, he soon desisted, which occasioned the breaking up the ball before twelve, just as I had procured a partner, got my gloves on, and the *Lad's-a Dunce* was called.

Upon my return to my inn, thus chagrined and mortified, I had the additional dissatisfaction to find that I had lost my repeating watch in the crowd; and I have now before me another aggravating circumstance, in a bill of seven pounds, three shillings, and four-pence, for board and lodging for two nights, without having scarce broke my fast, though my rest has been most insupportably broke ever since I left London.

Adieu, I shall see you soon, I hope, being in great distress through fatigue.

T. D.

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

The British Moralist; or, young Gentleman and Ladies polite Instructor. Being a new Collection of Novels, Tales, Fables, Visions, Dreams, Allegories, selected from the most celebrated Moderns that have been published during the last ten Years. To which is added, 1. Rules for acquiring true Politeness. 2. Parables between ancient and modern Characters. 3. A concise View of the British Constitution. 12mo. Two Vols. Price 6s. Robinson and Roberts.

THIS compilation does honour to the editor's taste and judgment, in selecting the most approved and entertaining pieces of Johnson, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Hawkesworth, Langhorne, &c. which compose an useful and amusing work, for those who have not leisure to peruse at large the productions of those celebrated writers.

The History of the Theatres of London, from the Year 1760 to the present Time. By Mr. Victor. 12mo. Price 3s. Becket.

This is the continuation of a former work, in which Mr. Victor displays great knowledge

of the theatrical arcanum; having been a manager of the theatres in Dublin, and is now treasurer of the theatre royal, in Drury-Lane.

Observations on reversionary Payments; on Schemes for providing Annuities for Widows, and for Persons in old Age; on the Method of calculating the Assurance on Lives; and on the National Debt. To which are added, four Essays on different Subjects in the Doctrine of Life Annuities and Political Arithmetic, &c. By R. Price, D. D. F. R. S. Price 6s. Cadell.

Dr. Price appears to be master of his subject, and has thrown out many useful hints in the course of this elaborate work.

The Samians. A Tale. Price 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

The story of a young princess of Samos, and her lover, told in pleasing language.

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This novel has little else to recommend it but its style, which is easy and agreeable.

Animadversions upon Elements of Criticism; calculated equally for the Benefit of that celebrated Work, and the Improvement of English Style, &c. By James Elphinston. 8vo. Price 2s. Owen.

These animadversions on the work of lord Kaims are frequently hypercritical, often puerile, and sometimes just.

A Farewell to the Fleet at Spithead: describing the wretched Situation of France. Concluding with an Address to the Great, by their Example, to make Virtue fashionable. By a Sea Officer. 4to. Price 1s. 6d. Kearsley.

The laudable design of this son of Neptune should secure his piece from the shafts of criticism; and though he is no great poet, we believe him to be what is far superior, and which pope styles *the noblest work of God*—an honest man.

The Pursuits of Happiness, &c. 4to. Price 1s. 6d. Cadell.

Sentimental but not poetic.

Jessy; or, the Bridal-day, after the Manner of Mr. Richardson. Two Vols. Price 4s. Noble.

We do not upon this occasion know which is more to be pitied, the author, or the bookfeller; for the one has certainly lost his time, and the other his money, for print and paper we mean. But we know who is most to be pitied; the reviewer, to whose unfortunate lot these sheets fall for perusal.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of
the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. John Haycock.

Put $a = .7854$, $b = 2.07704$, and $x =$ radius of the stone; then $4ax^2$ is its area $\therefore 2x^2 : 4ax^2 :: 8 : 16ax$ $\therefore 4ax^2 : 4ax^2 - 16ax :: x^2 : x - b^2$, and $x = 28$. Hence the stone cost 2l. 16s. and the second man's share to grind down of the semi-diameter is 3.47301; the third man's share is 5.71675; and the fourth's 16.7332 inches.

Mr. George Grant, of Beverly, in Yorkshire, sent a very ingenious solution to this question.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. Thomas Barker.

The probability of throwing an ace with a single die at one throw is $\frac{1}{6}$ that of the contrary $\frac{5}{6}$, therefore $\frac{1}{6} \times \frac{5}{6} \times \frac{5}{6}$ is the probability of throwing an ace the first throw, and missing it in the two next throws with a single die; but as the ace might happen to come up in the second throw, and not in the first or third, and likewise might be missed in the first and second throw, but thrown in the third; it follows, that three times the equal probabilities for these events happening, or $3 \times \frac{1}{6} \times \frac{5}{6} \times \frac{5}{6}$ equal to $\frac{75}{216}$ is the probability of bringing up one ace precisely in three throws with a single die, or which is the same thing, in one throw with three common dice. Hence the expectation is worth 37l. 10s.

The Same answered by Mr. William Sparks.

Let the number of faces on the die $= n$, the probability of throwing the required face, the first time, will be $\frac{1}{n}$, that of missing it $1 - \frac{1}{n}$ or $\frac{n-1}{n}$. Now, if the ace be thrown the first time, then it must not be thrown in the next two trials (the probability of which is $\frac{n-1^2}{n^2}$) and $\left(\frac{1}{n} \times \frac{n-1^2}{n^2}\right) = \frac{n-1^2}{n^3}$ is the probability of throwing it in that order; but if the ace be missed the first throw (the probability of which is $\frac{n-1}{n}$) then only one ace must be thrown in the next two trials (the probability of which is $\frac{n-1 \times 2}{n^2}$), and $\frac{n-1}{n} \times \frac{n-1 \times 2}{n^2} = \frac{n-1^2 \times 2}{n^3}$ is the probability of throwing it in that order, therefore the whole probability of throwing but one ace in three throws with a single die will be $\left(\frac{n-1^2}{n^3} + \frac{n-1^2 \times 2}{n^3}\right) = \frac{n-1^2 \times 3}{n^3}$, and consequently, by taken $n = 6$, $\frac{n-1^2 \times 3}{n^3}$ becomes $\frac{75}{108}$, the probability of throwing one ace, precisely, in three throws with a single common die, which being multiplied by 108l. the sum expected upon winning gives 37l. 10s. the required value of P. V's. expectation before he begins to throw.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. Richard Hale.

From the first equation $x^4 = 337 - y^4$, and from the second $x^5 = 781 + y^5$; this divided by the first, gives $x = \frac{781 + y^5}{337 - y^4}$, whence $\frac{781 + y^5}{337 - y^4} = 337 - y^4$. Solved, gives $x = 4$, $y = 3$.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. J. Raven.

Put x for the base of the required triangle; then $x - 6$ is the perpendicular, and $x + 6$ the hypotenuse, and Eu. 47.1. $x^2 - 12x + 36 + x^2 = x^2 + 12x + 36$. From this equation we get $x = 24$, the required base; and consequently the perpendicular $= 18$, hypotenuse $= 30$.

QUESTION

QUESTION V. *Answered by Mr. William Castieu.*

Put $a = .7854$, $y = FB = HE$, $x =$ radius required. Then we have the chord $CD =$

$$\frac{8xy + 8x - 4yy - 8y - 4}{4x^2 - 4}^{\frac{1}{2}}, \text{ which is equal to } \frac{2xy + 2x}{4x^2 - 4}^{\frac{1}{2}} \text{ the}$$

$$\text{arch } DHC = \frac{\sqrt{128xy + 128x} - \sqrt{4x^2 - 4}}{6}$$

$$\text{the area of the sector } DBCE = \frac{128x^3y + 128x^3}{6}$$

$$- \frac{4x}{6} \frac{4x^2}{2}^{\frac{1}{2}}. \text{ The area of the space } DHCB =$$

$$\frac{512x^3y + 512x^3}{6} - \frac{16x^2 - 16}{2}^{\frac{1}{2}}; \text{ and the area}$$

$$\text{of the whole circle } DACB = 4ax^2. \text{ Hence we}$$

$$\text{have these equations, } 8xy + 8x - 4yy - 8y - 4 = 4x^2 - 4 \text{ and } 4ax^2 = \frac{2048x^3y + 2048x^3}{6} - \frac{64x^2 - 64}{2}^{\frac{1}{2}} - \frac{64x^2 - 64}{2}^{\frac{1}{2}}, \text{ from the solution of these equa-}$$

tions we get $x = 2.5$ and $y = .5$. Therefore the diameters of the equal circles will be 5.

Mr. John Haycock, of Sedgeford, in Norfolk, Mr. Benjamin Shelton, of Tameworth, in Staffordshire, Mr. Thomas Barker, teacher of the mathematicks, and land-surveyor, at Wissett, in Suffolk, Mr. George Grant, of Beverley, in Yorkshire, and Mr. William Castieu, answered all the questions; Mr. John Aspland, of Mildenhall, and Mr. Richard Hale, mathematician, and land-surveyor, of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire, answered the first, third, fourth, and fifth questions; Mr. William Sparks, of Pewsey, in Wiltshire, answered the first, second, and fourth questions; Mr. J. Raven, of the same place, answered the first, second, and third questions; P. V. of Hull, in Yorkshire, answered the third and fourth questions; and Mr. William Turner, teacher of mathematics, in Witney, Oxfordshire, answered the second and third questions.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. *By Mr. Matthew Goodwin, School-Master, at St. Crofs, in Suffolk.*

Given the area of a right-angled triangle, 8 acres, 2 rods, and 26 poles; the hypotenuse 35 poles; to find the sides by plane trigonometry.

QUESTION II. *By Mr. John Aspland.*

Bought books at 4, 6, and 7 Shillings a-piece; the number I bought of each sort form three terms in arithmetic progression; the sum of their squares make 179. Required the number of each sort when the whole cost 6l. 11s.

QUESTION III. *By Mr. John Haycock.*

Sailing due north in a current at the rate of four knots per $\frac{1}{2}$ minute glass; saw a small island, which bore E.N.E. distant 40 miles after running 12 miles (by the log) still due north; the island bore due E; and having run 16 miles more upon the same course, it then bore S. E. Required the direction and velocity of the current.

QUESTION IV. *By Mr. William Castieu.*

Given the diameters of two circles, likewise the distance between their centers; to find a point in the line joining those centers upon which a perpendicular being erected, may make the part intercepted by the peripheries of the two given circles of a given length.

POETICAL PIECES.

J U L Y.

TIS summer all! oh! bear me to the scene
Where sweet Content sits smiling in
disguise;

To sport with thee, O Fancy, thro' the green,
And trace out Nature's beauties as they rise.

With languid heat the sun pursues his race,
And meets stern Leo with his sultry brow;
His coursers hasting thro' the circled space,
He beams prolific heat on all below.

To seek the nectar of the flow'ry lawns,
Sagacious instinct! providential store!
The peopled hives send out their busy swarms,
The sweets of ev'ry blossom to explore.

From field to field th' industrious legions rove,
All are employ'd throughout the num'rous
train,

To range the plain, the garden, or the grove,
Till tinkling noises call them back again.

The fruitful herbage now invites the scythe,
And waving bends to meet the mower's sweep:
The healthy swains in eager contest strive,
Who works the fastest, or who cuts most
deep.

Rous'd by the early herald of the day,
Refresh'd with sleep, the lads and lasses wake;
Quickly array'd, they chearful bend their way,
Whilst some their prongs, and some refresh-
ment take.

In artless talk they gain the distant fields,
Off goes the jacket—off the homespun gown:
Whilst the ripe verdure of the meadows yields
A plenteous crop, in even rows laid down.

Their diff'rent stations each respective knows,
Some turn the herbage, some the haycocks
pile:

When, safe beneath the shade, a short repose,
And healthy meal, give respite to their toil.

Well-pleas'd they toil, till twilight throws her
vest

Of dark'ning ruffet o'er the fading sky:—
Where labour done, all happy homeward haste,
(Singled in pairs) in mutual harmony.

The EAGLE and other BIRDS.

THE king that would his subjects bless
Wisdom and virtue must possess;
'Tis not enough that learning shine
In those who'd rule by right divine;
To wear a crown tho' James was born,
The pedant monarch claims our scorn.

Nor will religion's sacred ties
To form their hearts alone suffice;
The godly Charles devoutly bred,
Yet, pious sovereign, lost his head:
Nor valour, tho' it fire the soul
To spread alarms from pole to pole;
In Richard all the hero shone,
Beneath his sway the people groan.

The wisest prince, by passion lost,
For want of virtue may be lost:
We see the want of virtue stain
The annals of Eliza's reign.
In kings who only wish to see
Their people happy, brave, and free,
(Form'd to protect and bless mankind)
Virtue with Wisdom must be join'd.

An Eagle died, his royal son,
With loud applauses, mounts the throne;
Unnumber'd wings around him sweep,
And thousands at his foot-stool creep:
Now from the north are hurrying seen
The Hawks, who claim a distant kin;
Large flocks of Vultures quick appear,
And fulsom flattery wounds his ear,
While every bird makes haste to meet,
And kiss their new-made monarch's feet.

The cautious youth was much too wise
To hearken to their glozing lies:
His thoughtful head his talon press'd,
For anxious thoughts disturb'd his breast:
Those thoughts the many millions share
Thro' all the regions of the air.

Now Hawks drop'd distant hints of pensions,
While Doves coo'd out their apprehensions,
Daws prated of elections free,
Owls hooted Wilkes and liberty;
The Ravens fear'd things might go further,
Then croak'd of massacres and murder;
Rooks caw'd aloud for dissolution,
And Parrots scream'd out revolution;
The Magpies chatter'd on their part
Of bill of rights and magna chart:
The lord-mayor Goose with hideous gab'ling
Would in the royal ear be bab'ling,
And now the vulgar birds resort
In mobs, and hiss around the court.

The Chatham Kite, who led the head,
Thus first his modest suit prefer'd,
Let me, my liege, but guide the reins,
'Twill save you, Sire, a world of pains.

The northern Hawk incens'd, reply'd,
Sir Kite, your talents once were try'd,
And prov'd you only fit to pick
The bones of each deluded chick;
You the licentious rabble taught
No more to reverence what they ought,
But, to support your sinking cause,
To scorn their king, and hate the laws.
Go, speed your flight, or you may find
You're like to leave your head behind.

Vex'd to the soul, the monarch rose,
His heart furcharg'd with piercing woes,

Tower'd

Tower'd to the sun with pennons strong,
Far from the view of all the throng;
Penfive revol'd the strange conditions
Contain'd in all the birds petitions;
Nor could devise by gentle rules
To govern such mad clamorous fools;
Fain would he make them happy, yet
He found it past an eagle's wit.
With him was lodg'd imperial sway,
'Twas their's submissive to obey;
Gladly he every bird would see
Skim thro' the pathless liquid, free;
But as all order they neglected,
Nor his mild government respected,
They should not his protection share,
And vengeance prompts him not to spare.

When once compassion quits the heart,
All virtues with that guest depart;
Let pity ne'er desert thy breast,
However injur'd, scorn'd, oppress'd;
Pity extends to all the bad,
The worst of wretches, fools, or mad.

This eagle prince was wise, 'tis true,
And more than all his subjects knew;
But when his mind soft pity left,
Of every virtue 'twas bereft.

And now resolv'd, with fury stung,
First on the cack'ling Goose he sprung,
Tore off his golden chain, and then
Truss'd the fat turkey aldermen,
While all the birds, with wild affright,
Fled from their savage sovereign's sight.

Since this a mad confusion reigns
Thro' all the wide ætherial plains,
And birds of a superior power
(Like men) their fellow birds devour.

The OLD MAID.

SOME maids too soon, they cry, "I will,"
To bless a wanton mate:
And some there are—oh! worst of ill
That cry, "I will too late."

'Mong these I place the pristine maid,
Who's past the nuptial day,
Who, void of every lover's aid,
Sings naught in am'rous lay.

Perhaps, they'll say they live recluse
From man's despotic rule;
And joy themselves with minds profuse
In Dian's lonely school,

And thus avail their secret thought
From prejudicial fears,
While others taste the fickle knot
Replete with worldly cares.

Perhaps, they think themselves aright
On reason's vaunted throne,
To have and hold that dimful light,
Which they at length bemoan.

The rule of nature must abate,
Were all to be thus taught;

And soon, alas! would life stagnate,
Nor order as it ought.

But after all these whimsies said
From Fancy's lowest gleaning;
Tho' much they wish to die a maid,
'Tis known they have no meaning.

For women must be women still,
If women's soul they bear:
Yet what they can't obtain by will,
They cry, "they do not fear;"

And when averse to friendly rules,
And cold to native joy,
Their mind and years the lover cools,
And hap'ly leaves the courteous boy,

Unnotic'd by the soothing train,
With skin and grief impent,
They all against themselves exclaim,
And finally repent.

And when to bind the gordian knot
They find themselves too late,
They ne'er want words, and God knows what,
To justify their fate.

Still, tho' they will not thus confess,
To add to their disgrace,
It matters not how they transgress,
You read it in their face.

Chapel-Street,
Grosvenor-Square.

M. D.

On the Death of Miss S*****.

I.

GO spare me, ye shepherds, awhile,
Nor tempt me no more to be glad;
You cannot my sorrows beguile,
For never was shepherd more sad:
The woodbines that hang o'er the brook,
For cypress and willow I'll change;
I'll give you my pipe and my crook,
But leave me, O! leave me to range.

II.

I see your eyes big with a tear,
Which kindly you combat to hide;
You always to Strephon was dear,
But sorrow and Strephon's ally'd:
Scarce dry'd was the cheek (I may sing)
That late for my *Florimel mourn'd;
When death cropt the hopes of the spring,
And Philida never return'd.

III.

'Tis Philida's loss we deplore,
The lovely, the blooming, the gay!
Alas! shall thy charms be no more
That clos'd e'er the noon of the day?

* *Vide vol. 2. p. 216, Town and Country Magazine.*

So flush'd with the beauties of morn,
The rose sheds its fragrance around;
E'er eve, O! how hard to be born!
Its honours lay strew'd on the ground.

IV

When late as we follow'd the bier,
How solemnly sad was the scene?
Not an eye but was wet with a tear,
For O! she was lov'd on the green!
The nymphs and the swains from her grave
All seem'd with reluctance to part;
But heav'n its measures will have,
And best can reward our desert.
Totnes. W. Hannaford.

To ———

I.

CAN a heart that is bursting with grief,
Find ease by relating its woe?
Can my bosom e'er hope for relief,
While my sorrows continue to flow?
Alas! tho' no succour be near,
From sighing I cannot refrain;
And a tear still enforcing a tear,
My eye-lids incessantly strain.

II.

O! cou'd I these torments now quit!
Cou'd I chase but her form from my mind!
But why shou'd I wish to forget
That once she was gentle and kind?
That fate in the play-day of youth,
To my nonage should be so severe,
To cause me to love her with truth!
To cause me, alas! to despair!

III.

Oh! whence are the moments of bliss
We spent where the eglantines grow?
Or where the sweet innocent kiss,
She then was so kind to bestow?
Gone, gone—I shall prove them no more,
With my blossoms of hope are they fled;
That hope I was fond to adore!
Now blasted, now wither'd, and dead.

IV.

Had she never permitted my praise,
When reclin'd on her bosom I hung:
Had she never been fond of my lays,
Had she never applauded my song:
O! then had my heart been at rest,
Which now must for ever endure,
An anguish which can't be express'd!
An anguish she only can cure.

Totnes, June 17.

W. H——d.

PROLOGUE to the new Comedy of the
MAID of BATH.

Written by Mr. GARRICK.

WHO but has read, if you have read at all,
Of one, they Jack the Giant-killer call?

He was a bold, stout, able-bodied man,
To clear the World of *see, saw, fum*, his plan:
Whene'er a monster had within his power
A young and tender virgin to devour,
To cool his blood, *Jack*, like a skilful surgeon,
Bled well the monster, and releas'd the virgin:
Like the best doctors, did a method learn,
Of curing fevers never to return,
Mayn't I this Giant-killing trade renew?
I have my virgin, and my monster too.
Tho' I can't boast, like *Jack*, a list of slain,
I wield a lancet, and can breathe a vein:
To his Herculean arm my nerves are weak,
He cleft his foes, I only make mine squeak:
As Indians wound their slaves to please the court,

I'll tickle mine, great Sirs, to make you sport.
To prove myself an humble imitator,
Giants are vices, and *Jack* stands for satire:
By tropes and figures, as it fancy suits,
Passions rise monsters, men sink down to brutes;

All talk and write in allegoric diction,
Court, city, town, and country run to fiction!
Each daily paper allegory teaches
Placemen are locusts, and contractors leeches:
Nay, even *Change-Alley*, where no bard re-
pairs, wares;
Deals much in fiction to pass off their
For whence the roaring there?—from bulls
and bears!

The gaming fools are doves, the knaves are
rooks,
Change-Alley bankrupts waddle out lame ducks!
But ladies, blame not you your gaming
spouses,

For you, as well as they, have pigeon houses;
To change the figure, formerly I have been,
To straggling follies only *whipper-in*;
By royal bounty rais'd, I mount the back
Of my own hunter, and I keep the pack:
Tallyo!—a rank old fox we now pursue,
So strong the scent, you'll run him full in
view:

If we can't kill such brutes in human shape,
Let's frighten 'em, that your chickens may
escape; [grumbling,
Rouse 'em, when o'er their tender prey they're
And rub their gums at least to mar their
mumbling.

EPILOGUE to the new Comedy of the MAID
of BATH.

Written by Mr. CUMBERLAND.

Spoken by Mrs. JEWELL.

CONFIDING in the Justice of the Place,
To you the Maid of Bath submits her Case:
Wrong'd, and defeated of three several Spouses,
She lays her Damages for nine full Houses.
Well,

Well, Sirs, you've heard the Parties, *pro* and *con*.

Do the *Pro's* carry it? Shall the Suit go on?
 Speak Hearts for us, to them we make Appeal;
 Tell us not what you think but what you feel:
 Ask us, why bring a private Cause to View!
 We answer, with a Sigh—because 'tis true:
 For tho' Invention is our Poet's Trade,
 Here he but copies Parts, which others play'd.
 For on a Ramble, late one starry Night,
 With Asmodeo, his familiar Sprite,
 High on the Wing, by his Conductor's Side,
 This guilty Scene the indignant Bard descri'd:
 Soaring in Air, his ready Pen he drew,
 And dash'd the glowing Satire as he flew:
 For in these rank luxuriant Times there needs
 Some strong bold Hand to pluck the noxious
 Weeds.

The Rake of Sixty, cripp'd Hand and Knee,
 Who sins on Claret, and repents on Tea:
 The witless Maccaroni, who purloins
 A few cant Words, which some pert Gambler
 coins:

The undomestic Amazonian Dame,
 Staunch to her *Coterie*, in Despite of Fame:
 These are the Victims of our Poet's Plan,
 But most, that *Monster*—an unfeeling Man.
 When such a Foe provokes him to the Fight,
 Tho' maim'd, out sallies the puissant Knight:
 Like Withrington, maintains the glorious Strife,
 And only yields his Laurels—with his Life.

PROLOGUE to the Comic Opera of DIDO,
 Spoken by Mrs. Gardner, in the Character of
 FLORA.

WHILST I, for want of cool refreshing
 showers,
 Was sprinkling water over all my flowers,
 In Foote's flower garden; this pert poet came,
 Saluted me, and call'd me by my name:
 Flora, says he, this night did I engage
 To bring some goddesses upon the stage;
 Give me your pan, in watering I'll bestir me,
 If you'll but go, and speak a prologue for me.
 I straight agreed, because the time o'th' year,
 Is just the time for Flora to appear,
 And I as Flora, or as any goddess,
 Or e'en a country wench in leather bodice,
 Am ne'er so pleas'd as when my humble mite
 Contributes to the pleasures of the night;
 The motive's rather selfish you'll suppose, }
 And selfish I must own it is; because }
 No feast to me can equal your applause;—
 But to the point, the poet's prologue; sure
 It is not left behind me in the bower,
 O! no, 'tis here—this tale, you all must know,
 Happen'd about four thousand years ago,
 When heathen priests, a pack of cunning wights,
 Made gods as fast as modern kings make
 knights;
 Then to support the wooden tribe they'd made,
 They gave 'em every god a kind of trade;
 But dealt 'em so that, like our modern race,
 You hardly find one equal to his place.

JULY, 1771.

Jove was to rule the world, and curb all strife,
 Yet the poor god could never rule his wife;
 Bacchus presided o'er a drunken crew
 Of guzzling laymen, and some clergy too;
 Pallas they made a counsellor, and she
 Advis'd with wisdom, but disclaim'd a fee,
 For which our modern counsellors disclaim
 All knowledge of her person or her name:
 Venus presided o'er the handsome doxies,
 Such as are often seen ith' upper boxes:
 But, if you'll wait with patience, you shall see
 A sample of their godships presently;
 From their high seats our bard shall fetch 'em
 down,

And make 'em shew their shapes to all the
 town.

Criticks, take heed, and do not stare and gape,
 And tumble headlong into some queer scrape;
 I've smok'd our author's scheme, and I'll lay
 odds,

You can't damn him, unless you damn the gods.

PROLOGUE to the TOBACCONIST.

Written and spoken by Mr. GENTLEMAN.

BEN JOHNSON's name, in ev'ry ear of taste,
 Must with respect and countenance be grac'd;
 No pen the lines of Nature better drew,
 No wit or satire ever higher flew;
 An early pillar of the English stage,
 His pieces were true pictures of the age;
 Time-worn they feel impair—yet still must
 please,

Nervous and just, though void of modern ease.

Fashions, in characters as well as cloaths,
 Change, tho' less oft, as wav'ring fancy flows;
 Witches and fairies with their midnight train,
 No longer revel on the blasted plain;
 Now ev'ry simpleton of Britain's isle,
 At such a fraud as *Alchymy* would smile;
 Yet being only chang'd in name and shapes,
 Scarce one in ten the gilded bait escapes.

Haste to the Hall, where law is sold like
 ware,

How many long-rob'd Alchymists ply there;
 What hopes to gudgeon clients they unfold,
 While empty quibbles turn to solid gold;
 See swarming quacks!—so public folly wills,
 Convert to gold their health destroying pills.
 Change Alley view—that scene of transmuta-
 tion,

That base alchemic bubble of the nation;
 See beauty's self resign its brightest charms,
 And turn to gold in age's frozen arms.

Search all the world, examine ev'ry part;
 You'll find each man an Alchymist at heart:
 In ev'ry clime we find, if truth be told,
 The universal Deity is gold.

Whate'er of merit you perceive this night,
 Grant your old Bard as his undoubted right;
 My brain has labour'd—feebly I confess,
 Only to furnish a more modern dress.
 My weak endeavours let your candor raise,
 They hope indulgence, though they reach not
 praise.

3 D

FOREIGN

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Rome, May 15.

LAST Thursday the Pretender arrived in this city, attended by Sir T—S—, and a Scotch gentleman: the day after prince Charles had an audience of the pope, who gave him a most gracious reception. The Monday following he left the city, and by some private hints which were dropped by several of his adherents, it is strongly imagined the P---n monarch had given him an invitation to reside at B---aw in his dominions; his rout was certainly for some parts of Germany. The Pretender resided incog. at his brother's, the cardinal of York, where he was privately visited by many people of distinction.

Constantinople, May 17. In the night between the 5th and 6th inst. an incendiary was taken who had just set fire to a house in this city, on which he was immediately strangled, and the fire was extinguished. The disorders of the militia are greater than ever were known; they surrounded lately the Kaimachan, from whom they demanded money, and he was obliged to purchase his liberty at the price of sixty sequins. The baths for the women, which have always, till this period, been regarded as sacred, have been attacked; several women have been forced away, and two ladies were very ill treated who were going to them, notwithstanding every effort to save them. These excesses continued to the 8th instant; when the Grand Seignior gave orders for the greatest part of the militia and mariners to embark on board the ships in the harbour, and to bring their arms on shore; at the same time an order was issued, giving leave to any persons attacked to defend themselves. Two days after, like orders were published at Galata and Pera, when the shops were ordered to be opened, and permission given to the Christians, not only to defend themselves, but to act offensively against any that should insult them. This order has had a happy effect, thirty of the ringleaders have been strangled, and we now enjoy tranquillity.

The plague has manifested itself afresh, not only in this capital, but in the suburbs.

Otranto, June 3. The maritime forces of the Russians in the Archipelago, consist of twelve ships of the line, fifteen frigates, and a bomb ketch. Each ship of the line carries 600 men, and every frigate 300. They have at Paros 2800 soldiers encamped in the plains of Carigi, besides 3000 Greeks and Albanians.

They write from Constantinople, that towards the beginning of last month some Russian frigates began to bombard the castle of Tenedos.

They write from Naples, that Mount Ve-

svivius recommenced a few days to throw out a quantity of lava with great violence.

Petersburgh, June 4. Yesterday and this morning there have been several dreadful fires, but they are now happily extinguished: a very great number of wooden houses, and some of brick, have been burnt; among which are the hotel of the corps of marine cadets, and a hemp warehouse, in which however there were fortunately not above 10,000 pound of hemp in store.

The loss to the British factory is far from considerable, but their danger was very great, as many magazines of combustible goods were surrounded with flames.

Vienna, June 10. An imperial edict has appeared, which orders the several Curés of the hereditary estates to sell, without delay, all the estates attached to their benefices. The money arising from their sales is destined to form a capital, the revenue from which is to be equally divided, each year, among all the Pastors, to prevent, as is now the case, some being in want, whilst others have great superfluities.

Copenhagen, June 11. In order to prevent a scarcity of grain in this capital, his majesty has given orders that a magazine shall be erected here, which shall always contain ten thousand tons: this is to be replaced from year to year; and if our own country should not furnish a sufficiency to keep it up, a quantity sufficient for that purpose is to be bought in foreign countries.

It appears from assays which have been made here, that the mine discovered lately in the island of St. Croix, in America, does not contain the least particle of gold; so that all our great expectations have entirely vanished in smoke.

Leghorn, June 11. We learn from Malta, that an English merchantman called the Anglican, having sailed from Smyrna, in order to convoy to Alexandria about 300 Turkish merchants, who carried great sums of money with them, was met on her voyage by a Russian privateer, who ordered her to strike. The English captain hanging out his flag would not listen to the repeated orders of the Russian, who, as he followed the Englishman, met a Russian frigate, and both in conjunction took the merchantman, after a fight of three hours.

Vienna, June 19. The young count de Staremberg is set out from hence for Belgrade, charged with the execution of a very secret commission.

Warsaw, June 19. This whole country is in a continued state of agitation. The confederates commit hostilities every where, and their number, instead of diminishing, seems daily

daily to increase, and to gain strength. A striking proof of this is the acquisition of M. Wessell, the grand treasurer of the crown, who, hitherto their friend in private, has now formally entered himself a member of their body, and approves of all their declarations. The general confederacy hath appointed M. Czerni envoy to the Porte, and he has set out for Constantinople.

Lemberg, June 19. We have accounts from Moldavia, that the last Turkish fort on this side the Danube, namely Turha, where there are 6000 Turks, is now besieged by prince Repnin.

Florence, June 24. Last week several shocks of an earthquake were felt in the cities and villages of Velettri, Frascati, Castle Gandolfo, &c. but they did not cause any damage. They were followed by a dreadful hurricane and storm of hail-stones of such extraordinary sizes entirely destroyed the fruits of the earth in the district of Sabina, and killed many cattle.

Warsaw, June 26. We have just received accounts from Volhinia, that a courier had passed through there from prince Dolgorucki's army, in his way to Petersburgh, carrying thither the important tidings that the whole Crimea had surrendered to the Russian scepter.

Paris, June 28. An edict is just issued here, by which all persons, lately enobled, must pay to the king 10,000 livres, for the preservation of the privileges appertaining to their nobility.

Rome, June 29. Last week a courier arrived here with advice, that the Russians had made themselves masters of Ragusa.

Warsaw, July 2. A courier just arrived from Moldavia, has brought the following intelligence:

The Turks, under the command of Mousson Oughli, passed the Danube the 9th of June, in number 18,000, in three bodies, two of which afterwards joining, attacked general Potemkin, who was besieging fort Turno, opposite Nicopolis: that general, however, having been informed of their design, advanced towards them, dispersed them, seized their cannon, and forced them to retire towards Viddin. The other Turkish corps was more successful; they sat down before fort Giurgovo, and after several attacks for three days, the Russian commandant, named

Henckel, capitulated on the 14th of June, when he was allowed to march out with all the honours of war, but leaving 64 pieces of cannon behind.

Prince Repnin hearing of the attack, marched to the assistance of the Russians, but arrived three hours after the capitulation. However, he has invested the place, and promises to get possession of it in fifteen days.

The Russian commandant, with all his officers, were put by prince Repnin under an arrest.

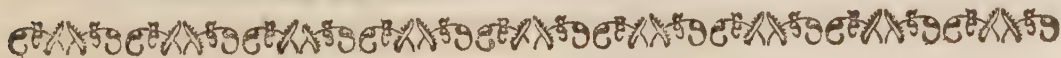
The 7th of March last, the taking this place cost the Russians 1000 men.

Paris, July 5. We are assured that the Jesuits have offered, 200,000,000 livres purely and simply for permission to re-enter their convents.

It is added, that the Jews have also offered 100,000,000 livres for the freedom of Paris, and the liberty of erecting a synagogue there. They even propose to purchase the Colisée, which the poverty of the times has rendered a desert. Many sensible people, fearing some new operations of the finances, prefer the above methods of raising money to that of laying new burdens on the people.

Berlin, July 6. The heavy and incessant rains which have fallen in this country for these four weeks past, have done very great damage. The most melancholy accounts are received from Werben in the Old Mark, no less than forty villages and thirty-four gentleman's country seats having been laid under water by the Elbe's again overflowing its banks, and forcing its way through the dykes, which were broken by the great inundation that happened last spring, and have not been since sufficiently repaired. This is the fourth time within these five months that this part of the Old Mark has been afflicted with this dreadful calamity, which has reduced the unhappy sufferers to the most shocking state of misery and distress.

Cologne, July 9. We are informed, that a courier arrived lately from Petersburg at Berlin with some dispatches, which were immediately sent by express to the court of Vienna, and to the camp of the Grand Vizir: we are assured, that these dispatches contain the last answer of the Empress of Russia relative to the negotiation carrying on with the Porte.



DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON.

DURING the recess of parliament, whilst our minor politicians are deprived of the power of discanting upon the debates in both houses, the printers of the public papers find themselves under the necessity of occasionally furnishing such articles as may create attention and excite curiosity.

Thus we find, in the course of this month, they have sent instructions to our ambassador to demand the payment of the Canada bills, long since settled between the two courts; but finding this rumour was not sufficient to give credit to an approaching rupture, they judged it expedient to put a few of our merchantmen into the hands of the French in the West Indies, and this report had some effect on

Change, but did not produce any visible operation in the western part of the metropolis; wherefore a drunken riot in a public house in Westminster, wherein several of the French ambassador's menial servants were concerned, and some peace officers, who were called in to quell it, was made a subject of political altercation between that ambassador and our ministers, and a speedy recall of count de Guines from this court, was pronounced its immediate consequence. These reports having had their day, all the foreign ministers, and our own, appeared at Windsor at the installation, with as much unconcern, and in as perfect harmony, as if the tranquillity of Europe had not received the least shock from these important events. In effect, there appears little or no alteration in the state of affairs upon the Continent since our last; peace has not yet been concluded between the Porte and Russia, tho' it is still talked of as an event that must speedily ensue. The king of Poland is in statu quo, and his kingdom is still in as great a ferment as before. The king of France is daily put in mind of the malversation of his ministers, by pasquinades which he frequently finds, even in unfolding his napkin: nevertheless, the grievances of his people are not redressed, the princes of the blood complain, and his parliaments remonstrate.

From the London Gazette.

St. James's, June 26.

THIS day the baron de Nolcken, envoy extraordinary from the king of Sweden, had a private audience of his majesty, to notify the death of the late king of Sweden, and to deliver his new credentials.

Whitehall, June 29. The king has been pleased to appoint Sir Ralph Payne, knight of the Bath, captain general and governor in chief of his majesty's Leeward Caribbee Islands in America, in the room of William Woodley, Esq.

From the London Gazette.

St. James's, July 2.

Last night the ceremony of christening of the young prince was performed in the great council chamber by his grace the archbishop of Canterbury. His royal highness was named Ernest-Augustus. The Sponsors were, his serene highness prince Ernest of Mecklenburgh Strelitz in person; his serene highness prince Maurice of Saxe Gotha, represented by the earl of Hertford, lord chamberlain of his majesty's household; and her serene highness the hereditary princess of Hesse-Cassel, represented by the Countess of Egremont.

St. James's, July 2. This day the king and queen, his royal highness the Prince of Wales, his royal highness Prince Frederick bishop of Osnabruck, and their royal highnesses the princess and princesses, went from the queen's palace to reside at Richmond and Kew during the summer.

July 2. The following affair happened at the queen's house on Wednesday night last: a woman decently dressed passed by the porter with a basket, and enquired for one of the at-

tendants; she went into one of the offices, where she left the basket, and then went through one of the avenues; a boy belonging to her majesty's household saw the woman lay the basket down, and, being curious, looked into it, when under some green leaves he found a fine male child, about two months old; the boy, being very much surprised, screamed very loud, which alarmed several people, and at length the news reached the ears of the king, who desired the child might be brought to him, when, after viewing the infant, his majesty ordered it to be sent to a careful nurse, and it is to be named George. If the child lives, it is to be put under the care of Mrs. Foresworth, the deputy governess. A memorandum was found with the child, the contents of which have not yet transpired. No one can tell which way the woman went out of the house, which has occasioned many conjectures.

At the close of the poll for sheriffs for the city of London and county of Middlesex, yesterday afternoon at Guildhall, the numbers were as follow:

For Mr. Alderman Wilkes	-	2315
Frederick Bull, Esq;	-	2194
Mr. Alderman Kirkman	-	1949
Mr. Alderman Plumbe	-	1875
Mr. Alderman Oliver	-	119

After the numbers above mentioned had been chalked down for public inspection, the common crier gave notice, that the sheriffs would finally and formally declare the numbers to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock.

3. This day the two sheriffs, accompanied by one of the under sheriffs, went at half an hour past ten to Guildhall, and cast up the poll books for the new election of sheriffs, which they finished about a quarter after three, when Mr. Common Serjeant, in the room of the Recorder, who was at the Sessions House, declared the numbers to be as follow; viz. for alderman Wilkes 2315; Mr. Bull 2194; alderman Kirkman 1949; Plumbe 1875; Oliver 119: whereupon the two first were declared duly elected; which was received by the very numerous concourse of people in the hall, with long and loud acclamations; and the sheriffs elect addressed the livery as follows:

Mr. Alderman WILKES'S SPEECH.

Gentlemen, and Fellow Citizens.

"I thank you for the honour you have done me, and congratulate you on the compleat triumph of this day over the corrupt arts of a profligate administration, the most barefaced bribery and daring menaces, the many shameful practices of the wretched tools of arbitrary power among us, the insolent mandates of placemen, and the treachery of the pretended friends of liberty and their country. Your firmness and zeal have crushed the united forces of all those, who meant to enslave this great city. I have not the least doubt that the same happy union among ourselves will always remain a firm barrier against every future

ture attack, from the concealed and insidious friend, or the open enemy.

"Permit me to assure you of the closest attention to every part of my duty, and the faithful discharge of my office. One particular only I must entirely leave to my worthy colleague, as I am incapable of acting. *Petitions* from this city to the house of commons I cannot present at the bar of that house, because I am actually a part of the representative body of this kingdom, being one of the legal members for this county. The independent and spirited freeholders of Middlesex have given me as clear a right to a seat in parliament, as the electors of any other knight of a shire of England can give to any gentleman. By the most atrocious injustice of a majority, placed and pentioned by the venal influence of the minister, I am deprived of the enjoyment of that right, in direct violation of the clearest privileges of a free people. My legal claim however is clear, and shall on all occasions be supported with spirit.

"The sheriffs, gentlemen, merit all our thanks for their attentive, upright, and impartial behaviour during the course of a tedious poll. To a thorough knowledge of business they joined the utmost fairness and candour. In the whole of their proceedings they have secured the approbation of the public. Their conduct cannot at any time be excelled, but I hope it will be equalled, at least by those, who, through your favour, are to be their immediate successors."

The SPEECH of FREDERICK BULL, Esq.

"Gentlemen of the Livery, and Fellow Citizens."

"Permit me to acknowledge to you the sense I have of the honour you have now called me to, and I cannot but think myself the more obliged, as it was unsolicited by me.

"I should not in these alarming times have waited to be asked to accept, could I have thought myself equal to, this important office. However, gentlemen, as you have been pleased to fix on me, give me leave to assure you, I will do every thing in my power to preserve the peace, and to promote the welfare, the honour, and independence, of the city of London."

5. Yesterday the sheriffs, with the city remembrancer, waited upon his majesty at St. James's, to know his royal pleasure when he would receive the address, remonstrance, and petition, agreed upon by the livery at the last common-hall; they attended above two hours before they had an audience; when his majesty was pleased to appoint Wednesday next, at two o'clock, to receive the address.

St. James's, July 9.

His majesty has been pleased to grant unto the right hon. lady North, the office of keeper of Bushy Park, in or near Hampton-Court, in the county of Middlesex, during his majesty's pleasure.

9. Yesterday morning came on in the court of King's-Bench, Guildhall, before the right hon. lord chief justice Mansfield and a special jury, a cause wherein Messrs. Robinson and Roberts, proprietors of the *Lady's Magazine*, were plaintiffs, and Mr. Wheble, the publisher *only* of a few of the first numbers of that work, was defendant. In the course of the trial, it was declared by his lordship from the bench, that the selling one Magazine for another, under the same title, was a fraud, and an imposition upon the public, of the same nature as one man selling cloth by another man's mark. After examining many respectable witnesses in the trade, the jury brought in a verdict, with damages, in favour of the plaintiffs, the sole proprietors of that work. The damage given was only one shilling, this action being brought to ascertain the property: the next action will go upon damage, and to prove the number sold.

10. Much having been said in the prints relative to the bequest made by the late lord Halifax in favour of his daughter, by Mrs. Donaldson, we are desired to explain its true nature to the public:—If Miss Montague marries with the consent of her trustees, the Stansted estate descends to her heirs; if she does not, she loses this estate, which then goes to Sir George Osborne, and she is to receive a fortune only of 10,000l.

From the London Gazette.

St. James's, July 10.

This day the right hon. the lord mayor, the aldermen, the sheriffs, and the common council, with a committee of the livery, of the city of London, waited upon his majesty (being introduced by the right hon. the earl of Hertford, lord chamberlain of his majesty's household) with the following address, remonstrance, and petition, which was read by Sir James Hodges, town clerk.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble address, remonstrance, and petition of the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery, of the City of London, in common hall assembled.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We your majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the lord mayor, aldermen, and livery, of the City of London, in the anguish of our hearts, beg leave to approach your royal person, and deeply to lament that we still suffer, together with many others, all those great and unparalleled grievances, which we have before submitted to your majesty, with the hope of a full and speedy redress from our sovereign, as the father of his people.

The same arbitrary house of commons which violated the sacred right of election, and seated among themselves, as a representative of the people, a man who was never chosen into parliament, have, the last session, proceeded to the most extravagant outrages against the constitution of this kingdom, and the liberty of the subject, of which your majesty is by law the

the great guardian.---They have ventured to imprison our chief magistrate; and one of our aldermen, for disobeying their illegal orders, and not violating the holy sanction of their oaths to this great city, as well as their duty to their country.---They have, by the most artful suggestions, prevailed upon your majesty to suffer your royal name to give a pretended authority to a proclamation, issued at their express desire, contrary to the known laws of the land.---At length they proceeded to the enormous wickedness of erasing a judicial record, in order to stop the course of justice, and to frustrate all possibility of relief by an appeal to those laws, which are the noblest birthright and inheritance of all the subjects of this realm.

During the unjust confinement of our representatives, they proceeded to a law, depriving the citizens of London of a considerable part of their property in the soil of the river Thames, solemnly granted to them by divers charters, and confirmed by the authority of parliament; and, under colour of equity, inserted in that law an unusual saving clause, subversive of the known and established laws of property; they have, without any pretence of abuse, superseded the conservancy of the river Thames, in the liberty of which the citizens of London have enjoyed from the conquest.

We therefore, your remonstrants, again humbly supplicate your majesty to restore our rights, and to give peace to the distracted nation, by a speedy dissolution of the parliament, and by removing your present wicked and despotic ministers forever from your councils and presence.

Signed by order,

James Hodges.

To which address, remonstrance, and petition, his majesty was pleased to return the following answer:

I shall ever be ready to exert my prerogative, as far as I can constitutionally, in redressing any real grievances of my subjects; and the city of London will always find me disposed to listen to any of their well founded complaints: it is therefore with concern that I see a part of my subjects still so far misled and deluded, as to renew, in such reprehensible terms, a request, with which, I have repeatedly declared I cannot comply.

St James's, July 10. The king has been pleased to appoint John Blaquier, Esq; lieutenant colonel of the 17th regiment of dragoons, to be secretary to his majesty's embassy to the court of France.

The following letter was received by the right hon. the lord mayor, at eleven o'clock on Tuesday night.

My Lord,

"As in consequence of the notice given of the time your lordship proposes setting out tomorrow, the livery may be induced to attend your lordship to St. James's, I have the king's commands to acquaint you, that it being un-

precedented to admit the livery upon such occasions, as well as impracticable to introduce so numerous a body, no persons beyond the number allowed by law to present petitions to the throne will be admitted, except your lordship, the aldermen, common council, and city officers. I am, my lord, with the greatest respect, your lordships most obedient humble servant,
HERTFORD."

Grosvenor-street, July 9, 1771.

15. On Saturday last an express arrived at the admiralty, with the agreeable news of the arrival in the Downs of the Endeavour, capt. Cooke, from the East Indies. This ship sailed in August 1768, with Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, Mr. Green, and other ingenious gentlemen on board, for the South Seas, to observe the transit of Venus; they have since made a voyage round the world, and touched at every coast and island where it was possible to get on shore, to collect every species of plants and other rare productions in nature. Their voyage upon the whole has been as agreeable and successful as they could have expected, except the death of Mr. Green, who died upon his passage from Batavia. Dr. Solander has been a good deal indisposed, but it is hoped a few days refreshment will soon establish his health. Capt. Cooke, and Mr. Banks, are perfectly well.

16. On Sunday the following East-Indiamen arrived at their moorings in the river: the Hawke, Cotton; the duke of Gloucester, Lauder; the Royal Captain, Berrow; the Kent, Mills; the Latham, Prince; and the Valentine, Purvis, all from China: The Europa, Pelly, from Coast and Bay; the Admiral Pocock, Riddle; and the Lord Camden, Smith, from Bombay; the Princess Royal, Kerr, from Fort St. George; and the Houghton, Smith, from Bengal.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, July 16, 1771.

Notice is hereby given, that, at the installation at Windsor, on Thursday the 25th instant, ladies are not expected to appear in the chapel, or hall there, full dressed with hoops; but ladies who propose to dance, and such as shall sit in the front rows at the ball in the evening, are expected to come full dressed as to the court at St. James's.

That all persons properly dressed, who propose to go to the installation ball that evening, may assemble in the queen's guard chamber; and that, at half an hour after seven o'clock, the doors will be opened for their passage into the ball room.

18. On Tuesday night an express was brought to the king at Richmond, by one of his Danish majesty's aides de camp, with the agreeable news of her Danish majesty's happy delivery of a princess on the 7th instant. It is remarkable that the above gentleman performed his journey in three days less time than any messenger ever did.

Yesterday morning, a little after eight o'clock, the lord mayor, Sir Richard Glynn, Mr.

Mr. Alderman Peers, several of the city officers, the gentlemen of his lordship's household, attended by the city marshal and under marshalsmen, went from the Mansion-house to the Bird-in-hand in Stratford, where his lordship held a court of conservacy for the county of Essex; after which they went to Woolwich, and held another court for the county of Kent. At the last place several more aldermen were to join his lordship; after which they were to embark on board the Chatham yacht, and one belonging to the trinity-house, and proceed down the river as far as the city's jurisdiction extends, to see what encroachments have been made, that the parties offending may be proceeded against according to law.

22. *From the London Gazette.*

At the Court at St. James's the 19th day of July 1771, PRESENT,

The King's most excellent majesty in council. His majesty having been pleased to appoint his grace George duke of St. Albans to be lord lieutenant in the county of Berks, his grace this day took the oaths appointed to be taken thereupon.

His majesty having been pleased to appoint the right hon. Spencer, earl of Northampton, to be lord lieutenant of the county of Northampton, his lordship this day took the oaths appointed to be taken thereupon.

His majesty having been pleased to appoint William Leyborne Leyborne, Esq; to be captain general and governor in chief of the islands of Grenada, the Grenadines, St. Vincent, and Tobago, in America, he this day in council took the oaths appointed to be taken by the governors of his majesty's plantations.

St. James's, July 20. The king has been pleased to appoint Edward Colman, Esq; to be clerk of his majesty's robes and wardrobes.

St. James's, July 20. The king has been pleased to appoint Charles Proby, Esq; to be comptroller of the victuallers accounts of his majesty's navy, in the room of Robert Osborn, Esq; deceased.

His majesty has been pleased to grant to Sir George Amyand, Bart. his full power, licence, and authority to assume and use the surname of Cornewall, and also to bear the arms of Cornewall.

His majesty has been pleased to grant his royal licence and authority to Thomas Evans, Esq; and his issue, to assume and take the surname of Durell only, in pursuance of the will of Solomon Durell, Esq; deceased.

25. A most barbarous murder was committed on Thursday the 19th instant, on the body of Miss Jones, daughter of William Jones, Esq; of Nefs, in Gloucestershire. This young lady, with Miss Gough, had been out on a visit, and were detained by the rains till near ten o'clock, when returning over the fields, they were met by one William Morgan, a sawyer by trade. Miss Jones said to him on passing, "good night to you, Will;"

he immediately turned about, and with a stake knocked them both down, and rifled their pockets. Miss Jones was killed on the spot, and Miss Gough was in a dangerous way when the post came from Gloucester. Morgan had been playing at fives, had lost his money, and to obtain six-pence to play a match next day, committed this horrid deed. Miss Jones was to have been married in a few days.

27. A few days since Sir John Murray, better known by the name of secretary Murray, as secretary to the young Pretender when in Scotland, was carried by a peace officer, his two sons, and two servants, from his lodging in Denmark-street, Soho, and placed under the care of Dr. Battie, being (as his son Robert has in print declared) insane.

29. The last mails from Holland advise, that the Turks, encouraged by the taking of Giurgiewo (which was lately shamefully given up by the major commandant Henkel) passed the Danube to the number of 60,000 men, and on the 22d of June, attacked prince de Repnin, who was posted between Bucharest and Giurgiewo with 30,000 men; the combat was bloody and obstinate, and after having continued during five hours, the Russians gained a complete victory. The Turks lost 30,000 men who were left dead on the spot, among whom were three Agas; 180 pieces of cannon; they had 5000 men taken prisoners, and many trophies seized in pursuit by the Russian hunters. The number of those who were drowned in the Danube is very considerable.

BIRTHS.

July 7. The lady of colonel Hale, of a daughter, at Guisbrough, near Cleveland, in Yorkshire.

16. The lady of Nicholas Winford, Esq; of a son, in Argyle Buildings.

MARRIAGES.

July 3. Thomas Graves, Esq; of the county of Cornwall, brother of the member for West Looe, to Miss Williams, of Devonshire, first cousin to Lady North.

James Rodwell, Esq; of Argyle-buildings, to Miss Elizabeth Franklin, of Pantons-street.

4. Joseph Whitefield, Esq; uncle to the late rev. Mr. Whitefield, to Mrs. Anne Bratt, relict of — Bratt, Esq;

Samuel Premies, Esq; only son of Sir Samuel Premies, to Miss Holden, daughter of Mr. Richard Holden, merchant, of this city.

6. Estcourt Cresswell, Esq; member of parliament for Cirencester, to Miss Ann Maria Wotton.

Andrew Durnford, Esq; English Engineer, at Dunkirk, to Miss Isaacson, of Hatton-Garden.

7. James Nicholls, Esq; of Greek-street, Soho, to Miss Harriet Parkhurst, of King-street, Bloomsbury.

8. Robert Sparrow, Esq; of Worthingham-hall, near Beccles, in Suffolk, to Miss Har-

nard, sister of Sir Robert Bernard, member for Westminster.

9. John Bodicote, Esq; of Westram, in Kent, to Mrs. Hornbuckle, of Camberwell, in Surry.

11. Charles Saxton, Esq; captain in his majesty's navy, to Miss Bush, daughter of the late Jonathan Bush, Esq; of Burcot, in Oxfordshire.

15. Sir George Amyand, Bart. to Miss Cornwall, of Dover-street; in consequence of which marriage, Sir George is to take the surname of Cornwall.

Henry Herbert, Esq; of Highcler, in the county of Southampton, to the right hon. Lady Elizabeth Alicia Maria Wyndham, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Egremont.

Benjamin Upton, Esq; of Wakefield, in Yorkshire, to Miss Steel of Northampton.

Richard Hollist, Esq; of the Temple, at Ticehurst, in Sussex, to Miss May, of that place.

17. William de Drusina, Esq; merchant, of Jefferies-street, to Mrs. Tonnies, of Great Tower-hill.

Thomas Martin, Esq; of Jermyn-street, to Miss Collings, of the same place.

18. Francis Charteris, Esq; to Miss Susan Keck, one of the maids of honour to her royal highness the princess Dowager of Wales.

Robert Carew, Esq; one of the representatives in parliament for Dungarvan, in Ireland, to Miss Frances Boyce, of Bilhop's Hall.

19. Benjamin Albright, Esq; of Essex, to Miss Elizabeth Joyce, daughter of James Joyce, of Hadley in the said county.

20. Mr. David Martin, of Dean-street, Soho, to Miss Hill, daughter of Simeon Hill, Esq; of Woolwich, in Kent.

Captain Pike of Harwich, to Miss Smyth, daughter of Mr. Smyth, Dissenting Minister, at Ongar, in Essex.

Mr. Peter Cazalet, of Swithin's-lane, to Miss Luard, of Hackney.

21. John Collier, Esq; of Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, to Miss Maria Gregory, of Upper Brook-street.

22. Mr. Hunter, Surgeon, in Jermyn-street, to Miss Home, daughter of Mr. Home, Surgeon, in Suffolk-street.

D E A T H S.

July 1. Solomon Durell, Esq, Equerry of the Crown Stables, in King-street, Golden-square.

3. John James Wilkinson, Esq; planter at Barbadoes; in Gracechurch-street.

William Mantle, Esq; in David-street, Berkeley square.

John Bowles, Esq; at Kingston.

Lord Augustus Fitzgerald, son to his Grace the Duke of Leinster, in the 4th year of his age, at Dublin.

The Hon. George Barnwell, only brother to lord Kingland.

Rear Admiral Long, in Holles-street, Cavendish square.

4. Miss Talbot, at Heathrop, in Oxfordshire, niece to the Right Hon. the earl of Shrewsbury.

The Right Hon. Lady Frances Clifford, sister to the Right Hon. the earl of Newburgh.

— Bedingfield, Esq; at Norwich.

5. Robert Watts, Esq; at Richmond.

Capt. Thomas Wilson, formerly in the African trade, aged 103.

The duke of Montecallegro, Ambassador from the king of Spain to the republic of Vienna.

Francis Bence, in the 121st year of his age, at Paris.

The Hon. R. Tyler, Esq; at Boston in New-England, one of his majesty's council for that Province.

Thomas Fletcher, Esq; high sheriff for the county of Monmouth, suddenly.

John Marsh Dickenson, Esq; only son of Marsh Dickenson, Esq; late lord mayor of this city.

6. William Ratcliff, Esq; of Red-lion-square.

7. Mr. Thwait, ship-builder at Deptford.

Sir Thomas Peyton, Bart. at Emneth, in Norfolk.

8. William Robert Earl of Elgin and Kincardin; in the eighth year of his age, at Broomhall in Scotland.

Lady Manningham, aged 90, at Little Chelsea.

9. James Taylor, Esq; aged 79, at Maze-hill, Greenwich.

James Ashbrooke, Esq; at Paddington.

11. Robert Langley's Esq; in lower Grosvenor-street.

The lady of the Hon. Morgan Vane, Esq; of Bilby, in Nottinghamshire.

12. Thomas Cooper, Esq; at Polstead in the county of Suffolk.

13. David Holdham, Esq; at Richmond.

William Kirby, Esq; aged 25, at Kew.

14. Trevor Barret, Esq; at Richmond, in Surry.

15. Francis Holburne, Esq; aged 67, member of parliament for the county of Plymouth.

16. William Dodd, Esq; in St. James's-street.

John Woolfley, Esq; at Kensington.

17. Mrs. Dunant, wife of William Dunant, Esq; Turkey-merchant.

18. Richard Woodland, Esq; at Putney.

Robert Willmott, Esq; eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir Eardly Willmott, at Bengal.

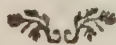
19. The Rev. Dr. Nicolson, at Reading in Berkshire.

Thomas Beck, Esq; at Wanstead in Essex.

Mrs. Cullen, at Hampstead, lady of captain Cullen in the Dutch service.

23. James Osgood, Esq; in Chesterfield-street, May-fair.

25. Mr. William Cooper, packer, in Fen-church-street.



THE

Town and Country Magazine;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For AUGUST, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A strong Likeness of JOHN of the HILL. 2. A very good Portrait of Mrs. D——e; and 3. A fine Historical Piece, representing the Story of Pyrrhus and Andromache.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter from J. P. lately returned from Jersey, is too indelicate to appear before our Readers.

We do not comprehend Mr. Bricknell's Joke in sending us the Lord's Prayer for Insertion.

Whatever Intimation our Correspondent who signs himself an Irishman, shall communicate, if judged interesting to our Readers, will, doubtless, find admittance.

We are sorry for Miss T——my's Inconstancy, and that Mr. B——ll should be deserted by her, to favour the Addressee of Mr. Q. but this is a very common Case; and the Narrative would be no way entertaining to our Readers.

Sophia will see by this Number that we have paid proper Attentions to her Hints.

The Anecdotes communicated by R. K. are thankfully received.

K. L. of Bristol, will certainly acknowledge our Impartiality if he has perused our last Number.

We cannot comply with Dorimont's Request.

Julius will please to observe that no Letters which come to hand after the 20th of the Month can be inserted in the current Number.

Inquisitive must be informed that we do not reject any Tête-à-Tête of Consequence, provided it is properly authenticated.

*Under Consideration, an Essay upon Envy, and two others in the same Hand; and Letters signed W. Wms. W. Farley, * * * *, J. S. a Constant Reader, A. W. E. R. Candidus. I Bayley. W. W. and J. Bat—s.*

ERRATUM. Page 405. Col. 1. l. 17. for PANGENT, read PUNGENT.

Prices of GOLD per Ounce.

	l.	s.	d.
Gold in coin, - - - -	4	0	8 $\frac{1}{4}$
Ditto in bars, - - - -	4	0	3

Prices of SILVER per Ounce.

Pil. pes. eight, - - - -	5	5
Ditto small, - - - -	5	5
Mexico, - - - -	5	5 $\frac{1}{4}$
Mexico small, - - - -	5	5
Silver in bars stand. - - - -	5	7 $\frac{1}{4}$

PRICES of GRAIN,

At Bear Key, London.

Wheat -	38s od to 47s 6d
Barley -	22s od to 26s od
Rye -	31s od to 33s od
Oats -	16s od to 21s od
Br. Malt -	27s od to 31s od
Pale Malt	30s od to 34s od
Pease -	30s od to 32s od
Hog-pease	26s od to 28s od
Beans -	23s od to 27s 6d
Tares -	33s od to 36s od
Rape-feed, —	

Per Sack.

Fine Flour 38s od

Second - 35s od

Third - 32s od

PRICE of BREAD:

	s.	d.	f.
The peck loaf { Wheaten	2	4	$\frac{1}{2}$
{ Household,	1	9	$\frac{1}{4}$

Prices of Stocks, Thursday, Aug. 29.

Bank Stock,	155 $\frac{2}{3}$ a 56
India ditto, shut.	
South Sea ditto, —	
Ditto old annuit. —	
Ditto new annuit. —	
3 per cent. bank red.	88 $\frac{1}{4}$
3 per cent. consol.	87 $\frac{1}{3}$
3 per cent. Ditto,	175 $\frac{8}{9}$, 90 $\frac{1}{4}$ a $\frac{3}{8}$
Ditto 1751, shut	
Ditto India ann.	85 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{7}{8}$
3 1-half per cent. ditto	1758, shut
4 per cent. consol.	96 $\frac{3}{8}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$
Royal Assurance, —	87
Million Bank, —	
London Ditto —	
India Bonds	58s a 59s.
Navy and vict. bills, dif. —	
3 per cent Ex. bills. —	
Long Annuities, shut	
Lott. Tickets,	13l. 15s. a 14s 6d



The Town and Country Magazine;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For A U G U S T, 1771.



The State of Europe for August 1771.

ACCOUNT of ITALY concluded from
Page 344.

 HIS kingdom, by far the largest state in Italy, and comprehending in it the antient countries of Samnium, Campania, Apulia, and Magna Græcia, hath its present name from its capital. Formerly it was sometimes called Sicily on this side the Pharo, viz. of Messina, whence the present king, who is also possessed of Sicily, is called king of the Two Sicilies. It is bounded on all sides by the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, except on the north-east, where it terminates on the Ecclesiastical State. Its greatest length, from south-east to north-west, is about two hundred and eighty English miles; and its breadth, from the north-east to the south-west, from ninety-six to an hundred and twenty.

The air of this country is extremely hot, especially in July, August, and

September. In winter there is seldom any ice or snow, except on the mountains. On account of its fertility, it is justly termed an earthly paradise; for it abounds with all sorts of grain; the finest fruit and garden productions, of every kind; with rice, flax, oil, and wine, in the greatest plenty and perfection. It affords also saffron, manna, alum, vitriol, sulphur, rock-crystal, marble, and several sorts of minerals, together with fine wool, and silk. The horses of this country are famous, and the flocks and herds very numerous.

As to the mountains of this country, the principal are those of the Apennine, which traverse it from south to north; and Mount Vesuvius, which, as is well known, is a noted volcano, five Italian miles from Naples. The side of this mountain next the sea yields wine, particularly the two famed wines, called *Vino Greco*, and *Lachrymæ Christi*. One of the greatest inconveniences to which this kingdom is exposed is earthquakes, which the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius contribute, in some measure, to prevent.

Another inconveniency, which, however, is common to it with other hot countries, is the great number of reptiles and insects, of which some are venomous, as scorpions, and a kind of spiders, called tarantulas, from the city of Taranto, where they are more common, and more dangerous, than in other parts.

With respect to religion, it is on a bad footing here. The number of convents and monasteries is really astonishing. It is said, the clergy and convents possess two thirds of the whole kingdom: nay, some maintain, that were the kingdom divided into five parts, four would be found in the hands of the church. Notwithstanding this power and influence of the clergy, they have not been able hitherto to get the inquisition established here.

The revenue of the kingdom is generally computed at three millions of crowns; but, as Mr. Addison observes, there is no country in Europe which pays greater taxes, and where, at the same time, the public is less the better for them, most of them going to the enriching of the private persons to whom they are mortgaged.

The military force of this kingdom is said to amount to about thirty thousand men, of which the Swiss regiments are the best. As to the marine, it consists only of a few galleys. The only order here is that of St. Januarius, which was instituted by Don Carlos, in the year 1738.

The king of Naples, or of the Two Sicilies, is an hereditary monarch. The high colleges are the council of state, the privy council, the treasury, the Sicily council, the council of war, &c. This kingdom is a papal fief; and the king, in acknowledgment of the pope's feudal right, sends him, every year, a white palfrey, and a purse of six thousand ducats. The title of the king's eldest son is prince of Calabria. The number both of the high and low nobility in the kingdom of Naples is very great; but their incomes, in general, are slender. The higher nobles consist of

princes, dukes, marquises, and barons. The general assembly of the states, consisting of the nobility and commons, is summoned, every two years, to meet at the capital, to deliberate on the customary free gift to the crown.

The inhabitants of this country bear but an indifferent character among other nations; but if they are really as defective in this respect as they are represented, it is undoubtedly, in some measure at least, owing to the oppression and slavery under which they groan, both from their civil and ecclesiastical governors. This kingdom is divided into twelve provinces or jurisdictions.

Naples, antiently Parthenope, afterwards Neapolis, is the capital of the kingdom, lying in the province called Terra di Lavoro, which is the richest and best inhabited of the whole kingdom, and comprehends a part of the antient Campania Felix, or the happy. This city is said to be the first for strength and neatness, and the third, for bigness, in all Italy. It is most advantageously situated, having a delicious country on one side, and a noble bay of the Mediterranean on the other, with an excellent harbour. The circumference, including the suburbs, is said not to be less than eighteen Italian miles, and the number of the inhabitants therein above four hundred thousand. The houses are of stone, flat roofed, and generally lofty and uniform; but many of them have balconies, with lattice windows. The streets are well paved; but they are not lighted at night, and, in the day-time, are disfigured, in many places, by stalls, on which provisions are exposed to sale. Here are a great number of fine churches, convents, fountains, and palaces of the nobility, many of whom constantly reside here. It is usual to walk on the tops of the houses in the evenings, to breathe the sweet cool air, after a hot sultry day. The climate is so mild and warm, even in winter, that plenty of green-pease, artichokes, asparagus, and other vegetables may be had so early

as the begining of the new-year, and even all the winter. This city swarms with monks and nuns of all sorts, to such a degree, that there are no less than nineteen convents of the Dominicans alone, eighteen of the Franciscans, eight of the Augustines, and in proportion of the rest. The magnificence of many of the churches exceeds imagination. In a cloyster of the Carthusian monastery is a crucifix, said to be done by Michael Angelo, of inimitable workmanship. The fortifications of Naples are very strong, both towards the land and the sea, there being no less than five castles: yet the city is far from being secure from a bombardment; for the sea is so deep, that a large vessel may come up to the very mole, and there is nothing to prevent an enemy's approaches on that side, but a few gallies, the mole, and two small castles. Pictures, statues, and antiquities are not so common in Naples, as might be expected in so great and antient a city, many of the most valuable pieces having been sent to Spain by the viceroys. There are several very delightful prospects about Naples, especially from some of the religious houses. The bay is one of the finest in the world, being almost of a round figure, of about thirty miles in the diameter, and three parts of it sheltered with a noble circuit of woods and mountains. The city stands in the bosom of this bay, in as pleasant a situation, perhaps, as in the world. Mr. Keyser says, they reckon about eighteen thousand *donne libere*, or courtezans, in the city. Though the common people are generally so lazy as to prefer beggary or robbing to labour; yet there are some flourishing manufactures here, and a brisk trade. The city is supplied with a vast quantity of water, by means of a very costly aqueduct, from the foot of mount Vesuvius. The cathedral, though Gothic, is a very grand splendid edifice. It is here that the head and blood of St. Januarius, the tutelary saint of Naples, are kept, the latter in two glass or crystal vials. The pretended liquefaction of the dried

blood as soon as brought near the head of the saint, is a thing well known; Mr. Addison says, it is one of the most bungling tricks he ever saw.

Vesuvius is five Italian miles from Naples: one side of it, as we observed already, produces several sorts of wine; but the south and west sides, as well as the top, are covered with black cinders and ashes. From the foot of the mountain to the summit, are about three Italian miles. The ascent, by reason of the steepness of the mountain, and the loose ashes, is very toilsome and tedious; but there are some peasants that live about the mountain, who, for a small matter, assist travellers in clambering up: they wear leathern belts, which the strangers take hold of, in order to render their ascent more easy. From the volcano often issues a stream of lava, or a composition of melted metals, sulphur, minerals, &c. which often does a great deal of damage, running down the side of the mountain like a river, and carrying all before it. From chymical experiments it appears, that the stones, ejected by Vesuvius, are impregnated with bitumen, sulphur, vitriol, alum, antimony, arsenic, and other minerals and fossils. As one approaches the volcano, if the mountain is actually belching out matter, the ashes grow hotter and hotter; at the same time a horrid noise is heard, like the explosion of a whole battery of cannon, and a rumbling under feet, like the continual boiling of a large caldron. Not a tree or shrub is to be seen on the top of the mountain: the hollow, whence the eruptions issue, is very large, and goes shelving down on all sides. When the mountain is quiet this hollow may be safely looked into; but even then it is generally filled with smoke. During the eruptions, it is filled with glowing and melted matter, which, as it boils over in any part, runs down the sides of the mountain like a torrent. At these times also vast quantities of ashes, cinders, and huge stones are thrown out. Not far from this mountain

tain is the village of Portici, where is a royal palace, with an amazing collection of antiquities, mostly dug out of the ruins of the antient city of Heraclea, or Herculaneum, which stood near this spot, and was destroyed partly by an earthquake, and partly by an eruption of mount Vesuvius.

In the road leading from the suburbs of Chiaia to the grotto del Monte di Pausilipo, is the remains of a tomb or mausoleum, supposed to be that of Virgil, but without any foundation: it was originally in the form of a pyramid, but now resembles a large oven. It is certain, says Mr. Addison, that Virgil was buried at Naples, but almost as certain, that his tomb stood on the other side of the town. At Sorrento, near mount Vesuvius, are shewn some laurel-trees, which, it is pretended, grew up spontaneously out of the ruins of the house in which the celebrated poet Torquato Tasso is said to have been born.

Among the Italian islands is Corsica, which lies opposite the Genoese continent, between the Gulph of Genoa, and the island of Sardinia, extending from forty-one to forty-three degrees of latitude, and from nine to ten degrees of east longitude. Hence its greatest length from Cape-Corso, which is its utmost northern point, to Cape Bonifacio, its utmost southern verge, is about one hundred English miles, and its greatest breadth about fifty; but some make both the length and breadth much less. It is computed to be one hundred miles distant from the city of Genoa to the south, sixty from Leghorn to the south-west, and is divided into the country on this side, and beyond the mountains; which are again subdivided into thirty-eight cantons, called by the natives pieves.

The island being for the most part mountainous, woody, dry, and stony, has little arable land. Some of the low grounds and vallies, however, yield corn, wine, figs, almonds, chestnuts, olives, and other fruits. Here is also a good breed of cattle and horses, and the woods and forests a-

bound with deer, and other game, together with honey and wax. There are also some salt-works and hot baths on the island, with crystals, iron, and alum. In the surrounding seas are caught abundance of fish, especially those called from the neighbouring island, Sardines, and a kind of sturgeon. Coral is often found in these seas, especially in the Straits of Bonifacio. Notwithstanding all this, it is but thinly peopled, by reason of its barren soil, and indifferent air, the oppression and tyranny of the Genoese, while they were masters of the island, and the continual war the inhabitants have been engaged in, in defence of their liberties, since they shook off the Genoese yoke. The number of the inhabitants is computed at about one hundred and twenty thousand. The clergy are very numerous in this island, especially the regular. It is computed that the Franciscans, Capuchins, and Servites, have no less than seventy-five convents.

The late conquest of this island by the French, who are now masters of it, is an event so recent and well known, that it need not be dwelt upon here.

Bastia, the capital, situated on the north-east coast of the island, twenty-two miles south of Cape-Corse, and seventy-six north of Cape-Bonifacio, It has a good harbour and castle, is pretty well fortified, and the see of a bishop.

The island of Sardinia lies about one hundred and fifty miles west of Leghorn, is near one hundred and sixty in length from north to south, and eighty in breadth from east to west.

With respect to the air it is not reckoned very wholesome, especially in the southern parts of the island, which are much more low and level, and fuller of morasses than the northern; where are high, rocky, barren mountains, and where consequently the air is more sharp and pure. The soil, where it is properly cultivated, is very fruitful, producing corn, wine, and oil, in great plenty, together with citrons, oranges, chestnuts, pears, plums,

plums, &c. The other products of the island are cattle, large and small, game of all sorts, buffaloes, wild bears, and deer. Of the last, some of the skins are so finely spotted, that they might be taken for those of tigers. Of metals and minerals here are gold, silver, lead, iron, sulphur, alum, especially in the mountains on the north.

Cagliari is commonly reckoned the capital, and gives name not only to a province, but likewise to a gulph and promontory in its neighbourhood. It stands on the declivity of a hill on the south side of the island, and is divided into High and Low; the former of which is handsome and well built, but the latter, which stands by the sea-shore, is dirty, unhealthy and poorly inhabited. The king's vice-roy resides here, and an archbishop whose cathedral is very magnificent. There are a great many convents in the town, which has a spacious port on the east side of the gulph, commanded and defended by a castle, and a battery of cannon.

The island of Sicily, by far the most considerable in the Mediterranean, was antiently known by several names, as those of Trinacria and Triquetra, from its triangular form; and Sicania and Sicilia, from the Sicans and Siculi, its antient inhabitants: the last of these names it retains to this day. It is divided from Italy by the narrow strait, now called the strait of Messina, and in Italian *Il Faro de Messina*, or *Il Canale*, but antiently *Fretum Seculum*, which, where narrowest, is not above three miles broad. This strait was much dreaded antiently, on account of its rocks, currents, and whirlpool. The tides here flow very irregularly, and generally with great violence, both from the Tuscan and Sicilian seas. The rocky promontory antiently called *Scylla*, and now *Capo Sciglio*, is on the Calabrian side of the strait, opposite the *Capo de Faro*, in Sicily, the *Promontorium Pelorum* of the antients: the distance between these is not above three Italian miles. The whirlpool, antiently

called *Charybdis*, and now *Calosara* and *La Rema*, lies not far from *Messina* near the bottom of the cape, and seems at present to be little dreaded.

Of the mountains in this island the most noted is Mount *Ætna*, now called *Monte Gibello*, or *Mongibello*, a volcano whose eruptions have often proved fatal to the neighbouring country. It is seventy miles in circuit, and so high, that a circle of snow lies round the mouth of the volcano a great part of the year: the circumference of the mouth is six miles. Of its eruptions, that which happened in 1694, was one of the most fatal; for the city of *Catania*, situated at the foot of it, together with all the adjacent country, were well nigh destroyed by it. Its sides are all covered, either with vines, olive-trees, or shrubs, which harbour many wild-beasts. At the bottom are corn-fields, and plantations of sugar-canes. Among the other mountains, one of the most considerable is Mount *St. Julian*, near *Palermo*, antiently called *Eryx*, and now vulgarly *Trepani*. The eruptions of Mount *Ætna* are generally preceded by an earthquake, which often do more damage than the eruptions.

The first inhabitants of the island are said to have been the *Læstrigones* and *Cyclopes*; these were succeeded by the *Iberi* from Spain, under their king *Sicanus*, from whom the island was named *Sicania*; these again by the *Siculi*, from Italy; then came the *Phœnicians*, from *Tyre* and *Sidon*; and then the *Greeks*, who were soon after obliged to share it with the *Carthaginians*; but both these were subdued or expelled by the *Romans*, who reduced it into the form of a province, and to whom by its great fertility, it became a kind of granary. It followed the fortune of Italy in its several revolutions, until the *Sicilian Vespers* in 1282, when the natives massacred the French, who had then the dominion of the island: the Spaniards then got possession of it, and held it till 1707, when they were expelled by the Imperialists; but,

the

the peace of Utrecht, Sicily was ceded to the duke of Savoy, with the title of king. The Spaniards invaded it in 1718, but were forced to abandon it again; and then it was conferred on the emperor Charles VI. who held it till the year 1735, when the Imperialists were driven out of this island and all their Italian dominions, and Don Carlos, now king of Spain, was advanced to the throne of the Two Sicilies, (Naples and Sicily) which were confirmed to him by a subsequent peace, on condition of his relinquishing Milan, Parma, and all the rest of the emperor's Italian dominions, which the Spaniards and French had taken from him during the war. Don Carlos succeeding to the crown of Spain upon the death of his half-brother, without issue, his third son, Ferdinand, became king of the Two Sicilies, who is no less absolute here than in his other dominions, and his revenues are what he pleases to make them. While Sicily was immediately subject to Spain; it was governed by a viceroy sent thither, who received from thence a revenue of above four millions of crowns; but since it hath, jointly with Naples, been erected into a kingdom, under the name of the Two Sicilies, the face of affairs, as well as form of government, is said to be much altered, though it is to be feared, not in favour of the inhabitants.

The island is commonly divided into three parts or provinces, viz. Val di Demino, Val di Noto, and Val di Mazara.

Syracuse, antiently a very noble city, and the capital of the island, is said to have been built by Archias, a Corinthian, and to have extended upwards of twenty-two miles in compass. It stands forty-six miles from Catania, seventy-five from Messina to the south, and thirty-eight north from Capo Passaro, the Promontorium Pachynum of the Romans, on that spot antiently called Insula or the Island. Syracuse is pretty well fortified, and has a port capable of receiving the largest vessels, with a strong castle, supplied with plenty of

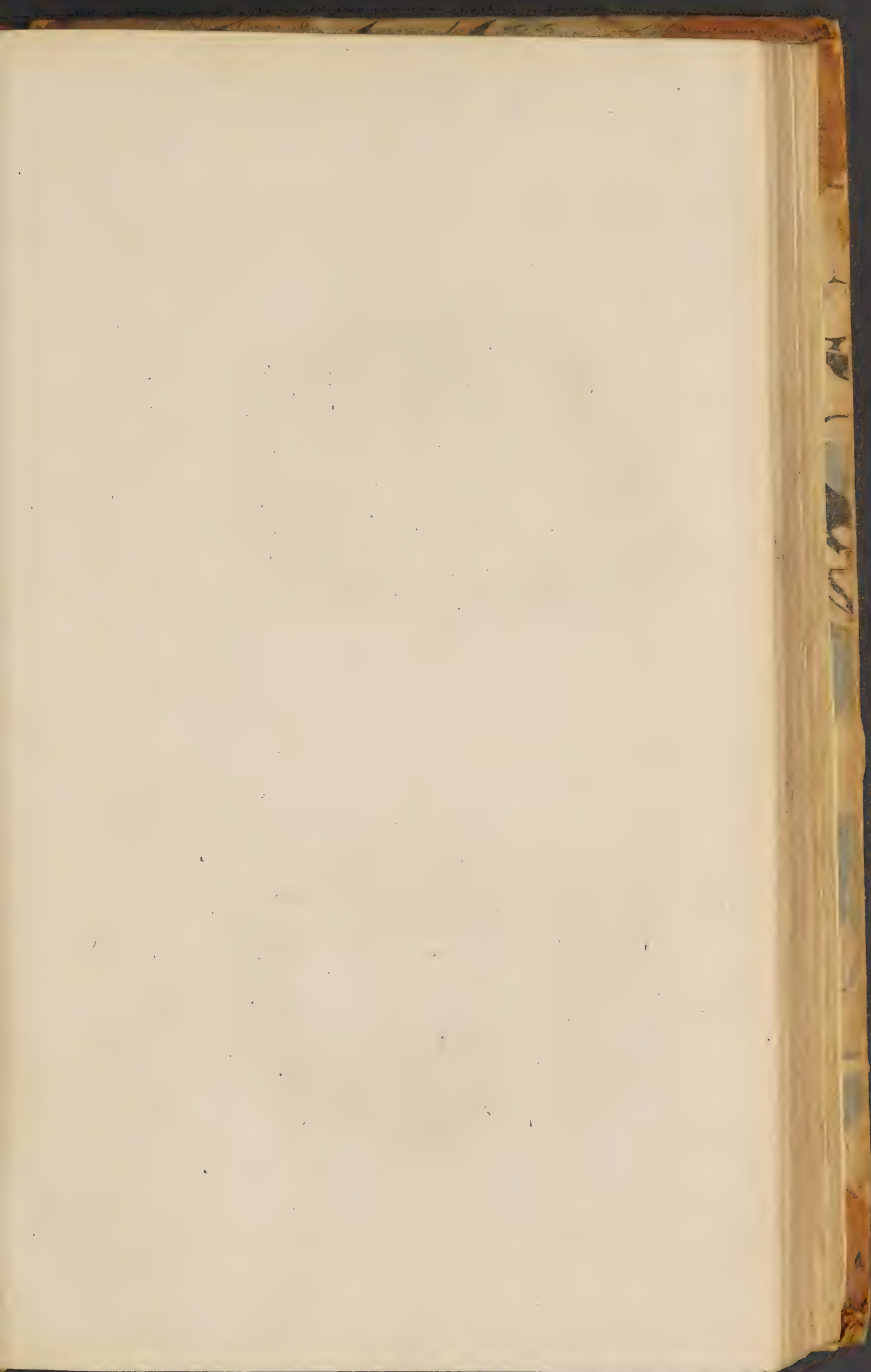
water by the fountain of Arethusa, so famed among the antients.

The island of Malta, Olim Melita, lying but a little to the south of Sicily, we shall class among the Italian islands. It is situated in 15° east long. and $35^{\circ} 15'$ north lat. sixty miles south of Cape Passaro in Sicily, and is of an oval figure, twenty miles long and twelve broad. The air is clear and healthful, but excessive hot, when it is not cooled by the sea breezes. It is all a white soft rock, covered to the depth of a foot with a good vegetable earth, producing great quantities of cotton, indigo, oranges, lemons, olives, figs, and other fruits, with plenty of honey, good pasture, pulse, roots, herbs, and garden-stuff, but not a sufficient quantity of corn, wine, or wood, for the consumption of the inhabitants, who are computed at about sixty thousand, and speak commonly a corrupt Arabic in the country, but in the towns Italian. Considerable fisheries are carried on here, particularly of coral, and large quantities of sea salt made along the coast.

This island has been under the dominion of various powers, till Charles V. gave it to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, who still retain it.

Valetta, or Cittanuova, the capital of the island of Malta, had its name from the grand master Fred. Joh. de Valetta, who built it anno 1566. It is a handsome town with an excellent harbour, and strongly fortified. Here is an elegant palace for the grand master, several convents, nunneries, and churches, the principal of which is dedicated to St. John, a college of Jesuits, a large hospital, and a building for Turkish slaves.

Besides Malta, there are two other small islands lying near it, that belong to the order, namely, Gozo, antiently Gaulos, and Comino, antiently Hephæstea. Gozo is very fruitful, and has about three thousand inhabitants, with several good harbours and strong forts. Comino, though very small, has a fort and harbour, and is pretty fertile.



N^o XVII



M^{rs} D—ker.

N^o XVIII



John of the Hill.

To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY
MAGAZINE.

SIR

WHILE I was sitting a few days ago at a coffee-house near the Royal-Exchange, I was not a little surpris'd to hear a gentleman, during a very curious critique upon an *entertainment* lately given by a very respectable alderman, declare that such and such dishes were not serv'd up in a manner of which Mr. Locke would have approved; introducing more than once, a very high encomium on *his exquisite taste*: as I never had heard that Mr. Locke had been a *culinary connoisseur*, as I had never seen any treatise of his on cookery, I could not help acquainting the gentleman with the perplexity which he had occasioned in my mind.

Smiling at my simplicity, he replied, "You mean *thinking* Locke, Sir, I am talking of *eating* Locke." He then gave me a little history of the last-mentioned gentlemen, which only serv'd to make me more attached to the first. While I was going home, the following rhymes tumbled into my head:

Two Locke's in England have distinction
claim'd;
For thinking one, and one for eating fam'd:
This shone with lustre by the force of reason;
That figur'd chiefly in a ven'son season:
Knowledge and taste were by them both increas'd,
T'enrich a mental, or corporeal feast:
Both a fine taste endeavour'd to impart,
That had the body, this the mind at heart.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

AMICO.

A THOUGHT on Party-Disputes.

THE disputes of party-politicians, and the controversies of polemical divines, generally do more harm than good, because they are oftner about words than things: both tend to raise a spirit of opposition in mankind, and disturb the peace of society. They perplex weak minds with nice distinctions, refined speculations, and sophistical arguments; and employ all the subtleties of logic, and the flowers of rhetoric, to embellish the features of error, and to darken the complexion of truth.

AUGUST, 1771.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à Tête annexed;
or, Memoirs of the Duke of R—
and Mrs. D—ke. (N^o 22, 23.)

THE following curious and authentic memoirs have been sent by a very intelligent correspondent, who has enabled us to enhance the value and importance of this department of our miscellany: we, nevertheless, consulted several gentlemen of honour and judgment, upon whose opinions we could rely, with respect to the propriety of laying before the public the anecdotes of gallantry of a nobleman so well deserving of the public as the d— of R—. After considering the matter in every delicate point of view in which it could be placed, they were unanimous, that "though his g—'s generosity, urbanity, and parental affection, had upon every occasion been displayed highly to his advantage, to suppose him superior to the frailties of humanity, would be paying his g—'s feelings but an ill compliment; that suppressing this publication would be depriving posterity of a very curious piece of biography, which would serve to illustrate the character of a great and good man; and that it would furnish a lesson to future historians to adopt an impartial medium, which they seldom pursue, their characters being too frequently either gods or devils, all vice or superlative virtue: in fine, that it was from the private life of such elevated and conspicuous characters, that a just idea could be formed of the real disposition and complexion of the times, the manners of the age, and the sentiments of the great." Urged by these considerations, we flattered ourselves we should stand in need of no farther apology for the publication of the succeeding pages.

The hero of our present history is now in his seventy-fifth year, and has in the course of his life filled many important offices in the state. In 1721, he was appointed lord lieutenant of the county of L—r; in

3 F

1722

1722 was created a knight of the order of the g——. In 1727 he was made chancellor of the dutchy of L——r, and the same year was sworn a member of the privy-council. At the coronation, which took place in October following, he carried the cross and sceptre. In 1755, he was appointed steward of the king's household, and one of the lord's justices during his majesty's absence at Hanover. In 1760 he was made master of the horse, and is still a governor of the Charter-House. In these various employments he has constantly acquitted himself with the greatest honour, justice, and integrity; and his easiness of access to the meanest suppliant, his affability and generosity, reflect a lustre upon nobility.

In 1717 he married the daughter of lord L——n; by whom he has had six daughters, and five sons. All his daughters died unmarried, and of his five legitimate sons only one remains alive. We have already had an opportunity of drawing the character of his eldest son John*, who, to the unspeakable grief of his worthy father, and indeed the whole nation, has since that period paid the great debt of nature. Though he lost his lady so early as the year 1734, he has never turned his thoughts to matrimony; but an amiable female, who at that time resided in the house in a domestic capacity, has ever since engrossed all his attention for the sex.

This empress of his affections, over which she reigns without controul, is Mrs. Dr——ke. She is sister to his g——'s valet de chambre, and was at the time of being so peculiarly distinguished by our hero, on the point of being turned away on the demise of the dutchess, on whom she had waited in the capacity of lady's-maid. When his steward laid before him his monthly account, which he always interprets himself, he found all the supernumerary servants who had attended upon his d——s, marked with an

asterisk. Unacquainted with the design of this mark, his g—— asked the meaning of it; to which the steward replied, "it meant there was no farther occasion for them;" upon which the d——ke observed, "probably I may have no farther occasion for them; but are you sure they have no farther occasion for me?" He then immediately ordered them to be called up, and said, "Notwithstanding their mistress was dead, he should still continue them in his service, as long as they chose to stay; and he was certain they might find something to do to divert them from idleness." Mrs. D——ke highly extolled his g——'s goodness, and paid him so elegant a compliment upon the occasion, that she immediately attracted his attention, and after the rest of the servants had retired, he desired her to stay and make him coffee, and then insisted upon her sitting down to partake of it with him.

Mrs. D——ke was at this time about twenty. She was tall and well-shaped, had fine regular features, and an eye that bespoke a susceptible soul. Whether gratitude or attention was the most prevalent advocate, or whether ambition fired her breast, cannot positively be determined; but she readily consented to the terms his g——e proposed, and immediately did the honours of his table, let who might be his guests.

This alliance was not without its effect. His g——'s amorous disposition soon evinced itself in a son; and this fruit of their correspondence was speedily followed by a daughter. His g—— gave them a polite education, and treated them with a parental tenderness rarely bestowed on legitimate children. When they had attained the age of maturity, he also provided for them in a manner suited to his rank and the relationship he bore them. He procured Mr. M——rs a commission in the guards; and with Miss M——rs he gave a genteel portion in marriage to Mr. Th——t——n, an eminent counsel, and at present member for B——r in Suffex.

* See p. 9, Vol. II.

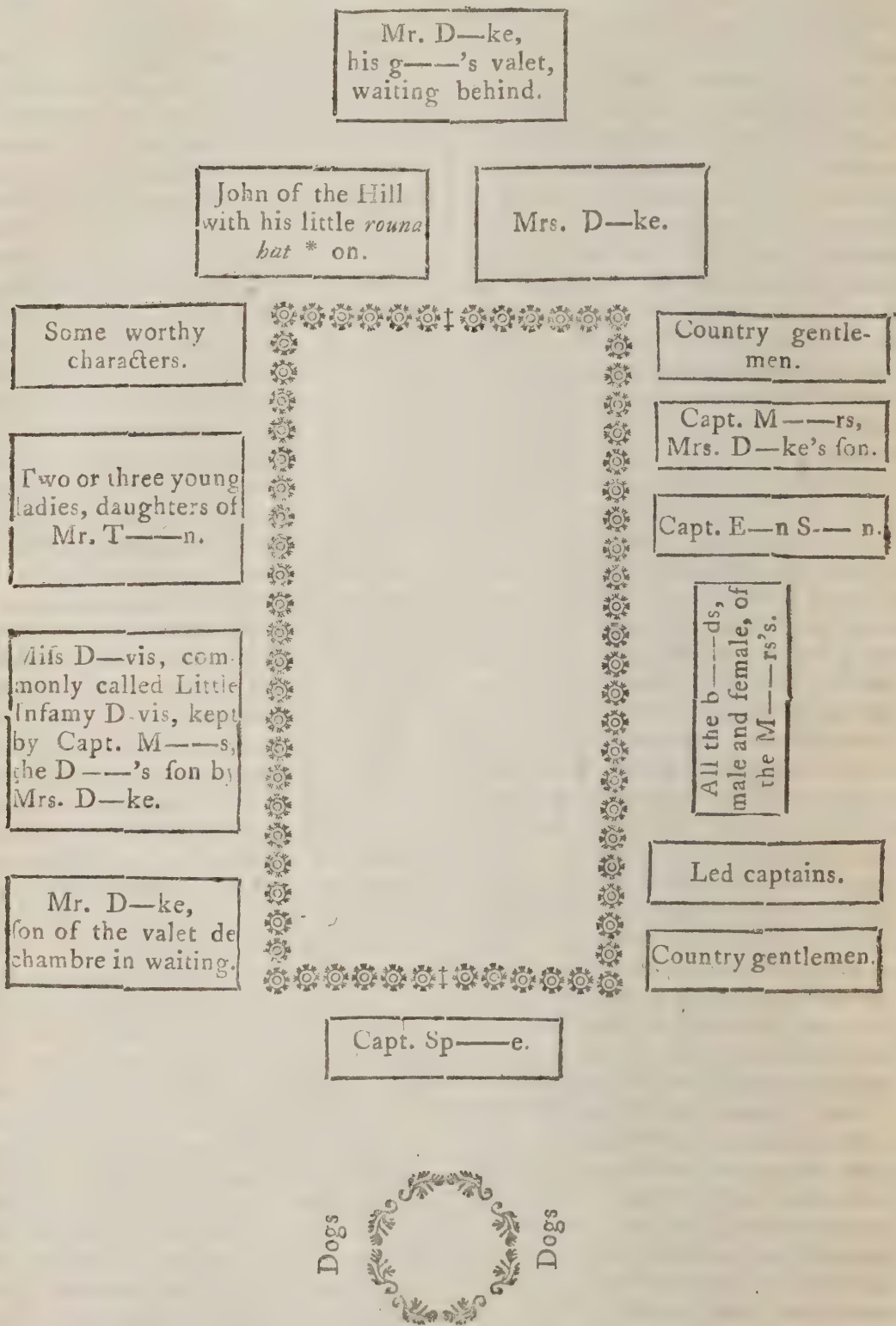
Young M—rs was a buck of the first head: his exploits in the world of gallantry intitle him to a distinguished *nicb* in the gallery of intrigue. His connexion with Mrs. S—rs, Miss L—w, lady A—H—, Mrs. F—, and a long list of toasts equally celebrated, ingrossed so much of his time, that he had scarce recess from amorous dalliance to mount guard; and when he had attained the rank of captain, in the third regiment of foot-guards, he disposed of his commission to devote his hours solely to love. It is frequently to be remarked, in the fate of the finest fellows upon the town, and those who have the command of a legion of *demi-reps*, that they fall a prey to the little artifices of the most common prostitutes. This was never more strongly evinced than in the attachment which Mr. M—rs has now framed with Miss D—vis, emphatically stiled about the garden, *Infamy D—vis!* As the annals of this lady's life would afford little more than a succession of low debauchery, and scandalous amours, we shall leave them to be recorded by the writer of the memoirs of the *Shakespeare*, who may perhaps furnish the world with her uninteresting adventures in a fictitious Harris's List, till that period when being reclaimed by Mr. M—rs, she now acts the part of a *decent* woman, and is become the constant guest of John of the Hill.

Mrs. Th—r—t—n is a most amiable woman, deserving the tenderest affection and regard of so worthy a husband. Let the good and worthy never be reproached with their birth, be it ever so low, or even illegitimate: all the world are the architects of their own virtues, and neither the blood of the H—ds, or the ribbons of the F—ys, can wipe away the stains of personal demerit. So, on the other hand, neither the incontinence of a mother, nor the weakness of a father, can fully the rectitude of a life so truly laudable as that of Mrs. Th—r—t—n.

Mrs. D—, who is now near

sixty, and has grand children sixteen years old, still maintains her empire over the heart of John of the Hill; and she seems to have rivetted the affections of all the household, over whom she presides with such gentle power, that the idea of servitude is almost imaginary within the walls of B—r-Calle. Indeed, the indulgence given to his g—'s numerous domestics, borders upon dissipation and debauchery; they have no limitation to their table, no circumscription to their amours: as a proof of this assertion they usually make ten meals a day, and produced in the course of the last twelve month seventeen illegitimate children. This, however, it must be allowed is promoting trade, encouraging the progress of agriculture, and increasing the population of the country. But moralists may, probably, think this does not counterbalance the sin of gluttony, and the vice of incontinence.

There is, indeed, a whimsical hospitality that reigns throughout the family: whilst the menial servants are revelling in plenty below stairs, the upper domestics are refining upon luxury in the offices; and their master, with his comely innamorata, is assisting at the convivial board of the most elevated nobility, surrounded by b—t—ds, wh—s, and parasites. Whilst Mrs D—ke is doing the honours of a d—l table, her brother is waiting behind his g—'s chair, in the humble station of an attendant; yet his son appears an honourable guest; and his nephew's *fille de joie*, in the character of Miss D—vis, joins the honourable band. Nor are the hounds forgot, as they are constantly of the party, at some distance from the table, where a large pan, amply filled with provisions, enables them to assist at the daily festival. But as words alone can scarce communicate an idea of the disposition of a dinner at B—r-Calle, we have endeavoured to serve it up as near the original as possible in the subjoined page.



served between the courses.

* This little round hat (as represented in the subjoined portrait) he constantly wears, even at meals.

Such is the disposition of his g——'s table, every day in the week; and such the quality of his guests, as well as their arrangement.

Let not, however, the caprices of this good man, be supposed to counterbalance his many virtues: he is one great proof of the fallibility of human nature in the most elevated characters. The most unbounded generosity, joined to parental affection seldom equalled, make the firm friend and the real patriot shine with the brightest lustre in John of the Hill.

May the terminating career of his life prove as happy as his past days, unalloyed by the pangent affliction of the loss of another son so dear to him as the late M——s of G——, is the fervent wish of him who penned these memoirs.

To the Editor of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

TO those mistaken married men who imagine that good-nature in a wife is an accomplishment which cannot fail to make her husband's home happy, I beg leave to offer my own private case for their perusal.

About a month ago, Sir, while I was soberly smoaking my pipe on the bench not far from the door of my little box, near Brentford, a smartish sort of a young fellow, driving Jehu-like in his tim-whisky, happened, by the sudden starting of his horse to be thrown out of his seat within a few yards of me. I could not walk to his assistance myself, because I was tied by the toe; that is to say, I was not quite free from a gouty disorder with which I am often troubled. I could not go myself, but I called lustily for my man Richard, as handy a dog as any in England; and he soon made his appearance. "Run, Dick, run," said I, "and help the gentleman as well as you can;" he did so, and brought him to my house, and in a very poor condition indeed, for he was terribly bruised, and the surgeon, whom I sent for immediately, was of opinion that he had broken a vessel, as he spit blood. However, there was nothing broke: but he was confined to his bed for several days, during which my good natured wife (and I loved her the more for her humanity) nursed him as tenderly as if he had been

her own son. Little did I think to what lengths her good nature would carry her.

As soon as Mr. D—— was able to leave my house, he very politely told me one night that he should set off the next morning before I was stirring; and when he poured out his acknowledgments to me for my hospitality and kindness, in a plentiful manner, he took up his candle, and retired to his chamber.

When I waked in the morning, I missed my wife. I rose, somewhat surprized; but imagining that she had risen earlier than usual to take a walk in the garden, as she was very fond of it, I dressed myself, without any alarming apprehensions, and went down stairs. No wife to be found within doors, or without. Upon a farther enquiry, I was informed that she had been seen by some working people three hours before with the gentleman whom she had so carefully nursed, in a post-chaise. Now, Sir, to be sure Mr. D——, on his recovery, persuaded my tender wife, out of gratitude, to plant a pair of horns upon my head, and she was too good natured not to listen to a request by complying with which she should render me fit to appear among the fashionable husbands of the age. I am heartily vexed; not so much at my cuckoldom, as so many of my betters are in the same predicament, but to think how grossly I have been hummed, by having chosen a woman for my wife on account of her good-nature.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

PETER NETTLE.

A Continuation of the AMOURS of Paris and Versailles from page 368.

MADemoiselle Hingel has just refused the proposals of a Spanish duke, which included an equipage and six English horses. The duke it is true is very ugly, and very whimsical; but there are few women in her situation that would have refused his grace because he was graceless, or thought his deformity and ill temper could counterbalance a handsome settlement---the truth is *Eier-ville*, the dancer, has copered her out of her senses.

Madame Guimard, the opera dancer, has just taken up a new trade, which she finds turns out to pretty good account. She makes subscriptions for the poor, and taxes her gallants double for the good of their souls, as well as their bodies. She rides about Paris in all the magnificence of

a dutchess to visit the sick, and relieve their wants, not forgetting her own. It is said she has in a short time saved four thousand pounds by this traffic, which she has judiciously placed in the English funds.

A rupture has taken place between the count of Conti and mademoiselle Polin, occasioned by a medical dispute, which *Laizer* has determined against the lady. His highness declares he would not have minded it a jot, if the dutchess of B—que, had not as much reason to complain as himself.

Mademoiselle *des Orages* has lately met with a misfortune somewhat similar to that of Mr. D'E—n, at London. Her sex has been called in question by six musqueteers, who had declared in every coffee-house in Paris, that she is not a woman. Her beard, which is very visible upon her chin, corroborated the assertion, and she had nearly lost all claim to the feminine gender, when she judiciously called in two skilful surgeons of the *Hôtel Dieu*, who have given proper attestations before a notary that mademoiselle *Des Orages* is to all intents and purposes A WOMAN.

Vestres, the dancer, is just recovered from a fit of pride, which had nearly suffocated him, occasioned by the public submission which he was compelled to make mademoiselle *Hingel*. This gentleman has often declared there are but three great men in the world; namely, the king of Prussia, Voltaire, and himself.

Mr. *Despinchal* has lately given a salutary lesson to the Bishop of Arras, of which our prelates stood in great need to remind them, that ecclesiastics, however dignified, should sin with somewhat more circumspection than laymen; and that it is their duty to avoid giving too much scandal. Mr. De Gonzier might have saved twelve thousand livres, if he had not been quite so voluptuous, and could have contented himself with his country girl. Mr. *Despinchal* having found the bishop in bed with his mistress, compelled the prelate to pay him five hundred louis d'ors, which she had cost him in about two months: after which he transferred to his reverend rival all his rights and property in the lady. By means of this arrangement, Mr. *Despinchal* has sported for two months at the expence of the church: a rare instance of retaliation in a lay-brother.

The necessary number of ablutions at the opera at Paris, are calculated at four thousand per day, which will not appear over-rated, when the prodigious practice of Mesdemoiselles *de Ribbé*, *Villette*,

Lari, *d'Orange* and *Vernier*, is considered: these ladies being employed day and night.

Mademoiselle *Grassi*, being desirous of proving her fidelity to her lover, who had given some hints that he suspected her, called up for her porter the other day in his presence, who declared upon oath that no one had entered during his master's absence, whom he could possibly suspect, except the six gay musqueteers, two abbés, and a quack doctor.

The count De Sabre— has just furnished the apartments of Mesdemoiselles *Veslard* and *L'Héritier*: these ladies having a short time sold all their goods to enable the count to pay a debt of honour, and a run of good luck has enabled him to discharge the obligation.

Mesdemoiselles *Lany* and *Lyonnois* having been frequently reprimanded by the managers for their repeated indispositions, have sequestered themselves entirely at *Nicolett's* with mademoiselle *Caron*, the actresses of this theatre having the privilege of being ill all the year.

Mademoiselle *Contat*, who was accused by the Sieur *Barois*, who kept her, of having contracted a fashionable disorder, has been radically cured by a brother Carmelite, who treated her according to the recipe constantly used by the brethren of this order.

It is allowed, without reproach, for every actress, dancer, or singer, to have three *offensible* gallants, without reckoning their favourite man, who is entitled to ruin them. If they have more, they are looked upon with contempt, like Mesdemoiselles *Gordeau*, *Delsevre*, *Beze*, &c. &c. if they have less, they are suspected of some latent defects, like mademoiselle *Le Doux*; or of being ideots, like mademoiselle *La Chautrie*, &c. when it is not ascribed to hypocrisy, as is the case of Mademoiselle *Duracy*, who prefers having a connexion with her footman, to save appearances, to an alliance that might sensibly affect her.

[To be continued.]

An ODDITY HUNTER of LEGACIES.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE spirit with which your Hunter of Oddities exhibits his characters to the public, has excited an ambition in me to be admitted under a signature somewhat similar in a page of your valuable Magazine.

Mr.

Mr. I. who venerates his initial, and is the most complete Egotist, probably within the bills of mortality, is also one of the most successful adventurers within the same limits in the LOTTERY OF DEATH. This wheel of fortune, like that at Guildhall, is seldom propitious to those who are the most sanguine in the pursuit, or its most needy votaries. A tradesman upon the brink of failing frequently purchases a piece at Mr. Hazard's, or even at Mr. Goodluck's, without either retrieving his affairs, or protracting his ruin; whilst the proprietor of a brace of plumbs, or a nabob, carefully eyes his number in the list opposite 10,000, without the least emotion of pleasure, or the smallest sensation of joy. So Mr. I. peruses the will of his most intimate friend at the Commons, without either dropping a tear for his loss, or contracting a smiling muscle for his own gain. Mr. I. is a systematic legacy hunter; he has calculated all chances of new wills and fresh codicils, and can tell you to a fraction the value of a testamentary *item* in his behalf through all the alphabetic range of his friends' initials.

I. is supposed to be worth fifteen thousand pounds in the funds, and he has made promissory bequests of about fifteen millions. He cultivates an intimate acquaintance with every person of property in his neighbourhood: he is a man of some pleasantry and a tolerable good companion. After having ingratiated himself in the opinion of his new friend, he drops fine hints that he has just made a codicil to his will, a distant relation having greatly disoblinded him, and that his worthy acquaintance at his elbow is not forgotten. If this does not produce a reciprocity of sentiment in his behalf, he enters into a detail upon the ingratitude of kinsmen, and generally concludes with Swift, "that the merriest fices are seen in mourning coaches." When this dose does not operate, he then has recourse to his last expedient, which is to remind his *begon friend* that we are all mortal, and that it is necessary to think of preventing confusion among relations and expectants. Having succeeded in this hint, he then proposes himself as the manufacturer of the testament, having been brought up to the law; but desisting the infancy of the profession, he is resolved to encourage it as little as possible, and is therefore always desirous of contracting its gains.

It were needless perhaps to add that in the course of this fabrication, he throws out such useful hints, as he thinks will tend most to his advantage. I. has nevertheless been sometimes disappointed when

he has even brought matters to this promising crisis. When he hinted the other day to Dr. Legend, "That it was just in that numerical *item* in his will that he had bequeathed the doctor five hundred pounds," the doctor replied with a smile, "That his uncommon generosity proved his riches; and that therefore, he should in that very *item*, bequeath I. nothing but his everlasting thanks for his kindness." Again it was but a few months since, when attending the levee of Mr. Feeble, after being given over, Mr. I. with an unparalleled hypocritic face, lamented he was afraid he should be compelled to wear mourning for the loss of so dear a friend." Feeble, knowing his man, replied, "that as I. had so often wore black with a smile on his face, he intended for once that I. should appear in colours with a rueful countenance, adding, Mr. I. having discovered your real character I struck you out of my will last night."

Notwithstanding these and many such disappointments, beyond the reach of calculation, Mr. I. is supposed to have realized about twelve thousand five hundred pounds in the course of his profession, *legacy hunting*; and now contents himself like Cæsar in his Commentaries, in relating his own victories over the deceased, and even declares, his character being too generally known to admit of any further deception, that he has never yet made his will, penned a codicil, or wrote an *item*, though he has disposed of so many imaginary thousands through that vehicle.

A little Oddity Hunter.

Peacock, Grey's-Inn Lane.

AN ADVENTURER.

ABOUT the year 1749, the celebrated Captain Plaislow shone in all the pomp and lustre of nobility in this metropolis, without any one but himself being able to account for the sources of his profusion. In dress, equipage, hunters, and liveries, he surpassed many noblemen. He kept the best company, and frequented all fashionable places of public resort: when he gamed he was generally the bubble, and the first-rate women of pleasure levied frequent taxes upon him. It was universally known that after having served in the army as lieutenant in a marching regiment, and being reduced to half-pay, he was compelled to sell out to satisfy his clamorous creditors. But once a captain always a captain; it is an excellent travelling title, and, as Farquhar observes, prevents many impertinent enquiries. The

The sudden death of Mrs. Graves who was kept by a rich Jew, made a very visible and speedy alteration in the state of the captain's affairs: his equipage was dismissed, his servants reduced, his hunters sold, and his whole plan of life was *reformé*. It was discovered by Mrs. Graves's will that a very strict intimacy and friendship had subsisted between her and Plaistow; and that they had for some years shared her *unchristian* amorous gains. She bequeathed him all she was worth, which amounted to but a small sum after her debts were paid; and untill the captain could secure fresh quarters, equally warm and comfortable, he was necessitated to levy contributions upon the public in another way. From such a hint it may be surmised that he took the road; but though this was strongly suspected, it never was absolutely proved: he probably kept within the pale of the law, and like master Stephen in the play, never risked more than a *whipping*.

Being at this time an utter stranger to the refined stratagems of *picking pockets* at the gaming table, he had recourse to the more obvious methods of recruiting his finances upon credulous tradesmen and more credulous women. In the first pursuit, it was necessary to have an associate, and finding one Plunkett to his mind, he engaged him in his service. Sideboards of plate, services of Dresden, magnificent cabinets richly ornamented, poured into his house by day, and poured out by night. In the course of about twelve months, he married as many wives as the Ides at the Fleet and May fair, every one having a fortune *worth* *his*; and he took care to pass no more than the honeymoon with either of them. This traffick, infamous as it was, did not turn out so dangerous as the former. A tradesman chancing to see his own goods put up at auction in the narrow part of the Strand, which he had delivered at the captain's house the day before, gave the alarm: a warrant was granted for *fraud*, and the scent became general. The captain, like a good soldier, understood making a decent retreat; he decamped in time, and left his associate to undergo *all* the punishment of their *conjoint* crimes. Plunkett was publickly whipped *up and down* Piccadilly while the Jew was dancing *up and down* the assembly room, with the finest women, at *St. du-la-Chapelle*.

The captain it must be acknowledged was one of the finest made men in England; he had also a happy insinuating address,

and spared no expence where the ladies were concerned. After saying this, it were needless to add that like Cæsar, "He came, he saw, and conquered." The countess de Bouquenville could not resist him: she was upon the tour of the Low Countries with her husband, who came thither to drink the Spa waters. He was carried off by the stream, and Plaistow supplied his place. The countess wanted neither money, beauty, nor passion; the captain was strongly influenced by them all. A very happy union took place; the captain was possessed of those powers "which nature meant to please," and the countess was among the number of those salacious females, who was very desirous he should please.

Thus they lived, thus they felt, till lady * E——n happened to pass through Brussels, where they then resided. To say that lady E——n was at this period a fine woman, would but be doing her a partial justice; her eyes, her neck, her arms, in a word her whole person, was something more than mortal. The captain, though an adventurer, was not divested of passions: he could love, and, to his honour be it spoken, he always gave the preference to his fair countrywomen, where the contest was nearly equal. E——n then fore bore the sway, and the countess perceived it: she left him with this laconic billet,

Que bien du plaisir vous fasse madame E——n.

"May lady E——n confer much pleasure upon you."

The captain, who repined at nothing so much as being foiled by a woman, flew after her, and sacrificed an unopened letter from lady E——n to her. The bait took, love prevailed, and the countess de Bouquenville returned.

The countess, after passing the most voluptuous part of her life with the captain, died at Lisle, about three years ago, leaving Plaistow the bulk of her fortune; and, according to the last accounts from the Low Countries, he revels in all the voluptuousness of an Eastern monarch at Spa.

* This is the lady, by whom a late knight of the Bath had a son and daughter; to each of whom he is said to have bequeathed ten thousand pounds. Honourable mention is made of her in the Magazine for November last, page 570.

The HANDKERCHIEF.

A MORAL TALE. •

FILIAL disobedience is not, in general, to be commended, or vindicated; but surely it is sometimes to be pitied, and even to be pardoned.

Sir George Gratton having buried an amiable, and every way deserving wife, with whom he had lived happily many years, (so happily, indeed, that he was extremely envied by many of his married friends who found not their homes productive of any felicity) was long inconsolable. His griefs, however, began at length to subside, and he reasoned himself into a composure which enabled him to draw no small satisfaction from the sensible well-adapted conversation of an only daughter, who, though but just entered into her eighteenth year, discovered a solid understanding, and a considerable share of discretion. Uncommonly sensible and discreet, Fanny Gratton was also exceedingly good natured, and tender-hearted; and being equally dutiful and affectionate, she did every thing in her power to alleviate the affliction of her *surviving*, while she sincerely lamented her *deceased* parent.

Sir George finding his daughter sufficiently qualified, in consequence of her having closely attended to the excellent instructions which she received from her mother (who was not too fine a lady to think the care of her education beneath her notice) to superintend his domestic affairs, made over to her the management of his household; and had more and more reason every day to be pleased with the confidence he reposed in her. By her whole behaviour she gave him the highest delight, and he thought himself the happiest of happy fathers.

About a mile and a half from Gratton-Farm lived a Mr. Denbigh, possessed of a small but well cultivated estate. On that estate he lived with a laudable frugality, and by not attempting to vie with his richer neighbours round him, was deservedly respected by them all. He was particularly respected by those who were intimately acquainted with his virtues and accomplishments, because they raised him considerably in their eyes, for no man had ever a stronger aversion to all kinds of ostentation.

Among those who knew, by a long intimacy with him, his intrinsic value, was Sir George, and he spent a great deal of his time with him.

Mr. Denbigh was a widower. He had no children of his own, but he in a man-

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ner adopted a niece of his, the only daughter of a sister, for whom he had a sincere regard, who had been very ill used by an extravagant husband. On the sudden death of that husband, Mr. Denbigh invited Mrs. Medcot and Maria to come and live with him. Mrs. Medcot with great pleasure accepted of her brother's invitation, and she arrived at Mr. Denbigh's house a few days before Sir George and Miss Gratton *saw company*.

Miss Medcot and Miss Gratton were nearly of the same age, and as they had been in their very youthful days at the same school, they joyfully renewed their acquaintance.

Miss Medcot, though a shewy girl altogether, was not in the least handsome; Miss Gratton had pretensions to beauty, which every body allowed to be just who beheld her, and the modesty of her carriage made her appear in a still more beautiful light. Miss Medcot, conscious of her inferiority in point of person, endeavoured to attract the attention of the men, especially when she appeared with her *rival* (for the firmest female friends are *rivals* when a man comes in their way) by a thousand studied graces, and coquetish airs, which did not, however, prove powerful enough to make her the *distinguished* figure when Fanny stood by her side. She felt her inferiority, keenly felt it, and she was inexpressibly mortified; but she pretended to be most warmly attached to her dear Fanny. Fanny was sure that she loved her dear Maria, and she flattered herself that her affection was returned.

Maria, though she envied Fanny exceedingly for the admiration which she excited whenever she appeared, and for the strict propriety of her whole behaviour, was not thoroughly alarmed at the force of her attractions, till a young gentleman, in whose favour she was greatly prepossessed, came into the neighbourhood to pay a visit to a rich old uncle, who was very fond of him, and looked upon him as his heir.

The name of this young gentleman was Swaynton. His father had a very large estate in the next county, and lived upon it in such a hospitable way, that he made himself universally beloved: he was, indeed, a truly benevolent man, and not only entertained his friends with the sincerest cordiality, but supported many poor families: those who were able to work he constantly employed, and liberally rewarded; on those who were unable to get their living, from sickness, or from age, he settled little annuities proportionable to their apparent necessities.

Few young fellows were more agreeable than Harry Swaynton; his person was striking; he was above the middle size, and had a manly air; he was pleasingly polite, and never disgusted any body with the superfluities of good-breeding.

The Swayntons and the Denbighs had long been acquainted: the Medcots too were always well received at Swaynton-Hall, till Mr. Medcot, wearied with the salutary advice which he received from Mr. Swaynton, relating to his want of economy, broke off all connections with him. Mr. Swaynton saw his friend's wrongheadedness with a great deal of concern, and was truly grieved at the situation in which he left his wife and daughter; but as the latter was now grown a woman, and as he did not chuse an alliance with her, he thought it not prudent to invite Mrs. Medcot to his house again, lest his son should take a fancy to Maria. He was, however, very needlessly apprehensive about that son, for Harry never felt his heart in an uneasy condition at the sight, or in the company of Miss Medcot. She was not *the* girl according to his taste: her conversation, indeed, frequently diverted him; for she was sensible, sprightly, and shrewd; but there was a pertness in her style of speaking, and a freedom in her manners which he could not approve of. However, on falling in with her at Mr. Denbigh's, while he was with his uncle, he renewed his acquaintance with her, and found sufficient amusement in her society, though he had not the slightest propensity to be tenderly attached to her. Maria beheld *him* with very different eyes; with the eyes of love.

As soon as Maria heard of Harry's arrival at his uncle's, her heart bounded with joy: it was also a little fluttered with fear; on Fanny's account: she, therefore, determined to use all her endeavours to keep him out of Fanny's way; and she for some time managed her affairs with so much dexterity, that her *lover*, as he appeared to *her* unpenetrating eyes, and her *friend*, had not a meeting at Mr. Denbigh's.

One afternoon, however, to her inexpressible disappointment, as she had purposely called on her dear friend in the morning, to let her know that she should not be at home, Fanny made her appearance, when Mr. Swaynton was with her.

Maria was making tea when Fanny entered the room: she started, and was so extremely embarrassed, that the tea-pot fell out of her hand. By that awkward ~~manoeuvre~~ the pot was broken, and the tea

wasted. The vexation, however, which she felt from the accident was nothing compared to the uneasiness which she endured from the deportment of Swaynton upon the occasion; for he, instead of flying to to give her the least assistance, or to administer the slightest consolation to her, stood rooted to the floor at the appearance of her friend; so much was he struck with her figure.

To say that Maria was ready to tear Fanny's eyes out of her head, would be, perhaps, to make use of expressions too extravagant; but she certainly looked as if she could have pulled her cap off with the greatest pleasure.

Fanny, having entered the room with her usual dignity and gracefulness, advanced immediately to the tea-table, and made a hundred pretty apologies to her friend for the disturbance which she had occasioned. "But I hope, my dear," added she, with smiles which were at that moment like daggers to Maria, as they made her appear more beautiful than ever, "you will not fret about so trifling an accident."

Maria attempted to support her vexation, doubly poignant by the attention which Harry paid to her rival, by laughing at the blunder she had committed; but it increased to such a degree, that she was hardly capable of sitting in her chair. For the first time in her life she heartily wished for Swaynton's absence, as she found that she was of very little consequence in *his* eyes before Miss Gratton.

Fanny, being entirely unacquainted with her friend's inclination for the gentleman, who behaved to her with a complaisance sufficiently flattering, did not imagine she was giving any disturbance to that friend's mind by the politeness of her carriage to him; and she was indeed puzzled to account for the peevishness which Maria several times discovered.

Mrs. Medcot, a woman of no small sagacity, plainly read all Maria's feelings in her face, and frequently endeavoured, with a most maternal benevolence, to assist her in drawing off Harry's attention from Miss Gratton; but Fanny's innocence and modesty, delicacy, and discretion, baffled all their united arts and contrivances to sink her into a cypher. Harry gazed at her with unspeakable delight. Whenever she opened her lips he

"with a greedy ear
"Devoured up her discourse."

In this mortified way the Medcots, mother and daughter, remained till Sir George Gratton

Gratton was announced. His entrance with Mr. Denbigh threw the conversation into a new channel; and he gave considerable satisfaction soon after his arrival to the sister and the niece of his worthy neighbour, by taking his Fanny home with him.

Immediately after the departure of Fanny, Maria's face brightened up. She seemed to be a new creature, and exerted all her conversible powers, in spite of the galling disappointments she had met with, to make Harry sensible of her superiority, with regard to intellectual charms, to the lady whose personal attractions had rendered him so inattentive to *her*. She talked with an infinite deal of vivacity and smartness, but she talked in vain; he did not appear to be entertained with any of her sprightly effusions, nor did he breathe a single compliment to the justness of her observations. He plied her, he pestered her with questions relating to her blooming friend; questions which were, it must be confessed, extremely provoking; and she probably, would have returned acrimonious answers to them, had she not been afraid of driving him, by severity in her language, to Miss Gratton. She was forced, much against her will, to own that Miss Gratton had beauty; but she, at the same time, strongly insinuated that she was deficient in point of understanding, and not remarkable for her good nature.

Harry, as Miss Gratton was naturally reserved before strangers of either sex, had no opportunity to fathom the depth of her understanding, but from what she had uttered, during the course of the afternoon, he had no mean opinion of it; and as to her good nature, he thought he could not possibly be mistaken about *that*; he therefore attributed Maria's degrading reflections on the head, and on the heart of her friend, to the true causes, jealousy and envy.

Sir George, while he was riding home with his daughter, asked her "if she had spent the afternoon as agreeably as ever with her friend Miss Medcot."

Fanny, conscious of having never spent so agreeable an afternoon at Mr. Denbigh's, and conscious too of having found it so, from the appearance, conversation, and behaviour of Mr. Swaynton, coloured; "Yes, Sir," said she, with some hesitation, as if afraid to own that her afternoon *had* been agreeable to her.

Sir George observed the blushes which his question had occasioned; but mentioned not another word concerning her visit: he changed the conversation instantly, and

pointed out a particular prospect, to give her time to recover herself.

When they returned home, Sir George asked Fanny "if she was not surprized to find her friend, as she had told her in the morning she was engaged abroad."

She replied in the affirmative.

Sir George smiled, "Maria, my dear," said he, "came this morning only to prevent your meeting Mr. Swaynton, with whom she is violently in love; but I have great reason to believe," added he, smiling still more, "that he is *not attached to her*."

Sir George spoke the four last words in so emphatical a manner, that Fanny could not help colouring again. He then informed her of his design in sending her to Mr. Denbigh's, notwithstanding Maria's morning visit, and of the prepossessions which he felt in Mr. Swaynton's favour, by having had a few conversations with him at his uncle Strutton's.

"From what I have seen of him, my dear," continued he, "from what I have heard of his character, and from what I know of his family connections, I look upon an alliance with him as a very desirable thing. I shall not, however, give him any invitation to this place, till you encourage me to believe that his addresses to you will be acceptable. Mr. Denbigh has promised to bring you frequently together at *his* house. Mr. Denbigh has a great regard for his niece; but he is a man of too much honour to connive at a marriage between her and young Swaynton, as he knows that his father would be extremely averse to such a proceeding. Now, if upon a nearer acquaintance, you both think well enough of each other to wish for a union, I will go to old Mr. Swaynton myself, and make overtures to him, which will, I dare say, merit his attention."

In consequence of Mr. Denbigh's promises to Sir George, Harry and Fanny had frequent interviews, and, in a short time, wished to be indissolubly united, with the joint approbation of their parents.

As soon as Sir George was thoroughly satisfied with their mutual attachment, he set out to Swaynton-Hall, and found Mr. Swaynton very willing to listen to the proposed alliance.

Sir George returned speedily to his daughter, when the preliminaries were adjusted with all kind of delight which a good father instinctively feels when he is going to promote the happiness of a deserving child.

It may easily be imagined that the interviews between Mr. Swaynton and Miss

Gratton were exceedingly displeasing to Miss Medcot; they certainly were so in the highest degree: and the *polite behaviour* of two people whose prospects of nuptial felicity were uncommonly animating, sharpened every sting which envy darted into her bosom. Their politeness to her were considered as so many insults; and she determined to prevent the consummation of their wishes, if possible, by sowing dissention between them.

In order to carry her malicious designs into execution, without being suspected, she appeared to be greatly pleased with her friend's approaching happiness; and Fanny, deceived by her affectionate carriage, had not the smallest apprehensions of the mischief harboured against her. She really believed that Maria made herself quite easy on account of Swaynton's having given her the preference.

Luckily for Maria; but most unluckily for Fanny, Sir George, on a sudden, one morning, when the preparations for her wedding-day were almost finished, put a stop to them, and desired his daughter, in a very unaccustomed, in a peremptory manner, to lay aside all thoughts of Mr. Swaynton, as he had a much better match in his eye for her. He then ordered her to receive lord D——, the earl of M——s eldest son as a lover.

Fanny, astonished at the beginning of her father's speech, was stupified with wonder at the close of it. She feebly cried, "Oh! Sir," and fell back in her chair, without any signs of life.

Sir George, fearing that he had actually killed her by the abruptness of his behaviour, felt all the father rising in his breast. He rang the bell with violence; he called aloud for his servants. Fanny was soon restored to her senses; but she was almost deprived of them again when Sir George, after having dismissed her attendants, told her, though in far milder terms, that he had particular reasons for not marrying her to Mr. Swaynton. He was, indeed, ashamed to acquaint her with the true reason: the truth is, he had lost a considerable sum to lord D——, at A——'s, who offered to take it as his daughter's fortune. Sir George, not finding himself in a situation to discharge his debt of honour, and to fulfil his engagement with Mr. Swaynton, without making some capital retrenchment in his household, acceded to his lordship's spirited proposal, without the least hesitation.

When old Swaynton was informed by his son of Sir George's ungentle, and in his opinion, dishonourable behaviour, he

formed like a fury, and swore that he had never been treated in so scandalous a manner by any gentleman in his life. "But never mind it, Harry," continued he, "never mind it, my lad; there are other women in the world as handsome, and as good as Miss Gratton, I warrant you. If Sir George would down on his knees, and solicit the renewal of our agreement, you should not now marry his daughter with my consent."

Harry did not think it prudent to say what he thought upon the chagrining occasion, as his father was too much inflamed by Sir George's ill usage to talk about it with any composure. He, therefore, only bowed respectfully, and replied, "I will always endeavour, Sir, to be an obedient son, whatever my obedience may cost me."

That dutiful speech vibrated, for some time, in Mr. Swaynton's ear, and gave him a satisfaction nearly sufficient to blunt the edge of his resentment against the capricious baronet, who had provoked it.

Maria enjoyed the separation of the two lovers with a glee not to be described; yet she could not help wishing, in the true spirit of malevolence, that she, herself, had been instrumental to the demolition of a connection so fatal to her peace.

After having waited a few days, ruminating with an execrable delight on the blow which had crushed all her rival's hopes of connubial happiness (for she knew that lord D—— was the object of her extreme aversion) a very unexpected event made no small addition to it.

Harry and Fanny, notwithstanding their cruel separation, found means to correspond with each other; and at length the former prevailed on the latter to consent to a private marriage.

Fanny having supped with her father at Mr. Denbigh's one evening, soon after she had assented to such a marriage, found an opportunity to retire with Maria to her closet, and there informed her, in confidence of her determination, to give her hand to Mr. Swaynton, as she could not endure the thoughts of being united to lord D——.

Just when she had finished her secret communications, she hurried out of the closet, hearing her father's voice, and flew down stairs. In her hurry she dropped her handkerchief.

Maria snatched it up, and upon a careful examination of it, instigated by curiosity, found a note directed to her lover, in which she assured him that she would, if possible, meet him at the place and hour appointed.

Maria,

Maria, before Sir George's departure, seized a moment, unobserved by Fanny, to beckon him into an adjoining room, and there she put the note with much satisfaction into his hands, desiring him, with unusual earnestness to read it as soon as he had got home.

He read it with avidity, with resentment, with rage; and poor Fanny was in a few weeks afterwards, in consequence of having dropped her handkerchief in her friend's closet, married to the man whom she abhorred.

THE MALE COQUETTE.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE is not perhaps a more contemptible animal in the creation, than a male coquette. He who endeavours, by the most insinuating arts to make every woman he meets with imagine he is in love with her, and who basely deserts every woman as soon as he finds himself of consequence enough in her eyes to murder her repose, is as despicable as he is dangerous: he is a disgrace to his sex, and cannot be exhibited in too infamous a light.—“Were ye, indeed, ye fair but cautious whom ye trust,” so many complaints about the scandalous behaviour of those who only make fictitious addresses to you, and whose lips have no correspondence with their hearts, would not be articulated. It is the supreme pleasure of the male-coquette to boast of the number of credulous females who believed him to be as sincere as he pretended to be. What a wretched pleasure, and how undeservedly is the man who can, without self reproaches, enjoy such satisfactions, countenanced by the *fashionable world*!

Tom Nicholls, the moment he felt himself a man, was very powerfully impelled to recommend himself as a man of gallantry. He had many natural advantages, and many acquired accomplishments, which were so extremely serviceable to him that he never made his appearance in a female circle without being distinguished as a charming fellow. All the spirited girls with whom he romped called him a most agreeable devil, and he took no small pains to make himself necessary to the happiness of every woman in whom he perceived the slightest partialities in his favour. With a striking person, a subtle understanding, a silver-toned voice, and a winning softness in his manners, he was courted and caressed, and she who had Tom at her elbow in a

public place whispering elegant nothings in her ear was perfectly well satisfied with her situation: as Tom however never staid long by the side of any of his fair companions, none of them had really any reason to be flattered by his assiduities, or to reckon upon the stream of empty elocution which flowed from his tuneful tongue; but every woman was sufficiently complaisant to herself to believe that she was the principal object of his attention, though his civilities were distributed among half a hundred of her sex around her.

Tom, with the above-mentioned advantages was also possessed of a large fortune, which served to increase his importance in the character of a lover, and he availed himself of all his *powers* with an ingenuity rather to be execrated than extolled. Many an amiable girl's heart did he break by a behaviour which was certainly criminal, though he was not punishable for it in a court of justice. How great is the pity that a thousand crimes of the blackest kind are not cognizable in Westminster-hall, or at the Old-Bailey.

While he was fluttering one summer at a very polite watering place, Tom fell desperately in love with the daughter of a poor villager who sheltered him from the fury of a thunder storm.

In the little room to which honest Truman introduced his *noble* guest, (for such a guest Tom, who was a flashy fellow, appeared in *his* eyes) Sally, a blooming and beautiful young creature, about eighteen, sat busy with her needle. On Tom's entrance into the room she rose, and made a modest curtsy. She then sat down again, and fixed her eyes upon her work.

Tom was immediately inflamed by her youth and her beauty, and consequently wished to have her in private with him, that he might steal a passage to her heart. His wish was gratified almost as soon as he had framed it: the unsuspecting rustic left them together.

Tom, when the father's back was turned, considered a little how he should proceed, and then managed matters with so much dexterity that before the storm was over he had the pleasure to find the artless girl extremely well pleased with his appearance and conversation. When the day brightened, and when the rain ceased, he took leave of her in the most respectful manner.

From that day he made frequent visits to the homely dwelling in which his new mistress resided, and by his attractive carriage induced both her and her father to believe that he had honourable designs.

The

The moment he saw that he was received as an honourable lover, he conceived a scheme to gain his point by a dishonourable manoeuvre. His stratagem was successful, and Sally was ruined. The poor creature was almost distracted when she was sensible of the injury she had sustained, and her father was hardly in his senses; but Tom plumed himself upon his address.

His exultation however, on his conquest over the virtue of Sally Truman, was not of a long continuance: he was soon afterwards thrown into a situation which forced him to repent of all his perjuries and seductions.

A very charitable old lady in the neighbourhood, on being acquainted with the base treatment which Sally Truman had received, went to her, and when she had compassionated her distressful condition in very affectionate terms, added, "As I am thoroughly persuaded, my dear, that Mr. Nicholls has behaved to you in the most unjustifiable manner I do not look upon you in a criminal light myself, but as you will be probably thought guilty by the majority of people in this part of the country, in which you are so well known, it is in my opinion highly necessary for you to retire to a distant place, in which you are little, if at all known."

"I cannot tell where to go, madam," replied Sally, weeping bitterly, "I have no relations except my father but in Derbyshire, and how shall I get there, poor and helpless as I am? and if I could get there I cannot think of leaving my good father, who takes on so much about me that I am afraid he will not live a great while."

"Let me alone to conduct this affair, my dear; you are a worthy girl and deserve not to meet with any more ill usage in the world. You and your father shall go together: I will provide for you and for him. I will send you to a daughter of mine very happily married near Bath, and she will, I am certain, on my recommendation, take care of you till she can put you into a decent and profitable way of life."

In consequence of Mrs. Burrel's humanity and generosity, honest Truman and his injured daughter were sent off to Mrs. Lymp-ton's.

Mrs. Lymp-ton, having read the letter from her mother, which Sally delivered to her on her arrival, told her with a benevolent smile, that neither she nor her father should repent of their journey to her house.

In less than a month after Sally's arrival Mrs. Lymp-ton received a visit from a

sprightly female friend of hers who lived at Bath.

"O Lymp-ton, cried Miss Medley, I have a curious piece of news for you. I have made a conquest since I saw you."

"I give you joy, my dear, pray who is the pretty fellow you have captivated?"

"He is indeed a very pretty fellow; only the all accomplished Mr. Nicholls."

"Mr. Nicholls, my dear! I hope you do not give any encouragement to him? so notorious a flirt, and so abandoned a libertine ought to be detested by you. Every woman who has the least regard for her reputation should look upon him with the utmost abhorrence, and not suffer him to speak a syllable to her."

"Nay now you are too severe, Lymp-ton; however, to be serious, I assure you that I look upon him exactly in the light you do. He has behaved, it is true, in a scandalous manner to many of my sex; but as the deceitful wretch has thought proper to pretend to make his addresses to me, I encourage them!"

"Encourage them!"

"Apparently, in order to expose him, at a proper time; will you assist me? two heads you know."

"Most readily."

Mrs. Lymp-ton then acquainted Miss Medley with Mr. Nicholls's cruel behaviour to Sally Truman, and they were both of opinion that if they could by any means oblige him to marry her, and to make a handsome settlement on her, they should punish him in a meritorious way, as his pride and vanity would be severely mortified by such an alliance, and as Sally would not only be placed in a respectable situation in life, but be enabled to make herself quite easy about his infidelities.

In order to forward the execution of their designs they very prudently solicited the assistance of young Medley, who cheerfully undertook to rid his sister of an impertinent admirer who did her no credit, and by the same *coup de main*, to provide genteelly for an amiable girl who had been grossly abused by him.

Eager to proceed to business he made his appearance one morning at Tom's apartments, with a pistol in each pocket snugly situated, and having demanded a private audience, which was immediately granted, addressed him in the following concise manner.

"You have for some time, Sir, made your addresses to my sister. Do you intend to marry her?"

"Not I upon my soul, Sir."

"You

"Why then, Sir, you are an infamous scoundrel."

He then pulled his pistols out. "My sister, Sir, despises you too much to give you her hand should you seriously offer yours to her; but we both insist upon your marrying Sally Truman."

"The devil take me if I do?"

"You must take one of these pistols then."

Tom, finding his antagonist in earnest, gave him the *satisfaction* he desired.

THE IMPOLITIC MOTHER-
IN-LAW. A MORAL TALE.

WHEN a widower who has daughters old enough to expect husbands, finds himself disposed to enter again into the marriage-state, he should be particularly careful to chuse a woman with a very liberal way of thinking, and a very good temper. Ill natured narrow minded mothers-in-law, are devoutly to be dreaded by those of their own sex over whom they have, by courtesy only, not consanguinity, a parental authority. How many fine girls are there to be met with smarting under the tyranny of imperious domineering women, to whose humours they must be slavishly subservient if they would prevent expulsion or disinheritation! how are such girls to be pitied! and how can they be fairly blamed if they should step a little out of the line of filial duty, to remove themselves from a situation unjustly rendered intolerable to them!

Mr. Berrisford, an eminent merchant, having lost an amiable wife, of whom he was extremely fond, she was indeed possessed of all the domestic virtues which a reasonable man would wish to find in the woman he had selected from her sex to be his partner for ever, was so much affected by her sudden death that he was not able for a considerable time to bear the company of his most intimate friends. Never had his spirits been so severely shocked, though he had struggled with many trying disappointments.

As soon as he had very conjugally, but unfashionably, every man has his singularities, followed her full of sorrow to her grave, he retired to his country house, a few miles from London, and there gave himself up to the indulgence of those gloomy ideas which his recent and irreparable loss naturally occasioned.

Hardly could he be persuaded by his daughter, who dutifully and affectionately accompanied him, his only child, whom he sincerely loved on her own and on her

mother's account; hardly could he be persuaded to pay a proper regard to his health, which was soon injured by his neglect, a neglect not to be defended; a neglect almost criminal, as the welfare of that daughter required the preservation of it.

Maria, as she had been piously as well as politely educated, endeavoured to alleviate the poignancy of her father's grief by calling in *religion* to her assistance; and as he was really a good man, not only in the commercial but in the moral sense of that word, he listened to her with attention; he also drew substantial consolation from her exemplary efforts to restore his mind to its wonted tranquillity.

While he was growing daily more and more resigned and chearful, and every day receiving new proofs of Maria's dutiful as well as affectionate attachment to him, he was prevailed on by a near neighbour with whom he had very close connexions as a merchant, to go with him and his family to Scarborough; and he the more readily complied with that neighbour's pressing invitation as his daughter and Maria had been brought up at the same school, and visited each other upon the most friendly footing.

During his stay at Scarborough Mr. Berrisford became acquainted with a lively widow, and "with her conversing," totally forgot his dear Lucy, whom he had long, and most pathetically lamented.

Mrs. Stratton having been left in strait circumstances by an extravagant husband, and having too much spirit to enjoy life at a small expence, grew heartily sick of her retirement in a village near Scarborough, and determined, by employing the greatest part of her little fortune towards the decoration of her person, to make a bold stroke for another husband, at that place, the following season.

The personal appearance of Mr. Berrisford, who was handsome and genteel, and who though born and bred in the Borough had very much the air of a man of fashion, prejudiced Mrs. Stratton strongly in his favour; and when she found, upon a speedy and minute enquiry, that he had a large fortune, that he was only encumbered with a daughter, she considered him as an object entirely worthy of her attention. She, therefore, threw herself in his way, perpetually, and managed her matters with so much dexterity, that she soon fixed his attention to her.

Love and generosity are sometimes, even in this mercenary age, associated. Mr. Berrisford was so dazzled with the widow's visible charms, that he saw not the slightest blemish in her. Without troubling him-
self

self in the least about her pecuniary affairs, he offered her his heart and his hand: she accepted of the latter with the highest satisfaction, with regard to the former she was as indifferent about it as a modern fine lady can possibly be about her rank. I mean reputation.

When Mr. Berrisford had made Mrs. Stratton his wife, he then, and not till then, (hear this ye husbands and wonder at his politeness) dropped some oblique interrogatories concerning the situation of her finances. The intelligence which he received from her upon the occasion would have shocked many a man in his condition; but he was not at all disconcerted when she told him that she had played her last stake to win him.

"Enough, madam," replied he, "as I did not marry you for money I am not disappointed: I am indeed pleased to think that this parchment, putting it into her hands, will convince you I have acted in a disinterested manner."

Mrs. Stratton, if she had been possessed of ten thousand pounds when Mr. Berrisford made his addresses to her, could not have rationally expected a larger settlement.

As Mrs. Stratton took no small pains to ingratiate herself with Maria, because she observed her father's fondness for her, she could not help feeling partialities in her favour, and often spoke of her to him in the most advantageous terms. By so doing she gave him additional pleasure, and accelerated his second nuptials. However, before her father had been married a month, a little month, she had sufficient reason to wish that he had either remained a widower, or united himself to a very different woman. The new Mrs. Berrisford, indeed, appeared in a less amiable light every succeeding month, not only to Maria, but even to her husband, who frequently, in the bitter moments of recollection, drew comparisons between his living and his deceased wife; comparisons greatly to the honour of the first, but by no means to the credit of the last.

In proportion to the uneasiness which Mr. Berrisford endured under the pressure of his disappointment (for he had flattered himself with the hopes of expending the remainder of his days domestically happy) was the tenderness which he discovered for his Maria, whose life was rendered very uncomfortable by the ill humour, and petty malevolence of her mother, who left nothing unattempted to drive him to turn her out of doors. Luckily for her husband, as well as for Maria, she defeated all her

own designs just when she imagined she had carried them successfully into execution.

Mrs. Berrisford, after many fruitless efforts, as fruitless as they were malignant, communicated her wishes with regard to the dislodgment of Maria, to a female friend, and that friend immediately started a scheme which had a promising face.

Mrs. Ledlow was one of those convenient ladies who keep a genteel house for the entertainment of their male and female friends, and who contribute to the *amicable collision* between the two sexes in the most private and decent manner imaginable.

Mrs. Berrisford, having taken Maria to the play with her one night, and behaved to her in such a style as to induce her to believe that she was sincerely sorry for her past unkindnesses, carried her (as Mr. Berrisford spent the evening with his patriotic club) to sup with Mrs. Ledlow. A couple of smart fellows were of the party.

When the watchman was going his midnight rounds, Mrs. Berrisford ordered two chairs, one for herself, the other for Maria.

Maria, finding herself very heavy-eyed, was glad to get into her chair, wishing extremely to be in her own apartment, and consequently left Mrs. Ledlow with a great deal of pleasure; but it is impossible to express her surprize when she saw the chair carried into a well-known bagnio near Covent-Garden. To the equal surprize of the young fellow who had supped with her, and waited to hand her out, she screamed, and asked him what he meant by such impertinence, such insolence. From the infamous manoeuvres which he had practiced at Mrs. Ludlow's, he fully expected to remove her, in a state of insensibility, to a room which he had previously secured; and he hardly knew how to act when she, with a becoming spirit, insisted upon his letting the chairmen carry her home, without giving them any interruption.

Luckily for her, just at that instant, an old friend of Mr. Berrisford's passing by, and hearing her voice distressfully exerted, hastened to her assistance. After having severely reprimanded her impudent companion for bringing her to such a house, he conducted her to her father's.

As Mrs. Berrisford had, before Maria's arrival, told her husband a tale most injurious to her reputation, and in so artful a manner as to exclude incredulity, he absolutely refused her admittance: her generous deliverer, therefore, conveyed her to his own house, and put her under the protection of his wife.





Pirrhus & Andromache.

The next morning he called on Sir Berriford, and, after a short conference, produced sufficient proofs of M^{rs} Berriford's account of the proceedings of the foregoing evening, restored her to her father's favour; and he immediately released himself from an unworthy woman, who had long made him weary of his connection with her.

HISTORY of Andromaché and Pyrrhus.

Illustrated with a beautiful Copper-Plate.

ANDROMACHE, after Hector her husband was slain in the siege of Troy, was taken captive with her son Astyanax by Pyrrhus, and conducted to Epirus. Though he was at this time betrothed to Hermione, the daughter of Helen, he became enamoured with Andromache, and offered her his hand, and to share his crown; but her affection for Hector was so great, that all Pyrrhus's intreaties were fruitless. At this time Orestes arrives at his court, in quality of ambassador from the Greeks, to demand Andromache's son as a sacrifice, lest when grown up he should be as dangerous an enemy as Hector his father had been. This request Pyrrhus at first refuses, and the ambassador informs him that he will thereby draw on him the vengeance of the Greeks. Pyrrhus now acquaints Andromache with the risk he runs to preserve Astyanax; but that his love for her prevails, and that he shall brave all dangers for her sake, if she will but look kindly on him. She still refuses to listen to his passion, which so greatly irritates Pyrrhus, that he resolves to sacrifice her son to the Greeks: she throws herself at his feet, and, in the most persuasive accents, endeavours to divert Pyrrhus from his design. In this situation our engraver has caught the story in the subjoined plate.

Orestes had long entertained an ardent passion for Hermione, who is at Pyrrhus's court, whilst she had looked upon Orestes with great indifference. He endeavours to avail himself of Pyrrhus's conduct in order to excite her jealousy, and recommend his own suit; but he finds her inflexible to all his tender remonstrances. At length Pyrrhus having prevailed on Andromache to accept his hand, and preserve her son, Orestes, with his Grecian attendants, rushes into the temple whilst the nuptial ceremony is performing, and slays Pyrrhus. Andromache escapes and reigns in Epirus, and Orestes weds Hermione.

AUGUST, 1771.

Racine's much esteemed tragedy of *Andromaque*, is founded upon this history; and *the Distress'd Mother*, written by Ambrose Philips, is a close imitation of Racine's piece. The original author, however, has deviated from history, and Philips has followed his example, in making Hermione kill herself on the body of Pyrrhus; whereas she not only survived him, but became wife to Orestes. Racine apologizes for this *licentia poetica*, by giving a remark of the commentator of Sophocles: "Let us not amuse ourselves by carping at the little innovations of a poet in his fable; we should rather consider the excellent use which he has made of these changes, and his ingenious method of adapting his fable to his subject."

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WHEN a foreigner learns the English language, he should study the English grammar with some attention. To our *future tense* he should be particularly attentive. Our *shall* and *will* are by no means synonymous words: by the improper use of them many foreigners have raised a little laugh; to one an impropriety of that kind proved fatal.

A French gentleman, fond of the water, but a poor swimmer, went into the Thames one evening to take the diversion of bathing. When he had been sporting for some time, he found himself out of his depth, and as soon as he made that discovery, he was seized with a panic, which deprived him of the powers with which nature would have, probably, assisted him, if he had not been checked by fear. In the height of his distress he called out, "*I will be drowned, nobody shall help me.*" He repeated these words several times, but in fainter and fainter accents; and, at last, as nobody came to his assistance, he was suffocated.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

GRAMMATICUS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS there is no part of nature too mean for the divine presence, so there is no kind of subject, having its foundation in

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na-

nature, that is below the dignity of a philosophical enquiry.

When the name of Heraclitus was celebrated throughout Greece, there were certain persons who had a curiosity to see so great a man. They came, and, as it happened, found him warming himself in a kitchen. The meanness of the place occasioned them to stop, upon which the philosopher thus accosted them, "*Enter,*" said he, coldly, "*for here too there are gods.*"

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

ACADEMICUS.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

The connexion that has for some time made so much noise between the d— of C— and Mrs. B—y, is now in a very critical situation, and will either subside, or be still more strongly cemented by the absence of the *easy com- auto*. The following dialogue, which lately took place between the parties at Miss S—'s, where they met by agreement, will set this matter in its true light.

A SPY.

MR. C—. INDEED, your h—f, it is impossible any longer to support this infamy in England—something must be done, or I never can submit to it.

Mrs. B—. To be sure, my dear, something must be done, and something shall be done—you must be provided for.

D— C—. What provision can I make? I am in arrears with all my tradesmen; my house is mortgaged, and a year and a half of my revenue is already anticipated.

Mr. B—. Well; but, Sir, there is such a thing as getting me a post abroad. Suppose I was appointed governor of one of the provinces of America: you know, Sir, you have sufficient interest.

D— C—. You are very much mistaken; I do not know that upon such an occasion I could have interest enough to make you an exciseman. The affair has already got so much vent by Mrs. B—'s indiscretion, that it is almost as much talked of as my adventure with lady

G—r; and my brother, so far from giving me his sanction, would certainly throw in his authority against me.

Mrs. B—. You may impute the discovery to my indiscretion, if you will; but I think your behaviour at Windsor, to go no farther back, was sufficient to expose me. What occasion had you publicly to say, "there wanted nothing but a B—y to make it Elysium indeed!"

D— C—. The affair was too notorious before that; your public visits at my house in Pall-Mall; your tossing up your nose at lord C—, at Ranelagh, and saying, "I despise a petty lord; nothing but b—d i—i can tempt me," were sufficient to make the world talk of us.

Mrs. B—. I have, however, preserved your character in one respect; I have prevented your exposing yourself by letters, for I was resolved never to write to you a single card, all my messages being verbal.

D— C—. And every one of my servants was thereby made acquainted with our correspondence. Woman for invention, indeed!

Mrs. B—. The affair could not be concealed from your servants any more than mine; but I thought they were faithful, and would not betray their master.

Mr. B—. Ay, my dear, I never knew you so much out. Servants are domestic spies, who look upon their masters and mistresses in every sense as their property; and the scandal of the family is considered as one great perquisite which they never relinquish, as it is a sure passport wherever they go, being the ticket of admission into the company of their equals.

D— C—. Very shrewd, indeed, Mr. B—y; I begin to have a high opinion of your parts.

Mr. B—. I wish your h—f's would convince me this is not a mere compliment; and give me an opportunity of displaying them to some advantage in the service of the government.

Mrs. B—. Ay, Sir, what signify *parts*, tho' they are ever so fine, if they are not used. I always knew Mr. B— was a man of fine *parts*; and it is a thousand pities they should now lie dormant.

D— C—. Well! 'Gad, a lucky thought. I have it. The d— of G—n you know is come into place again; I can do any thing with him; his sentiments upon these matters are exactly like mine; I'll open the thing to him this very day, and if there is any vacancy, I'll push

push it home : but you cannot think of a government.

Mr. B——. Well, deputy-governor.

D—— C——. I am afraid that will be kicking too high.

Mr. B——. Well, any thing genteel, if it is but a consul.

D—— C——. Egad, I believe there is a vacancy at Constantinople.

Mr. B——. I beg to be excused ; any where but there : there is too warm work going forward for me ; I have no ambition of being clapt into prison, or impaled, if the Russian fleet should pass the Dardenelles.

D—— C——. Very finely observed, indeed ; a great politician ; how came you to marry Mrs. B—— ; does she understand politics ?

Mr. B——. Not as I know of.

D—— C——. Well, never mind, she is a fine woman, and understands intrigue (pulling out his watch.) Egad this is the hour I was to be with the d—— of G——n. I'll push the matter home ; and you may depend upon it, I'll do the business for you, if it is possible.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

To the Authors of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

AS your entertaining Magazine for last May gave us the singular memoirs and adventures of Lewis Camoens, the celebrated Portuguese poet, an account of the no less uncommon fate of his patron, Sebastian, king of Portugal, may, perhaps, be agreeable to your readers ; and is a proper supplement to the anecdotes you have already given of the poet.

Camoens's great work, the *Lusiad*, is an Epic poem, on the discovery and conquest of the East-Indies, by his countrymen, and has gained its author such reputation, that he is generally called the Portuguese Virgil. A translation of it into English verse is now undertaken by W. Julius Mickle, author of the poem intitled, *The Concubine* ; and the first book of this translation has been lately published at Oxford, from which the following account of Camoens's royal friend and patron is taken.

" Camoens inscribed his *Lusiad* to his prince, then in his childhood, with many compliments on his future greatness. But," says the translator, " though the warm imagination of Camoens anticipated the praises of the future hero, the young mo-

narch, like Virgil's *Pollio*, had not the happiness to fulfil the prophecy. His endowments and enterprising genius promised indeed a glorious reign. Ambitious of military laurels, he led a powerful army into Africa, on purpose to replace Muley Hamet on the throne of Morocco, from which he had been deposed by Muley Molucca. On the 4th of August 1578, in the twenty-fifth year of his age, he gave battle to the usurper on the plains of Alcazar : but in the heat of the fight, the young king suddenly disappeared ; nor was his corpse found, or his fate certainly known. The defeat of his army, which ensued, was the first step of the declension of the Portuguese grandeur. Several years afterwards there appeared a stranger at Venice, who called himself Sebastian, king of Portugal, whom he so perfectly resembled, that the Portuguese of that city acknowledged him for their sovereign. Being brought before the senate, who were willing to examine the truth of his pretensions, he mentioned the secrets of several conversations which had passed between him and the Venetian ambassadors in the palace of Lisbon. He showed natural marks on his body, which many remembered on the person of the king whose name he assumed. The court of Spain, who had seized on the kingdom of Portugal, were embarrassed and distressed with the proofs of his veracity. The Spanish ministers accused him of imposture, and by their interest with the senate, he was banished from the Venetian republic. In his flight he fell into the hands of the Spaniards, who conducted him to Naples, where they treated him with the most barbarous indignities. After they had repeatedly exposed him, mounted on an ass, to the cruel insults of the brutal mob, they sent him prisoner to Spain, where his life and his misfortunes ended together in a prison. To the last he maintained the truth of his assertion, a word never slipped from his lips which might countenance the charge of imposture, or justify the cruelty of his persecutors. The fate of this unhappy prince is celebrated by Dryden, who has written an affecting tragedy on this subject. M.

CHARACTER of ARISTOPHANES.

ARISTOPHANES was a Grecian comic poet. He was born at Athens, and flourished four hundred and thirty-six years before Jesus Christ. He was contemporary with Socrates and Euripides, whom

whom he survived. When he first began to write for the stage, the Grecian theatre allowed personal satire to be introduced. The characters whose vices and absurdities were lashed, were citizens well known, whose names were not even concealed. But a law was afterwards passed, whereby this licentiousness was suppressed; but the malignity of ridicule, and the inclination of the audience for slander, was not interrupted. Masks were introduced to represent the features, and dresses to resemble the usual apparel of the persons meant; and their voice and action were so closely imitated, that they were scarce ever mistaken: under these disguises the ridicule was still more heightened by the performance of the actor. It was in this kind of comedy that Aristophanes flourished so much, to the scandal of the Athenians. The first magistrates, the greatest generals, even the gods themselves, were deified to gratify the caprices of the mob, who being thus accustomed to laugh at their superiors, soon despised them. His muse, to call her by no worse a name, was a Bacchant, whose tongue was steeped in gall. His poems are not destitute of salt; "but," says Parnach, "it is a sharp, irritating, corrosive salt." Indeed, he has been but too justly reproached with low buffoonery and gross obscenity, which at once proved the libertinism of the spectators, and the corruption of the poet.

Socrates, who from the wisdom of his conduct, and the severity of his morals, had become a troublesome censor to the Athenians, could not escape being a victim to Aristophanes's satire, and an applauded sacrifice by the people. Aristophanes undertook the infamous office of calumniating this philosopher upon the public stage, in his comedy of the Clouds. The Athenians flew in crowds to be spectators of this piece. Socrates, who very rarely appeared a theatrical spectator, as the laws of decency had been abolished upon the stage, was present, however, at the representation of this admired piece; and to testify his contempt of the satire, he rose amidst the spectators, that they might not mistake the character Aristophanes designed to mark.

Aristophanes's father was named Philip, and an Athenian. It was disputed whether the poet was a citizen, or an alien. The satyrical, who could not let any opportunity escape of saying a good thing, replied by two lines from Homer's *Odyssey*, which may be thus rendered: *I am the son of Philip, my mother says. For my*

part I cannot tell; he is a wise child, indeed, who knows his own father.

Aristophanes wrote above fifty comedies, but only eleven complete are handed down to us. M. Dacier, who had read all his works, says there are but two which decency allows to be translated, *Plutus* and the *Clouds*. Plato, however, advised his pupils to read the comedies of this poet, in order to obtain a perfect knowledge of the manners of the Athenians.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Was among a number of your readers, with whom I am acquainted, who have been much surprised, that in the course of your *têtes-à-têtes* so remarkable a personage for gallantry as Sir Francis Blake Delaval should have been overlooked; but upon stricter inquiry I find you could not with any degree of propriety have personally introduced him in that department, as he either had no particular connexion that qualified him for that situation, or he was so very secret in the correspondence, that his most intimate friends were unacquainted with his having lately any particular female alliance. It may not, however, be disagreeable to many of your readers to be informed of the most striking memoirs of the life of a man who has been so conspicuous in the polite world.

Sir Francis Delaval was the eldest son of Francis Blake Delaval, Esq; of Seaton Delaval in Northumberland. He was remarkably tall and well made, of a fair complexion, with fine light hair. Very early in life he appeared upon the horizon of gaiety. His figure being remarkably attractive, and having an uncommon taste in dress, he was soon distinguished by the ladies as a fine fellow. He had a variety of transient amours upon his hands before his connexion with Miss R——h, who then resided in Poland-street, Soho. This lady, who was as remarkably beautiful for a woman, as Frank was for a man, seemed predestined to unite in a happy union with him. They had been acquainted from their childhood, and a mutual fondness increased as they advanced towards maturity. This lady was of a good family, and was possessed of a genteel fortune, which was expended in the course of this alliance, that lasted some years. During the lifetime of

of his father, Sir Francis was much streightened in his finances, and the occasional assistance he received from Miss R—— was very seasonable. But a life of incessant gaiety and dissipation, at length brought her affairs into as embarrassed a situation as his own, and some expedient was requisite to raise the necessary supplies.

At this critical juncture Lady N—— P——t had made some overtures to Mr. F——, not knowing that he was then married, which he judged he could turn to the account of his friend. He informed Frank of her ladyship's disposition towards matrimony, and that he had hit upon a scheme, whereby Mr. D. might make sure of her ladyship and her fortune, which was said to be about 90,000*l.* in the funds, besides other possessions.

The project was thus concerted; Mr. F. informed her ladyship that there was a very extraordinary man, a conjuror in the Old-Bailey, who foretold such events as were almost incredible, and could only be believed by their taking place, and that if it was agreeable he would wait upon her to him; for that though he had no great faith in fortune-tellers, he had heard from several of his friends such very extraordinary occurrences predicted, and which had happened precisely as mentioned by the conjuror, that his incredulity was not a little staggered. Her ladyship snapt at the bait, and the late facetious Jemmy Wordsdale was appointed to personate the conjuror, in a lodging within a few doors of the real magician. Jemmy being acquainted with her ladyship's affairs, told her the most remarkable transactions, to her great astonishment. He then acquainted her ladyship, that there was an occurrence upon the point of taking place, which would be the most important of her whole life. Her ladyship being very inquisitive to know the particulars, he informed her, "that she was upon the point of being married." "Indeed!" said she, "pray, Mr. Conjuror, to whom?" "I am not," he replied, "at liberty to acquaint you at present, who is the person; but I can acquaint you when and where you will see him, and point out to you his dress." "Bless me, tell me, I beg of you." "On Thursday next you will be walking in the Park, you will there observe a tall fair gentleman, remarkably handsome, dressed in blue and silver; he will bow to a person in your company, the first time he meets you, upon his return he will join your party. It is irrevocably fixed by fate that man is to be your husband." Her lady-

ship asked no more questions, but resolved not to fail being in the Park the day the conjuror had mentioned. Delaval appeared dressed precisely as described, bowed, joined, and, in those days, married her ladyship.

Frank's finances being thus amply recruited, joy and festivity reigned in the *lôtel* of Miss R——h. His imagination was perpetually at work to invent new pastimes out of the common track of amusements. Among many others he resolved to give a play, in which his friends were to perform the different parts. *Othello* was the tragedy fixed upon, which character he himself proposed to fill. He designed Miss R——h should perform *Desdemona*, but she declined it, and her sister, Mrs. Q——me, acted it with great spirit and judgment. His brother, Sir John, did *Iago* beyond expectation. Mr. Macklin had the casting of the parts, and was appointed instructor of the young tragedians. Mr. Delaval proposed hiring the Opera House; but Mr. Garrick hearing of his design, politely complimented him with Drury-lane theatre, and the wardrobe. Such an exhibition was, probably, never before seen in Europe. Tickets were delivered to as many as could conveniently fill the house, without specifying any particular place; so that the shilling gallery was as much crowded with nobility as the boxes: stars shone among the gods, and ribbons were peeping out of the slips. The streets contiguous to the Theatre were so crowded with carriages, that the greatest part of the audience, to obtain places in time, quitted their coaches at a great distance, and were seen walking full dressed through the croud. In a word, there was the most splendid appearance of nobility ever seen in a theatre, and so anxious were the polite world to be present, that ten guineas were offered and refused for a ticket.

As Frank's marriage with lady P——t was entirely with a view of repairing his fortune, it cannot be supposed he had any great attachment to her ladyship. Indeed, the disparity of their years might have been a sufficient plea for his infidelity, if the disproportion of sixty and twenty-four, can be admitted as such. A divorce in the commons soon took place, by mutual consent, it being agreed that her ladyship should be detected in bed with captain S——ns, in order to give it a colour.

In the mean while Miss R——h shone in all the splendour of a duchess; Frank presented her with a new set of magnificent jewels, which she afterwards lost, and which was the subject of an inquiry before

before Sir John Fielding, (see p. 570, vol. II.) Like Ninon de l'Enclos, she made no secret of her amour, but appeared at Ranelagh, and other public places, with her son and daughter, the pledges of their mutual affection.

Let it not be imagined that all his attention was fixed upon Miss R---h. There appeared at one time in his train of sultanas, Miss R---h, Mrs. St---t (now Mrs. Lef---m,) and Miss P---r, now Mrs. Th---pson, besides several less ostensible dulcineas. His affair with Miss C---ly is too well known, and having been already recited, (see p. 571, vol. II.) it need not be repeated here.

He kept in constant pay men and women, to give him full intelligence of all the pretty female adventurers who came to traffick with their charms in the capital. The two celebrated Miss G---s admitted his visits and friendly assistance: being one day piqued at their ridiculous pretensions and vanity, he sent them a card, in the name of the D---s of B---d, desiring the pleasure of their company at her rout. They looked upon this invitation as the effect of malice and envy; however, they produced to the Spanish a---r, general W---ll, their constant visiter, the forged card, with some bitter reflections upon the censorious part of mankind. The general, who went the same day to B---d house, shewed the card to the duchess, who, out of compassion and generosity, moved by Mr. W---ll's favourable account of the ladies, invited them really. Their appearance at that noble assembly, where the d---e of H---n, and the e---l of C---y were present, was the first step of their elevation. Mr. Delaval had lent them money, which he never demanded afterwards.

Notwithstanding his frequent infidelities, he was still attached to Miss R---h; but his desires being at last pallied by enjoyment, and the violence of her temper, he freely resigned her to lord P---y. Her marriage with Sir Henry E---n, a weak, good natured young man, made her almost forget her foibles and intrigues, till a separation replaced her in the full meridian of gallantry.

Mr. Delaval had a transient amour with a pretty girl, whom he soon transferred to the late d---e of Y---k, on condition of her procuring him the government of New York. As the young prince did not succeed in his solicitation, he thought himself bound in honour to return the disconsolate

damself to his friend, after having behaved to her with the greatest gentleness and delicacy.

At the time of his alliance with Mrs. St---t, he had a house at Kew; and Frank and his mistress frequently bathed in the river, within sight of a certain great personage, who was not then married. Many conjectures have been framed concerning this proceeding: some have insinuated that Mrs. S---t was in hopes of kindling a flame in a certain r---l breast, like Venus rising from the flood; and that Frank was desirous of getting rid of so expensive a companion, and fixing a female friend to near the fountain of honour and power. But I am inclined to think it was the mere effect of whim and caprice, which actuated the greatest part of his conduct.

About this period he went a volunteer on board the fleet destined to make a descent at St. Cas; and upon this occasion distinguished himself for his valour and intrepidity. It was said, that he was so eager to display his courage and resolution, that he leaped from the boat at the distance of half a mile, and swam on shore, to be the first on French ground.

Upon his return he was created a knight of the Bath, and it must be acknowledged he was one of the finest figures of all the knights of that order. He represented the borough of Andover, in the last parliament; and, it is said, he obtained his election by a very singular manœuvre. He got a culverin, and at the time of polling, he discharged five hundred guineas, which flying among the voters, soon determined their choice. This might literally be called bombarding the town, and taking it by surprize.

These, and other expensive proceedings, greatly injured his fortune, which, upon the death of his father, was supposed to be about 9000*l.* a year. He was therefore obliged to mortgage it, which he did to his brother, Sir John, who lately came to an agreement to allow Frank a neat 4000*l.* a year, of which he was possessed when he died.

The manner of his death was as extraordinary as the general plan of his life. He dined with some intimate friends, and eat very heartily, particularly of a haunch of venison. After dinner he found a pain in his stomach, which he attributed to indigestion, and desired some usquebagh, of which he drank pretty plentifully, and it afforded him a temporary relief. Finding, it how-

ever

ever insufficient to remove his complaints, he was supposed to make an effort to call his servant, but unfortunately fell down, struck out one of his teeth, contused one side of his head, and immediately expired.

With many foibles, caprices, and even vices, Sir Francis was a valuable member of society. He was generous, sincere, affable, and polite. His strong passion for pleasure hurried him into many extravagances, and his violent attachment to the ladies often threw him into many whimsical and ridiculous situations; from which, however, he had always the art of extricating himself with a peculiar facility. He has been accused of having a strong itch for play; but let it be remembered in this, as in every other pursuit, he always displayed the gentleman, and the man of honour.

He was by taste a courtier, and by a strange inconsistency, he became lately a patriot, and a member of the society of the Bill of Rights, who suspected his principles and his attachment. His social virtues, and convivial humour, rendered him the soul of all merry-meetings and select parties: and he was universally known and beloved. Fashionable vices cannot eclipse permanent qualities; and the grief of his contemporaries strongly marks his character. He could not have lived in an age better adapted to his disposition; if his career was short, it was strewed with flowers, and he made his sudden exit when he began to be tired of the pleasures which he could no longer relish.

His fortune now entirely reverts to his brother, Sir John, who will, doubtless, not fail to make a proper provision for his beautiful offspring; if it is not already made by Sir Francis's will.

As I was intimately acquainted with Sir Francis; and, notwithstanding all his whims, esteemed and honoured him, you may rely upon the truth of these anecdotes, which I have endeavoured to draw up with the greatest impartiality.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

And humble servant,

L. W.

May-Fair, Aug. 20, 1771.

An Authentic Account of OTAHITEE, or GEORGE'S ISLAND; together with some of the Particulars of the three Years Voyage lately made by Mr. Banks, and Dr. Solander, in the Years 1768, 1769, and 1770.

WE left Woolwich upon the 20th of July, 1768, and returned to the same place upon the same day in 1771: our passage to Madeira was eighteen days. We left England the 29th of August. The Endeavour, though well contrived for stowage, and a heavy sea, was, without exception, the duller sailing vessel ever known; to corroborate which, you will not find eight knots an hour upon our log-book in the whole voyage. Upon this island Mr. Banks, by his great assiduity, discovered many rare and valuable plants uncultivated, and even unknown to the Portuguese, particularly the Mango. Being well supplied with wine, we steered for Cape Horn, after a stay of five days. When we had reached the length of Falkland isles, we had a gale of wind which brought us under our main-sail, but not continuing very long, we soon came to crowd more sail, and stretched away for the Cape, where we expected very bad weather from the accounts of all the navigators who had been that voyage. However, we coasted along till we came to the pitch of Terra del Fuego, having the winds variable from W. N. W. to E. N. E. and when we had reached the point of that prodigious promontory, with a fresh breeze, and one reef in our topsails, we stood to the southward into the latitude of 54. 9m. S. where, after a calm for a few hours, a breeze sprung up at S. S. W. and we doubled the Cape at two tacks; after which, to boast of such success, we even set top-gallant steering sails. We anchored at Terra del Fuego some time, and found the greatest hospitality from the natives, who by many things amongst them discovered plainly that they had an intercourse with Spanish America.----- Here we were prodigiously alarmed for Messrs. Banks and Solander, who, attended by two negroes, and some of the ships crew, undertook to climb to the summit of a prodigious mountain upon this isle; leaving the ship about ten in the morning, and promising to be back by dinner; but they did not return till the following morning, which made us have a thousand doubts for their welfare, concluding that they must be either cut off by the natives, or devoured by wild beasts. However, the following morning relieved

relieved us from all dismal apprehensions by their appearance: they informed us that they had been so prodigiously wearied by the ascent of the mountain, that the two negroes were dead of fatigue, and that it was with the utmost difficulty they had saved Dr. Solander; for when they had attained about half way of the ascent, it was too far to retreat; and a wood above them promising some shelter, they gained it with much difficulty, and made a bower for Dr. Solander, who, after having some sleep, recovered his spirits to descend to the vallies. We did not continue long upon the island of Terra del Fuego, before we pursued our voyage to George's island, which lies in about 17 deg. south latitude; for Fuego produced little more than fish. Upon our arrival, the natives received us with much hospitality and joy; being now convinced, from captain Wallis's conduct, we really meant to befriend them: in consequence of which we exchanged presents, and set up our residence with them for three months. We found a most intelligent man amongst them, who, upon all occasions, was our friend and interpreter. This man, who was named Tobia (a kind of a savage priest) surprized us with the information of a large ship having been lately there, but she was departed westward; which, before his recital, we had some suspicion of, upon our discovering a number of European goods amongst them, particularly knives and other iron implements. To discover these adventurers we displayed all the European flags to Tobia, who immediately pitched upon the Spanish colours.

This convinced us of a prior visitor; which was afterwards confirmed to us upon our arrival at Batavia: it was a French ship that had made this voyage, upon observation, or jealousy, of our repeated visits to these seas; and, to disguise their scheme, had always appeared under Spanish colours. But to return to George's Island: this island is about thirty leagues in circumference, of a circular form, situated amidst a number of other isles, some famed for turtle, fruits, or fish, but no other animals but hogs and dogs; which we devoured with great appetite, and found nothing equal to dog's flesh, but young lamb. The islanders are very expert at fishing, which they pursue for their daily sustenance; and cocoa nuts, palm wine, plantains, the bread tree, and some wild herbs, are the only produce of this spot. The earth is sandy, and capable of producing corn; but, amongst

the variety of seeds and grains which we had carried out, we could get nothing to grow but mustard and cresses; the seeds being certainly damaged by the length of time, and the dryness of the air, or not properly packed up for so long an expedition. Their implements of war and agriculture are composed of wood and stone. A hatchet is made by tying a sharp flint stone upon a piece of wood, which cuts with uncommon sharpness; their fish-hooks are composed of mother-of-pearl, and their lines of women's hair, which is strong, black, and long. They use bows, arrows, and javelins of wood, which they throw with uncommon dexterity, and will strike birds in the air, or fishes in the sea with them.

We passed more than three months with these people, and upon our departure, two of them voluntarily solicited us to come to England; Tobia was one of these, a sober, discreet, intelligent man: from him we learnt the language, and an account of above forty more islands, which were contiguous to George's island. When we sailed from this isle, we were in tolerable good health, but it was near three months before we reached New Zealand, in which passage we were at times greatly distressed for provisions; we sailed round New Zealand, where we found a clear coast and deep water, good bays, and good rivers. Navigators before us have believed this to be a continent; but it is no more than seventy miles round, having another island to the southward, between which there is a good passage: here we were worse treated than ever, the natives being so brave, and so jealous of their rights, that they would not suffer us to land, continually attacking our boats with stones and arrows, whenever we attempted to approach the shore; which obliged us to fire amongst them, to convince them of our superiority; by which many fell, and that created a general consternation amongst them. By these means we got conversation with them (they perfectly understanding the tongue of Tobia) and persuading them at least to accept of presents from us: and by bringing off a few, and treating them well, it was with the utmost difficulty afterwards, that we could get rid of them: two in particular, when we left the island, swam after the ship to sea, declaring they would be murdered by their countrymen upon their return, for shewing such a partial attachment to us.

These are a brave, warlike people; and though we staid fourteen days at one part of the isle, yet whenever we attempted to land

land at another, they always attacked us with great fury. They have one weapon of a strange construction, which, by turning it round very quick, produces a great smoke: this they always made use of, but we could not discover that any thing issued out of it, or that it made any explosion.

From hence we steered towards Batavia, and stopped at a small Dutch settlement in our passage, which had but one Dutchman upon it; but the island had a great number of Indians, over whom he stiled himself the King of Kings. After we had properly gratified his mercenary disposition, the Indians brought us down buffaloes, fowls, vegetables, and fish in abundance. From thence we pursued our course; but upon a reef of rocks, five leagues from the land of New Holland, we struck, and lay seven hours on shore; but at last we happily got her off, and arrived safe at Batavia, where we repaired and refitted her.

We were all afflicted at this place with a violent flux and fever, which swept off six of our people in a morning. It was here we lost the ingenious Mr. Green, the faithful Tobia, and his comrade. But no sooner had we quitted this unwholesome shore, but those who came away sick recovered at sea; and the fruits and vegetables of the Cape of Good Hope restored us to health and spirits. We left this earthly paradise for St. Helena, and sailed from thence with the Portland; but we lost her company, and arrived in England with the loss of forty-five people out of a complement of ninety, in a voyage of three years. Before I conclude, I must not omit how highly we have been indebted to a milch goat: she was three years in the West-Indies, and was once round the world before in the Dolphin, and never went dry the whole time; we mean to reward her services in a good English pasture for life.

The MAN of PLEASURE. N^o III.

*Ætas parentum pejor avis bilit,
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

HOR.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I take a view of the juvenile part of the polite world, and consider how eagerly they are destroying their

AUGUST, 1771.

constitutions and their fortunes, it is a matter of greater astonishment that the rising generation of our nobility should have the least hopes of possessing any share of health or property than that they should be a puny race of ministerial hirelings, which they so ardently promise to become.

The refinements of dissipation have arisen to such a pitch, that what was luxury to our fore-fathers does not now even comprize the necessaries of life. Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for shortening their lives, and anticipating old age. Every foreigner who has the art of killing in taste, is sure of being rewarded with an eastern fortune. Every quack in cookery or physic, with an exotic name, is considered as a prodigy, whilst merit and science are derided. The mountebank rolls in his gilded chariot, whilst the scholar in the gentleman nudges the streets with scarce shoes to his feet.

If this folly and extravagance were confined to titled fools alone, the evil would be less dangerous; but it runs through almost every station of life, and reaches even the lowest mechanic. The trader who some years since thought it a piece of unwarrantable extravagance to go once a twelvemonth with his wife, and devour beef at a shilling an ounce at Vaux-hall, now thinks it inconsistent with his dignity, not to repair to one of the polite watering places for three weeks or a month, to wash away the plebeian scent of Thames-street. Margate, Brighton, or Southampton, leaves a tax of thirty or forty pounds upon his pocket in August, without including the article of gaming; and probably in December, he appears a Whereas in the Gazette. If the nobility in winter subscribe for masquerades at Cornelys's, to display their taste in fancy-dresses and intrigue, the tradesmen and their ladies are sure to request a masqued ball at Southampton and Margate in autumn, to shew that they are not behind hand with their superiors in fashion and pleasure; and though the ladies in the western part of the metropolis seem for some time to have ingrossed the sole region of intrigue and cuckoldom, let it not be imagined, that the same cause will not

* There was a masquerade at Southampton the end of this month, and there is to be another at Margate the beginning of September.

produce the like effect; and the city husbands may flatter themselves with rising to their superiors, even in antlers, from the hot beds of Margate and Southampton. The last season gave one striking instance of this *salutary dipping*; and it is not to be doubted, but Mrs. B——'s * *glorious example* will be followed by many other ladies of equal taste and spirit.

These strictures may appear to come with an awkward grace from the professed man of pleasure; but if such readers as are of this opinion will take the trouble of recurring to his first Number, in which he has defined the *real Man of Pleasure*, they will find, that vice, folly, and extravagance constitute no part of the character; and though he will not pretend to be such a prude in morals, as to assert he would not assist at a masquerade, for fear of being tempted to an intrigue, he should be very sorry that his wife or daughter had a strong propensity for such amusements.

But though the chastity of our wives and daughters is an object highly deserving our most serious attention, and tho' it must be acknowledged by all persons of impartiality, that their virtue is greatly exposed by the temptations that invariably attend these republics of gaiety; yet a more certain destruction awaits the fortune of a tradesman, who incessantly pursues the follies of the great, in order to be thought superior to himself.

“In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies.”

A man of taste at a watering-place, must necessarily join in all the amusements that attend it, and play is a constant concomitant. Gaming is a science, which must be studied with as much attention as any other, in order to attain any degree of skill; and therefore the professed gamester, supposing he plays upon the square, which is seldom the case, must have a considerable advantage over an *Ignoramus*, as it is well known, by calculation, that if one party has only a shilling in a guinea the superiority, he must in the long-run ruin his antagonist.

* It may, perhaps, be needless to mention here, that the D. of C. and Mrs. B——y's connexion arose at a ball at Southampton last season, see p. 418.

I am led into this reflexion from the fate of a once worthy man, who was a wealthy citizen, and who, from a strong propensity to gaiety and play, is now perishing in a prison. He constantly attended the watering-places, and never failed being at Newmarket at the respective meetings. His business was neglected at home, and whilst his servants were cheating him in his shop, professed sharpers were defrauding him at the gaming table. An extensive trade, with a considerable capital, were not sufficient to supply these resources; he failed, and his creditors had but a very trifling composition. The world frowned upon him for his misfortunes, which they too justly ascribed to his folly, and he was incapable of obtaining sufficient credit to restore him to business. Necessity now compelled him to pursue the plan which had been his destruction; and having served out his noviciate, he was initiated into those mysteries to which he owed his ruin. He for some time shared the spoils in common with his associates; but dupes not being sufficiently plenty of late, he was compelled to create some trifling debts, which being unable to pay when demanded, he was arrested, and may now be seen in the Marshalsea prison, with scarce a covering to his nakedness.

Many similar instances might be produced of the fatal effects of gaming. The ladies have still more to fear, for a run of ill luck may not only rob them of their fortunes but their honour. Scarborough and Brighthelmston have frequently bore witness of female debts of honour being literally paid in coin.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH most probably all your readers near the metropolis may be perfectly well acquainted with the characters you draw in that department of your magazine devoted to the history of the *Têtes-à-Têtes*, many of your numerous purchasers, at a distance from the capital, are frequently at a stand to fill up the blanks of the names, where you give only the initials; and several of the fictitious names under which others are described, are entirely unintelligible to them. It is therefore requested, in order that these histories, which we believe to be real may be compleatly entertaining, that you would

would furnish us with a key to the names of the characters, in such a manner as you may judge most proper.

Your complying with this request will greatly oblige,

Many of your Country Readers.

*** Having received several letters from our Country Correspondents to the same purpose, we reply to them all, that such a Key is now preparing, and will be conveyed to them in a proper manner.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS the installation at Windsor is now over, and the theatre can afford you little or no scope for animadversion, I may perhaps get into a column of your Miscellany with a female character that I think deserves observation.

Aluria (for so I shall call Miss D—ns) is a fine, tall, shewy woman: she is about six and twenty, and is possessed of a fortune of about four thousand pounds. With these pretensions she thinks herself entitled to a coronet. She has now beat the rounds of Ranelagh about ten years, in which time she has had at least as many offers, all which she has rejected because they were beneath her acceptance. A Welch baronet is now paying his addresses to her; and though he is thought to have twelve hundred a year penny rent, *Aluria* despises him, because his complexion is too ruddy, and his hair is not dressed *a-la-grec*. She had her eye upon lord C—y during his widowhood, and was not without hopes she might have succeeded to the beautiful *Maria*; but his lordship gave her to understand that he had married once entirely for love, and that if he ever went to church again upon the same errand, there must be a metallic mixture in the attractive draught. Stung with this reproach, she ogled lord M—, and brought him to an explanation: "My dear Miss," said he, "there is no woman I should prefer to you for a wife; but my running horses cannot starve, and your whole fortune would scarce serve for a *bett* at Newmarket."

This has not opened *Aluria's* eyes; her deceitful glass still tells her, she has charms to captivate, and nobility is her ambition.

I have an esteem for *Aluria*, and could wish to see her happily settled. I know she reads your Magazine, and will there-

fore give her a bit of advice through that channel.

"Consider, madam, you have already sacrificed ten years of the prime of your life to this ridiculous pursuit—Is happiness confined alone to titles? let the daily ruptures in that department of life declare, you have now hurt your fortune by dress and parade; and what twenty could not operate, thirty will scarce be able to effect. That you are a fine woman still, I sincerely allow; but beauty and years are incompatible; every day robs you of a charm, and think of the mortifying title of *an old maid*. The baronet has good sense, good nature, and moreover an easy fortune: he is in the prime of life, with an excellent constitution; roseate health is seated in his countenance, and he has a heart above disguise. These are commendations seldom to be met with in one man; and in my humble opinion counterbalance all the titles in Europe. If he is no fop, so much the better, it is a proof of his understanding; and your giving him your hand will be a proof of yours. I hope, madam, the next time I meet you in town to call you by the title of lady L—s, though without a coronet, to the envy of half your sex."

If this advice should reclaim *Aluria*, I shall think the time I have spent in penning this letter not thrown away.

I am, Sir,

Margate,
August 20.

Yours,

T. D.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

EVERY woman thinks she has a sufficient share of beauty, and every man fancies he has a competency of sense, yet cosmetics, not to say paint, are sold in abundance at every perfume shop in town; and books without number issue from Paternoster-Row. Hence one might be inclined to conclude, that the men were the sole customers of the perfumers, and the ladies of the booksellers; but this is not the case.

I know I shall be told there is no such thing as perfection, either in beauty or understanding; and that a fine face may be improved, and good natural parts polished by instruction. But how comes it that any man can have a high opinion of his understanding which requires so much improvement, and who, after having ranged through a hundred thousand volumes, is as distant from universal knowledge as

when he first set out? The answer is obvious, *vanity*, that most powerful of all incentives, blinds us to our foibles, and magnifies our trifling merit beyond the power of optics. So the ugliest woman in England can discover as many charms in her glass as if the Cyprian goddess were at the toilet, and can fabricate as good a complexion to her own satisfaction, as the natural one of lady Bridget L——e.

A very pretty woman once told me, "there was nothing she wished for so much as to be a man." I asked her, what advantage she could derive from the change; "Is it that you would chuse to be more robust, and less beautiful?" "By no means less beautiful." "Is it because you are fond of a martial life?" "O no! war is shocking." "Is it because you would possess a greater share of understanding?" "Not in the least." "To avoid child-bearing?" "Far from that." "Then, Egad, madam," said I, "there is but one reason left, that you might intrigue with impunity." She burst out a laughing, and repeated these two lines of Pope,

*Some men to pleasure, some to business take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.*

From what has been said, I think we may fairly conclude, that nothing can diminish a man's own opinion of his understanding, or make a woman believe she is not handsome. The severest criticisms of the press never made an author believe he was destitute of merit, nor the neglect and contempt of a husband, or a lover, diminish a single charm in the eye of a lady.

Since both sexes are so thoroughly satisfied with themselves, I shall not attempt to interrupt their felicity, but leave them to enjoy themselves with rapture; only recommending to their consideration the following maxim: that if they would chuse to have the rest of the world hold them in as high estimation as they do themselves, they should at least conceal their vanity.

If, Sir, you think these loose thoughts worthy a place in your Miscellany, you will not displease me by inserting them.

VERAX.

*To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

WE cannot expect any account of theatrical affairs this month, as nothing new has been produced upon the Hay-Market stage; and the burlettas that have

been exhibited at the gardens, are so contemptible in point of writing, that they could not afford your readers the least satisfaction in being presented with any account of them. When the winter campaign opens next month, we shall probably be entertained with the revolutions in the republic of the drama. In the mean while, you may acquaint your readers that Mr. Foote does not return to Edinburgh this year, the theatre in that city being engaged by Mr. Digges, and Mr. Bland, a gentleman who some years since made his appearance upon Covent-Garden theatre, in the character of Polydore. Mr. Messop, who is now in town, will probably be engaged at Drury-Lane; but we are likely to lose the entertainment Mr. Woodward used to afford the town in his different comic characters, by the disputes between the managers of Covent-Garden theatre, who will not engage him; and Mr. G——, considering him as a deserter from his troop, refuses to article with him. The reports that Mr. Garrick proposed retiring from the stage at the end of last season, have no foundation in truth; and we shall probably have the unparalleled pleasure of seeing that gentleman in many capital parts during the course of the season.

THEATRICUS.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

BEING in the neighbourhood of Epping-Forest last week, I went to see lord Tylney's house at Wanstead. The elegance of the structure, the magnificence of the apartments, and the beauty of the paintings, greatly struck me. The ball-room in particular is a finely proportioned saloon, so happily disposed, and so properly furnished, as to be esteemed the most perfect of the kind in Europe. I sat myself down in one of the sofas, and began to reflect upon the folly and absurdity of mankind. To lay out an oriental fortune in decorating such a sumptuous building, only to be shewn as a puppet-show! "What," said I, to the person who attends upon this occasion, "can be the reason that his lordship does not reside in a house with which he has taken so much pains, and disbursed so much money in decorating?" "His lordship's state of health will not allow him to reside in England." To which I replied, not without a sneer, "I believe the air of Italy is better calculated for his lordship's constitution."

It is really wonderful that such a number of palaces, for so I may call them, ornamented and furnished fit for an eastern monarch, should remain in the possession of a housekeeper, and a porter, whilst the proprietors reside, perhaps, in ready furnished lodgings in Paris or Naples, that are not equal to their pantry. I will not for the honour of my countrymen suppose that they are all in the same predicament with lord T——y; but there is certainly a caprice concomitant with the blood of many of our n——y, which often makes them ridiculous at home, and contemptible abroad.

When I look over *Vitruvius Britannicus*, and see the numerous beautiful edifices in this island, I am animated with an unconquerable curiosity to visit every one I have not yet seen, and am in hopes to find, that an hospitality reigns within the walls proportionable to the beauty of the architecture without; but how greatly am I mortified to find, that scarce one in twenty is inhabited! “Does my lord reside here constantly?” “No, sir, he has not been here these four years.” Such is the customary answer, and I go away highly chagrined to think that such magnificent structures are erected to be the courts of rats and mice.

AGRIPPUS.

AN OBSERVATION.

IT is constantly remarked by foreigners, that the English are a serious, thinking, phlegmatic people, who seldom or ever laugh, and are always discontented with their rulers. There is some truth in the latter part of the observation, and, perhaps, it is necessary for the preservation of their liberties, that they should view with a jealous eye those who controul them; but with respect to good humour and conviviality, I think the former part of the remark is forced. If the English are peculiarly dull, it should rather be attributed to the air and climate, than their natural disposition, and which I have observed is more prevalent over foreigners than natives.

THOUGHTS on the CORPORAL PUNISHMENTS inflicted in these Kingdoms.

THERE are two kinds of infamy, the one founded in the opinions of the people respecting the mode of punishment, the other in the construction of law respecting the future credibility of the delinquent: the law of England was erroneous, when it declared the latter a consequence of punishment, not of the crime.—There still exist some unrepealed statutes, which inflict perpetual infamy on offences

of civil institution. But, in general, the rigour of this doctrine is now reduced to reason; and it is holden, that, unless a man be put in the pillory, or stigmatized for *crimen falsi*, as for perjury, forgery, or the like, it infers no blemish on his attestation. It may be highly penal to engross corn, or to publish a pamphlet offensive to government; but mercantile avarice, and political sedition, have no connection with the competence of testimony; the credit of an oath can be overbalanced by the nature and weight of the iniquity. Such was the reasoning of the Roman law: *lelus justum insomiam non importat, sed causa, propter quam id pati meruit; si ea fuit, quæ insomiam damnato irrogat.*

The English constitution, ever anxious to preserve the virtuous pride of the people, hath used this branch of the penal code with a reserve so scrupulous, that it may almost be doubted whether more attention hath not been shewn to the protection of this principle, than to the preservation of life: for corporal pains might certainly with good effect be substituted, in some cases, in the room of capital judgments.

Yet, without any very strict scrutiny into our statute books, one may point out many provisions still existing, which are disgusting to humanity, and offensive to common sense.

It is easy to conceive, why the hand which gives the blow in a court of justice, should be cut off by edict of law; though it was at least a condescension to minutenesses in that parliament which, to give more solemnity to the operation, ordered the master cook, and serjeant of the larder, to attend with dressing knives; the serjeant of the wood-yard to furnish a chopping-block; the yeoman of the scullery to attend with a pan of coals, and the serjeant farrier to bring hot irons to sear the stump. But it is not so easy to acquiesce in the propriety of punishing a blow given in a church-yard, with the loss of an ear; though we are told that it was intended to obviate the quarrels of protestants and Papists at the first establishment of the reformation. Under a similar disregard to relative propriety, Henry the first seems to have enacted, *quod falsarii monete oculos, & genitalia amitterent, absque aliquâ redemptione.* Less absurd was the conduct of Severus, who punished a notary for the exhibition of a forged pleading, by ordering the nerves of his fingers to be cut, that he might never be able to write again; as was also a law of Edward the first, how unjustifiable soever on account

count of its cruelty, against the third offence of theft from the lead mines in Derbyshire, "That a knife should be stuck through the hand of the criminal fixed on the table; and in this agony and attitude he was to continue till he had freed himself by cutting off his hand."

The eighth of Eliz. ch. 3, punishes with imprisonment, and the loss of the left-hand, the sending of live sheep out of the kingdom, or the embarkation of them on board of any ship; and this too without any exceptions of the necessary provisions for the ship's crew. The second offence is made only a chargeable felony.--- Sir Edward Coke thinks, that the benefit of the clergy might be pleaded, as well in case of cutting off the hand, as in case of felony; if so, and if the offender was fortunate enough to have learnt to read, he could never have suffered under this act.

The fourteenth of Eliz. ch. 5. directed vagabonds to be severely whipped and burnt through the ear with a hot iron the compass of an inch: and for the second offence to suffer death. This was a temporary act, and not continued in force.

It will not easily be credited by those who do not possess the statute which I am about to mention, yet it is certainly true, that by stat. 10 Geo. III. c. 19. A.D. 1770, "Every person whatsoever taking, killing, or destroying, any hare, pheasant, partridge, moor game, &c. or using any dog, gun, &c. for that purpose, between an hour after sun-setting, and one hour before sun-rising, and convicted thereof before one or more justice or justices, upon the oath of one or more witness or witnesses, shall, for the first offence, be imprisoned not less than three months, for other offences not less than six months; and either for the first, or any other offence, be once publicly whipped in the town where the gaol or house of correction shall be, within three days from the time of his commitment, between the hours of twelve and one o'clock in the day." And this is enacted even without any reservations or distinctions as to the rank, quality, or fortune, of the offender.

The tacit disapprobation of mankind consigns such laws to disregard and oblivion; but they should be repealed to prevent every possibility of oppression on the one hand, and to stifle all hopes of impunity on the other.

Anecdote of SHAKESPEARE.

EDWARD ALLEYN, the Garrick of Shakespeare's time, had been on the most friendly footing with our poet, as

well as Ben Johnson. They used frequently to spend their evenings together, at the sign of the Globe, somewhere near Blackfriars, where the Play-house then was. The world need not be told, that the convivial hours of such a triumvirate must be pleasing as well as profitable, and may truly be said to be such pleasures as might bear the reflections of the morning. In consequence of one of these meetings, the following letter was written by G. Peel, a Fellow of Christ-Church college, Oxford, and a dramatic poet, who belonged to the club, to one Marle, an intimate of his.

"Friend Marle,

"I must desyre that my Syfter hyr watche, and the Cookerie book you promysed, may be sent bye the man---I never longed for thy company more than last night: we were all very merry at the Globe, when Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affyrme pleasauntely to thy friende Will, that he had stolen his speeche about the qualities of an actor's excellencye in Hamlet hys trajedye, from conversations manyfold which had passed between them, and opynyons given by Alleyn touchinge the jacte---Shakespeare did not take this talke in good sorte; but Johnson put an end to the strife, with wittylye remarkinge, "This affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel: have you not seen him act tymes out of number?"

Believe me most syncerilie,

Yours, G. PEEL."

As Mr. Alleyn is a character, at present, little known in the theatrical world, though we need not subjoin any other testimony to his merits than the above compliment from such a judge as Ben Johnson, we shall, however, beg leave to add (by way of shewing it was no friendly partiality) the opinions of two gentlemen, whose established literary characters are too well known to doubt their complimenting at the expence of their genius and sincerity.

Dr. Fuller, in his Worthies, says, "that Alleyn made any part, especially a majestic one, become him." And Sir Richard Baker, who was a cotemporary of his, calls him and Burbage, "the best actors of our time;" adding, "what plays were ever so pleasing as when their parts had the greatest part?" And in his Chronicle we find him once more joining Alleyn with Burbage, in the following encomium: "They were two such actors, as no age must ever look to see the like."

Answers

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. Thomas Barker.

First say, as four times the area ($4 \times 8 \text{ A. } 2 \text{ R. } 26 \text{ P.}$) 5544 poles is to the hypothenuse 85 poles, so is the said hypothenuse to the secant of the difference of the angles at the base $39^\circ. 53'. 8''$; therefore half that difference, which is $19^\circ. 56'. 34''$, added to half the sum 45° , gives $64^\circ. 56'. 34''$ for the greater angle at the base; and consequently the less is $25^\circ. 3' 26''$. Hence the sides are 36 and 77.

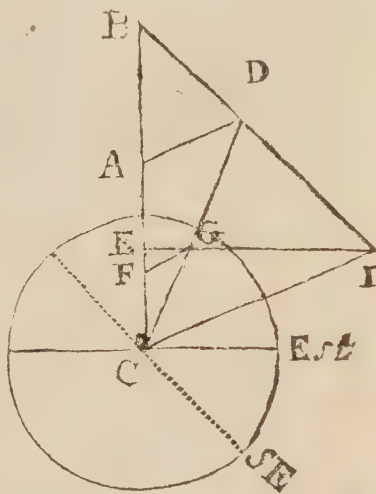
Mr. John Reynolds, of Bungay, sent a very ingenious solution to this question.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. John Jewell.

Put x for the number of books at 6s. and y for the common difference of the three numbers. Then $x - y$, x and $x + y$ denote the three required numbers; and per question $17x + 3y = 131$ and $3xx + 2yy = 179$. These equations, properly reduced, give $x = 7$ and $y = 4$; whence 3, 7 and 11 are the required numbers.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. John Aspland.

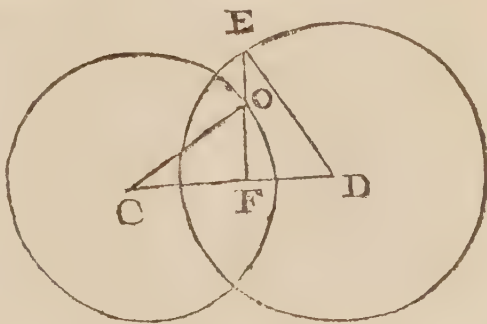
Let CA (=28) represent the meridian, and make $\angle ACI = 6 \text{ points} = 67^\circ 30'$; and take CI = 40, then will I represent the place of the island, through I draw EI and BI (meeting CA produced in B) parallel to the E. and S.E. bearings respectively; take CF = 12, and draw FG, AD respectively parallel to CI; and draw CGD, which will represent the distance sailed, the $\angle BAD = BCI$ the direction, and AD or FG the velocity of the current. The $\angle B = 45^\circ$. whence $\angle BIC = BCI$ and (b. v. 1.) BI = BC. By trigonometry. As sine $45^\circ : 40' ::$ sine $67^\circ 30' : 52.2625 = BC$; and by similar triangles BC : CI :: BA (BC - AC) : AD, i. e. $52.2625 : 40 :: 24.2625 : 18.5697 = AD$; whence the current set E.N.E. with a velocity of 2.6528 miles an hour.



Mr. John Weatherdon gave a very elegant solution to this question; as also did Mr. Thomas Raven.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Curiofus.

In the annexed figure, let CD be the distance of the centers of the given circles, F the point therein required, from which erect FE perpendicular to CD intersecting the peripheries in O and E. Draw CO, DE, and put the known quantities $CD = d$, $DE = m$, $CO = n$, $OE = p$ and $CF = x$. Then $FD = d - x$, $FO = \sqrt{n^2 - x^2}$, $FE = \sqrt{m^2 - (d - x)^2}$ and $EO = \sqrt{m^2 - (d - x)^2} - \sqrt{n^2 - x^2} = p$, which being cleared of the surds, will produce a cubic equation, from whence the value of x may be determined.



Mr.

Mr. John Aspland, school-master, at Mildenhall, Mr. John Reynolds, pupil to Mr. Richard Harvey, of Bungay, Mr. R. Spakeman, of Warrington, Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wissett, in Suffolk, and Mr. John Haycock, of Sedgeford, in Norfolk, answered all the questions; Mr. William Castieau, Mr. John Jewell, of Bideford, in Devonshire, Mr. John Lowe, of Birmingham, Mr. William Sparks, of Pewsey, in Wiltshire, and Mr. J. Raven, answered the first, second, and third questions; master Richard Ray, and master Heron Forrester, pupils to Mr. W. Wilkin, at Hexham, in Northumberland, answered the third and fourth questions; Mr. B. Shelton, bookseller, at Tameworth, in Staffordshire, answered the first, second, and fourth questions; Mr. John Weatherdon, of Newton-Abbott, answered the third question; Mr. John White, Skinner, of Birmingham, Mr. James Holworthy, of Market-Bosworth, and P. V. of Hull, answered the first and second questions.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding
Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. By Master John Pettingell, at Mr. Smith's School, in Baldock.

Given the sum of the base and cathetus of a right-angled triangle $= \sqrt{149\frac{1}{3}}$, and the product of the cube of the base by the cathetus a maximum; to determine the area of the triangle, which will express the years of my age.

QUESTION II. By Master Richard Wray, at Mr. Wilkin's School, at Hexham, in Northumberland.

Given the ratio of the sides, (containing the right-angle) of a right-angled triangle, and the product of the diameters of the inscribed and circumscribing circle; to determine the triangle.

QUESTION III. By Master Heron Forrester, Pupil as above.

The sum of two certain numbers multiplied by the sum of their squares produces 262; but their difference being multiplied by their product, gives 30. Required these numbers.

QUESTION IV. By Mr. William Wilkin.

Required the dimensions of the greatest cylinder that can be inscribed in a parabolic spindle.

QUESTION V. By Mr. Thomas Barker.

Given the slant side of a cone $= 85$ inches, and the angle formed by the slant side, and a line drawn from the extremity of the base, to terminate in the center of gravity of the said cone. To find the dimensions thereof.

QUESTION VI. By Mr. John Weatherdon.

A ship sailing in a current is bound for a port 90 miles south; but meeting with the wind at south gets on her starboard tack, and makes her way within 6 points of the wind, at the rate of a mile an hour by the log; and having lain eleven hours on that tack, and eleven hours on the larboard tack, arrives at her desired port. Required the course and distance made good upon each tack; also the direction and velocity of the current.

To the PRINTER of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Durham, August 26, 1771.

LOOKING at the moon by accident, in a common plain mirror, or looking-glass, which I held in such a manner as to see her body there, I was very much surprised to perceive her multiplied into four distinct spectrums, at some distance from each other. I tried the same experiment with the sun; and the like happened to him also. How is this to be accounted for in a plain polished mirror, where other objects appear only single, as daily practice confirms?

Note, The spectrums are gradually darker on each side of the true reflected image, sometimes they are five, and in some glasses but three, and never fewer.

Your inserting this, in order that some of your learned correspondents may explain it, will oblige

Your constant reader,

And humble servant,

JOHN SAWBRIDGE.

I

To

*To the Authors of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

The immorality and depravity of our present nobility bid fair for the realization of the underneath portrait of posterity. I dare not flatter myself your insertion of it will tend towards remedying the evil complained of; but I am sure it will much oblige your humble servant,

Bristol,
August, 1771.

VATES.

*The Journal of a Nobleman in the Year
1771.*

NOON---two o'clock---Woke and drank a dish of imperial tea and hartshorn---ordered Varole to wash my hands with Lily of the Valley Water, and to reach me the cypress powder, which occasions an instant removal of those horrid beards that cast such a disgrace on the features of humanity---a pimple on my nose as large as a mite---dispatched a messenger immediately for Lazun, the physician, who prescribed a dose of manna and syrup of roses, and advised me by no means to stir out for a week, as a temerity of that nature might be attended with the most fatal consequences.

Three o'clock---took the manna and roses from Lazun---Mem---the fellow's hands were as brown as a buttock of beef---find upon enquiry that he went to bed a little inebriated over night, without putting on his chicken gloves.

Four---Visited by my friend lord Languish, the prime minister---consulted him about an elegant pattern for the uniform of my regiment---and received five thousand pounds, being the first quarter of my pension for supporting the interest of the government---Languish's hair dressed in a most elegant manner---a council to meet at his house that evening to settle a bill for encouraging the manufacture of Naples dew in this kingdom.

Five o'clock---Finding myself inclinable to dose---sent to the seraglio for six of my most favourite women to watch me as I slept, and ordered them to contrive a new pattern-lace for my visiting night-caps.

Six---Woke extremely amorous---ordered all the women away but Arpasia---kissed her fingers twice, and picked her teeth with one of the elysian bodkins just brought home from the jeweller's.

AUGUST, 1771.

Seven---read the new Treatise in defence of Sensuality, written by the bishop of ---; an exquisite performance---the christian heaven, like the Mahometan, incontestibly proved to exist in women and wine---and the notion of the Trinity entirely confuted as a heap of absurdity and ignorant priest-craft.

Eight---had a little ortolan soup for dinner, and drank near two glasses of Burgundy---received a letter from my wife in the other part of the house, complaining that her lover was grown exceeding indifferent of late, and requesting I would exert my influence over him to procure an alteration in his behaviour---Mem---to stop the rascal's salary till he becomes a little more attentive in his duty to her ladyship.

Nine---Received a card from lord Languish, informing me that I had just that moment been appointed chief governor of Ireland by his majesty---quite rejoiced at the news---and determined, let what would be the consequence of going abroad, to set out instantly in a litter to pay my compliments---Mem---to order pensions of a thousand a year for each of my favourite women---and to give Billy Sleek, my chaplain, the first bishoprick---for his care in teaching my two sons the art of marking a card, without any hazard of detection.

Ten---quite dressed---looked extremely delicate in my white satin suit embroidered with silver---and ordered Button the Taylor to be paid his bill immediately, to atone for setting him in the stocks two days before, when he had the presumption to trouble me for money, without receiving the necessary instructions from my treasurer.

Eleven---Paid my compliments at court---received with an uncommon degree of favour, and asked to make one at a masked ball given to the first nobility at the lord chancellor's seraglio the next evening.

Twelve---returned home in great spirits---my pimple almost gone---diverted myself with a burlesque of one of the Psalms, and sent for the women to amuse me the remainder of the evening.

One---A disagreeable affair; my sister, lady Julia discovered to be with child, by Will Sturdy, the coachman, the only English servant in the family---Vexed at Julia's indiscretion---but determined however to procure the child, whether boy or girl, a reversionary grant of a good place in Ireland---Mem---Ireland a very useful place in thus providing for the strumpets and bastards of our English nobility.

3 K

Four

Four o'clock---Went to bed---fix of the women sat up as usual to take care of me while I slept---and to entertain me with their conversation in case I should have an indifferent night.

*To the Author of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

The following reflexions upon friendship, are by the celebrated count Oxenstern. They seem to have been written at a time of life when he had met with much adversity, and which had given his mind a very misanthropic turn; but as every little piece of that nobleman is worth preserving, and as I have never met with these reflexions in English, I have translated them, in order to obtain a place in your valuable Repository.

A. B. C.

AN useless friend is like a fine country house, that produces no rent, but which costs a great deal to support it. I never esteemed my friends through interest; but time has taught me that to cultivate a friendship without some view, is a kind of prodigality of heart, and to unite in an amicable contract with all the world, arises from a levity of disposition, which never fails in the end to create repentance.

Of all the masks with which mankind disguise themselves in order speciously and securely to obtain their ends, there is none which so completely conceals a bad heart as false friendship, against which there is no surer guard than mistrust.

To say the truth, there can be no security in a friendship which costs but little pains to cement; for I have observed that the spontaneous benevolence we afford a new friend disappears almost as suddenly as a flash of lightning. It is a ridiculous maxim, that friends must at all events be made, as interest is now the soul and basis of friendship: so that to speak with more propriety, we should rather say, adherents must be purchased, for as to real friends, whenever they are to be met with, they do not sell themselves. I have been enabled from the different situations in life through which I have passed, to anatomize and dissect my friends, or at least such as gave themselves that name, and I always found that of all those I had acquired in prosperity never one remained upon the least approach of adversity. Wherefore, I am now of opinion, as I am ad-

vanced in life, and have not long to remain in this world, it is not worth the trouble and pains it must cost me to seek for such friends, and as for real ones, I despair ever meeting with any. I shall treat all the world with civility, whilst I wrap myself up in my own indifference, and desire to have no close union with any one.

LOOSE THOUGHTS on CRITICISM.

*All seems infected, that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.*

Pope.

IT has been a question which has taken up much of my attention, and indeed now I have not determined, *Whether critics ever were of any real use to true learning?* Did a critic set down to a book with an equal desire of pointing out its beauties, as well as its deformities, the title would be honourable; but, as a late eminent divine said, they rather examine it as a roguish lawyer would a will, or settlement, only to pick out the flaws and blemishes in it: and, indeed, what can be expected from men, or societies of men, *Quid non Famæ, sed Fami inferviebant.*

I would not be thought even to attempt to destroy what is called the *commonwealth of learning*: I am very sensible that, under the protection of truth and reason, an innocent war may be carried on; and in such a war fathers should be on their guard against their children, and fathers-in-law against their sons-in-law, as in the Iron Age, where Ovid says,

*non hospes ab hospite tutus
Non socer a genero.*

In this community, as Monf. Bayle says, every man is sovereign, and every man a subject; each has a liberty to set mistaken authors right, but not to pen satires on their works: a satire divesting a man of his reputation, is a kind of civil homicide, and should be punished as such; but the just criticism of a book tells us no more than, that such a man has not that degree of understanding he pretends to; and does in no ways injure him in society, as his reputation of an honest man and good citizen is not hurt by it: indeed, the pecuniary profits he would have drawn from his works are lessened, and the reputation of a learned man he had acquired, is somewhat diminished; but if the critic has maintained the part of reason, and had sought for his motive but the investigation of truth, such criticism is laudable,

nor

nor has the original author the least reason to be angry.

But unluckily for us, truth is not what the generality of critics aim at : it is the demolition of some imaginary reputation a cotemporary has acquired, either by the elucidation of some dark passage in an ancient author, or the detection of a medal which some connoisseur highly values and boasts of to be Paduan or Parmesan, or some such discovery of equal importance.

*Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.*

Pope.

What could induce J. C. Scaliger to maintain that a parrot was a very ugly bird, in opposition to Cardan, who happened to praise it for its beauty, but the true spirit of criticism. The book he wrote against Cardan was couched in such terms, that it was said to be the death of the physician. When Scaliger heard this, he repented, wrote a panegyrick on Cardan, wherein he lamented the loss of so learned a man, and also that he now thought a parrot less ugly than he formerly did *.

Scaliger was reckoned the greatest critic of his time, his learning was undoubtedly great, but like others of the tribe, he pretended to every thing : that no man was better acquainted with the antients than himself, was his common boast ; yet he was cheated by his friend Muret, who shewed him some verses which he said were taken from a MS. in Germany, and begged his opinion on them : Scaliger at first sight knew them to be Quintus Trebea's, and in his next edition on Varo de Re Rustica, quotes these verses as genuine, which Muret made on purpose to deceive him. This *Præceps Criticus*, as Sir Henry Saville calls him, became at last the dread of all moderate men, and fairly extorted from them the title of *Princeps Criticorum*. To maintain this imaginary dignity, he laid furiously about him, spared neither friend or foe ; poor Erasmus felt his lash : at first he gave him the civil names of ass, fool, block-head, &c. but at last he called him downright *son of a whore*. However, he some time after met with his match, in the Jesuit Scioppius, who fairly worried him down, by exceeding him in abuse and foul language.

To a man of moderation and temper, who can look on without siding with either party, the highest diversion is afforded in

seeing the critics quarrel amongst themselves ; and often for mere quibbles and trifles : the alteration of a word, or the displacing one poor syllable, will kindle the most dreadful war ; nay, for a single letter, the famous Lambin's skull was nearly fractured : the case was thus, Manutius affirmed that *consumptum* should be written with a *p* ; Lambin as strenuously affirmed the contrary : the dispute was carried on with vigour on both sides, until Manutius luckily found an old stone, part of an ancient monument, on which it was written with *p* : instead of convincing his opponent like a reasonable man, he threw the stone immediately at his head ; this produced such a flow of blood, that had like to have proved fatal to old Lambin, and probably would, had not a friend come by, conducted him home, and procured him proper relief.

Critics are often not contented to quarrel amongst themselves, but make even their children parties ; as was the case in Mullerus, who censured the writings of Trebizand. The children of the latter, meeting the former, and finding an opportunity, actually murdered him. Such cruel jars and feuds, such fierce and implacable hatred amongst the critics, gave great offence to all moderate men ; Ludovicus Vives greatly lamented it in these words : "*Nonne turpissimum Latrones et Lenones majore pace et concentione vivere inter se, quam literatos.*" D. Paræus, on his death-bed, charged his son Philip never to concern himself with criticism, for, said he, none but the devil can be the author of such a cursed art ; an art kindling perpetual quarrels and broils, breaking in on the ties of blood and affinity. Could Scaliger, the father, who prided himself on his knowledge of the Greek poets, ever imagine he should find a severe critic in his son Joe ? " My father," said he, " had no great knowledge of the Greek poets, therefore, no great stress can be laid on the judgment he has passed on the poets of that nation *." Vossius did the same by his father ; but the ingratitude of Duberdier to his father, who praised him for his poems, exceeded any of them. " My father," said he, " has been guilty of many faults and mistakes ; he has bestowed much labor and pains, but has shewn very little judgment †." And the nature of a true critic is such, that he would rather part with his most dear friends than lose a

* The truth is, Cardan out-lived Scaliger fifteen or twenty years.

* Scaligerana.

† Bibliotheca Gesneri.

beloved remark, or a favourite criticism : from this principle was it that Scioppius stole Gifanius's remarks on Symmachus. Gifanius swore he rather would have parted with his wife, and I really believe him. But he who carried the *genus criticorum* farthest, was poor Skinkel, who was executed at Delph for his religion. During his passage to the gallows, he could not help communicating to a friend who attended him, an emendation he had made in Seneca ; and begged for God's sake, that he would publish it to the world, as soon as might be, after his exit.

The eye of a critic (says Swift) is often like a microscope, made so very fine and nice, that it discovers the atoms, grains, and minutest particles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or seeing all at once the harmony. Would critics, as I before said, be as careful to point out the beautiful passages, as those in which the author has been mistaken, the name would be commendable, and their existence of real use and benefit to mankind ; but with the spirit they now possess they are the pest an author complains of in these words, *Temeritas correctorum una librorum maxima pestis est.* Although *temeritas* here was rather meant to be applied to the transcribers of ancient MSS. yet it may, with no impropriety, be attributed to our good lord critics, in whom we find it no uncommon thing to give a passage, not couched in the clearest terms, a meaning as diametrically opposite to the author's, or indeed what any impartial reader would give it, as darkness is to light.

Chelsea,
Aug. 20.

X.

ANECDOTE of VOLTAIRE.

WHEN Voltaire was in England, he was highly caressed by all the English nobility ; but by none more than lord Chesterfield. His lordship gave him a general invitation to his table, and always accused the bard of inattention when he did not dine with him. Voltaire frequently excused himself in the most polite terms ; but being one day a little hard run at White's by his lordship upon the occasion, the poet replied with some acrimony, " My lord, I always consider it as a singular honour to be in company with a nobleman of your lordship's genius and abilities ; but really, my lord, when I find how much you prostitute the gifts of na-

ture by entertaining sharpeners and adventurers, I pity your judgment, and admire my own abilities." His lordship turned upon his heel, and retorted, "*J'aime l'esprit, même quand je le trouve dans un coquin.*" Voltaire did not rejoin.

ANECDOTE of the Dutcheß of K-----ton.

WHEN the dutcheß of K----- was Miss C-----h, she was disappointed in love, and her admirer having married another lady, she grieved so much, that she kept her bed for some weeks. Her physician ordered her a prescription, which, by an error of the apothecary, was composed of a great quantity of laudanum, which threw her into a sleep of two days and two nights. The ill-natured world gave out that she had poisoned herself ; but lord Chesterfield, who always vindicated her, contradicted the report wherever he went, and hearing her false lover relate the story, he told him, " My lord, you have endeavoured to poison every hour of the life of so amiable a woman, but in vain, and you are now mean enough to stab her reputation."

An ACCOUNT of NEW BOOKS and PAMPHLETS.

The Man of Feeling. 12mo. Price 2s. 6d. Cadell.

THERE is considerable merit in this novel ; which is both instructive and entertaining.

An Essay on the Character and Conduct of his Excellency Lord Viscount Townshend, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. 8vo. Price 1s. Dodsley.

A defence of lord Townshend's conduct in Ireland, said to be written by Sir James Caldwell.

The Pursuits of Happiness, inscribed to a Friend. 4to. Price 5s. 6d. Cadell.

This moral epistle displays the vanity of human pursuits in tolerable good numbers.

The Magnet, a musical Piece, performed at Marybone-Gardens. 4to. Price 1s.

There is nothing attractive in the Magnet, unless the music can move like Orpheus's lyre.

Wrote

Winter Riches, or a Miscellany of Rudiments, Directions, and Observations, necessary for the laborious Farmer. By Matthew Peters. 8vo. Price 3s. 6d. Flexney.

This performance may, with impartiality, may be pronounced a valuable acquisition to agriculture.

The Wish, by a Gentleman of Cambridge. 4to. Price 1s. Dodley.

Our collegiate bard has imitated Augur's prayer, and displayed some marks of a poetical genius.

The History of Great Britain, from the first Invasion of it by the Romans under Julius Cæsar. Written on a new Plan. By Robert Henry, D. D. Vol. I. 4to. Price 1l. 1s. Cadell.

Mr. Robert Henry is a minister at Edinburgh, who has shewn much judgment in this work, which is designed as a concise account of the most interesting events that have occurred in this kingdom, since it was invaded by Julius Cæsar.

Elements of the History of France, translated from the Abbé Millet, Confessor in Ordinary to the French King. By the Translator of *Selected Tales from Marmontel, and Author of Sermons by a Lady.* 8vo.

The works of the abbé Millet are so well known in the learned world, and this piece in particular being greatly in esteem, we shall observe that the translation is elegant and just.

Instructions for collecting and preserving Insects; particularly Moths and Butterflies. 8vo. Price 1s. Pearch.

It appears that this little piece was written for the use of a gentleman going abroad to collect the different curiosities of nature; and in this light may be considered as an useful production.

Pythagoras's Doctrine of Transmigration proved by Examples of three well-known Characters, selected from the Professions of the Law, Physic, and Divinity, formerly Men, now transmigrated into Pidgeons. Price 2s. 6d. Hooper.

A poor attempt at humour.

The Debauchee, a Poem, in six Cantos. With an Elegy on the Death of a Libertine. By Francis Bacon Lee. 4to. Price 2s. Cooke.

Whether Mr. Francis Bacon Lee is a real or imaginary personage we will not pretend to determine; but we can venture to pronounce that the author of this poem has very small pretensions to the title of poet.

3

The Pupil of Nature, a true History, found amongst the Papers of Father Quesnel. Translated from the original French of Mons. de Voltaire. 12mo. Price 2s. 6d. Carnan.

There is no reason to doubt that this is the offspring of Voltaire's pen; we shall, therefore, only add, it is tolerably well translated.

The first Book of the Luciad of Camoens, translated from the original Portuguese by William Julius Mickle. Oxford printed. 4to. Price 1s.

This specimen of the Luciad in English, promises an entertaining work that has long been desired in our language.

The Tobacconist, a Comedy of two Acts, altered from Ben Johnson. Acted at the Theatres-Royal in the Hay market and Edinburgh. 8vo. Price 1s. Bell.

We gave a description of this performance in our last number, under the head of the Theatre.

Travels into North America. By P. Kalm, Professor of Oeconomy in the University of Abo, in Swedish Finland, and Member of the Swedish Royal Academy of Sciences. Translated into English by John Reinhold Förster, F.R.S. 8vo. Three Vols. Price 15s. Lowndes.

There are valuable observations and remarks in these travels which will recommend them to the observation of the curious.

The History of England, from the earliest Times to the Death of King George the Second. By Dr. Goldsmith. Four Vols. 8vo. Price 1l. 1s. Davis.

This epitome is executed with taste and judgment, and will be useful to those who have not leisure or inclination to peruse more voluminous works upon the same subject.

Essays and Dissertations on various Subjects, relating to human Life and Happiness. 12mo. Three Vols. Dilly.

These essays were originally published in the Bath Chronicle. They are not ill written, and are upon very interesting subjects.

Water Poetry. A Collection of Verses written at several public Places, most of them never before published; viz. Bath, Tunbridge, Margate, Scarborough, &c. &c. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Pearch.

We shall take the liberty (with or without the author's permission) to make an alteration in the title, which shall be all our critique upon the occasion.

Erratum, for *Water-Poetry*, read *Water-Gravel-Poetry*, without the least sprinkling of salt.

POETICAL

POETICAL PIECES.

AUGUST.

FAREWELL each gentle zephyr, summer
gales, [field,
Whose balmy breathings scent the mantled
The raging heat of Sirius prevails
O'er all the cool refreshing airs they yield.

To Ceres, now, fair Flora leaves the plain,
(Whilst daily with'ring, all her beauties
fade;)

Diffusing plenty, o'er her wide domain,
She opens her stores, and spreads them thro'
the mead.

The bearded grain and fruitful harvest rise!
A ripen'd crop, a scene of waving gold!
From hill to dale, 'till bounded by the skies,
The peaceful, smiling prospect, we behold.

Full in the zenith Phœbus beams his rays;
Panting, the cattle seek the standing pool:
Beneath the shade the swain extended lays,
His silent flocks around him grazing cool.

Hush'd are the warblers in the mossy grove,
In pleasing stillness all the country lies;
Broke only, as the airy insects rove
Through noon-day's sultry heat, with hum-
ming noise.

Slowly advancing from the western sky,
Dark clouds arise, to hide the smiling
scenes;

By Eurus drove, the gloomy tempests fly,
And rolling thunder from afar begins.

Bright Sol's obscur'd! the storm now louder
grown,

A deluge drops, of prone descending rain!
The thunder bursts! the light'ning flashes
down [grain!

With massive force, and blasts the ripen'd
Its rage subsides! and as the tempest clears,
In Thetis' lap descending, sinks the sun;

And drest in party-colour'd robe appears
Fair Iris, seated in her cloudy throne.

Their labour o'er, the clowns begin their sport,
Or seek the cool refreshment of the streams;
Whilst happy all, the rustick fair divert
Themselves with innocent amusing games.

All nature gladdens on the 'freshen'd spray,
The feather'd songsters with each other vie;
With tuneful warblings hail the close of day,
And Luna mildly shining gilds the sky.

* * * *

A PASTORAL.

I.

WHERE the fond zephyr thro' the wood-
bine plays, [bow'r,
And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays,
Impatient, for 'tis past the promis'd hour!

II.

Lend me thy light, thou-ever sparkling star!
Bright *Hesper*! in thy glowing pomp ar-
ray'd, [car,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

III.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,
And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,
This dreary waste, full resolute I try,
And trust my footsteps to the shades of
night.

IV.

The moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud,
Her smiles so gracious I no longer view;
Let her remain behind that envious shroud,
My hopes, bright *Hesperus*, depend on you:

V.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast,
I hurt no bird, nor rob the bustling bee;
Hear, then, what love and innocence request,
And shed your kindest influence on me.

VI.

Thee *Venus* loves, first twinkler of the sky,
Thou art *her* star, in golden radiance gay!
On my distressed cast a pitying eye,
Assist me, for, alas! I've lost my way.

VII.

I see the darling of my soul, my love!
Expression can't the mighty rapture tell;
He leads me to the bosom of the grove:
Thanks, gentle star, kind *Hesperus* farewell.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

*An Invitation from a Gentleman in the Country
to his Friend in Town.*

INDEED, my friend, I will not hear
Such poor excuses ev'ry year;
Sometimes, you cry, "I am afraid
To trust my servants with my trade."
Another time, your daughter Nancy
Can't such a rural journey fancy.
She loves the town, and cannot bear
To breath a wholesome fragrant air.
Now Nancy's marry'd, trade declin'd,
Can't you some other hind'rance find;
Some bus'ness that demands your stay,
And will not let you come away?
Is there no Turtle feast next week,
No liv'ry men whose votes you seek;
No peer, or commoner, whose wine
You think superior far to mine?
Come here and see a frugal board
With nature's choicest bounties stor'd,
Nor stay to dine with any lord.

I'll give you plain and homely fare,
Not treat you like the late lord mayor;
Yet underneath my dish there lies,
No cruel murd'rer in disguise.
Upon my table smoaks no load
Of richest soups drest a-la-mode;
My field, barn, garden, dairy, sty,
Afford me plentiful supply:
And as to wine I'll give my friend
Some humble Port that he'll commend;
My circumstances won't afford
To treat with claret, like a lord.

If veil'd in clouds bright Sol witholds
His beams, we'll stray among the folds;
Or underneath a spacious oak,
The rural deities invoke.
But if the Sun's warm beams offend,
I've at the service of my friend,
Swift, Young, Pope, Addison, and Gay,
To pass the sultry hours away:
With histories my shelves abound,
Of ev'ry king that e'er was crown'd:
Wou'd you explore the latter times,
Or read the Stuarts' horrid crimes,
I've Burnet, Smollett, and Rapin;
Or ancient history—Rollin.
Besides, I've many things to tell,
To ask if all your friends are well;
Who's now the toast among the beaux,
And when your brother William goes.
Reside no longer in the town,
Come here and make my house your own;
No longer stay or hesitate,
Another week may be too late:
If you don't come, my word upon't,
I shall esteem it an affront.

RUSTICUS.

*Stanzas inscribed to Miss E. W. late of the City
of Worcester.*

YE trifling pleasures all adieu,
Farewell ye glitt'ring toys,
Which luring life presents to view
With all its giddy joys.

I love no more the busy town,
The seat of wealth and pride;
But unambitious of renown,
I seek the river side.

There underneath the willow shade
I tell the stream my grief,
As though the willing stream was made
To bring my woes relief.

Sometimes beneath the hoary arms
Of some old oak I lie,
And think on all the killing charms
Of she for whom I die.

To fields and groves I sigh my tale
When evening shades grow long,
While sympathetic Philomel
Warbles her love-lorn song.

Here, when the lovely moon appears
In all her order bright;
I wet my grassy couch with tears,
And pine away the night.

And when the melancholy bird
Hoots out his moping lay,
Above his voice my plaint is heard,
Not silenc'd by the day.

Or if upon the downy bed
I court sleep's balmy rest,
Sleep gives no comfort to my head,
No solace to my breast.

In airy visions there I see
My lov'd Eliza's form,
Or view some other happier he,
Whose vows her bosom warm.

Sometimes methinks her hand I touch,
Or steal a glowing kiss,
Then start enraptur'd from my couch,
But ah! 'tis transient bliss.

With frowns she chides my tenderest love,
And checks my fond desires;
My constant heart no pow'r can move,
Which glows with purest fires.

Oh why did heav'n my soul inform
With nature's sov'reign laws?
Or why my breast does virtue warm,
Since peace her balm withdraws?

Had I been born an humble swain
Beside some lonely rock,
Along the wide expanding plain
To lead my sportive flock;

Then had I known, (transporting thought)
That blessing, sweet content,
While in the fields and flow'ry grot,
My happy hours were spent.

Propitious pow'rs accept my pray'r,
My weight of grief remove;
Turn from her scorn the cruel fair,
And melt her soul to love.

MYRTILLO.

Worcester, Aug. 10th, 1771.

*The Matron's Advice to Miss S. C——, of
Plymouth.*

ERE you read this, you may suppose,
That some new list'd lover,
By means of poetry has chose
His passion to discover.

No! fair one!—I'm a matron grave,
Whom time and care have wasted,
Who would thy youth from sorrow save,
Which I in wedlock tasted.

Thy easy air,—thy chearful mind,
Thy temper most alluring;
Thy form for conquest well design'd,
Give torments past enduring.

Tho' lovers full of hopes and fears
Beset thy dwelling daily,
Yet heedless you of woes and tears,
Pass all your minutes gayly.

And

And pass them, *chamber*, gayly on,
A maiden while you tarry;
For sure your *golden days* are gone
The *moment* that you marry.

In courtship *we* are all divine,
While prayers and vows pursue us,
While *flames* are offer'd at our *shrine*,
And *men* like *idols* sue us.

Let no *false* *plaints* impression make
Then on thy *heart* so tender;
Nor *play* the *fool*, for *pity's* sake,
Thy *freedom* to *surrender*.

Lead *apes* in *hell*!—there's no such thing,
Those *tales* were meant to fool us:
Yet better *there* to hold the *string*,
Than *here*, let *monkeys* rule us!

T. S.

S I R,

If you think the following lines will not disgrace the Town and Country Magazine, you will by inserting them oblige your's,

J. T.

O N Mira's toilet there was lain
A beauteous vase of rich porcelain,
'Twas fill'd with each sweet flow'r that grows,
Mix'd with the rest, a damask rose,
The fairest of its kind;
Intent I view'd the charming sight,
The various shades of colours bright;
(Surpassing far the sparkling gem,)
The opening bud, the mossy stem,
Which on this flow'r we find.

Sudden the lovely rose grew pale,
Its glossy dye began to fail;
The scene my bosom fill'd with care;
When turning round, the nymph stood there,
Smiling like beauty's queen.
But ev'ry care was soon subdu'd,
When her unnumber'd charms I view'd;
Convinc'd the bloom of Mira's face,
Had made the envious flow'r give place,
And caus'd the effect I'd seen.

On seeing the Gardens, &c. &c. of C—s
B—xt—n, Esq; of Great Br—xt—d, in
Essex.

SOON as I enter the celestial bow'r,
A fragrant smell, deduc'd from ev'ry flow'r,
Greets my approach, while straight before
my eyes,
Yews, elms, and cedars, in true order rise;
Lift their high heads, and fan the azure
skies.
Here gentle zephyrs form the cooling breeze,
And in meanders play around the trees.
Inspir'd by love, behold the feather'd choir
The fields forsake, and to this grove retire;
Here chant and sing their great Creator's
praise,
In pleasing, chearful, and harmonious lays:

Pleas'd with existence, see the lark on high,
Mounting melodious to the azure sky;
Turn then your eye to yonder rising hills,
And view the violets, and daffodils:
In gay confusion, pinks and poppies grow;
Lavish of sweets the blushing roses blow:
Here the sweet orange; there the lemons
stand,
Allure the eye, and tempt the greedy hand.
Delighted Nature spreads her smiles around,
And strews with boundless sweets th' enamel'd
ground.

Sublime in air, a grotto charms the sight,
And strikes the soul with wonder and delight!
Here flows a stream, in order serpentine,
(Which makes the beauty of the place divine)
Reflecting back the glorious beams of day,
While golden fish upon the surface play;
Here weeping willows form a pleasing theme,
Hang down their heads, and kiss the limpid
stream:

Near to this chrystal rill, fair Justice stands,
With scales and sword, in her extended hands;
At once she fires, and captivates the mind,
And reads a silent lesson to mankind.
Celestial spot! scarce *Italy* can show
A place, where half such pleasing beauties grow.

THOS. ALLEN.

Witbam, Aug. 14, 1771.

The 106th Ode of Catullus, in English Verse.

H AH! can it be! will you then constant
prove,
My soul's bright goddess, and return my love?
O be propitious, Jove, and kindly hear
My still unalter'd vows, my fervent pray'r!
With constant love inspire my *Lesbia's* soul,
Confine her promise, her each thought con-
troul;
That we conjoin'd, may ev'ry hour improve
In sacred bonds of everlasting love.

THOS. FARLEY.

E P I T A P H.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
In manhood's prime is Damon laid;
Joyless he liv'd, and died unknown
In bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain—
'Twas beauty drew his ruin on;
He saw young *Daphne* on the plain;
He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,
(Sad meed of unexampled truth)
And sorrow, like an envious worm,
Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
O greet his ashes with a tear!
May heaven with blessings crown his shade,
And grant that peace he wanted here!

FOREIGN

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, June 17.

ON advice being received here, that the new ambassador from Venice to this place, who was on board a Venetian ship of war, had been fired at in his passage through the Dardanelles, complaint was made by the ambassador resident there, on which a galley was immediately dispatched to take him on board, and bring him to this capital.

Constantinople, July 3. We have received very melancholy advices from Syria. Aly-Bey has published a manifesto there, in which he styles himself the Soudon of Egypt, successor of the Pharaohs, and deliverer of the Promised Land, and likewise of Mecca, which is the holy land of the Mussulmen. The bashaws of Damascus, Tripoli, Aleppo, Kilis, and the Seraskier d'Urfa, assembled their forces to oppose that usurper, who, after an obstinate and bloody engagement, gained a complete victory over them the beginning of last month, and entered the 6th ult. in triumph into Damascus, the inhabitants of which shut their gates against part of the conquered army, which would have taken refuge in that city: where there was a revolt, which cost the lives of upwards of 5000 persons; the houses were plundered, and the very mosques profaned. Though the bashaw of Aleppo is got back to his residence, it is apprehended that city will share the same fate as Damascus, and fall into the hands of Aly-Bey, whose army consists of 60,000 men, and is besides well provided with artillery, and every thing necessary to carry on a war with vigour.

Petersburgh, July 5. The court this evening received the important news, that prince Dolgoroucki arrived the 23d ult. before Precop at the head of the second imperial army; and that on the 25th of the same month, at six o'clock in the morning, he happily forced the lines on the first attack, notwithstanding they were defended by the fortrefs of Precop, and an army, consisting of 50,000 Tartars and 7000 Turks, commanded by the Chan Selim Girey in person. We had no officer killed, and but four wounded; the number of subalterns and soldiers killed or wounded does not amount to 100. We have taken 40 pieces of cannon, with a great quantity of powder and ball.

Petersburgh, July 12. A very circumstantial relation is just published here, in seven quarto pages, of the taking the lines and the fortrefs of Precop, the principal circumstances of which having been already mentioned, we shall only add, that the garrison of Precop, consisting of 871 men, viz. 90 officers and 781 Turkish soldiers, finding themselves obliged to surrender at discretion, requested and obtained the liberty of being carried by sea to

AUGUST, 1771.

Warna, on condition of not serving any more against the Russians in this war. Our ships lost was 25 men killed, 125 wounded, and six missing; that of the enemy was above 1000 killed and wounded, and 2500 prisoners.

Manar, July 12. Her royal highness the hereditary princess of Wallachia was this day happily delivered of a princess. Her royal highness and the young princess are as well as can be expected.

N. ples, July 11. An atrocious murder has been lately committed here upon a gentleman in his own house, who has been minding for several days. One of the culprits has been taken up, who has confessed, that in concert with a friend of the gentleman, who had made an appointment to hunt with him, he went to his house early in the morning, and that they both laid violent hands upon him, as he was dressing, and robbed him. The other has made his escape with a great part of the booty.

Madrid, July 12. His majesty hath declared the port of the city of Loroza, a free port for importation and exportation; in consequence of which all ships within and without the kingdom may be admitted there. The royal junto of health, have just published a regulation relative to this object.

Rome, July 15. The holy see has received with great joy an account, that the king of France has issued a declaration, by which he permits all ecclesiastics, who were banished his kingdom, since the month of December 1775, on account of refusing the sacraments, to return and resume their former functions. The Jesuits flatter themselves that the destruction of their order is still at a great distance, or rather that it will never happen; and the foundation of their hopes is, that his most christian majesty has given orders to the bishop of Paris, that the celebrated house of Mission founded at Nancy by the late king Stanislaus, which was abandoned when the decrees of the parliament required that the suppression of that order in France should extend to Lorraine, be restored to 18 religious of their order, who in the habit of secular priests are to administer the revenues thereof, and resume the exercise of their missions.

Constantinople, July 17. They write from Candia, that a corsair, which under the Turkish flag had infested the seas of the Levant, and taken in the space of six months seven ships, among which were four French, one English, one Venetian, and one Russian, all of whom he stripped of their cargoes, and then sunk them, has at length been put to silence, or three French frigates sailing in the Adriatic; and having been confounded by

Candia, the bashaw of that place caused the captain to be impaled, with his principal accomplices.

The Russians have taken, off Paros, a Tunisian ship, with 200,000 piasters on board, destined for that capital.

Monaco, July 18. Letters from Corsica, of June 28, advise, that the banditti, who had at first appeared very formidable by their number and the situation of their retreat, have thought proper to disperse on the approach of the troops sent in pursuit of them. Many of them have been taken, twelve of whom will soon expiate on the wheel the robberies they have committed.

Hamburg, July 19. This city is at present exposed to a melancholy scene of distress. All the beautiful and rich vale from hence to Lauenburgh is overflowed by an inundation of the Elbe. The water already comes into one of the gates of the city; and the inhabitants are alarmed, lest it should break the dam, which has been strengthened by several thousand sacks of sand that separate it from the Alster; were it to overflow, the greatest part of the city would be under water, and the damage to the houses and warehouses would be very great. The waters having risen from the 17th to yesterday morning fifteen inches, the senate held an extraordinary assembly, which lasted till four o'clock in the afternoon, to consider of the means of preventing this mischief; and came to the resolution of making three slopes in the great dyke of the Elbe, that the waters may empty themselves into that river. The suburbs, which extend two English miles on that side, with fine country houses and gardens, are all under water, which is of such a height, that nothing is to be seen but the tops of the trees; and the great road, which leads to Berlin, is impassable. We are by this deprived of all the fruits and vegetables, as well as forage for the horses and cattle, with which this city used to be supplied from thence: and the loss of the rich crops of corn, by which the people expected to be relieved from the dearth of it, is a melancholy event, of which bad consequences cannot but be apprehended. The damage the city has already sustained, is computed at 200,000l. sterling. The price of all kinds of provision is daily increasing; and a thousand pounds weight of hay, which used to be sold from 14 to 16 shillings, is not to be had at present for less than 3l. sterling. A publick fast is ordered on Sunday the 28th instant, on account of this calamity.

Vienna, July 20. We are assured, that the court of Petersburg has sent its ultimatum regarding a peace, to the Porte, by the way of our court and that of Berlin, and wait only for an answer, to appoint the place where the congress is to be held, which, it is said, will be either at Semlin or Hermanstadt.

We hear, that the conditions on which the Russians agree to conclude a peace, are, that

Walachia, Moldavia, and Crimea, become independant of the Porte, and be governed by their own hospodars or governors.

M. Drewitz, to revenge Branicki for the affair of the 22d of June, attacked M. Zarembo next day, who came off victorious as before; Drewitz lost a number of men, besides 300, who were taken prisoners. On the other hand, major-general Schutz attacked the garrison of Sarok, in which there were 300 Russians to guard a considerable magazine, the greatest part of whom he slew, and took possession of the magazine.

Vienna, July 23. The Austrian troops have seized in Poland all the palatinate of Cracovia, and the district of Sandomir, as has been already related. They are in possession of 234 villages and 15 towns; and the reason which our court gives for this invasion, is, that having formerly a right to that part of Poland, she will not suffer the kingdom to be desolated, but will protect her subjects from the general combustion, till she can ascertain her right. General Torreck, who commands our troops in that country, fails not as he advances to oblige all the inhabitants to take the oath of fidelity as subjects of their imperial majesties. Some Polish noblemen have made representations to court upon this behaviour of general Torreck, but have met with no redress. The troops of a certain German power are likewise advancing, but with what view is at present unknown.

Hague, July 26. Private letters from Vienna advise, that the emperor and the king of Prussia will soon have another interview at Konigsgratz, in Bohemia, where it is pretended some very important affairs will be settled between them. These letters likewise say, that count Degenfeldt, the Dutch minister at Vienna, having represented to the Imperial ministers the innovations that have been made with respect to the trade of the Low Countries, contrary to the Barrier treaty, and the Tarif concluded between this republick and the House of Austria, received for answer, that the predecessors of the Empress Queen were under such circumstances at the time when the treaty was made, that they were in a manner forced to subscribe to whatever was proposed, but that her Imperial majesty being now more at liberty, she could not acquit herself to her subjects as a good sovereign, if she had not made the alterations in question, and therefore their High Mightinesses must not take amiss that she could not revoke them, &c.

Petersburgh, July 28. We have just received accounts, that prince Dolgorucki, after having defeated 27,000 Turks under the walls of Cassa, took that fortress, and made the Seraskier and 1000 men prisoners; the rest of the garrison, with the Abbasa Basla, made their escape in vessels. At the same time the Turks left the fortresses of Jegnicale, and the castle of Kertsch, which commands the entrance

trance of the Lake of Azof and the Black Sea. In the fortress were found 70 pieces of cannon, and a large magazine of provisions and arms. Prince Dolgorucki has now nothing farther to do than to take the fortress of Balacklaw, the strongest in all Crimea, to be matter of the whole peninsula.

From the Frontiers of Poland, August 2. The general field marshal Romanzow has, by the latest accounts, passed the Danube; and was attacked by the grand vizir, who was defeated, and put to flight.

Hamburg, Aug. 9. We have advice from Austria, that 5000 troops of that archduchy have entered Bavaria, in order to bring the elector to reason on the subject of the scarcity which is experienced at Ratibon.

Hague, August 9. If the letters from Vienna are to be depended upon, a congress is soon to be held at Temeswar, in order to bring about an accommodation between the Russians and the Turks. The ministers intended to be employed upon this occasion in behalf of the former are Mess. d'Obresko and Labaschow, heretofore ministers from the court of Russia at Constantinople, who were confined in the castle of the seven towers, upon the breaking out of the war, and were set at liberty not long since; and on the part of the court of Vienna

count Stahremberg, who is said to be already set out. These letters add, that the report of some regiments being to be sent to take possession of Belgrade in the name of the Empress Queen is confirmed. They also say, that the baggage and equipage of the baron de Breteuil, which upon his nomination by the king of France to the embassy at Vienna, were sent thither before him, have been publicly sold there.

Hague, August 16. The princess of Orange miscarried at Loo, in the night between the 6th and 7th inst. but by the last accounts from thence, her royal highness was perfectly recovered.

By letters from Poland we hear, that col. de Lange has completely defeated a body of 600 confederates; they were most of them slain on the spot; those who escaped the fire of the conquerors were made prisoners. The prisoners amount to 197, amongst which are colonel Radolinski, five captains of cavalry, the adjutant general Zarembo, and seven lieutenants.

The Russian men of war, in the course of a year, have taken vessels of different nations, in the Levant, having Turkish effects bound to Constantinople, to the value of three million of piasters. [4s.]

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

THOUGH the motions of the imperial troops have alarmed some of our minor politicians, the adepts who are acquainted with the prevailing disposition of the court of Vienna, do not think that the tranquility of Europe will be any way affected by these movements; the imperial minister at this court having completely satisfied the ministry upon that head. The frequent conferences which Mr. Hamilton (who was our minister at, and is lately returned from, Naples) has had with his majesty, has occasioned many speculations with respect to the hostile designs of his Sicilian majesty; but those who pride themselves upon being acquainted with the secrets of the cabinet, aver, that these conferences turn more upon virtue than politics, Mr. Hamilton being a professed virtuoso, and having brought over some great curiosities. A letter having been sent to the lord mayor, intimating that some discoveries could be made concerning the late fire at Portsmouth, and that the writer of that letter had been employed in it by a French agent, an advertisement appeared from the secretary of state's office, promising security and encouragement for such a discovery; but nothing certain has yet transpired concerning the event: the paragraph news-writers have, however, availed themselves of this opportunity to abuse the ministry for not resenting such a treacherous insult. These have been the principal topics of this month, which have produced no visible effects.

July 30. **T**HE parliament is prorogued from the 23d of July, to the 1st of October.

Yesterday a grant passed the seal unto Henry Bathurst and Apsley Bathurst, Esqrs; sons of the lord chancellor, of a reversion of the office of clerk of the crown in chancery, to hold the same by themselves, or sufficient deputy, during the term of their natural lives, or the longer liver of them, from the death, or any sooner determination of the interest therein of John Yorke, Esq; with all rights of profits to the said office belonging.

The king has been pleased to grant unto Thomas Whateley, Esq; the office or offices of keeper of his majesty's private roads, gates, and bridges, in the room of Edward Hatton, Esq; deceased.

St. James's, July 30. His majesty has been pleased to present Theophilus Meredith, clerk, M. A. to the rectory of Rofs, in Herefordshire, void by the translation of the late bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, to the see of Durham.

Aug. 1. An anonymous letter having been received by the right honourable the lord mayor, and transmitted by him to lord Suffolk, representing, that the writer thereof would make some important discoveries concerning the late fire at Portsmouth dock, if he were assured of his majesty's pardon; which letter

hath been laid before the king: his majesty, in last night's Gazette, promises his pardon to the writer of the said letter for the offences therein mentioned, provided information shall be given to one of the principal secretaries of state, upon which the parties concerned may be apprehended and brought to justice.

Edinburgh, Aug. 2. Two small gold medals were found last week in an old quarry near Glasgow; the inscription on the medals are thus:

On one side,
N E R O C A E S A R,
On the other side,
A V G V S T V S G E R M A N I C V S.
On one side,
I M P. C A E S. N E R V A T R A I A N A U G.
G E R M.

On the other side,
P. M. T. R. P. C O S S I I. P. P.
The date of the first is anno 54, and the other 98, of the Christian era.

The following is the epitaph on the monument of the late Mr. Holland in Chiswick church.

If talents
to make entertainment instruction,
to support the credit of the Stage
by just and manly action,
and to adorn society
by virtues,
which would honour any rank and profession,
deserve remembrance;
let him, with whom these talents were long
cherished,
to whom these virtues were well known,
and by whom the loss of them will be long
lamented,
bear testimony to the worth and abilities
of his departed friend,
CHARLES HOLLAND,
who was born March 12, 1733,
died the 7th of December, 1769,
and was buried near this place.

D. GARRICK.

3. Yesterday his excellency count Pignatelli had an audience of his majesty to deliver his credentials as minister from the court of Naples.

The same day lord viscount Ligonier kissed his majesty's hand on being appointed colonel of the 6th regiment of foot, in the room of colonel Whitmore, deceased.

Whitehall, Aug. 3. The peace of the province of North Carolina having been for some time past disturbed, and violences, of the most outrageous and savage nature, having been committed in the frontier counties, by a desperate body of settlers, killing themselves regulators, who appeared in arms, in open defiance of law and authority; and all endeavours to persuade these deluded persons of the error of their conduct, and to a proper submission to government, having failed of their effect; his majesty's governor thought fit, with the advice, concurrence, and assistance

of the council and assembly, and with the support of the principal persons of rank and authority in the colony, to raise a body of the militia, to repel these insurgents; and having put himself at the head of a detachment of the militia, amounting to 2000 men, he, on the 16th of May, came up with the main body of the insurgents, amounting to 2000; and after an action, which continued about two hours, gained a complete victory over them, pursuing them a mile beyond their camp, and taking many of their horses, and what provisions and ammunition they had left behind them.

This action was about five miles to the westward of Great Alamance river, on the road leading from Hillsborough to Salisbury; and his majesty's governor speaks, in the strongest terms, of the bravery and resolution of the troops under his command, whose loss is stated to amount to about 60 private men killed, wounded, and missing, and one officer killed and one wounded; but there is no return made of the loss sustained by the insurgents, which is supposed to have been considerable.

The day after the engagement, the governor, in public orders, gave thanks to both officers and soldiers of the army, for the vigorous and generous support they afforded him in the battle.

St. James's, Aug. 3. The king has been pleased to order a congé d'elire to the dean and chapter of the cathedral of Litchfield, empowering them to elect a bishop of the see of Litchfield and Coventry, now vacant by the translation of Dr. John Egerton, late bishop thereof, to the see of Durham: and also a letter, under his majesty's royal signature, recommending unto the said dean and chapter the hon. and rev. Brownlow North, D. L. to be by them elected bishop of the said see of Litchfield and Coventry.

His majesty has likewise been pleased to issue his letter mandatory to the dean and chapter of the cathedral of St. Paul, London, for their electing and admitting Dr. John Green, bishop of Lincoln, into the place of canon residentiary of the said church, vacant by the translation of the late bishop of Litchfield and Coventry, and canon residentiary there, to the see of Durham.

It is said that the proctor of L—y G. intends, the first day of next Michaelmas term, to give an exceptive plea against the character of a person who has been examined on behalf of Lord G.

It is a fact, that a lady of quality was detected at the late installation in an attempt to borrow four gold tea-spoons, two of which were found concealed in her glove.

9. Yesterday his excellency William Hamilton, Esq. his majesty's minister at the court of Naples, arrived at the Hotel in King-street, St. James's, from that kingdom, having obtained his majesty's leave to come here on his own private affairs.

The

The following matter of fact at present engrosses the conversation of the town people. Mrs. T. a married coquette had addressed even lately (till lately) to blind her eyes the husband; however, about three months since, Mr. T. was informed that a lady in the H. were the mother of a child, and that she lived near St. James's-square: he followed there, but they had taken the alarm, and decamped in haste; however, he walked up stairs, when the first thing he saw, was an acetone of some value which he knew to be his wife's; he put it into his pocket, and telling his attendant, that the lady of the house, if a Mr. B. a relation of his, was not in the house being answered in the negative, he went away, friendly as usual, and near at his return home did he throw the rest of a scamp; the lady, therefore, thought herself secure; in the mean time, the acetone was advertised, as sold by a lady in a hackney chair. Soon after this discovery, he removed his lady and family to one of his seats, on the borders of Wales, where leaving her, on some pretence he came to town, sold off all his furniture, sold his plate, jewels, &c. at a banker's, and then made a visit to Mr. H. whom he found in his sitting-room: he desired to speak with him in private, on which the servants were dismissed: Mr. T. then fastened the door, and laying the acetone on the table, said, Sir, I understand you have ordered a reward for the seducement of Mrs. T.---; I am come to thank you, and repay you; accordingly he gave the unfortunate gentleman a heavy staff-bag with an oak stick he brought with him for that purpose: he then left him sprawling on the floor, walked down stairs, got into his post-chaise, and immediately set out for France, where he now is, while his wife is close prisoner at the seat before-mentioned.

10. The duke of Gloucester set out for Portsmouth this morning (immediately after the royal review at Blackheath) to embark on his intended tour, as soon as the wind serves. His royal highness is attended by major-general Harvey, adjutant-general; col. Detmold, *Chef d'Artillerie*; lieutenant-col. Reimsford and Major Haywood, his royal highness's equerries.

12. On Friday the court of directors of the East-India house, took up the following twenty-five ships for the present season, viz. the Granby, Johnston; new Ship, capt. Monney, for China directly; new Ship, capt. Hamilton, Lioness, Larkins, for Madeira, Coast and China; Fox, Mitchell; Norfolk, Huggen; Earl of Arburnham, Peace; Earl of Lincoln, Todd; Duke of Devon, Sampson, for Coast and China; new Ship, Captain Fomescue; Havannah, White, for Benccoolen and China; Triton, Elphinston; Greenwich, Carr, for Madeira, Coast and Bay; Prince of Wales, Count; Anna, Lennet; Duke of Albany, Stewart; Nottingham, Stokes; Neptune, Gone, for Coast and Bay;

[illegible]

1. The King of Spain has taken up about twenty Dutch vessels of burden in the Tind for the purpose of exporting them to the Mediterranean and the Indies, and has ordered the island of Minorca in the North Channel (about twenty leagues from Sicily) to be fortified and repaired in a very simple manner, great quantities of building materials and tools having lately been exported from Spain for that purpose.

The intended tour of his royal highness, the duke of Gloucester, will to Ireland, Scotland, to France, and America, is on his highness's private arrangements, and will take a few of the fortifications and places, after which he will go to Leghorn, and lastly to Genoa.

re. Referring the accounts de Caraccioli, now and then for the court of Naples to that of Rome, for out from hence for Verulam. Both managed by James Piggott.

On Friday last the rev. Mr. James Pender was in town, on the return of his expedition in Suffolk, on the prosecution of the king.

And on Wednesday the rev. Mr. Christo-
pher Taylor was instituted to the rectory of
Grove, in Dorset, on the presentation of
Gibson Lucas, Esq;

Extract of a Letter from Newbern, North Carolina, June 27.

"The following is a return of the killed and wounded among the loyalists in the action between them and the regulators at Alamance on May 6,

"Ondlow detachment, col. Gray, 3 w. Craver, col. Litch, 3 w. 14 w. Carteret, col. Thompson, 5 w. Orange, col. Fanning, 8 w. Dubbs, col. Caldwell, 1 k. Eganert, capt. Paron, 11 w. Artillery Company, col. Moore, 1 k. 15 w. Datto, from Pitt-county, capt. Fisher, 1 k. 7 w. Total killed, six; wounded sixty-one, of whom three are three dead."

24. By a letter from Aleppo, dated July 11, we were informed, that Osman Pacha was shut up in the city of Dumar, with 30,000 men, where he was besieged by Ali Bey; but that

20,000 Druses having come to his assistance, they had beat and driven away the besiegers, of which five or six hundred had been killed or wounded.

The last advices from Walachia agree in this one thing only, that there is not a Russian remaining in that province; and that the Turks had taken possession of the posts they had abandoned on the left side of the Danube below the mouth of the Pruth.

26. A Spanish fleet, consisting of eight ships of the line and four frigates, are now cruising in the Mediterranean.

A letter from Paris says, that the project of reducing their troops is continued. Each company of foot, both national and foreign troops, is reduced from 63 to 50 men. By this scheme, about 24,000 men are discharged. The reduction of the cavalry is to take place next; and as that corps is more expensive than the infantry, it is thought the reduction will be greater. The marine is likewise to be considerably reduced.

27. Yesterday morning, at three o'clock, an express arrived at the house of the count de Guigne, the French ambassador, in Great George-street, from France, and at half past five the same morning his excellency set off for that kingdom.

Count de Guigne, previous to his departure, sent a message to the Spanish ambassador, informing him of his recall.

The abrupt departure of the French ambassador occasions a variety of conjectures.

Mons. Garnier, secretary to count de Guigne, now acts as Charge d'Affaires for the court of France.

His majesty has appointed William Senhouse, Esq; to be surveyor of the customs in Barbadoes and all the Leeward Islands, in the room of Thomas Gibbes, Esq; deceased.

A letter from Tunbridge Wells says, that they never had such a season as the present. There is but one lodging-house unlet. The duke of Leeds, the duke and duchess of Bolton, their family, the countess of Effingham, lord and lady Torrington, lady Carysfort, and many others of the nobility, are with us. Our walks are crowded from morning till night. Every thing, in short, bears a gay appearance but our hop-grounds, which look poor and blighted, without any prospect of affording the farmers recompence for their labour and expence in rearing them.

A few days ago as some workmen were digging stones out of a piece of ground in the neighbourhood of Castlecary, in Scotland, (where the old Roman garrison was lately discovered) they broke in upon an apartment, where they found a considerable quantity of wheat, which is thought had been lodged there for the use of the said garrison. The grain appears blackish as if it had been burnt, but is entirely whole; and when it is touched, it falls into a powder.—The above is a fact,

and will be a matter of speculation to the curious philosopher and antiquarian.

We are informed from Edinburgh, that Mr: Golbourne's operations in deepening the river Clyde is now carrying on with the greatest diligence and appearance of success: there is now constantly about three feet of water at the fords of Dumbuck and Luschet isle, where there was not formerly above 14 inches at low water; and it is expected, that before the latter end of the season, these fords will be rendered navigable at all times.

28. A remarkable trial came on at Lestwithiel, in Cornwall, the last session, between a lieutenant of the militia, plaintiff, and the son of a merchant of that county, defendant. The case was as follows: the plaintiff had treated the defendant with the opprobrious language of scoundrel; the defendant, conscious to himself that he did not merit the title, returned the affront by pulling the plaintiff's nose; in consequence of which a trial ensued. After a few learned arguments on the occasion, the court ordered that the plaintiff should ask pardon for treating the defendant with such unpolite language as scoundrel; after which, the defendant should ask pardon for making so free with the plaintiff's nose, and to pay sixpence fine. With this sentence both parties complied, and thus the affair ended.

29. It is said the person in custody on suspicion of setting Portsmouth-dock-yard on fire, has declared, that he and others were hired by the French to do it; that a certain Romish priest, well known about Portsmouth, was the principal contriver; and that a French frigate lay off Portsmouth harbour ready to receive him and the other persons concerned in it. He was visited yesterday by many persons of note, and several foreigners, who wanted to converse with him privately, which the keeper refused.

The French have no less than eighty men of war now in the ports of Brest and Toulon, most of which are large ships, and could be in readiness on the shortest notice.

30. A few days ago a certain officer, going to change his quarters, applied to the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor for leave to go through the city with drums beating and colours flying, but his Lordship, as a worthy magistrate, and faithful to the citizens, refused his request, as it could answer no other purpose than disturbing the inhabitants.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Francis Smyth, Esq; of York, of a daughter.

July 27. The Lady of Philip Yorke, Esq; of a son and heir, at Lady Cust's, in Upper-Brook-street.

Aug. 4. The Lady of Robert Sutton, Esq; of a daughter, at Scoiton, in Nottinghamshire.

8. The

8. The Countess of Radner of a daughter, at Longford Castle.

11. The Lady of Robert Ladbroke, Esq; of a son, at Mount Mascall, in Kent.

M A R R I A G E S.

Richard Brown, Esq; of Kirkwhelpington, in Northumberland, to Mrs. Dillon, aunt to Sir Edward Swinburn, Bart.

Thomas Noble, Esq; Treasurer to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and private Secretary to the Earl of Holderness, to Miss Sally Fellows, of Denham, in Bucks.

July 27. Capt. Ludovick Grant, of Knackandow, to Miss Guion, daughter of Stephen Guion, Esq; of Hampstead.

Francis Parry, Esq; of the royal navy, to Miss Fanny Eame, niece to John Eames, Esq; Master in Chancery, and Member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight.

28. Thomas Pitt, Esq; Member of Parliament for Oakhampton, in Devonshire, to Miss Wilkinson, of St. George's, Hanover-square.

Aug. 1. Richard Sutton, Esq; of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, to Miss Addington, daughter of Dr. Addington.

Whitshed Keen, Esq; of Hanover-square, to the Hon. Miss Elizabeth Legg, of the same place.

11. Thomas Hooper, Esq; of King-street, Bloomsbury, to Miss Elizabeth Grey, of New Bond-street.

13. Archibald Hamilton, Esq; of the Isle of Man, to Miss Dinwiddie, daughter of the late Governor of Virginia.

15. James Goostree, Esq; of Great Pultney-street, to Miss Jane Hartman, of Leicester-fields.

16. George North, Esq; to Miss Frances Elizabeth Davis, both of Lambeth.

James Green, Esq; of Dover-street, to Miss Elizabeth Spooner, of Argyle-buildings.

George Poyntell, Esq; of Peckham, in the county of Surry, to Miss Peyton, of Northamptonshire.

18. Robert Cartwright, Esq; of Upper-Brook-street, to Miss Amelia Pierfon, of Panton-street.

21. Mr. Wigley, Hamburgh Merchant, at Clapham, to Miss Selwyn, daughter of Peter Selwyn, Esq; of Lambeth.

Thomas Graves, Esq; of Greenwich, to Miss Bridget Bacon, of the same place.

22. Richard Vincent, Esq; to Lady Moore, relict of Sir Henry Moore, late Governor of New York.

George Stratton, Esq; of Upper-Brook-street, to Miss Susannah Bellamy, of Oxford-street.

James Hamilton, Esq; of Ipswich, in Suffolk, to Miss Charlotte Williamson, daughter of Samuel Williamson, Esq; of Colchester.

Mr. Gold, Apothecary, in Thames-street, to Miss Hemming, daughter of William Hemming, Esq; of Fenchurch-street.

23. George Addenbrooke, Esq; of Highgate, to Miss Charlotte Goodwin, of Golden-square.

24. Mr. Thornton, Merchant, in Spital-fields, to Miss Weldon, daughter of James Weldon, Esq; of Bethnal-green.

25. Charles Hooper, Esq; of Portman-square, to Miss Elizabeth Dale, of Welbeck-street.

26. Henry William Bunbury, Esq; to Miss Catherine Horneck.

27. Edward Douglass, Esq; to Miss Fitzwilliams, of Great Marlborough-street.

Mr. Alderson, a farmer at Uxbridge, aged 69, to his fifth wife, one of his tenant's daughters, a fine young girl of 16.

D E A T H S.

Count Mouschin Pouschin, Knight of the Order of St. Ann, at Petersburg, after a short illness.

John Victor de Rochechouart, Duke of Mortemart, at Paris.

John Riva, a Stock-broker at Venice, aged 118; he walked every day without a stick to St. Mark's-square, and retained his hearing and sight till the last. He was born in Morocco in the year 1653; at the age of 70 he married, and had several children, one at the age of 90.

Elizabeth Gordon, Lady Leuchars, in the 100th year of age, at Glasgow.

Capt. Patrick Mac Morris, aged 98, at Holywell, in Wales, he served King William in Ireland, and was present at the battle of the Boyne.

Lady Elizabeth Lynch, aged 95, at Hampton, relict of the late Sir Thomas Lynch, Vice Admiral in the reign of Queen-Anne.

Mrs. Sholmine, aged 103, at Salisbury, who retained her senses to her death.

——— Hodges, Esq; at Bengal, Governor of that place.

Jonathan Simpson, Esq; belonging to the Factory at Fort St. George, in the East Indies, and formerly a Merchant of this city.

Capt. Atkins, of the Resolution East India-man, on his passage to England.

Miss Anna Maria Arundell, aged sixteen months, youngest daughter of the Rt. Hon. Lord Arundell, at Wardour Castle.

Sir Francis Mafon, Knt. at the Hague.

Lieut. Gen. William Whitmore, Colonel of his Majesty's ninth regiment of foot, and Member of Parliament for Bridgenorth.

Paul Barral, a Priest at Nice, aged 106 years, who enjoyed a good state of health all his life. He never ate any thing but vegetables.

John Proffer, Esq; in the Commission of the Peace in the county of Monmouth.

Mrs. Fiernees, wife of James Fiernees, Esq; at Bristol.

July 27. Mr. Tovey, Head Bridge-master of this city.

29. Mr. Henry Kent, Printer, in Finchlane, Court.

Cornhill, Deputy of Broad-street ward, and Printer to this city.

Owen Tudor, Esq; aged 121, at Llangollen in Denbighshire, a descendant from Henry VII. Duke of Richmond.

30. Thomas Russ, Esq; one of the Directors of the East India Company, in Newman-street, Oxford-road.

James Errington, Esq; in Stanhope-street, May-fair.

Aug. 1. Mr. Collins, Linen-draper, in Norton Falsgate, suddenly, after eating a hearty supper.

2. William Mockett, Esq; at Canterbury, formerly Mayor of that city.

3. George Erskine, Esq; at his house in Whitehall.

5. Sir Armine Woodhouse, Bart. at Norfolk.

Luke Emery, Esq; in Hatton garden, late a Merchant in the West India trade.

7. Sir Francis Blake Delaval, Knight of the Bath, in the 48th year of his age, (see p. 370.)

8. William Grant, Esq; in Queen-street, Lincoln's-Inn-fields.

Sir William Millmay, Bart. of Monks-hall, near Helmsley, Essex, at Bath, whither he went for the recovery of his health.

10. David Rogerson, Esq; a West India Merchant, at Fulham.

11. Ralph Maynard, Esq; aged 79, at Newington.

The Hon. Charles Wallop, Esq; at Hockney, uncle to the Earl of Portsmouth.

12. Abraham Read, Esq; in the Commission of the Peace for South Fleet, in Kent.

13. Andrew Jackson, Esq; at Hackney, formerly an Insurance Broker.

Ezekiel Pomeroy, Esq; Clerk of the Checque at Portsmouth Dock, suddenly; and the next day the Lady of the said Gentleman.

14. Henry Wright, Esq; at Hornchurch, Essex.

Robert Nalder, Esq; at Kempthorn, in Bedfordshire.

Thomas Morris, Esq; aged 92, in Albemarle-street.

William Acton, Esq; late a Captain in the Hon. East India Company's service.

15. John Rowland, Esq; late a Commander in the East India service, at Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent.

Hugh Nicholson, Esq; in Wardour street, Soho.

Mr. James Alexander Tompkins, aged 103, at Shadwell, formerly Captain of the ship Samuel and Thomas, in the West India trade.

Thomas Newton, Esq; in South-Audley-street.

R. Rogers, Esq; at St. Alban's.

One Ap-Jones, a Shepherd, in the Isle of

Anglesey, in the tenth year of his age, who had had four wives: the last he married when near 90, and had children by her.

17. Sir William Baird, Bart. at Saughton-hall, in Scotland.

19. Mr. Hugh Gregory, Attorney at Law, in Park street, Grosvenor square.

21. Griffin Holmes, Esq; in Rutland street, Bloomsbury, formerly an Officer in the East India Company's service.

George Windas, Esq; at Charing-cross.

James Taylor, Esq; in Harley-street, formerly an Officer in the East India Company's service.

William Yalden, Esq; at Winchester, Recorder of that city.

22. John Woodman, Esq; at Battersea, formerly a wholesale Grocer, in Leadenhall-street.

24. James Pritchard, Esq; in Old Bond-street.

26. Mr. Bland, Haberdasher, in Bishopsgate-street.

Mrs. Jarvis, a widow lady, aged 92, at Richmond, in Surrey.

27. Mr. Jenkinson, Brewer, in the Borough.

Mr. Raple, Attorney in Gray's Inn.

Mr. Anderson, aged 103, in Westminster.

28. Edward North, Esq; aged 44, in Bond-street.

BANKRUPTS.

Henry Schultz, of Marshall-street, Carnaby-market, Sugar-refiner.

Diederick Pekterson, otherwise Dederick Pekterson, and George Wackerbarth, of Ratcliffe-highway, Sugar-refiners and Partners.

William MacLary, of Sheldon-court, Bedfordbury, Taylor and Piece Broker.

John Hill, of Dean-street, in St. Paul's, Shadwell, Cooper.

Edward Dunkerton, of Shepton Mallet, in Somersetshire, Clothier.

Edward Collis, of St. James's-street, Wax-chandler.

Charles Whitehouse, of Little St. Martin's-lane, St. Ann, Westminister, Locksmith.

Robert Paul, of Great Ellingham, in Norfolk, Shopkeeper and Grocer.

Joseph Wright, of Great Eastcheap, Chinaman.

William Dingley, of Newgate-street, Stationer.

Benjamin King, of Northaw, in Hertfordshire, Dealer.

James Diamond, of Chalford Bottom, in the parish of Hampton, Gloucestershire, Clothier.

Nicholas Grimshaw, of Manchester, Linen-Printer.

John Hulley, of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, Malster.

T H E

Town and Country Magazine;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For S E P T E M B E R, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. An acknowledged LIKENESS of the beautiful Mrs. W—s. 2. A fine Portrait of Admiral K—. 3. A striking Figure of Mrs. Yates, in the Character of the tragic, and, 4. Of Mrs. Abington in the comic, Muses, whole Lengths, highly finished.

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE;
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

Memoirs of John Choice are inadmissible.

The Speech made in the House of Commons, sent us by A. T. is quite out of Time.

The Epistle from Piscopton, is doubtless replete with very hard Words, which the Author certainly mistook for Wit; but from this Specimen of his Taste and Erudition, we are not in the least surprised that our Miscellany does not afford him any Entertainment.

Charles Truelove's Address to the Ladies may be serious; but it would be considered as an Advertisement.

We cannot discover Mr. Marret's Meaning, in desiring us to engrave his Sketches, as they appear to us quite incomprehensible.

Jurisperitus's Remarks upon D'Amiens are out of Date.

T. B's Remark upon an Error in Shakespeare, we think too trivial to be noticed.

The curious Epistle, signed Consilium, is undeserving any thing but Contempt. This Gentleman is very angry, because in our last Number, in our Account of Italy, we did not pay as much Veneration as he seems to do to Romish Miracles. If they have not a better Defender than this Writer, we are afraid they will not again soon be brought into Reputation; notwithstanding he informs us with equal grammatical Propriety and Elegance, that "a considerable Number of Protestant impartial Perusers of your Repository has remarked, with the greatest Regret and Indignation, unworthy Invectives against the wise Government of the ecclesiastical State, deriding the Clergy, and accusing that most flourishing Monarchy with the basest of Vices, and Idolatry, and superstitious Vices, which I am sure you dare not impute to the Inhabitants of any Christian Nation without universal Censure and Reprobation."

We are astonished W. K. of Liverpool should complain, in his ironical Manner, at our Method of rejecting Pieces sent us, when he owns the only one he ever favoured us with has been inserted. Had he the Task of perusing the Number of insignificant Letters monthly sent us, we flatter ourselves he would alter his Opinion.

S. G—e's poetical Essay is not sufficiently polished for the public Eye.

Observator's Compliment is genteel, polite, and well-timed; but it would argue too much Vanity in the Authors of this Miscellany to insert it.

Curio's Letter is nearly under the same Predicament: to this, however, we shall answer, that the Proprietors exert all their Abilities, without sparing any Expence, to obtain that Intelligence he is so much surprised how they gain.

*Under Consideration, Letters signed X. X. W. D-yl-y; J. F. J. T. ****; Amoiet; W. C. and W. S.*



The Town and Country Magazine;

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Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For SEPTEMBER, 1771.



The State of Europe for September 1771.

ACCOUNT of ENGLAND.

HAVING described the present state of every country in Europe, except Great Britain and Ireland, we think it necessary to be more particular in our narration, as it is very essential to our readers to have a proper knowledge of their own country.

England including Wales, the most southern, the most extensive, populous, rich, and flourishing part of Great Britain, lies in a triangular form, between the fiftieth and fifty-fifth degrees of north latitude; extending about four hundred miles in length from south to north; and, at some places, three hundred miles in breadth; it is bounded by Scotland on the north; by the English channel on the south, dividing it from France; by the German sea on the east; and washed on the west by St. George's or the Irish channel. England, or Anglia, deriving its name from the East Angles of Jutland, who joined

the Saxons in the conquest of this country, is of itself a powerful kingdom, environed with the sea, which hath indented it with a great number of bays and harbours, adapting it in a peculiar manner for commerce and navigation; and several islands appear projecting from different parts of the coast: such as the islands of Scilly, antiently known by the name of Cassiterides, famous for the tin they produced, and lying off the Land's-end, or the extremity of Cornwall: the island of Anglesey, or Mona, divided by a narrow channel from Carnarvonshire, in Wales; the isle of Man, lying off the coast of Lancashire; and many lesser isles.

England, except in a few places, exhibits to the view an enchanting variety of gently swelling hills, level plains, corn fields, meadow grounds, wood and water, intermingled in the most agreeable manner. The champion country is parcelled out into beauteous inclosures, surrounded with quick-set hedges, intermixed with stately oaks and elms. The farmhouses, scattered about in great numbers all over the face of the kingdom,

appear large, neat, and convenient, in the midst of their offices or out-houses. The uncultivated part of the ground is cloathed with a perpetual verdure; and the lands, in general, display the perfection of agriculture. The seats of noblemen and gentlemen rise like enchanted castles on every hand; populous villages, thriving towns, and flourishing cities, abound in every part of the kingdom, which excels all the states of Europe in beauty, opulence, and cultivation.

England, though a champain country, is not altogether free of mountains: the most remarkable of which, are those of the Peak in Derbyshire; the Endle in Lancashire; the Wolds in Yorkshire; the Cheviot hills on the borders of Scotland; the Chiltern in Bucks; Malvern in Worcestershire; Cotswold in Gloucestershire; the Wreken in Shropshire; with those of Penlimmon, and Snowdon, in Wales. There are above threescore forests in England, of which the chief are those of Windsor, Epping, the New Forest, the forests of Dean and of Sherwood: but, indeed, the whole kingdom looks like a forest, so much is it shaded with trees and plantations. There are few lakes in England, considering its extent: the largest are Soham-mere, Wittlesea-mere, and Ramsey-mere, in the isle of Ely, in Cambridgeshire, the fens of which, being overflowed in a rainy season, form one vast lake, forty miles in circumference. There is likewise Winander-mere in Westmoreland: and we find some small lakes, called Derwent-waters, in Lancashire. England is copiously watered with many noble rivers, which not only fertilize the ground, but likewise conduce, in a great measure, to the improvement and prosperity of commerce. The chief are the Thames, the Medway, the Severn, the Trent, the Tyne, the Tees, the Eden, the Lower Avon, the Ribble, and the Mersey. The Thames is composed of the Thame and the Isis, which last is the more considerable of the two. It rises on the confines of Gloucestershire, receives the Churne, and runs north-east

to Lechlade, in Wiltshire, where it unites with the Colne, and becomes navigable; thence continuing its course north-easterly, it is swelled by the Wind-rush, enters Oxford, where it receives the Charwel; then turning south to Abingdon, proceeds to Dorchester, where it is joined by the Thame. Thus increased, it takes an eastward direction, passes by Wallingford, Reading, Marlow, Windsor, Kingston, and Richmond, in its way to London; which having washed, it divides the county of Kent from Essex, and widening as it approaches the ocean, falls into the sea at the Nore, being navigable for large ships from its mouth to London bridge. In the course of a few miles it is adorned with a great number of stately bridges; among which we may number those of London and Westminster, of Kew, Kingston, Hampton-court, Shepperton, Staines, and Maidenhead, besides the wooden bridge at Putney, built upon the plan of that which Cæsar threw over the Rhine. The Medway rises near Tunbridge, passes by Maidstone, runs by Rochester, where it becomes navigable, and discharges itself into the mouth of the Thames, by Sheerness: a river chiefly remarkable for the dock at Chatham, where ships of the first rate are built and repaired for the use of the English navy. The Severn, which in point of importance, is esteemed the second river in England, derives its origin from Plenlimmon-hill in Wales, becomes navigable at Welch-Pool; runs east to Shrewsbury; then turning south, visits Bridgnorth, Worcester, and Tewkesbury, where it receives the Upper Avon: after having passed Gloucester, it takes a south-west direction; is, near its mouth, increased by the Wye and Ustre, and discharges itself into the Bristol Channel near King-road. The Severn runs with a rapid stream, and often overflows the adjacent country. The Trent rises in the moor-lands of Staffordshire; runs south-east by Newcastle-under-line; takes a north-easterly course on the borders of Derbyshire; visits Nottingham, watering that county as far

as Lincolnshire: being joined by the Ouse, and several other rivers near its mouth, it obtains the name of the Humber, and falls into the sea near Hull. The Tyne, taking its rise on the borders of Cumberland, runs easterly through the whole length of Northumberland, and passing through Newcastle, falls into the German sea at Tynemouth. The Tees, rising on the confines of Westmoreland, follows also an easterly course, dividing Yorkshire from Durham, and discharges itself into the German sea below Stockton. The Eden runs northerly through Westmoreland and Cumberland, and passing by Carlisle, runs into the Solway Firth, in the neighbourhood of that city. The Lower Avon runs through Wiltshire to Bath, and dividing Somersetshire from Gloucestershire, proceeds to Bristol, and falls into the mouth of the Severne, below that city. The Ribble waters Lancashire, running a westerly course, and passing by Preston, falls into the Irish sea. The Mersey follows a north-easterly course through Cheshire, dividing that county from Lancashire, and passing by Liverpool, falls into the Irish channel. Besides these rivers, we ought to mention the Dee, which rising in Wales, divides Flintshire from Cheshire, and discharges itself into the Channel below the city of Chester.

England, in most parts, is well supplied with water by subterranean springs and fountains, though very few are free from some mineral impregnation; and in many places there are medicinal wells of great efficacy in various disorders incident to the human frame. The most celebrated of these fountains are the hot baths of Bath and Bristol, in Somersetshire, and of Buxton in Derbyshire; the mineral waters of Tunbridge, Epsom, Dulwich, Acton, Harrogate, and Scarborough.

The atmosphere in England is generally loaded with vapours, occasioned partly by the neighbourhood of the vast Atlantic ocean supplying it with continual exhalations, wafted thither by westerly winds, which blow the greatest part of the year, and partly by the per-

spiration of trees and plants, with which the face of the country is covered. The warmth of the summer season brooding over this moisture, would produce dangerous putrid fevers, were not the air almost incessantly ventilated by sudden gusts of wind or storms, that blow all round the coast. The climate is more unpleasant than unhealthy: the winters are cold, raw, and wet; consequently much more disagreeable than the severe season in more northern climes, where the rivers are locked up with ice, and the inhabitants enjoy a long course of serene and salutary weather. Not but that England is visited with frost and snow in the winter; but these are generally of short continuance: indeed, the weather is so variable, that it is become proverbial, and in a great degree, no doubt, affects the health, spirits, and dispositions of the people, who are remarkably fickle and capricious. The spring begins in April, or rather in February; and in May, the whole country is covered with blossoms: nevertheless, the winter weather continues to prevail with great severity, and while a man's eyes are feasted with all the pomp of vernal bloom, his nerves are chilled by the coldness of the atmosphere. It is in this season that the easterly wind begins to blow with the most disagreeable effect upon vegetables, as well as upon the human body, blasting the promise of the year, and afflicting the valetudinarian with melancholy, rheums, and aches. The summer, as we have already observed, is generally hot and moist; the autumn serene, moderate, and agreeable. But the only criterion of English weather, is its mutability. The winter is sometimes warm, and the summer cold; the spring dry, and the autumn wet; nay, all the gradations of heat and cold are often felt in the compass of one day. These sudden transitions must disorder and obstruct the perspiration. The matter which ought to have been thrown off by this out-let, being detained in the circulation, will excite feverish frays in the animal œconomy, will be thrown upon the lungs, the arms, the joints,

or the membranes of the brain, producing catarrhs, gravel, gout, rheumatism, scurvy, dejection, and madness.

The soil of England is generally a rich clay, though in many places it consists of gravel and sand; and there is a variety of moulds and marles in different parts of the country. Among the minerals of England, the most considerable is the tin in Cornwall, which is found in immense quantities, and has been famous ever since the Phœnicians traded to Great Britain. Wales, and divers other parts of the kingdom, yield abundance of lead, copper, and iron. The lead is impregnated with silver; and some gold has been found in Cornwall. Quarries of excellent free-stone are worked in Derbyshire, Dorsetshire, and Devonshire; and there is a kind of marble found in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. Immense quantities of coal are dug out of the pits of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and the bishopric of Durham: in Northumberland and Cheshire there is plenty of allum and salt pits; and the kingdom abounds with fullers earth, which is of great use in the cloth manufacture. In plenty of corn England exceeds all the countries of Europe. The arable lands produce above five and thirty millions of bushels of wheat annually, great part of which is exported. The same quantity of barley is raised in this kingdom, and made into malt, partly for beer and ale, and partly for the distilling of English spirit and geneva. The poorer ground likewise yields abundance of rye, oats, pease, beans, and vetches; or in the common fields the ground is sown alternately with wheat and horse-corn, and on the third year lies fallow: but land that is well manured will produce a good crop every year. In many parts of England the value of the land has, in a small time, been trebled, by inclosing and sowing it with clover, cinquefoil, trefoil, saint-foin, and lucern, for hay and pasture. The kitchen-gardens abound with all sorts of greens, roots, and fallads, in perfection; such as artichokes, asparagus, cauli-flowers, cab-

bages, coleworts, broccoli, pease, beans, kidney-beans, spinage, beets, lettuce, celery, endive, turneps, carrots, potatoes, mushrooms, leeks, onions and chalcots. There are extensive fields of excellent saffron in Essex and Cambridgeshire; and woad for dying, is raised in Bucks and Bedfordshire. The orchards of England, particularly those of Herefordshire, Devonshire, Worcestershire, and Kent, produce incredible quantities of apples, pears, and cherries; and every garden is stored with a variety of delicate fruits, apricots, nectarines, peaches, and grapes, though it must be owned these do not arrive at perfection in wet seasons, nor do they ever acquire that exquisite flavour by which they are distinguished in southern climates. Among the fruits of England, we may likewise enumerate excellent plumbs, of various genera, raspberries, strawberries, gooseberries, and corinths. By dint of hot-beds and fire-walls, the gardeners in this country, who are the most expert in the whole world, can raise any exotic plant, and produce the most delicate fruits that grow within the tropics. There are few gentlemen in England, whose gardens do not, in summer, exhibit the pine apple in maturity. The plants that grow spontaneously in different parts of England, we shall not pretend to particularize. Suffice it to say, where there is such a variety of hill and dale, sun and shade, soil and weather, with a climate remarkably favourable to vegetation, there must be a great collection and diversity of such herbs, shrubs, and trees, as are found naturally growing in the same degree of latitude on the continent of Europe. Among the vegetable productions, however, we must not forget great quantities of flax and hemp, that are raised in some parts of England; and the considerable plantations of hops that adorn Kent, Essex, Surry and Hampshire. The chief forest trees in this kingdom are oak, ash, elm, and beech: but it produces besides great plenty of walnut-tree, poplar, maple, sycamore, horn-beam, hazle,

ple, willow, fallow, elder, birch, and many other species of wood, which are not counted timber. As for English oak, it is famous for yielding the best plank for shipping, both in consistence, pliability, and duration.

The animals of England may be classed into quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects. The four-footed animals which this kingdom affords in common with other countries, are dogs, foxes, squirrels, ferrets, weazles, lizards, newts, otters, badgers, hedgehogs, polecats, rats, mice, moles, black cattle, sheep, horses, asses, and a few mules. The English oxen are large and fat, and the beef has a delicious flavour; yet in this particular the small breed of Wales and Scotland are preferred by epicures. The English sheep are generally large, and not so valuable for their flesh, as for their fleeces, which constitute the original staple commodity of England. Above twelve millions of fleeces are annually shorn and manufactured in this kingdom: there is a smaller breed of sheep fed upon the downs, for mutton; and this is most prized in all the markets, as being more firm, sweet, and juicy, than that which is fattened in the rank pastures of Essex and Lincolnshire. England breeds beautiful horses for the saddle and the chace, finely proportioned, full of mettle; yet gentle, tractable, docile, and so fleet, that they will run above twenty miles in an hour. There is likewise a stronger breed of draught horses, admirably adapted for coach, carriage, waggon, or war. On these the cavalry are mounted, and they prove the best charging horses in the world, for strength, weight, and spirit. Among the animals peculiar to England, we ought to mention the mastiffs and bulldogs, which, in point of strength and courage, exceed all animals of that species to be found in any other part of the world. There is no creature so huge and formidable that these dogs will not attack singly, whether bulls, bears, lions, or tygers, and, generally speaking, they are victorious: but this surprising spirit degenerates, when these dogs are transported to any other country. This is likewise the

case with the game cocks of England, remarkable for their ferocity and courage. Besides all sorts of poultry in perfection, turkies, peacocks, geese, swans, ducks, and tame pigeons, England affords plenty of wild-fowl, such as bustards, wild geese, wild ducks, teal, widgeon, plover, pheasants, partridge, woodcocks in the season, growse, quail, landraile, snipe, wood-pigeons, hawks of different kinds, kites, owls, herons, crows, rooks, ravens, magpies, jackdaws, and jays, black-birds, thrushes, nightingales, goldfinches, linnets, larks, and a great variety of small birds common to other countries.

The rivers and ponds of England abound with salmon, trout, eels, pike, perch, smelts, carp, tench, barbles, gudgeons, roach, dace, mullet, bream, plaice, flounders, and craw-fish, besides a delicate lake-fish called char, which is found in some fresh-water lakes of Wales and Cumberland. The sea that surrounds this kingdom, teems with cod, mackarel, haddock, whiting, herrings, pilchards, skate, soles, and many other fish of divers denominations: over and above plenty of shell-fish, such as oysters, lobsters, crabs, and shrimps. The coast of England is seldom visited by whales; but there are great numbers of porpusses tumbling about in the channel, and many seals upon the rocks, at the extremity of the island. The reptiles of this country, are adders, vipers, snakes, and worms: the insects, such as are found in other parts of Europe, humble bees, wasps, ants, gnats, and flies in great variety.

[*To be continued.*]

On the CHORUSES of HANDEL.

IN his chorusses Handel is without a rival. That easy, natural melody, and fine flowing air which runs through them, is almost as wonderful a peculiarity as that perfect fulness and variety, amidst which there seems, however, to be no part but what figures, and not a single note that could be spared.

As his Oratorios are all, or most of them, on scripture subjects, so the chorusses in them are quite in the church-style; and it may be said, without extravagance, that the sublime strokes they abound with, look more like the effects of illumination than of mere natural genius. Out of a multitude of examples which might be produced, I will only mention the few following in the Oratorio of the Messiah, viz.

“For unto us a child is born, &c. &c.”

“Lift up your heads, O ye gates! &c.”

“Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth, &c.”

After these vast efforts of genius, we find him rising still higher in the three concluding chorusses, each of which surpasses the preceding, till in the winding up of the Amen, the ear is filled with such a glow of harmony, as leaves the mind in a kind of heavenly extasy.

There are, indeed, but few persons sufficiently versed in music, to perceive either the particular propriety and justness, or the general union and consent of all the parts in these complicated pieces. However, it is very remarkable, that some persons, on whom the finest modulations would have little or no effect, have been greatly struck with the chorusses of Handel. This is, probably, owing to that grandeur of conception which predominates in them, and which, as coming purely from nature, is the more strongly and the more generally felt.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

SIR

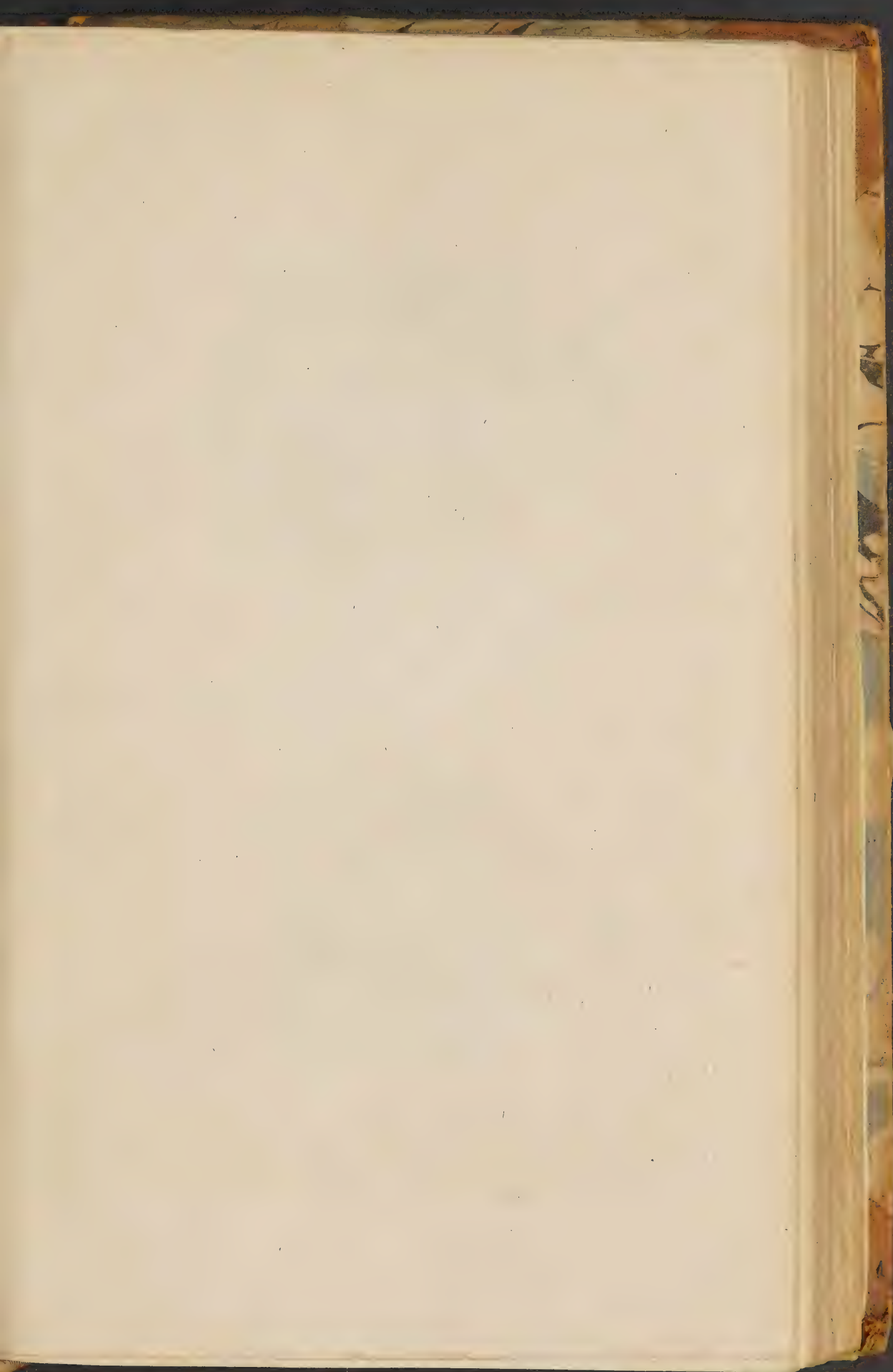
THE expectations of the *polite* people at the watering-places have been greatly disappointed by the attempts made of affording an elegant amusement in masquerade at Southampton, Margate, and Tunbridge. The first, which was expected to be the most brilliant and superb, afforded little or no amusement; most of

the characters being very ill supported, and both the side-board and music very much out of tune. The islanders of Thanet were not, however, without hopes from the improvements Margate had received in buildings and decorations within these three years, and the uncommon throng that appeared there last season, that they would be enabled to eclipse the Southamptoners in this species of diversion; but here they reckoned without their *hops*, for scarce a single person of rank or a woman of fashion was present. Haberdashers, milliners, and habit-makers appeared in their own dresses, as they had been at the expence of carrying them down, in hopes of letting or selling them, and they gained admittance for half a crown a-head. Others, who were not possessed of dresses, appeared unmasked, whilst every person of any consequence were engaged in private parties at the houses of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who were desirous of discountenancing such an expensive kind of diversion, which so strongly branded the place with licentiousness. Notwithstanding the fate of the masquerades at Southampton and Margate, the Tunbridgians, willing to avail themselves of the folly of the times, and levy a tax upon the company in that town, gave a masquerade at a guinea a head. But the departure of the prince of Mecklenburgh, lady Effingham, and most of the persons of consequence the very morning the masked-ball was to take place, threw so great a damp on the entertainment, that not one half of the company remaining at Tunbridge were present, and not a third of those in masquerade dresses.

From these experiments there is reason to believe that the managers at the watering-places will be convinced of their error, and rest satisfied that London is the only proper soil for these amusements; and that it requires the skill, taste, and judgment of an *Heideger*, or a *Cornelys*, to make them elegant and entertaining.

A MASK.

The



N^o XXVI.



Admiral K—l.

N^o XXV.



M^{rs} W—lls.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of Ad——l K———, and Mrs. W——ls.

[The great increase of our correspondents in this department of our Miscellany, at once evinces the attention of the public to this part of our work, and the approbation it receives from the learned, intelligent, and ingenious. The following Memoirs have been transmitted us by a gentleman of eminence in the literary world, to whom we are beholden for many favours; and our readers may rely upon the authenticity of the anecdotes, as we make it an invariable rule never to lay any before them, under this title, until we have received the strongest proof of their not being fictitious.]

IT has been finely observed by Mr. Addison, "that we may generally discover a pretty nice proportion between the strength of reason and passion; the greatest genius's having commonly the strongest affections, as on the other hand, the weaker understandings have generally the weaker passions, and it is fit the fury of the courser should not be too great for the strength of the charioteer. Young men, whose passions are not a little unruly, give small hopes of their ever being considerable; the fire of youth will of course abate, and is a fault, if it be a fault, that mends every day; but surely unless a man has fire in his youth, he can hardly have warmth in old age. We must, therefore, be very cautious, lest, while we think to regulate the passions, we should quite extinguish them, which is putting out the light of the soul; for to be without passion, or to be hurried away with it, makes a man equally blind."

From these considerations how much allowance is to be made, at least to the younger part of our candidates for this department of our work? In the course of this publication we have had occasion to introduce several characters, whose amorous foibles served but as foils to their merit and abilities, and we

SEPTEMBER, 1771.

think our present hero comes under the same predicament.

Scarce had he attained the age of adolescence ere he distinguished himself for his courage and intrepidity in the naval service. He went round the world with commodore Anson, and was present at the taking of Païta in the South-seas, where he narrowly escaped death from a cannon-ball, which took off part of a jockey-cap then on his head.

In consequence of an outrage offered to the British flag by the Algerine corsairs, he was sent with seven ships of war to demand satisfaction, as well as to compromise certain differences which had arisen from an ill-grounded claim of the dey of Algiers upon our court; when the Musselmens frankly owned that the money they had taken from on board an English packet, had been divided among the captors, and could not be refunded; however, an Algerine ambassador was sent to London, with curious and valuable presents, in order to apologize for the conduct of his countrymen. In the year 1752, two treaties of peace and commerce were concluded and ratified with the states of Tripoli and Tunis on the coast of Barbary, under the influence and auspices of a British squadron, commanded by commodore K———. In 1758, he was appointed to the command of another squadron, destined to invade the island of Goree, in the river Senegal. After a tempestuous passage, he arrived at Goree in the latter end of December, and the commodore made a disposition for attacking the island, which was remarkably strong by nature, but very indifferently fortified. A severe and dreadful cannonade from the men of war compelled the French garrison to desert their quarters; and the governor surrendered.

In the month of November, 1759, being with admiral Hawke in the memorable battle with M. Conflans, at a second broadside he sunk a French ship of war of 74 guns, with 780 men on board.

On the 29th of March, 1761, he sailed with ten ships of the line, and

3 N

several

several frigates, to make a descent on the island of Belleisle on the coast of Brittany. The redoubts were taken by assault, and the citadel capitulated the 7th of June. The year following he commanded, in conjunction with Sir George Pocock, the fleet that was sent with troops, under his brother the E. of A. to reduce the Havannah; in which he displayed great skill and courage as a naval commander, and was highly instrumental in forcing the place to surrender.

As a testimony of royal approbation, he was created a rear-admiral, and appointed groom of the bed-chamber; but these distinctions, honourable as they are, become trivial when compared to the applause of future ages, as these glorious exploits will hand his name down to the latest posterity, which must admire his virtues, and venerate his memory.

As a man of honour, and a contemner of hypocrisy, he has never made any secret of his strong affection for the fair-sex, nor will he ever think it a disgrace to be conquered by their charms. He agrees with Virgil,

*In furias ignemque ruunt, amor omnibus
idem;*

and pretends not to oppose a passion, which is as natural as it is universal.

As he has ever considered the *amor patria* the first object of attention to a citizen and a hero, he has never dedicated a moment of that time which could increase the glory or honour of his country to amorous dalliance; yet in his hours of private relaxation, we find he has always judged the ladies deserving of his secondary consideration.

Under his auspices the celebrated Kitty Fisher first made her appearance as a courtesan upon the *bon ton*. This lady, who fell a martyr to the cosmetic art, at a time when she had the least occasion to risk her health in promoting her beauty, having married a man* of family and fortune, was not above eighteen when she was taken notice of

by the admiral. But *universal conquest* was her passion, and though Mr. K—— supported her in a state of sumptuous affluence, gratitude not being among the number of virtues she possessed, her splendour tended but to increase her admirers, and promote her infidelity.

This connection subsided in favour of Mrs. W——ms, a lady endowed with many good qualities, which set off a very agreeable person to great advantage. She was the daughter of a naval officer, who being left at the death of her father without any certain provision, Mr. K—— proposed she should regulate his household, and live with him upon an amicable footing; but, as the song says,

“Friendship with woman is sister to love.”

A short time produced a closer intimacy than was at first thought of, probably, on either side. Her prudence and good nature went hand in hand to promote the interest of her friend. She regulated his domestic affairs with as much solicitude, as if she been managing her own family. She seldom appeared in any public place, and occasioned him no expence in the superfluities of ornamental dress or parade. In a word, she had many valuable dispositions, and but very few visible imperfections. The admiral had a just notion of her merit; and there is reason to think, that nothing but the great debt of nature could have separated them: she was carried off in the prime of life by the small pox. Her loss he really lamented, and could not be induced, for a considerable time, by all the powers of beauty to unite again in so close a compact with the fair sex. His duty called him abroad, and he formed no fresh alliance till after his return from the Havannah.

Upon his return, many transient amours engrossed his attention. He occasionally visited Miss T——, the dancer, but without any strong propensity for such a professed rake: it was, however, at her apartments, that he once more found the little deity flutter

* Mr. N——, member for R——

flutter round his heart ; but these emotions were not in behalf of Miss T——, but Mrs. W—lls her visitor. The admiral was instantly struck with the beauty of Mrs. W—lls's person, which was tall, genteel, and elegant. Her features were uncommonly regular, and her eyes remarkably expressive, greatly heightened by a fine, clear, fair complexion, unassisted by art.

He called Miss T—— aside, and inquired who this lovely visitor was. Miss T—— readily informed him, that she was a young gentlewoman, who had been extremely well brought up, but having married a low fellow, who used her very ill, she was compelled to work as a journeywoman mantua-maker, to support herself and a son, who was then at school. Having obtained this intelligence, and her address, he made her such proposals as she readily complied with. He furnished her a house in park-lane, (the bow-window two doors from a noted livery stable) settled an annuity of five hundred a-year upon her, and gave her a genteel equipage.

Mrs. Sarah W—lls had now an opportunity of displaying her taste and fancy in dress and amusements. Distractedly fond of her boy, she had his picture painted by an eminent artist, which she hung over her chimney in her dining-room ; and as she fancies him an Adonis, she takes peculiar care to let every one know who visits her, either for business or entertainment, that *the sweet boy is her dear son*. She has placed him at a very genteel board-school at Richmond, and is not without hopes that he will one day make a very capital figure in the army or navy.

She has a very violent passion for hunting, and constantly takes care to have a country house near a pack of hounds. She accordingly took one some time since in Windsor Forest, where she displayed her agility upon many occasions, on a very fleet horse, and was frequently in at the death. Hearing there was great sport in the neighbourhood of Uxbridge, she employed her attorney to hire her a

house in that quarter ; but by some accident not being able to compass her design in those environs, she made a tour about the middle of this summer through Hertfordshire, and finding the house of the unfortunate Mr. Powell *, now confined in Newgate for a supposed forgery, to be let, she applied to the proprietor (Mr. G—b—n, a worthy inn-keeper, and a jolly sportsman, well known on the north road) who immediately entered into an agreement with Mrs. W—lls, and she is now in possession of the house and land adjoining. She has derived uncommon spirits from her situation, being within hearing of lord M—llb—n, and Mr. R—tcl—ffe's packs, which she never fails to follow whenever they are out, dressed in the most fashionable Equestrian stile.

Would we could add, that our Dian in every respect resembled her *chaste* patroness ; but if malevolence is not too busy with her fame, the temple of Venus in Stanhope-street, May-fair, under the direction of that skilful matron Mrs. F—g—n, often receives her visits, and she as often sacrifices upon the altar of love, with a H—t—r, or a L—d—w.

— *Nimium ne crede colori.*

VIRG.

Many supposed proofs of these infidelities have been attempted by her enemies, who have gone so far as to transmit in writing to the admiral such corroborations of her guilt as they thought would induce him to discard her from his friendship. Her irregular hours of returning home, which have occasioned frequent disturbances in the neighbourhood, have been among the number of these testimonies.

Whether these accusations are founded in truth or malevolence, we will not pretend absolutely to determine ; she has, at least, the art of persuading her admirer, that they are the mere effects of malice, envy, and detraction, and accordingly laughs at the voice of scandal, whilst the admiral con-

* At Ealing.

stantly furnishes her with the finest hunters to be met with, and a coach with several servants daily attend her commands.

Such is the present situation of Mrs. W—lls, that meteor of the course, that phænomenon of the chace, the object of universal admiration to the men, of general envy and detraction to the women. Let not, however, her faults obliterate the remembrance of her virtues: she is generous to her friends, and hospitable to her guests, with as little vanity as falls to the share of most fine women, and with more good sense than many possess.

*To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY
MAGAZINE.*

RARE work! Sir, fine sport! for you and the proctors—Another divorce! Adultery is certainly a contagion: and though lady V—said at Bath, whoring was not catching, I sincerely believe cuckold making is in London. What signify your Cado-gans and your Hills pretending to cure the gout and other chronic disorders, when they over-look those complaints that are infinitely more fatal and more prevalent. A specific against Adultery would be the most salutary nostrum in the whole *materia medica*. Acts of parliament and spiritual courts have been proved of no sort of efficacy against the disorder—it must be radically cured—those palliatives do but enable the patient to communicate the disease. When a woman of fashion and spirit finds that a Bun—y, or a Gr—r, are but the more talked of for cornuting their husbands, she resolves no longer to remain in obscurity, but to be a woman of consequence in the republic of gallantry; and to *establish her reputation*, she probably hurries into an intrigue with her coachman or postilion, without pleasure or choice, that she may obtain a place in time among the annual list of women of importance.

I have seen a humorous proposal in your Magazine for a tax upon the delinquents, proportionate to the rank

of the offenders: but if this scheme were really carried into execution, it would, as matters stand at present, only enable them to ruin their husbands more speedily, whilst they were prostituting their beds; and when once their dear spouses were confined in jail for their offences, they might sin on with impunity, and without the fear of detection.

Nothing less than imprisonment for life, or an incapacitation of repeating the crime, can prevent the present women of fashion from being in taste. This, perhaps, may be thought very severe by the ladies; but let them for a moment forget their sex, and make our case their own. Not to mention the mortification every man must feel (except a B—y) in knowing he is a cuckold, the aggravation of finding another man is preferred to him by his wife, perhaps a footman or a hair-dresser, is insupportable. To be the scoff of his own servant, who whilst he is waiting behind his chair, is, perhaps, ogling his wife, and laughing at his master, is not to be borne. Again, to think he may be the imaginary father of a spurious breed, who are to possess his fortune, and succeed to his name and title, is enough to drive him distracted. This, Sir, is my situation, and I think I have a right to complain, and point out a salutary remedy.

A CUCKOLD.

N. B. I shall be divorced next week, and John goes away to-night; but what avail these things, I am still what I subscribe myself.

*To the Printer of the TOWN and COUN-
TRY MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

THE death of a near relation, from whom I had always the most flattering expectations, having made me master of a considerable fortune, I began to indulge the wishes of my heart, and retire from public business, in my fortieth year, with an agreeable

agreeable wife, and an amiable daughter. Soon after this important scheme took place, we mutually agreed upon a summer excursion to one of those polite receptacles of company and diversions, which are very significantly stiled *watering-places*. Scarborough was the place we had fixed upon; but an old friend, with whom I had formerly some connections in business, accidentally dropping in one day, recommended me to try the sea-baths at Yarmouth. To me each place was alike, amusement was my only motive for this jaunt; and as I had some years ago seen the former, my curiosity led me to prefer the latter. The point being settled with the females, we set off in high spirits to pursue our scheme, and arrived at this doughty metropolis of salt and water, without any accident. Lodgings being procured, and the ladies recovered of their fatigue, I began to indulge my curiosity (which, with a fondness for investigating the characters of mankind, was always my ruling passion) by visiting the bath, frequenting the company, and joining in the diversions of the place; though vastly inferior to Margate, Brighthelmston, &c. yet we found the time pass away agreeably; and as every soil produces a mixture of *vegetables*, I found many extraordinary characters in the place, which gave me infinite delight. Three particular ones I cannot forbear introducing to the notice of the public.

The first is Mr. Doodle, a gentleman who takes all possible pains to shine as a wit; but unhappily wants every requisite qualification, and who by making every person in company the object of his satire, is constantly the butt of the whole. Has a modest man a particular foible? Doodle convinces him of his great esteem, by hitting off his gesture to his face; drinks his health with an unmeaning solemnity of affectation, and plays upon his character for the sake of the laugh. He says the rudest things with the best grace imaginable, and has the happy art of being witty, without saying any thing at all. By the tho-

rough command of his features, he is an universal mimic, and in his company the gravest must smile, at what the wisest must condemn.

The second is the famous Fabricius, who from a low station in life, by superior abilities, uncommon application, and infinite industry, has raised himself to the place, which he deservedly holds, in the friendship of the few, the approbation of most, and the admiration of all; and whose candour, politeness, and affability, must amply compensate for the vanity and ambition of that character, which, without those foibles, would be completely respectable. Fabricius is a politician of the highest order, for he has ability to plan, and power to execute; the former he has evidently shewn, the latter is universally confessed. No prime-minister of Great Britain had ever more scandal thrown upon their measures, or their actions more vilified, than the little patriots, and puny wits, of this place, have cast upon Fabricius; but he rises superior to malice, and enjoys the envy of others with the conscious dignity of worth. Had his views been directed by his pretensions, we must equally have respected the *Monarch of Fleg*; whilst we admire the character of Fabricius.

The third is the celebrated Curiosus, an antiquarian at twenty, who has spent the last three years in the unvaried pursuit of every appearance of age; and can tell within a month the date of a coin from the weight of its metal, or the age of a manuscript from the dust on its cover. Though intimately acquainted with the rise of Cataline's conspiracy, he forgets who is first lord of the Treasury; and though able to give the minutest account of the disposition of the Phalanx, he is ignorant of the commanding officer at the battle of Dettingen. Would you speak to Curiosus? he ushers you into a room entirely filled with scraps of antiquity, and enjoys your admiration with the most heart-felt satisfaction. *Moribus antiquis* is his favourite motto, and he is now learning to speak the language, and cultivate the

the manners of the thirteenth century. He is the perfect patron of ancient learning, which he looks upon to be superior to every thing. Gruter and Tom Hearne are with him the greatest men the world ever produced; and he would not part with his late acquired F. S. A. to be lord-viscount Bolton. He is now employed in counting the number of Roman bricks in the wall of Burgh-castle, to add, by way of appendix, to his elaborate treatise on the *durable Mortar of the Ancients*; and to shew his skill in later biography, as well as in the more ancient history, he is preparing for the press, "The Life and Adventures of his late worthy Friend." But Curiosus, abstracted from his favourite pursuit and its attendant foibles, has a benevolence of heart that does him honour.

I should probably have been able to give you a sketch of some other remarkable characters, had not an accident happened which effectually prevented me. A new fashion, which I could not entirely approve, arose in a peculiar manner. Bathing has been commonly performed by each sex alone; but a good-natured gentleman and lady, for the joke-sake, agreed one morning to alter the old form, and mutually assist each other in the arduous task of dashing the briny wave, unadorned by dress, and in a state of nature. So fearing this innovation might soon become universal, I packed up my wife and daughter, discharged my lodgings, and in a few days found myself at home.

Great Queen-street. MOMUS.

AN ESSAY ON PROPRIETY.

(Continued from Page 368.)

NO improper companion for Ned Slaughter, as an absurd character I mean, is a female personage in half high life at present, who would make a very laughable appearance in Foote's *comic corps*, were she of consequence enough to merit his theatrical attention. On the strength of her *purse* she dresses in a glaring stile; and by overloading her frightful person

with ornaments most injudiciously arranged, makes as ridiculous a figure as can possibly be seen. Her ugliness might be supported, if she did not take pains to render it still more conspicuous by the paltry tricks of the toilet; but the vulgarity of her language is intolerable.

Miss Dripping cannot boast, with the least propriety, either of her birth or her education. Her parents were subterraneous venders of vegetables; she was born in a cellar, and educated in a kitchen. Her first introduction as a servant was in the character of a scullion; but she made a shift by her diligence and dexterity, under the tuition of an experienced cook of her own sex, to be thought worthy of supplying her fiery station, on her moving off, in consequence of some flaming addresses from the butler, *to be made an honest woman*. As a cook, Dolly acquired no small applause in several places in which she successively operated in her *walk*; and had not fortune, in a cruel wanton fit, thought proper to *distinguish* her from her companions in a very particular manner, she might have been, peradventure, at this moment a respectable figure. Being unexpectedly possessed of seven thousand pounds, by the sudden death of a miserable old uncle, who had scraped together that sum by pawn-broking and parsimony, she became quite intoxicated with her *lumping legacy*, as she vulgarly called it, and from that instant would not defile her hands with any thing relating to culinary matters. The pot and the spit, the frying-pan and gridiron, were equally beneath her notice, and she left her mistress without giving her warning, with an odd flight of generosity, however, for she desired her to divide the wages due to her among her fellow-servants.

Miss Dripping affords every day, amidst her magnificence, new proofs of the meanness of her origin: yet, as she *plays cards*, she is well received at the politest tables in town. Some needy adventurer, perhaps, will in a short time snap her up, in order to disen-

disentangle his perplexed affairs, with the assistance of her Bank-annuities; but whether she remains single, or gives her *self* to an insinuating fellow in a desperate situation (for he must surely be hard pressed for cash, who can bring himself to go to church with her) she will, probably, soon have no reason, either by her own extravagance, or the *manœuvres* of an artful husband, to rejoice at the remembrance of her uncle's liberal bequest: in an evil hour did that bequest come into her possession. As a *cook* Dolly behaved with a propriety which gave great satisfaction to all who employed her: as a *fine lady*, Miss Dripping's behaviour cannot be defended; *nature* intended her for a *kitchen*; *art* can never make her fit for a court.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

From my Garret in Labour-in-vain Alley.

S I R,

I Am not ashamed to let you know I live in a garret, or that I live in an alley; but I am chagrined a little to inform you, that I *labour in vain* with my *pen* for a decent subsistence. However, as I was never addicted to despair, as I am naturally of a cheerful disposition, as I am, by a certain natural constitutional composure, sufficiently fortified against the frowns of fortune (I pity some *rich people* who are not sufficiently armed against her *smiles*) I shall, instead of complaining of my hard fate in the lamentable language of an unphilosophical fellow who cannot bear the slightest disappointment, send you a small panegyric upon my *aërial apartment*, and endeavour to convince you that the advantages arising from the residence in a garret are by no means inconsiderable.

In what age, in what nation, have not garrets produced great men? Whenever I make my entrance into mine, I feel myself, though but a little man, inspired by the salubrity of

the situation, and fancy myself surrounded by all the illustrious garreteers, who ever toiled in the vineyard of literature. How many bright poets, and how many profound philosophers, have, within my own memory, entertained or instructed the town with their wit and their learning, from lofty lodgings! men, who would certainly have made a shining figure in the world, had not their excessive *modesty* prevented them from making an ostentatious display of their superior talents.

Among the numerous advantages of a garret its solitude is not the least. To the student solitude is absolutely a *sine qua non*; and in a garret a man may depend upon the enjoyment of it without interruption: no officious friends, no impertinent flatterers, disturb him in his meditations; he is as effectually forgotten as if he was dead: but he loses nothing by his oblivion as a man who gains immortal reputation as an *author*; and such a reputation has, I apprehend, more frequently been acquired by the humble inhabitant of a *garret*, than the pompous possessor of a *tusculum*.

I am, &c.

CÆNACULARIUS.

An odd ANECDOTE of an Earl of
SUFFOLK.

EDWARD Howard, earl of Suffolk, with great inclination to versify, and some derangement of his intellects, was so unlucky as not to have his *furor* of the true poetic sort. A gentleman, on his first appearance as an author, was sent for by this lord to his house. His lordship told him that he employed many of his idle hours in poetry, but that having the misfortune to be of the same name with the honourable Edward Howard, so much ridiculed in the last age, no printer would meddle with his works, which he therefore desired the gentleman to re-
com-

commend to some of the profession of his acquaintance. The gentleman excused himself as well as he could: the earl then began to read some of his verses, but coming to the description of a beautiful woman, he suddenly stopped, and said, "I am not like most poets, Sir; I do not draw from ideal mistresses, I always have my subject before me." Then ringing his bell, he said to a footman, "call up *fine eyes*." A woman of the town appeared. "*Fine eyes*," said the earl, "look full on this gentleman:" she did, and retired. Two or three others of the seraglio were summoned in their turns, and displayed the respective charms for which they had been distinguished by his lordship's pen.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE amusement and information I have received from the numerous original pieces that constantly appear in your Magazine, has induced me to become a purchaser; and the ambition, perhaps vanity of appearing among the number of your ingenious writers, now propels me to become your correspondent. It gives me infinite pleasure to be able to trace in real life your heroes and heroines, who flourish upon the theatre of gallantry, and never to have yet been at a stand in discovering your oddities and adventurers.

I shall give you the character of one of the last, who has made no small *eclat* in this metropolis, as a man of gallantry and an author. The gentleman I mean is neither more nor less than the celebrated colonel C——. He came over here about ten years ago, after having served in the French army, and having a little cash, and a good share of effrontery, he made a very genteel appearance, and insinuated himself into some of the best company. He soon after formed a connexion with mademoiselle M—re, the dancer, and was judged by every one to be her favourite man. The alliance lasted near two years, when it broke off in a storm. She arrested the colonel for a considerable sum, which she pretended he owed her, and lodged him in the Marshalsea prison. The account he gave of this transaction was, that when mademoiselle M—re was in the

summer season, during the vacation of the play-houses, greatly distressed for money, she desired him to pledge her jewels; in order to raise the necessary finances, which he accordingly did, and the money was spent in house-keeping. He remained in the Marshalsea till the last act of Insolvency took place, when he was set at large, and has ever since appeared upon the *paré de Londres* with a sword and bag, and sometimes in a chariot: but the colonel has now put down his equipage, as it did not at length roll quite so easily for him as he could have desired.

The colonel has written several pieces in French, and *promised* several more. His expected *History of England* has raised him a considerable sum, in the polite way of begging, commonly stiled subscription-hunting, and he has from time to time favoured the public with a list of his subscribers; but probably this will be the only publication that it will produce, as he has disposed of the plates he had engraved for the work in embryo.

In justice to the colonel, it must be acknowledged, that in this species of business (i. e. *subscription-hunting*) he is the greatest adept that ever appeared in this kingdom. He admits of no refusal, takes no hints, but the metallic ore, and has that easy assurance which supercedes all embarrassment.

Messieurs Garrick and Colman having through importunity granted him the freedom of their houses, he seldom fails in the winter season to be an ostensible figure in the side or front boxes, and is not without hopes of captivating another dancer for pleasure or profit.

The colonel may not probably chuse to acknowledge this portrait, though the features are very striking, and strongly resemble the original. If he should be desirous of knowing who is the limner, let him remember he has some creditors not far from St. Clement's church, and then he will easily guess that I am

O N E.

ANECDOTE of FRANCIS, Duke of BRITTANY.

FRANCIS, duke of Brittany, one of the most accomplished and valiant persons in the age in which he lived, the age of romantic gallantry, used to say, "That he liked the princess of Scotland, to whom he was a suitor, the better for being quite illiterate, as a woman was wise enough who knew her husband's shirt from his doublet."

The

the least desire to return to Ireland, a kingdom in which he had no property in any shape, and from which he had removed himself agreeably to the information in the letter already mentioned, to avoid the ineligible confinement of a jail.

The lady, who had dispatched that letter to Miss Leeson, on having heard from a correspondent in England that Mr. Williamson made his addresses to her, was a Miss Swynney, whom he had seduced, and whom he had promised in writing to marry, when he was in a situation to maintain her in the way she would chuse to live as his wife.

Miss Swynney, pacified by that promise, waited with some impatience about two years, especially as she saw her seducer rising in fortune and reputation at the bar, to which he had been brought up; but on his making connexions with a set of extravagant young fellows, the sons of men rolling in riches, she saw his attachment to them with the sincerest concern. The day on which she was informed of his abrupt departure from Dublin, in consequence of being totally ruined by a run of ill luck at the gaming-table, almost proved fatal to her. It was a long time before she recovered from the first severe shock her spirits received from a piece of intelligence of so stunning a nature; but she gradually grew more and more composed, and endeavoured to forget that there ever had been any transactions between the man on whom she doated, and herself. She endeavoured to blot him from her memory, but all her efforts to bury past scenes in oblivion were ineffectual. She pined in thought, and sat like the fine figure of Patience, so inimitably described by our Warwickshire bard.

In a truly melancholy condition did Miss Swynney spend her time, full of uncertainty about her still beloved seducer, and feeling inexpressible disquiet on his account, as she could not but imagine that he was extremely distressed for want of money. Her disquietudes were the more acute, as she knew how unable she was to assist him, could she procure any news of his motions.

Frank was in truth so completely fleeced by his gaming companions, that the payment of his debts of *honour* necessarily obliged him to leave those of *justice* unsettled; and as those were numerous, he thought it most prudent, most *political* it certainly was, to decamp. He was not, however, after his decampment, quite in the distressful situation his fond Fanny supposed him to be. Luckily for him, he

met with from the man to whom he repaired for a shelter from his creditors, a much better reception than he deserved.

Mr. Thomas Hillhouse, finding him willing to go to England, supplied him with cash sufficient to bear his sailing and travelling expences, and *consigned* him to a merchant in London, with whom he had many years had large dealings. "My friend George Nelson," said he, "will furnish you with money to the amount of two hundred pounds; with that sum you must endeavour to make a push for the improvement of your fortune. I cannot venture to advance any more for you."

Frank returned him many thanks for his generosity, and assured him that if he should prove a successful adventurer in England in any way, he would think of an immediate restitution, with the most grateful acknowledgments.

Mr. Nelson, in compliance with Mr. Hillhouse's request, furnished Frank, at *undry times*, with the sum specified in his letter relating to it; but when he was urged to lend him a *cool hundred* upon his own account, gravely replied, "No, Mr. Williamson, not a shilling more will you receive from me, unless you produce an order from Mr. Hillhouse. To deal plainly with you, Sir, I do not think you know how to make a right use of money; you are, therefore, the most improper person in the world to have it in your possession: I scorn to flatter any man, Mr. Williamson, and I must tell you freely, that if you want any more sums to throw away, you must not come to me."

Frank, provoked at Mr. Nelson's sturdy, and as he thought rude behaviour, left him in a very ill humour. Being soon after persuaded by one of his successful countrymen to look out sharp for a lady with a large fortune, he resolved to take his advice. Miss Leeson happened to be the first lady recommended to his attention. For L———, as soon as the probabilities in his favour were pointed out, he set off, with all possible expedition, after having borrowed five hundred pounds of an old usurer (who struck a very hard bargain with him) in order to make a flashy appearance; flattering himself that such an appearance, added to his own personal accomplishments, would enable him to carry his designs speedily into execution.

Miss Swynney's tender griefs continued to prey upon her spirit. Till she heard that Mr. Williamson was making his addresses to Miss Leeson, of L———. Resentment then extinguished sorrow, and she

resolved instantly to write a letter to that lady, which would be sufficient, in her opinion, to deter her from giving him her hand.

Having an opportunity in a few weeks afterwards to make a voyage to England with an agreeable family, she readily embraced it, as she eagerly longed to see the man again who had occasioned her so much unhappiness, and who was on the point of falsifying his solemn promises to her, promises which he had strengthened with his pen.

When she had been a few hours at Chester, she was informed that the marriage, which she had endeavoured to prevent, had been consummated.

"I cannot *unmarry* them, but I can render their marriage unhappy. The perjured wretch shall severely repent of his infamous behaviour to me; and his infatuated wife, for paying no regard to the warning which I gave her concerning him, shall be punished for her folly."

Such was the soliloquy dictated by revenge.

In this situation she struck upon an expedient in order to get at Mr. Williamson, which had rather a romantic appearance, but it answered her purpose. She set out for London, scheming an advertisement all the way she went; and, on her arrival, carried it to Jenour.

In consequence of that advertisement Frank met his long forsaken mistress at the place appointed. He was infinitely surprized at her unexpected appearance.---She, instead of reproaching him as she had fully intended for his past cruelty, was so much softened at the sight of him, that she could only chide him in the gentlest accents for not having fulfilled his engagements with her. In short, Frank was affected in such a manner by her tender carriage, that he felt all his former fondness for her rush in upon him, and solemnly swore to attach himself to her, and to no woman upon earth but her.

Mrs. Williamson, finding a considerable change in her husband's behaviour to her, and naturally suspecting from his frequent evening dissertations that another woman shared those endearments to which she alone was entitled, took as much pains as she could, without alarming him, to discover the cause of his nocturnal migrations.

At last, by the accidental sight of a card which had been dropped in a passage leading to his apartment, she gained the wished-for intelligence.

While she was sitting with the card in

her hand (now melted with love, and now stung with resentment, this moment resolved to come upon the criminal pair when they could not be prepared for a visit from her, and the next to try to recover her husband's heart by the mildest measures) the entrance of a young gentleman in the army, nearly related to her, induced her to ask him how she should act in so mortifying a condition.

Captain Spelman, being a young fellow of more vivacity than prudence, proposed a rash *manœuvre*, as her compliance with it would have probably converted the mere neglect of her husband into actual ill usage.

Just when Spelman had spirited up his cousin to act agreeably to his plan of operations, Frank made his appearance.

Mrs. Williamson immediately attacked her husband with very harsh language, and he returned the charge with equal, if not superior acrimony.

The captain, irritated by some expressions which glanced, he thought, too strongly at him, demanded satisfaction with the utmost celerity of utterance, laying his hand upon his sword.

Frank had no sword on, but soon fetched one from the adjoining apartment. Mrs. Williamson fell upon her knees, and conjured him to carry it back, but to no purpose. In a few passes with his impetuous antagonist he was run through the body. He had but just time enough to declare with difficulty, that he had, by the precipitance of his deportment, and the intemperance of his speech, merited his fate.

THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

A TALE.

THE folly of attempting to undertake employments for which we are not fitted by nature or education, has been often insisted upon by the moral philosopher, and often exposed by the satirist; but in spite of all the cogent arguments of the one, and all the witty sarcasms of the other, we see men perpetually appearing to the greatest disadvantage by misapplying their talents, and mispending their time.

Mr. Charles Tracy, a young merchant, finding himself at his father's death possessed of a much larger fortune than he expected, got rid of his commercial connections as soon as he could, bought an estate in the north of England, and commenced a country gentleman; a character in which, indeed, he could not possibly shine;

THE FATAL RENCONTRE.

A MORAL TALE.

IF every woman, addressed by a man as a lover, would, in case of her feeling any tender emotions for him rising in her bosom, make the most prudential enquiries in her power concerning his character before she puts her person into his possession, we should not, probably, hear so many of the fair-sex uttering bitter complaints of the perfidy of their admirers: complaints which, unluckily for them, do not always excite compassion, because they have suffered *inclination* to run away with *discretion*.

Miss Leeson, a young heiress with fifteen thousand pounds in her own hands, with no parents or guardians to controul her, was, naturally, very much followed; she was followed, however, chiefly for her fortune, not having either personal or intellectual charms sufficient to render her distinguished for her appearance or conversation. She had a plain person, and a plain understanding; but she was vain enough to fancy, that she was both a beauty and a wit. We are obliged to vanity for many of our pleasures, we also derive from that flattering passion many of our pains. By making false estimates of our talents and accomplishments, we often make capital mistakes in our commerce with the world; mistakes which a just survey of ourselves, would have, perhaps, prevented. Those who are under the dominion of vanity, are rarely sensible of the errors they have committed till they have suffered for them.

A woman, with fifteen thousand pounds in her own hands, will never want admirers, if she is as ugly as Medusa, and as foolish as lady M——. Miss Leeson's admirers were numerous, and she was particularly prejudiced in favour of one of them, because the strains of adulation with which he regaled her ears, sounded more melodiously than any others which were addressed to them. They were, indeed, of the most intoxicating kind, and as they issued from the lips of

“A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art
To warm and win the coldest heart;”
they were of course irresistible.

A fine, florid, handsome, young fellow, in the prime of life, five feet ten, an Hibernian adventurer, was the man who made a deep impression upon the heart of Miss Leeson; and he kept all his rivals at so great distance by his superior figure, as well as superior front, that they, in a short

time after his arrival at L——l, despaired of success.

Frank Williamson had not only a striking figure, an insinuating manner, and a *modest assurance*, but he also appeared in a superb style of life. His equipage was brilliant, his liveries were showy, and he was himself always dressed to the greatest advantage.

The true fortune-hunter, in his approaches to the lady whom he singles out for his prey, takes the utmost care to conceal his real design from her, and avails himself of every stratagem to induce her to believe that he is not influenced by lucrative considerations to make his addresses to her; it is his peculiar business to persuade her, that his passion for her is totally disinterested, and that his own fortune is respectable enough to prevent his being deemed guilty of any mercenary proceedings.

Frank was thoroughly qualified, in every respect, to hunt for a fortune in the female world, and he thought himself extremely lucky by finding in Miss Leeson as proper an object as could possibly have fallen in his way. He had been so conversant with the sex, and had studied their characters with so much accuracy, that he, in a very short time, discovered every foible lurking in the mind of his new mistress; and he had too much sagacity not to improve all her weakness to his own emolument.

While he was at breakfast one morning with a bosom friend of his, and brother-adventurer, he was not a little flattered by the compliments he received from that friend about his generalship: “You have played your part with a d——d deal of dexterity, Frank, said he: the credulous girl idolizes you: I am only puzzled to account for your delay. You have made a complete conquest of her heart, and I dare say you may have her hand whenever you ask for it.”

“I am quite of your opinion, Dick, but I chuse to move with deliberation, because I would by no means appear too eager to touch her fortune. I have made her believe that I have a good estate in Ireland; and she has so great a confidence in me, that, upon my offering to send for my rent-roll, she told me, with a fond smile, (a cursed silly one, by-the-by) that she could depend upon my honour.”

“Then why the devil don't you snap her up directly? If I could find a girl, with half Miss Leeson's fortune, as ready to fly into my arms as she is in yours, I should immediately open them for her reception;

ception: I would soon bubble her into matrimony, seize her money, and then"—

"Leave her in the lurch!"—

"That I would, I assure you."

At that instant they were interrupted by the entrance of one of Mr. Williamson's servants, who brought him a note from Miss Leeson.

The note contained few words, but they threw him into some perplexity.

"Miss Leeson wishes to see Mr. Williamson as soon as possible, concerning something of importance."

Frank left his friend abruptly, and hurried to his Charlotte's apartments, inexpressibly agitated about the brevity and obscurity of her laconic billet.

The reception which he met with embarrassed him a little. She received him with a very grave face, and asked him a question which increased his embarrassment.

"Pray, Sir, have you not deceived me with regard to your fortune?"

Frank, thoroughly sensible that he had not a single acre in Ireland, nor indeed in any part of Christendom, was disconcerted by so home an interrogation; but he soon recovered himself, and with his usual effrontery, which had often brought him off when his conscience was hard pressed, replied, "Deceived you, my dear Madam!—Yes—certainly—and I was in hopes of keeping up the deception till your arrival in Ireland: I have only acquainted you, continued he, forcing a laugh, with half the value of my estate."

"Take care, Mr. Williamson, replied she, with a countenance not at all enlivened with his answer; take care, Sir—I have a letter very near me from a lady, who informs me, that, instead of having any estate in Ireland, you were obliged to fly from your creditors."

This reply was entirely unexpected: however, as Frank was determined not to be absolutely routed for want of *brass*, he begged Miss Leeson to let him see the letter in which such a falsehood had been asserted to his prejudice.

Miss Leeson, as she was, in spite of the letter she mentioned, strongly prepossessed in his favour, was willing to give him an opportunity to contradict the intelligence in it, and, therefore, stepping to another part of the room, and taking the letter out of her work-basket, complied with his request.

Frank read the letter with sensations which gave him pleasure, but he strove to hinder them from being legible in his face; and, when he had finished the perusal of it,

answered with the utmost coolness and unconcern, "I am extremely glad, madam, that you have favoured me with the sight of this curious epistle (putting it with great deliberation into his pocket) I know the poor girl who wrote it perfectly well: she took it unluckily into her head that I was desperately in love with her, tho' I was but commonly civil to her; and, I suppose, the disappointed simpleton has been prompted by resentment to make this attempt—this weak attempt, I hope—to deprive me of the happiness, which I impatiently expect, from your honouring me with your hand."

To that defensive speech, he artfully tacked so many polished compliments to the external and internal beauties of his *believing* mistress, that she, to his sincere satisfaction, quite forgot the letter she had given him.

This letter, however, served to quicken the execution of his designs. When he found himself received into high favour again by Miss Leeson, he warmly urged her to permit him to fix an early day for the consummation of his felicity. He urged her not in vain. On the third day after the above-mentioned interview they were married.

Frank appeared, on his wedding-day, as if he was the happiest fellow in England, and was extremely attentive to his bride, who, on her part, discovered much decent delight in her new situation: but though Frank *looked* the happiest of husbands, he wished with too much eagerness to take possession of his wife's fortune, to say with Othello, while he embraced her,

"My soul has her content so absolute,
That not another comfort, like to this,
Succeeds in unknown fate."

However, as soon as he found himself in full possession of that fortune, he generously deviated from the practice of many of his countrymen in similar circumstances, and behaved to her in a manner which made her very well satisfied with the disposal of her fifteen thousand pounds. He often talked to her about his Irish estate, and often pressed her to go over with him, to take a view of it; but he could not, with all his elocution, prevail on her to quit her native land. He was pretty well assured, indeed, of her refusing to accompany him in his Hibernian expedition, and was not at all displeased with her repeatedly declared aversion to the proposed voyage, though he appeared to be extremely concerned at the failure of his persuasions. The truth was, he had not

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them sufficiently informs us, by the tenour of their conjugal behaviour, that they consider matrimony quite as a political institution; and yet how many are there, even among these, entertaining such ideas of it, who do not act politically neither. Should we hear of so many separations and divorces in the gay world, to say nothing of a thousand petty domestic quarrels among people *whom nobody knows*, if every married pair would conduct themselves as if they were convinced that mutual fidelity is the basis of mutual felicity in the marriage state. In consequence of the liberties allowed to husbands, they are naturally prompted, if they are of fickle dispositions, to range

“Free and unbounded thro’ the wilds of love,”

and indeed their vagrant amours are not so reprehensible as the dishonourable wandering of wives, which cannot be justifiable. The infidelities of a married woman are never to be pardoned; they are sometimes, however, not to be wondered at. The unshaken attachment of a wife to her husband in this licentious age, cannot be too highly commended; and situations may be pointed out in which a wife deserves a double share of praise for her constancy.

Sir George Woodstock, having, by a series of expensive pursuits, made a considerable breach into his paternal estate, which, when he took possession of it, produced near two thousand a-year, *condescended*, (for he was a man who had a great deal of family-pride, and who was foolishly fond of his title) to pay his addresses to the daughter of an eminent distiller in the city. His addresses were graciously received, and Mr. Bolden opened his purse with pleasure, in order to make his daughter a lady. Miss Bolden was not an only child, she had two sisters; her father, therefore, was thought to have been very blameably partial to her, when he parted with ten thousand pounds for the sake of a flattering alliance: but her whole behaviour, before and after marriage, was so unexceptionable, that no-body deemed her undeserving of the fortune paid down for her on her wedding-day.

Lady Woodstock had, with a very handsome person, a strong, but not bright understanding: she never *shone* in conversation, but her company was always agreeable, and she acquitted herself extremely to Sir George’s satisfaction in every respect; and he was the more pleased with the woman he had married, from *convenient motives*, as he found that he might throw her into the politest circles in town, without being ap-

prehensive of her saying or doing any thing to make him ashamed of his choice.

Sir George had so widely distinguished himself by his gallantries, that they could not possibly be concealed from his amiable Maria. She was, indeed, no stranger to them before she gave him her hand; but as she also knew that he was generally reckoned good natured, generous, and a sensible man, she did not imagine that he was to be rejected, merely because he was concerned in a few unchaste connections; she was not without hopes too, hopes which commonly prove delusive, that she might by her active and perpetual endeavours to render home agreeable to him, draw him by degrees from his temporary attachments to other women.

From these attachments, however, Sir George was not to be drawn by all the affectionate attentions of his exemplary wife. He was, indeed, so little affected by them, that soon after the honey-moon, with its raptures, were over, raptures entirely occasioned by the possession of a new object, he began to treat her with a coldness which was as mortifying to her, as it was unmerited. His continued indifference increased her unhappiness, and as she really loved him, she was the less able to bear the cessation of his endearments: yet she conducted herself with so much propriety, that she never, before him, discovered the slightest signs of discontent; she met him, whenever he made his appearance, with smiles and affability, and behaved to him as if he was the kindest, instead of being the unkindest of husbands. In secret she gave a vent to the griefs of her heart; in secret she gave a lose to the tears which those griefs forced from her: her moments of privacy were severely painful; they were moments of anguish hardly to be endured.

While she was sitting one day in a very melancholy attitude in her dressing-room, a lively married lady of her acquaintance was announced; and, as she had not seen her since her return from France, was admitted.

When the first compliments were exchanged, Mrs. Craddock cried, with her usual vivacity, “Shall I never have the pleasure of seeing you again with a smile upon your face, my dear lady Woodstock? Do you still make yourself uneasy about Sir George’s gallantries?” added she, laughing.

“No woman, who loves her husband, my dear, can be happy, I imagine, when she is neglected by him.”

“When a woman is neglected by her husband,”

husband," said Mrs. Craddock, "she must be a very great simpleton if she loves him."

"Love is not to be cherished or discarded just when we please."

"Well! thank G——d, I am not so foolishly fond of my husband as you are of your's. Were I to pipe and pine away my time because Mr. Craddock has affairs with other women, I should think myself very deficient both in sense and spirit. No, my dear, while he amuses himself with his mistresses, I have my pretty fellows at command, and *they* sufficiently make me amends for the absence of my mate."

"How wildly you talk?" said lady Woodstock, with a sigh, "but surely you do not seriously think the inconstancy of a husband can authorize infidelity in a wife?"

"Indeed but I do," replied she, briskly, "and I have no scruples at all about retaliation in *our* circumstances. However, you will mope me to death if I stay with you any longer: besides, I have an appointment with colonel Tatton, and I can recommend another sweet fellow to you, whenever you are in a humour to make reprisals. And so adieu."

She then danced out of the room, and left her melancholy friend rather more dejected than she was before her entrance. Lady Woodstock had always looked upon Mrs. Craddock as a very good wife; she was, therefore, extremely concerned to find that her trip to Paris had expelled the virtuous principles with which she had departed from England. "I am sorry to see her so changed. I will die rather than stain my honour, however irritating my provocations may be."

These were the last words of a soliloquy, which Mrs. Craddock's free disclosure of her new sentiments had extorted from her.

Sir George, returning from an excursion which he had made with a party of his licentious companions, was prodigiously struck with the figure of a female servant, whom lady Woodstock had hired in his absence. The appearance of a fine, fresh coloured, healthy girl, whom he had never seen before, and whom he supposed quite *comeatable*, fired him with wishes which grew fiercer every time he beheld her. By dint of eloquence, adulation, and gold, he triumphed over her chastity. However, as she was a cunning creature, she was determined to make the most of her lapse from virtue; and therefore availing herself of her master's violent passion for her, absolutely refused to grant him a second criminal interview, till he had promised to

place her at the head of his family, to endeavour to get a speedy divorce from his lady, and to marry her.

Sir George, infatuated with his new mistress, solemnly swore that he would immediately take every step in his power to produce the event she desired; and she was too much interested in it not to stimulate him perpetually to concert measures for the bringing it about.

The criminal connexion between her husband and her servant was known in a very short time by lady Woodstock; and she would have discharged the latter instantly, had not the former insisted, and in a peremptory manner, on her being retained; if not as *her* servant, as *his*.

Lady Woodstock was too prudent to make a fruitless opposition. To the insults which she daily received, she submitted without murmurs and complaints, and in silence lamented her unhappy fate.

Sir George made numberless efforts to furnish himself with materials sufficiently admissible in Doctor's Commons, for the procurement of a divorce; but the unexceptionable conduct of his much injured wife, rendered all these efforts unsuccessful: however, though he could not separate himself from her by law, he effectually gained his point by ill-usage; and death, in a short time, gratified him with that divorce, which he had in vain attempted to obtain by human arts.

When she found herself approaching fast to her dissolution, she sent a message to Sir George, to desire to speak with him, as she had something of importance to communicate.

When he came near her bed-side, she, half raising herself up, and resting her head on her elbow, said, with a weak voice, "I have ever since I was your wife, Sir George, been immoveably faithful, and have ever done every thing in my power to deserve the tenderest treatment from you. By a series of the most cruel mortifications you have rendered life a burden to me: my heart is broke, my dissolution is near, may heaven pardon you as freely as I do." She then sunk upon her pillow, and died.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH I neither pretend to be an Oddity nor an Adventurer, perhaps I may be deserving your notice. I am a young man in the first place, and have the vanity to believe I am a clever fellow.

This

shine; for having been bred up from his infancy within the sound of Bow-bell, and never seen a field above five miles from London, he was too complete a Cockney to make a figure in rural life, particularly in a county remarkable for the keenness of its inhabitants. A country gentleman, however, Charles *would be*, and plunged into the farming way, without once considering how extremely he was deficient in the knowledge of agriculture, and how little he was qualified to manage the land which he had purchased.

When he had rusticated himself about two years and a half, Charles discovered, by a succession of disappointments, that if he proceeded to be his own farmer, he should soon bury all the money he had in the funds in the cultivation of his acres: he, therefore, urged by a kind of necessity, condescended to apply to a neighbouring regular bred farmer, who had offered to *improve* his estate for him, but whose friendly offers had always been rejected.

Mr. Trimmer, rejoiced to find himself consulted at last by the man from whose ignorance in rural affairs he had hoped for no small emoluments, not only gave him a great deal of good advice upon the occasion, but added, that if he would let *him* have the sole management of his farm for *one* year, he would double his income.

Struck with that declaration, and being thoroughly weary of looking after his land himself, he immediately gave Mr. Trimmer full power to do every thing he thought necessary for the improvement of his estate.

When he had made Trimmer his agent extraordinary and plenipotentiary, he felt as if he had thrown a heavy load off his shoulders, and gave himself up to the amusements of the field: amusements which were not at all agreeable to his taste, but as a *country gentleman* he deemed it incumbent on him to partake of the various pleasures which engaged the attention of his sporting friends. To those friends he frequently afforded, in his own person, an infinite deal of entertainment by the awkward situations into which he threw himself, in order to make his company desirable. He was, indeed, on many occasions a very desirable companion; and in a shooting, or hunting party, generally distinguished himself in a manner particularly laughable. He was a bad horseman, and handled a fowling-piece, when it was charged, as if he was afraid of its contents; but he always attended his brethren of the covey or the chace, apparently in high spirits, because he would not give

them any reason to question his courage or address. His efforts, however, to appear clever and courageous, were commonly unsuccessful; for the more he strove to conceal his timidity and his awkwardness, the more glaringly were they conspicuous.

Poor Charles met with disappointments and disgraces enough to have convinced him, had he been blest with a tolerable understanding, that he was the most improper fellow in England to make a figure in a sporting country. At last, however, having lost two of his fingers by the bursting of his piece while pointing it at a partridge, he gave up his gun; and having not long afterwards by a violent fall from his horse in the pursuit of a fox broken his leg, he determined never to trust himself upon a quadruped again.

By the unskilfulness of a bungling surgeon his leg was set so clumsily, that he could not bear the sight of it: he, therefore, as he had always prided himself upon his *supporters*, ordered it to be *new set*. The surgeon, proceeding with still less dexterity, put him to so much pain, that he was thrown into a fever, and the amputation of the ill managed limb was pronounced to be absolutely necessary for the preservation of his life.

Charles, however, though he was considerably mortified by these losses; and though he often wished very sincerely for his leg and his two fingers, received no small consolation from the visits of a married lady, whose husband's estate joined to his.

Mrs. Sneley was extremely handsome, and Charles was not insensible of her charms. He thought her a very fine woman, and having an exceeding good opinion of his own personal attractions, (notwithstanding the mutilations to which he had submitted) he flattered himself, from her behaviour to him, that he was by no means an object of indifference in her eyes. He actually began to imagine that she preferred *him* to her husband; that she was desperately in love with him; and that she would, if vigorously addressed by him, make a slight deviation from the *narrow* path of conjugal virtue in *his* favour.

Animated by those conjectures he attacked her like a man of gallantry, conscious of his own powers, and drew the most pleasing conclusions from her carriage to him.

In short, he was so highly transported, in a few days after the first disclosure of his amorous sentiments, on her promising to give him a private interview at farmer

Trim-

Trimmer's, that he was almost delirious with joy.

At Trimmer's he found Mrs. Sneley ready to receive him at the appointed hour.

When the door of the room fixed upon for their interview had been shut a few minutes, he was prodigiously alarmed by the sudden appearance of Mr. Sneley, who, advancing to him with hasty strides, asked him, with much ferocity in his countenance, what he meant by attempting to corrupt *his* wife?

Charles was in so tremulous a situation, that he could not immediately articulate an answer; he could only stammer out, I---I---I---.

Mr. Sneley then, turning to his wife, bad her, fiercely, retire.

When she was gone, he told Charles that he had two proposals to make to him: "You must either fight me," said he, "or forfeit your estate."

Sir---Sir---

"No alternative; by the living G---d I will either have your estate, or your life."

Charles was now in a more embarrassing situation than he had ever felt himself since his appearance in the character of a *country gentleman*. He had no inclination to part with his estate, nor was he at all disposed to fight. He wished to have a little time to deliberate upon an affair of so much importance; but Sneley thundered his *no alternative* so loudly in his ears, that he at last determined to pluck up all his courage, and meet his antagonist in *battle array*.

"I am ready to meet you, Sir, any where, and in any manner," said he, in a spirited tone.

"O, mighty well, Sir; then pray follow me directly."

Charles followed his incensed adversary to the bottom of a field belonging to Mr. Trimmer, with sensations more easily to be conceived than expressed.

Sneley then whistled, and the farmer himself approached with a pair of pistols.

Charles, at the sight of the pistols, turned pale; and the nearer the farmer came to him, he was less inclined to decide the dispute by gunpowder. He gave up his estate, as foolishly as king John did his crown, and the farmer was a witness to the cession of it.

When he returned home, and reflected coolly upon what he had done, he was ready to tear himself in pieces for his folly; and *recollection* sharpened the anguish of his mind, by inducing him strongly to

believe that he had very weakly deprived himself of his estate, by falling into the snare spread by the Sneleys and the farmer, with their combined heads, against him. He was, the next day, thoroughly convinced that he had been egregiously duped by *their* united machinations.

While he was on that day considering, with much disquietude and many self reproaches, in what manner he should regulate his future conduct, he was very unexpectedly visited by an old gentleman, an eminent and respectable merchant near the 'Change, with whom he had occasionally transactions before he *retired from business*, greatly against *his* judgment, who took pains to persuade him to continue in the track of life in which he had been brought up.

Charles was a little ashamed, at first, at the sight of Mr. Weyton, whose salutary admonitions he had neglected to his cost; but soon recovered himself, and not only told him that he was truly glad to see him, but acquainted him with all the follies he had committed during his residence in Yorkshire, and implored his assistance, as well as his advice.

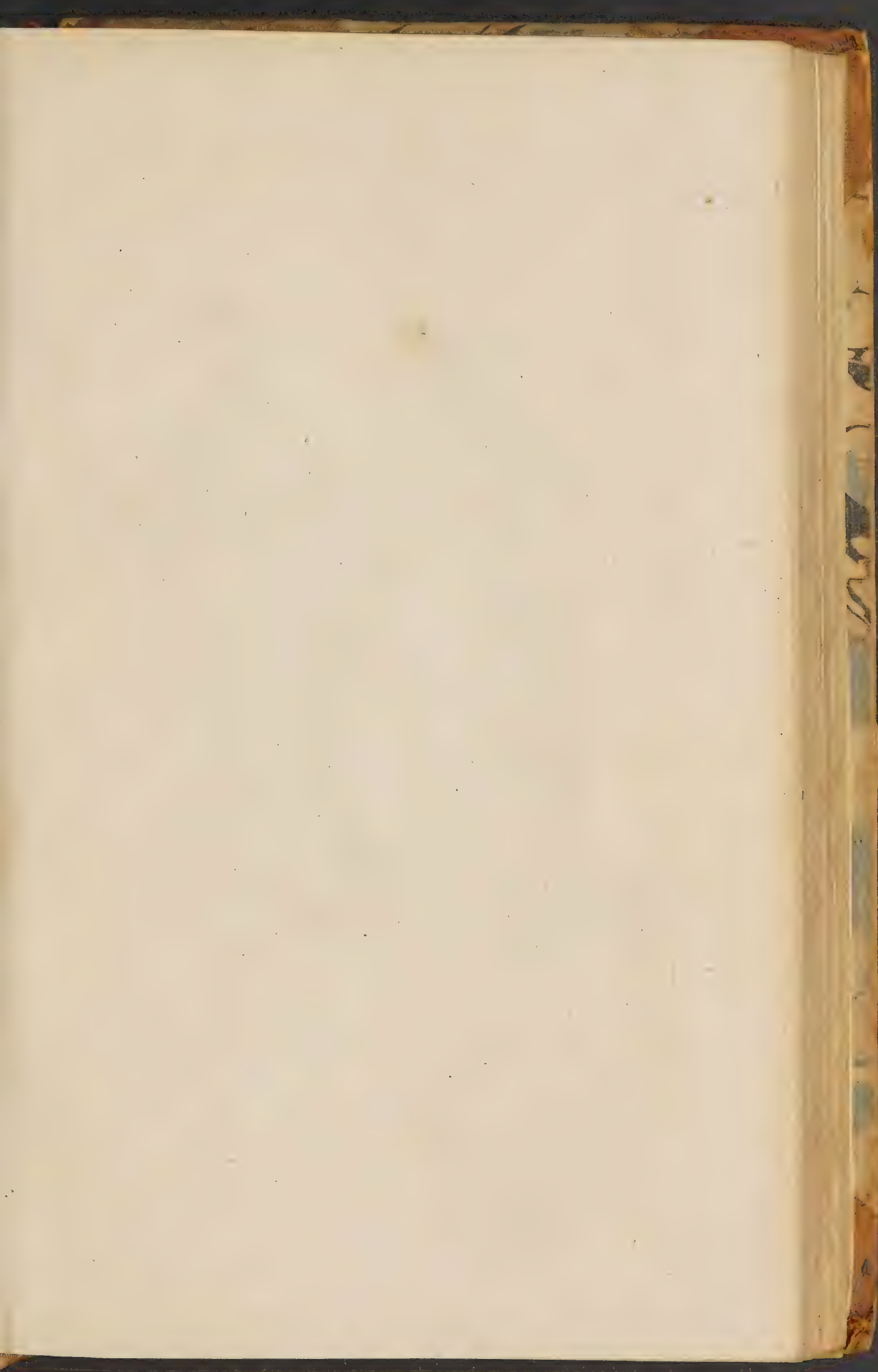
Mr. Weyton, after having reproved him, in free, but in the most friendly terms, for having lost so much time, and wasted so much money by the misapplication of his talents, and the indulgence of his vanity, thus proceeded: "You have nothing to do but to remove from this part of the country, at least as soon as you can, for you are no match for your neighbours. You have already made yourself contemptible by your wrong-headedness, and you will be reduced to beggary if you stay here any longer. If you chuse to return with me to London, I will find employment for you in my counting-house, and put you in a way to be a man of *real* consequence, and to acquire a fortune equal to that which you have spent without being of any consequence at all."

Charles made his most grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Weyton for his kind advice, gladly closed with his generous proposal, and endeavoured to forget that he had ever been a *country gentleman*.

THE PATIENT WIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

FEW wedded couples, especially in the fashionable world, look upon matrimony in a moral, and fewer still look upon it in a religious light. The majority of them





*M^{rs} Yates, and M^{rs} Abington,
in the Characters of the Tragic & Comic Muses*

This assertion, perhaps, you may dispute, when you know my circumstances; but I will tell you, and then judge as you will.

I was born about one hundred and fifty miles north of this capital, and thought I had as much right to understand horse-flesh as even a Yorkshire-man. Hearing that people made rapid fortunes at races, I was resolved to make mine as rapidly as possible, and accordingly embarked my little *all*, about 150 l. in this undertaking; but as I neither knew the calculation of the odds, how to hedge, or was the least in the secret, it only served me one New-market meeting.

I told my lamentable story to a gentleman of the turf, whom I found afterwards turned out to be a bailiff, and he bid me be of good cheer, and said he would *do for me*. He literally performed his promise. He lent me fifty pounds, for which he took my note for a hundred; recommended me to a taylor for half a dozen elegant suits, and procured me a ready furnished lodging at two guineas a week. I was to make my fortune by marriage; my *protector* telling me, "It was impossible that such a fine fellow as I, and a new face upon the town, could avoid *tumbling* into a good match before the end of three months."

Accordingly I visited all public places, Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone, in the summer: in the winter, the front-boxes of both houses; the opera-pit, and the ridottoes. My fifty pounds were soon gone, and I was obliged to take up another such sum upon the same terms. These fifty pounds, and fifty pounds more, were exhausted, and I was still a bachelor. My *friend* now told me, as a last resource, to advertise in the papers,

MATRIMONY.

"A gentleman of about twenty-four, who flatters himself, and has indeed by the ladies been flattered, that he is very far from disagreeable, of a lively disposition, and an EASY fortune, is desirous of uniting in marriage with any amiable lady, either *maid* or *widow*, who has resolution and generosity sufficient to lay aside a formal address, and not despise a gentleman, whose circumscribed acquaintance among the fair-sex in this metropolis compels him to use this method of application.

"As his fortune is *very easy*, none need apply who cannot command at least three thousand pounds, that being a sum which will enable him to procure a most *elegant* employment, whereby he will secure her

SEPTEMBER, 1771.

a jointure of fifty per cent. for her money."

Specious as this repeated advertisement was, it only produced a few letters of raillery from the wits, an epistle from a debilitated street-walker; and a proposal from an antiquated bawd. My patron finding all hopes at an end, very *amicably* lodged me in the King's-bench, without a moment's warning. Here I now am, ruminating upon my folly and credulity, and resolving to strike some capital stroke.

I should have told you long ago, that I served my apprenticeship to an apothecary in the North: but not having at that time the least *pharmaceutic* turn, I then gave up all thoughts of pursuing that vocation. But misfortunes have now brought me to a more just sense of the value of medicine; and finding that there are many quacks in this metropolis who drive their coach and six, without even the knowledge in physic of an apothecary's *prentice*, I am resolved to try a *nostrum*. All my doubt is which disorder to fix upon, for mine will be a *panacea*, and cure them all; but this being a circumstance that I shall, perhaps, not be able to convince the world of till I have obtained a proper number of *authentic* affidavits, to attest *real* cures in every possible kind of complaint, I should be glad if you would, through the channel of your Magazine, communicate the most *prevalent disorder* * in this metropolis. In the mean while, I propose writing an answer to doctor Cadogan, to pay for swearing and printing.

King's-bench
prison.

I am Sir, your's,
SANGRADO.

* Answer—FOLLY.

The THEATRE, Numb. XXIX.

MR. Foote took leave of his audience for the season, in the Hay-market, on Saturday, September 14. On the 21st Drury-lane theatre opened with the Beggar's Opera, and on the 23d Covent-garden, with the Clandestine Marriage, in which Mr. Kniveton made a very decent appearance in the character of lord Ogleby; though it must be allowed, even by his friends, that he is far beneath Mr. King in the same part.

As nothing material has yet occurred at the theatres deserving particular attention, we flatter ourselves our readers will not be displeased at the opening of this season, by way of prelude to our future dramatic animadversions, to find the subjoined elegant

3 P

engraving

engraving (representing Mrs. Yates in the character of Melpomene, or the tragic muse, and Mrs. Abington personifying Thalia, or the comic muse) illustrated with the following dissertation on the rise and progress of tragedy and comedy, extracted from the best writers upon those subjects.

Tragedy was, in its infancy, like every other production of human art, extremely weak, low, and contemptible: that wide and deep stream, which flows with such strength and rapidity through cultivated Greece, took its rise from a small and inconsiderable fountain, which hides itself in the recesses of antiquity, and is almost buried in oblivion: the name alone remains to give us some light into its original nature, and to inform us that tragedy, like every other species of poetry, owed its birth to religion.

Tragedy, or the song of the goat, was only a sacred hymn. Bacchus, we are told, the first cultivator of vines, imparted his secret to a paltry prince in Attica, named Icarius, who, happening one day to espy a goat browsing upon his plantations, immediately seized and offered him up as a sacrifice to his divine benefactor: the peasants assembled round their master, assisted in the ceremony, and expressed their joy and gratitude in songs and dances on the occasion; the sacrifice grew into a festival, and the festival into an annual solemnity, attended most probably every year with additional circumstances, when the countrymen flocked together in crowds, and sung in rustic strains the praises of their favourite Deity. The rural sacrifice became in process of time a solemn feast, and assumed all the pomp and splendour of a religious ceremony; poets were employed by the magistrate to compose hymns, or songs, for the occasion; such was the rudeness and simplicity of the age, that their bards contended for a prize, which, as Horace intimates, was scarce worth contending for; being no more than a goat or skin of wine, which was given to the happy poet who acquitted himself best in the task assigned him.

This was probably the period when Thespis first pointed out the tragic path, by his introduction of a new personage, who relieved the chorus or troop of singers, by reciting some part of a well-known history, or fable, which gave time for the chorus to rest. All that the actors repeated between the songs of the chorus, was called an episode, or additional part, consisting often of different adventures, which had no connexion with each other. Thus the chorus or song, which was at first the

only, and afterwards the principal performance, became gradually and insensibly but an inconsiderable, though a necessary and ornamental part of the drama.

From this time, we may imagine, the actor or reciter was more attended to than the chorus; however his part was executed, it had the powerful charms of novelty to recommend it, and quickly obscured the lustre of the chorus, whose songs were now of a different nature, inasmuch, that the original subject of them, the praise of Bacchus, was by degrees, either slightly mentioned, or totally passed over and forgotten: the priests, who we may suppose for a long time presided over the whole, were alarmed at so open a contempt of the Deity, and unanimously exclaimed that this was nothing to Bacchus; the contempt grew into a kind of proverbial saying, and as such is handed down to us.

From the origin of tragedy to the days of Thespis, and from his time to that of Æschylus, all is doubt, conjecture, and obscurity; neither Aristotle, nor any other ancient writer, gives us the least insight into the state and progress of the Greek drama: the names of a few, and but a few tragedians, during this dark period, are handed down to us: such were Epigenes, the Sicyonian, and Pratinas, who wrote fifty-two plays, thirty-two of which are said to be satyrical. After Thespis came his scholar Phrynicus, who wrote nine tragedies, for one of which we are told he was fined fifty drachmas, because he had made it (an odd reason) too deep and too affecting: there was also another Phrynicus, author of two tragedies: to these we must add Alcæus, Phormus, and Chæritus, together with Cephisodorus, an Athenian, who wrote the Amazons, and Apollonphanes, supposed to have been the author of a tragedy named Daulis, though Suidas is of another opinion. Tragedy had, during the lives of these writers, probably made but a slow progress, and received but very little culture or improvement; when at length the great Æschylus arose, who from this rude and undigested chaos, created, as it were, a new world in the system of letters. Poets, and perhaps epic poets, there might have been before Homer; dramatic writers there certainly were before Æschylus: the former notwithstanding we may with the utmost propriety stile the inventor and father of heroic poetry, and the latter of the ancient drama, which before his time doth not appear to have had any form, shape, or beauty. He first introduced dialogue, that
most

most essential part of tragedy, by the addition of a second personage, threw the whole fable into action, and restored the chorus to its ancient dignity.

Æschylus having, like a tender parent, endowed his darling child with every mental accomplishment, seemed resolved that no external ornaments should be wanting to render her universally amiable; he clothed her therefore in the most splendid habit, and bestowed on her every thing that art could produce to heighten and improve her charms. Æschylus, who being himself author, actor, and manager, took upon him the whole conduct of the drama, and did not neglect any part of it: he improved the scenery and decorations, brought his actors into a well constructed theatre, raised his heroes on the cothurnus or buskin, invented the masques, and introduced splendid habits with long trains, that gave an air of majesty and dignity to the performers.

From the time when tragedy began to assume a regular form, we find her closely following the steps of epic poetry; all the parts of the *épopée*, or heroic poem, may be traced in tragedy, though, as Aristotle observes, all the parts of tragedy are not to be found in the *épopée*; whence the partisans of the stage, with some reason conclude, that perfection in the former is more difficult to be obtained than in the latter.* Without entering into this dispute, we may venture however to stile* Homer the source and fountain of the ancient drama; from him the tragedians drew the plan, construction, and conduct of their fables, and not unfrequently the fable itself; to him they applied for propriety of manners, character, sentiment, and diction.

From this æra, then, we are to consider tragedy as an elegant and noble structure, built according to the rules of art, symmetry, and proportion; whose every part was in itself fair, firm, and compact, and at the same time contributed to the beauty, usefulness, and duration of the whole edifice.

* Aristotle says, Homer was the first who invented dramatic imitations. "There was no more left for tragedy (says lord Shaftsbury) than to erect a stage, and draw his dialogues and characters into scenes, turning in the same manner upon one principal action or event, with regard to place and time, which was suitable to a real spectacle." See *Characteristics*, Vol. II.

Sophocles and Euripides carefully studied the plan laid down by Æschylus, and by their superior genius and judgment improved it in a short time to its highest state of perfection, from which it gradually declined to the rise of the Roman drama.

Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, were the three great tragic poets; and from the works of these three illustrious writers, and from them alone, we must draw all our knowledge of the ancient Greek tragedy.

To affirm, as many who have more learning than judgment will, that there are no good tragedies but the ancient, is the affectation of scholastic pedantry; to deny them their deserved applause, and treat them with ridicule and contempt, is, on the other hand, the effect of modern pride, ignorance, and petulance. Upon the whole, French, Italian, Spanish, and German critics, may perhaps find some excuse for their severe animadversions on the ancient Greek tragedy; it may exercise their envy, and find employment for their spleen and ill-nature, as they have nothing of their own to put in competition with it; but Englishmen should be above such envy, and such malevolence, because they can boast a dramatic writer superior to all that antiquity ever produced: we may safely join with the most sanguine partisans of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, in the sincerest admiration of their several excellencies, and rejoice within ourselves to see them all united and surpassed in the immortal and inimitable Shakespeare.

Comedy, as well as tragedy, owed its origin to a kind of rude song; tragedy to the dithyrambick, and comedy to the phallica: and each of them began to form themselves into dramatic imitations; each studied to adopt a measure suited to their purpose. Tragedy, the more lofty, chose the tetrameter; and comedy, who aimed at familiarity, the iambic. But as the stile of tragedy improved, nature herself, says Aristotle, directed the writers to abandon the capering tetrameter, and to embrace that measure which was most accommodated to the purposes of dialogue; whence the iambic became the common measure of tragedy and comedy.

Some of the tragedies of Sophocles, and more of Euripides, have escaped the wreck of Grecian literature; but none of the Greek legitimate comedies, unless those of Aristophanes be such, have come entire down to our times. Yet even from those, as well as from the fragments of Menander, Philemon, &c. it is evident, that measure

was supposed to be as necessary to comedy as tragedy.

In this, as well as in all other matters of literature, the usage of Greece was religiously observed at Rome. Plautus, in his richest vein of humour, is numerous and poetical: and the comedies of Terence were evidently not written without regard to measure. The comic poets, indeed, indulged themselves in many licences; but the particular character of the measure used by those authors, as may be gathered from Horace, was its familiarity and near approach to common conversation.

By the antients then it is evident, that measure was always considered as essential to comedy; nor has it always been thought improper among the moderns. Our neighbours the French seem to have imagined mere prose to be too little elevated for the language of the theatre. Even to this day they write their plays, comedies as well as tragedies, in verse; and the excellent *Aware* (*Miser*) of Moliere, had nearly failed of the applause it deserved, by being written in prose. In our nation, Shakespeare, Johnson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, and all our old writers, used blank verse in their comedy: of which practice, it is too little to say it needs no apology. It deserves the highest commendation, since it hath been the means of introducing the most capital beauties into their compositions; while the same species of excellence could not enter into the comedies of a later period when the muse had constrained herself to walk the stage in humble prose.

It should not, however, be understood from hence that any objection is made to the use of prose in comedy, or that it is insinuated our modern pieces, taken all together, are the worse for being written in that stile.

The antient drama was, as a spectacle, extremely different from the modern; and on the stage approached nearer to the genius of our opera than tragedy or comedy; which circumstance, if duly considered, might have prevented a deal of idle dispute concerning the propriety of a chorus. The antient plays, it is certain, were all accompanied with music; Aristotle mentions music as one of the six parts of tragedy; and we know from Horace, that the alterations in the drama, music, and decorations, kept pace with each other; and that, in process of time, as the Roman theatres were enlarged, they became more rich and full.

As to the habits of the actors, it is plain, from Donatus, as well as the reason of the

thing, that they were in general suited, according to the customs of the time and country, to the sex, age, and condition of the several characters. Some particulars, however, in their dress, essentially distinguish the antient players from those on any modern stage; namely, the buskin, the sock, and the mask. The buskin was a kind of high-heel'd boot, worn only by the tragedians; as the sock was a sort of sandal, peculiar to the actors in comedy. Every player wore a mask. It is plain, as madam Dacier observes, that it was not like the modern mask, which covers only the face; but enclosed the whole head, and had false hair fastened to it, agreeable to the visage and complexion of the forepart. The mask was called *persona*, from *personare*, to sound through, being so formed as to enlarge the voice, and convey it to a greater distance; a contrivance which the vast extent of the antient theatres rendered extremely necessary. For the same reasons the features portrayed on the vizard were so much aggravated beyond the proportion of those drawn by the hand of nature. It must be confessed that the moderns, in these instances, have infinitely the advantage; and that by contracting the dimensions of their theatres, although they have a good deal abated the magnificence of the spectacle, they have been able to approach much nearer to the truth and simplicity of theatrical representation.

THE expectations of the public in point of dramatic entertainment, are at present confined to very few objects. The taylor and habit-makers of both theatres are very industriously employed in preparing a proper number of knights for two installations, who are to walk in procession twice round each stage, in order to convey an idea of a similar ceremony at Windsor. That at Covent Garden is to be ushered in, with much propriety, by a *burletta*, which we are informed Mr. Fisher is to compose upon the occasion.

Mr. Cumberland, author of *The Brothers* and *The West Indian*, is writing a comedy, which will appear soon after Christmas at Drury-lane. The title is *The East Indian*, in which we are told, neither nabobs or nabob-makers are spared; and that he deals his wit and satire without restraint, equally upon plumbs and directors.

Mr. Bickerstaff is engaged in preparing another new musical piece of three acts, which will very early in the season be brought on Drury-lane stage.

Notwithstanding there is now the finest field

field ever yet open for young performers to try their abilities at both theatres, we only hear of one candidate for theatrical fame, Mr. Crofts, who is to try his dramatic fortune this year.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH it is an invariable rule to condemn the conduct of ministers during the course of their administration, posterity usually does justice to their merits; and as Sir Robert Walpole has been dead above a quarter of a century, we may suppose that the malignity of his enemies has now subsided, and that the public will not be displeased with the following impartial anecdotes of that great statesman.

Doctor Atwell was a great intimate of lord chancellor Talbot, for whom his lordship was intent to procure the next vacant bishopric, after Dr. Rundle's promotion to the mitre; but a precipitate case hurried that great man out of this world, and put a period to all his earthly views. It is remarkable, that Mr. Atwell was the only lay-doctor in divinity, on his taking that degree, ever known; however, not long after he entered into orders, and died prebend of Durham. Now to the point:

Doctor Atwell was only known to Sir Robert by the eminence of his character, which was a sufficient introduction to the greatest personage. The doctor's peculiar friend and cotemporary at Exeter-college, Oxford, Dr. Conybeare, as dean of Christchurch, waited on the late prince of Orange, and accommodated his royal highness at the deanery during his stay, which was attended with much trouble, and no inconsiderable expence.

After the prince had received all the honours from the university, at his departure, the dean's having so worthily discharged his province towards the royal visitor, was entirely unnoticed by the court. Dr. Atwell, warmed with resentment at finding the merit of his friend thus neglected, repaired to the minister, who received him affably. He, in a spirited manner, laid the dean's case before Sir Robert, urging, that the neglect of eminent men, and inattention to their worth, were some of the characteristic blemishes of the then reign. The premier apologized, and said the matter he complained of was owing to the hurry occasioned by the royal nuptials,

which had unavoidably postponed many weighty things, pledging his honour to lay the affair that day before the queen. The knight kept strictly his promise, and immediately after her majesty sent the dean the thanks of the king, and her own, with gracious acknowledgments for his attention to the prince on the occasion. This was the cause of Dr. Conybeare's being afterwards preferred to the see of Bristol.

Another remarkable instance happened, after the above transaction, between the same persons, reflecting no less credit on the resolution of the one, than honour on the other. Dr. Atwell, animated with a sense of filial piety to his old master, Mr. Reynolds, of Exeter, waited again on Sir Robert Walpole, and represented to him, with a becoming freedom, that in the present reign men of the first genius, and most eminent for learning, had been unpreferred, mentioning Mr. Reynolds in particular, who had bred some of the best scholars in the kingdom, several of whom were successively ornaments to the university of Oxford; that now he was exposed to linger out the remains of life in age and poverty, having been grossly defrauded by his housekeeper, unless assisted by some generous patronage. Sir Robert gave audience to the doctor with equal politeness, attention, and affability. The premier dismissed his reverend suitor with saying, that he had heard much of Mr. Reynolds's character for profound learning, and great abilities in the education of youth in the learned languages, and assured him that the case should be considered.

Mr. Reynolds, or his friends, were not kept in cruel suspense or anxious expectation, for in a short time he was preferred to a fellowship of Eton-college, where he lived many years in a learned and religious retirement, closing a well-spent life in extreme old age, and leaving an handsome fortune to his family.

Whether the virtues of this minister might preponderate, it imports not. But let it be observed, and it must be granted, that his worthy actions, spontaneously proceeding from a greatness and goodness of heart, ought to be thrown into the opposite scale, and not consigned to oblivion. It is cruelty to the memory of the dead to render their faults permanent, and their good deeds short-lived, as evermore the former should be contrasted with the latter.

Your constant reader,

A NORFOLK MAN.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have sent you the following remarks upon
China, for the use of your Magazine.
Their appearance next month will oblige
your constant reader and

Humble servant,

Croydon, Sept. 19.

OBSERVATOR.

IT has been observed in China, that a
woman would pass for a coquette if she
were to receive any thing presented to
her from the hands of a man. He must,
to preserve a proper decorum, place
the object she is to receive upon a table,
and not take it even then without a glove.

It is not allowable for women of quality
to marry a second husband; if any one
enters into a second marriage, she risks
her reputation. This is a maxim so well
established, that it has given rise to
a Chinese proverb, which pronounces, that
it is as impossible for a virtuous woman to
have two husbands, as it is for a servant
to serve two masters.

In the center of the city of Pekin there is
a famous tower of porcelaine, which is green,
red, and yellow on the outside, and is so
artfully constructed, that it appears to be all
one piece. There are nine green galleries
round it, at equal distances from each
other, and many of the angles are ornamented
with silver bells, which being agitated
by the wind, produce a very harmonious
effect. The summit terminates with a
ball of pure gold. It is said that this very
extraordinary production is the work of
Xius, a great monarch of China.

Whoever appears dressed in blue, which
is the colour adopted for mourning, in the
palace of Pekin, is punishable with death.

The Chinese have such a singular taste
for lanthorns, that they make some as
large as houses, and have a prodigious
number to celebrate the festival of the
lanthorns, which is a very whimsical ceremony.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have sent you the following observations
upon curiosity, and I flatter myself you
will give them a place in your valuable
Miscellany.

A. T.

CURIOSITY is natural to all mankind;
every one brings with him into the
world a strong inclination to be acquainted

ed with something new. Hence we may
account for the conduct of several eminent
characters of antiquity, such as Pythagoras,
Plato, Archytas, and many others,
who quitted their native country, leaving
their houses, their friends, their relations,
to make long and irksome journies, accompanied
with fatigue and difficulties.

Aristomachus was, according to Pliny,
twenty-eight years studying the republic of
bees; and another, named Philiscus, employed
his whole life in woods and forests
among bee-hives, to gain a knowledge of
the secret properties of those little animals.

Tycho Brahe, a Danish lord, was so
amazingly enamoured with the study of
philosophy, that renouncing all pomp and
rank, to which his merit, his descent, and
his fortune, entitled him, erected, at a
very great expence, a large castle, or rather
a small city, which he named Uranoburgum,
signifying the city of the skies: thither he retired,
and had no other companions than those artizans
that were necessary to promote his designs,
such as founders, printers, paper-makers, smiths,
and the like, whom he constantly employed
in some work in their different branches,
whilst he remained shut up in a crystal dome,
or observatory, at the summit of the building,
which he named Stelloburgum, or the borough
of the stars, and where he invariably contemplated
them. In the course of between forty and fifty
years which he lived, he deprived himself of all
the usual enjoyments of life for a man of his
station, often abstaining from sleep, and
passing whole nights in viewing the heavens
in the very midst of winter, which in that
country is very severe, and slept only as it
were by stealth in the day-time, which he
considered as lost time, and lamented he was
by the appearance of the sun deprived of the
pleasure of contemplating the stars.

Observations on Ceremonial and Etiquette.

THE ancients were not so nice in point
of ceremonial as we are; they did not
busy themselves much with the forms of
words, or the delicacies of attitudes, considering
power alone as the chief object. We nevertheless
meet with some contests respecting the omission
of a word, so true is it that the smallest springs
often put the greatest machines into motion.

Tigranes, according to Plutarch, refused
Lucullus the title of emperor, in the answer
he gave this Roman general, because Lucullus,
in the superscription of his letter,

letter, gave Tigranes the title of king, and not that of king of kings, which this ostentatious monarch assumed.

Alexander having received a letter from Darius, which began with these words, *Darius to Alexander*, the conqueror opened his answer with, *The king Alexander to Darius*, and concluded with this advertisement; *Remember, whenever you write to me, that you write not only to a king, but to your own king.*

The omission of a mark of honour; a mistake in the ceremonial, a dispute about preheinance, and a thousand similar trifles, which ought not to disturb a couple of fishwomen, often set two monarchies at war.

As to the written or traditional ceremonial, otherwise called etiquette, which regulates the external duties of ranks, places, and dignities, it is not near so severe or rigid in France, as in many other countries. Few occasions occur in which recourse is had to the usual practices of the court in similar circumstances; they are forgotten, and they are only apparently recurred to, in order to be again forgotten.

According to M. Duclos, the Moors introduced gallantry and festivals into Spain; etiquette brought with it constraint and disgust. In fact, etiquette is carried to such minute punctilio in that country, that it does not give us a very favourable opinion of the people's judgment and understanding. There is something so ridiculous in this etiquette, that some incidents arising from it are truly risible. Among other extravagances of this kind, I shall cite one.

Philip III. was gravely seated by the side of a chimney, in which there was so great a fire, that the monarch was almost suffocated. His elevated rank did not allow him to rise and call for assistance; the officers in waiting were distant from his apartment, and the common domestics did not dare appear in his presence. At length the marquis de Polar came in, whom the king ordered to extinguish the fire; but the marquis excused himself for performing such a function, as he could not do it consistent with the etiquette, which obliged him to call the duke D'Uffede. The duke was absent, the fire increased, the king sustained even the additional heat, rather than derogate from his dignity: but the consequence was, he was thrown into a violent fever, of which he died.

The etiquette in England was carried to so high a pitch in the time of queen Elizabeth, that her secretary Cecil, in perform-

ing the functions of his office in the presence of his sovereign, was always obliged to speak and write upon his knees. The lords in waiting still kneel in serving their monarchs.

The etiquette, with regard to the precedence of princes and ambassadors, has often occasioned misunderstandings and disputes, some of which have terminated very seriously, and even tragically, while others have afforded subjects for ridicule. We shall give two instances of the latter, as the more entertaining.

Before Frederic I. king of Prussia, had obtained a crown for himself and his successors, M. Besser was envoy from the court of Brandenburg to that of Versailles. He arrived at the court of Lewis XIV. at the same time as a new ambassador from Genoa, with whom he contested for precedence. They agreed that he who reached Versailles the first should be presented to the king. Besser passed the night in the gallery of Versailles, and got into the apartments before the Genoese ambassador; but the latter finding the audience-chamber open, slipped in, whilst Besser was engaged in a conversation with one of the lords in waiting. Besser immediately perceived the motion of the Genoese, flew like lightning into the same chamber, and pulled him out of the door by the flap of his coat, just as he was going to begin his speech, and taking his place, addressed himself to the king, who could not refrain from laughing at this violent contest for precedence even in his presence.

An envoy-extraordinary from the prince abbé of Fulda being stopped in his coach by a conjunction of carriages at Vienna, and the equipage of the Prussian resident forming part of the obstacle, the envoy of Fulda putting his head out of his coach, called to the Prussian minister, saying, "Sir, order your coachman to give way to mine." "Sir," answered the Prussian, "I would break his bones if he were to give way to your master."

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The

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A Continuation of the AMOURS of Paris and Versailles; from page 406.

THE scandalous tea-tables of Paris (for such there now are) have some recent anecdotes of the countess du Barré, which may probably amuse other scandalous tea-tables on this side of the water. They say that father Ange, a Franciscan monk, who has lately been appointed coadjutor to the archbishop of Paris, with several rich livings, and first almoner, vacant by the resignation of the archbishop of Rheims (who is pronounced properly qualified for a mad-house) is *bona fide* the father of the countess du Barré, by a country servant girl, who officiated as his cook, and who was delivered of the pledge of their fondness in a small priory of La Brie, where the countess was brought up till she attained the age of ten years. About this time she was kidnapped by a travelling procuress, who placed her in a *serail* at Paris. Here she learnt the necessary education for her profession. She soon after trudged the streets of Paris, and was one of the *vestals* of the *Thulleries* and *Palais Royal*, those seminaries of *virtue*, in which so many marchionesses have been trained. From these pursuits she was removed to a decent furnished apartments by an *avocat* of the parliament, who gave her good advice, some real instruction, and partly reformed her morals. She soon after made a conquest of the count du Barré, who taught her the *long-shuffle*, and to play with success at *trente & quarante*, and *vingt-un*; likewise to present memorials to the police, and draw *proper* company to his house. In this situation she contracted debts to the amount of an hundred thousand livres; this extensive credit, and her brilliant equipage, made her of some importance to the world. She now formed a close intimacy with madame de St—d—, who introduced her to the handsome valet de chambre of a great prince, with whom she took a trip to Versailles in the night. Here she attracted the attention of the king, and soon started a countess, with royal apartments in the castle, and from whence she has driven one princess, two ministers, and all the honest men about court.

The duke de Viller— being threatened with a battinado by his husband's mistress, the baron de Vaxen, in order to enjoy her peaceably for the future, has sent the unfortunate cornuto to the island of St. Margaret*, where he is to gratify the

pleasures of reflexion for the rest of his life.

The prince Louis de R— having been surprised in a house of *gentle recreation* by the commissaire *Form*— and two exempts, who paying no regard to his rank, compelled him to sign a *formulary* customary upon these occasions, which ran thus, "I acknowledge to have known a certain *fille de joye* named Rosalie, &c. in faith whereof I here set my name." This form of profession is observed by all priests discovered in similar situations. The fact is the more certain with regard to prince Louis, as he denies it— and it is well known he never spoke truth in his life.

The prince de Clermont, thinking his conscience concerned in the correspondence which he carried on with mademoiselle Le Duc since she is become a marchioness, has abruptly broke off the connexion, to attach himself to a girl of fifteen, whom his almoner has most religiously procured him; this good priest thinking, that the greatest sins in the eye of the church are the sins that are habitual.

The bishop of St. Brieux, in the states of Brittany, attempting to ravish the wife of one of the magistrates of the parliament, received a dangerous wound, this lady having courageously defended herself with her brother's sword. To prevent similar accidents for the future, it is said madame du Barré intends to use her influence, at the request of the clergy, that they may be allowed to marry, or keep a mistress with impunity; but it is thought that the nuns of every order will strongly oppose this sacred innovation.

In Paris the four houses of most note, after those of mesdames Gourd— and Briff—, are those of the princesses d'Aub—, the countess d'Aux—, madame de la Tourn—, and madame de Roche--ch--trem—. All foreigners are here received with open arms, and the ladies expect to be received with open purses; but when this is not the case, they know the art of dilating them at *Pharoah*, *trente & quarante*, *lansquenete*, &c. In return the countess de Naner—, madame de Buff—, and the two Mrs. Hand—s, do the honours of the bed-chamber; and endeavour to console the losers in the most obliging manner.

The marquis Duch—, a celebrated alchemist, has just been lodged in the Bastille for the fourth time, and always under the same pretence; but it is now resolved to extract his secret either voluntarily or by force. This resolution has stoppt the progress of all the furnaces and crucibles of our adepts, who are very uneasy, and se-

* A nick-name for the Bastille.

veral of them have thought proper to decamp by twilight, lest they should be sent to keep the marquis company in the Bastille. The marquis *Duch*— is a man of no visible way of living, yet spends at the rate of a hundred thousand livres a-year, and pays all his debts in the most punctual manner. His art of raising his finances is an impenetrable secret, and the credulous really believe he has discovered the philosopher's stone, whence all such meteors are called alchemists.

Father la Valette has been in Paris for some time; but, as he is suspected of being an alchemist, his appearance here is not expected to be of long date. He has with him an English girl named Miss Williams, a very fine woman, who makes a brilliant appearance.

Madame *Montigny*, and madame *Gourdan*, have just dispatched some skilful emissaries to England and Ireland, in order to procure a fresh supply of *devotees* from those countries, the English and Irish women being here in the highest vogue, and bearing any price; madame *Gourdan*, last week, disposed of the nominal first fruits of an English oyster girl, to a farmer-general, for *six thousand livres!*

MEMOIRS of CATALINE.

CATALINE was descended from one of the first Patrician families of Rome. Cicero, who had the glory of saving his country against the pernicious designs of Cataline, has given us the picture of this man, who has rendered himself too conspicuous in history. Cataline, he says, had some of the features, and the superfluous of the greatest virtues; but there was not a single one, the image of which he did not disfigure. He corresponded with the greatest villains, and yet he seemed invariably to bestow his admiration on honest, worthy men. His house was constantly filled with such objects as promote and nourish debauchery; but they were accompanied with all the spurs to labour and industry: it was the theatre of vicious pleasures, and the school of military exercises. Never did any monster unite so many contradictions, and so many of those qualities and passions, which seem mutually to exclude each other. No one had the art of being more agreeable to the best citizens, and at the same time to keep up a close connexion with the worst. No one ever displayed more taste for just and moral principles, whilst he, at

the same time, pursued those that were the most detestable. One day immersed in debauchery, the next indefatigable in labour. Whilst he displayed the most voracious avidity in pillage, he carried his profusion in pleasures to the highest pitch. He possessed an uncommon facility in making friends, and even attaching them to him in the firmest manner. He shared with them all he possessed, his money, his credit, and even his mistresses; nay, the blackest deeds seemed to cost him nothing for those who were inclined to be obtained by such services. His character varied with his schemes, and constantly caught the tincture of his projects, which were invariably formed upon his pretensions and his desires. With people of a saturnine disposition, he could assume a melancholy air, which appeared natural. With people of gaiety, he was the soul of mirth and enjoyment. Gravity with old age distinguished him even from his seniors; and with youth his vivacity outstripped the youngest: audacity accompanied him with the bold, voluptuousness with the debauched. This facility of disposition, and mutability of character, not only obtained him the friendship of the most vicious and immoral citizens; but they seduced the attention, and gained the friendship of the most worthy members of the republic, surprized into an approbation of his apparent virtues.

It is justly remarked, that small crimes ever precede great ones. Cataline, in his youth, had been guilty more than once of homicide; and he was accused with having had an incestuous correspondence with a vestal, named Fabia. This report was so publicly promulgated throughout Rome, that Fabia was brought before a tribunal. But whether she was innocent, or the influence of her relations prevailed, she had the good fortune to escape the rigour of the law. This affair, however, gave Cicero occasion to reproach Cataline, "That there was no place, however sacred, to which his visits did not communicate corruption, and did not leave the suspicion of guilt upon the most innocent."

Cataline finding no resource against indigence, in which his debaucheries had plunged him, being twice excluded the consular dignity to which he had aspired, having escaped the prosecutions of his accusers solely by his address in corrupting them, judged there was no other expedient left to save himself but the destruction of his country. Having come to this conclusion, he planned the ruin of Rome. He united the ambitious, the discontented, and

and the factious in one league; and young men of the first fortune, involved in debt, and lost in debauchery, joined in the association.

Cataline was bold, vigilant, and active; but not possessed of that depth of dissimulation which was necessary to cover his pernicious designs, and secure them success. When Cicero in open senate developed his crimes, he asked Cataline what he had meditated to say in his defence? This haughty Roman, far from replying by a disavowal of the accusation, or even excuses, with the greatest audacity declared, "That there were two bodies in the republic, the one weak, with a head equally feeble; the other strong and robust, but without a head; and that he had so many obligations to the latter, that he would be its head as long as he had life." It is easy to conceive that by these two bodies he meant the senate and the people.

He had even the temerity to reply to Cato, that if his enemies pushed matters to an extremity against him, he would extinguish, by the common ruin, those flames that were lighted up against him. It could not be expected that any secret resolution could be kept by a band of conspirators inspired by passion and rage, and who formed their designs drowned in wine and debauchery. It was in one of these associations that every one gave his opinion, and that they all embraced the most violent resolution, which was to set fire to the city at the same instant in an hundred different places; to intercept the canals that communicated water, that it might not be used to extinguish the conflagration, to put to death the whole senate, and to spare none but the children of Pompey, who were to be kept as hostages against the power and resentment of this formidable warrior. Plutarch adds, that to inspire his accomplices with the same fury that animated him, he presented to each of them a cup of blood mixed with wine, which he made them taste.

As Cicero, then consul of Rome, had always proper emissaries to watch the motions and designs of this furious cabal, he was as well acquainted with their proceedings as if he had been present at their meetings, and almost anticipated their thoughts. He disconcerted all their measures, and put to death, by a decree of the senate, all the conspirators who could be taken. Cataline put himself at the head of the troops that he had collected, and after an obstinate battle with the legions of the republic, he fell wounded on every side, a punishment by far too

mild for his atrocious crimes. His accomplices, Sallust adds, all perished in the ranks wherein their chief had ranged them, as if possessed of the same stubborn spirit, which had animated him to sell his life as dear as possible, after every glimmering of hope was past to conquer; and seemed resolved to fulfill his menace of blending the public misery with his ruin. After they were totally defeated, Cataline was found upon a heap of dead bodies, breathing his last. Though death was depicted in his visage, the same audacious ferocity that animated him through life, was still visible in his countenance.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

Seeing the following question in your Magazine for June last, I have attempted its solution; if you think it worth printing, it is at your service.

Shaftesbury.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader,

J. W.

Q U E S T I O N.

WHETHER doth the moon at full and change really affect lunatic people; and if it doth, how, and in what manner doth it work this strange alteration in them?

Before we attempt a solution of this question, it may not be unnecessary to premise that the ancients did not apply the term lunatic in so general a sense as the moderns; we make use of it to express almost every disease of the mind; the ancients applied it only to those people who were subject to epilepsies, because they observed the moon's influence more particularly to affect that disorder. Agreeable to this, we find them called by the Greeks (see Alexand. Trallian) *Σεληνιακοί*, and in the gospel of Matthew, chap. xvii. ver. 15. *Σεληνιαζόμενοι*; though from what I shall say when I come to treat of the manner of this affection of the moon, it will appear probable that every individual is more or less affected by its influence.

The influence of the moon and other planets on the human frame has been long since observed. Hippocrates, who was a cotemporary with Democritus, so long ago as the 80th Olimpiad, about the year of the world 3490, or 457 years before Christ, recommends (Epist. ad Thessalum) to his son Thessalus the study of numbers and geometry; because, says he, *De acre, aquis et locis*, the rising and setting

ting of the stars (a name applied in general to the heavenly bodies) have a great effect upon distempers. Hippocrates, before giving this advice to his son, had certainly remarked the influence the planets had upon diseases; for he was a man by no means given to theoretical speculation, as we may see in his book *De Arte, de Decora, de Preceptionibus*, where he speaks expressly against it; but wrote entirely from practice and observation, unmixed with the subtle philosophy of Aristotle, which was so much in vogue about 110 years afterwards, when that philosopher begun to flourish, and which has so much perplexed and rendered obscure the writings of Galen, and many other of the antient physicians. Galen, who lived 144 years after Christ, expressly says, *De diebus criticis*, the moon governs the periods of epileptic cases. After him we do not find it so particularly mentioned for many ages; nor is this to be wondered at, for they neglected philosophy, and a knowledge of nature, therefore could not assign a cause for it; and it was customary with them to deny the existence of a thing they could not account for. Even in the time of Galen this absurd custom prevailed, as Galen himself testifieth. His words are these: *Multi medici rerum que manifeste conspicuntur, causas reddere nequeunt, eas esse omnino negant*. To enter into the particulars of what every author has said, who has touched on the subject of the moon's influence, would render this paper tedious to your readers, and swell it to a much larger bulk than your Magazine would well admit of; I shall therefore only mention the names of those, who in their own writings, or the writings of others, have given cases or made observations of the effect of the moon's influence; neither shall I take the trouble to consult chronology to set them down in the order in which they lived; but promiscuously, as they happen to occur to my memory, as Aristotle, J. Bartholine, Carolus Piso, Kirchringius, Rammazzini, Ballonius, Van Holmont, Sanctorius, Baccius, Baglivi, Groenvelt, Diemerbroeck, Tyson, Sir John Floyer, Pitcairn, and Dr. Musgrave, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 272. All these authors do not relate cases of the moon's influence on those particular people called lunatics only, but of its influence in many other diseases. Now, after the testimony of so many learned men, most of them esteemed for their accurate observations on different diseases, I think we can no longer doubt of the certainty of the moon's influence

on the human species; and Horus Apollo asserts, that it has a particular effect upon many of the brute species also. It now remains to be shewn, that the moon's influence is greater at its full and change than at some other periods of it, and to explain in what manner it acts upon the body.

To account properly for the moon's influence upon the human body, we have occasion for three powerful assistants; anatomy, physiology, and philosophy. The first, from which we want the most assistance, affords us the least, as it is defective in that particular part which the moon's influence most affects; I mean the brain and nervous system. Physiology will assist us but little more, as it is also defective in the same part: though so far it informs us, that man is compounded of two distinct beings, united one to the other, namely, the mind and the body; which however different in their nature, do yet appear, from undoubted observation, to be so linked one to the other, that certain thoughts of the mind are ever united with determinate changes, or conditions of the body. Philosophy will lend us considerably more assistance; it will enable us to prove that there must be a great alteration in things around us at every new and full moon, and at some other periods of it; which if anatomy and physiology did but sufficiently help us to apply to the human frame, we should be able to account for the effect of the moon upon lunatics with some degree of certainty. But as this is not the case, I will endeavour to prove, that the body must be much affected at those seasons also; and leave futurity to account how this change immediately affects the mind, when they have carried their researches farther into the arcana of nature, and are become more enlightened by better observations and experiments, than the preceding times have furnished us with. To do this, it will first be necessary to say something of the air, or atmosphere, in which we live; because it must be by this medium that the moon, or any other planet, can have connection with us. The atmosphere then is an elastic fluid, one part of which gravitates upon another, whose pressure, or force, is communicated every way; though elasticity is not an immutable property of air, for we find it may be changed from an elastic to a fixed state by fumes of sulphur; but yet it is a property absolutely necessary for the preservation of life; for we find that burning sulphur, or charcoal, in a close room, will cause the death of any person

imprudent enough to remain there. We have great reason to think too, that the lungs reduces it from an elastic to a fixed state in respiration, seeing that no animal can live long in a place where there is not a continual admission of fresh air. Though some have asserted, that this is owing to the expiration from the lungs, and the transpiration from the other parts of the body, which renders the air injurious to life, and unfit for respiration, others have said, it is owing to the air's being consumed in respiration, others again, that it is owing to a vivifying spirit in air necessary for the preservation of life; which being continually secreted by the lungs, and at last consumed, puts a period to the life of the animal; but that there is no such vivifying spirit in air, (see Hales's Statical Essays, vol. I.) and I believe the death of the animal, so shut up, will be found entirely owing to the elasticity of the air being destroyed. Otto Guerick, a German, by inventing an instrument (the air-pump) about the middle of the last century, since much improved by Mr. Boyle, has taught us that there is air contained in the most dense and compact substances, whether animal, vegetable, or mineral; and that this included air, by lessening the pressure of the atmosphere (the action of the air-pump) will expand itself, and a quantity of it get out: for air occupies spaces which are in a reciprocal ratio of the compressing weight; from hence we may infer, that whatever will lessen the elasticity, or density, of the atmosphere, must also lessen the quantity of air, or cause it to expand itself in all bodies whether animal or other, and no person can conceive, that a quantity of air can make its escape from an animal body, or expand itself in that body, without causing some considerable alteration. Now that there are things which lessen the gravity of the atmosphere, is beyond contradiction, and that very considerable too; for the difference of the pressure of the atmosphere upon the surface of the human body at different times here in England, computed in a ratio of the weight of the quicksilver, in the Torricellian tube, or barometer, is 3062 pounds. That the sun and moon may be reckoned amongst those things which cause a diminution of gravity in the atmosphere, will appear more than probable from the following consideration. It is proved (see Dr. Halley's Theory of the Tides) that at particular periods the sun and moon considerably attract the waters of the sea, even sometimes $10 + \frac{1}{2}$ perpendicular height; by which means it causes in the tides that continual circulation calculated to prevent

the waters of the sea from corrupting, which all stagnated waters are so liable to. The attractive powers of these two planets are not equal, that of the moon exceeds that of the sun, as $4 + \frac{1}{2} : 1$; hence the effect of the moon's influence is more apparent than that of the sun; and they vary according to their perigæum or apogæum, or in other terms, according to their greater or lesser distance from our earth; but their greatest effect upon the waters is when they both conspire in their attraction, which is every new and full moon; from these circumstances arise all the variety of tides. Now seeing that air is a fluid as well as water, subject also to putrefaction from stagnation, and differing not materially from it but in being less dense, and more elastic, is it not reasonable to conclude that the atmosphere has its regular tides as well as the sea (notwithstanding what Strother has said in his Criticon Febrium) but in a much greater degree in a ratio, as the density of water is to that of air, which is as 800 : 1. This supposition is greatly corroborated by the observation of the whole world; for change of weather is always expected at the new and full moons; and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, have always been observed to be the most windy seasons of the year. This being the case at certain periods of the moon, but more particularly at the full and new, for the reason mentioned above, the pressure of the atmosphere will be lessened, consequently give leave to part of the elastic aura, contained in the blood vessels or other parts of animals, to make its exit out of, or expand itself in them; which must cause some considerable intestine motion, by which intestine motion, supposing the lunatic to have the predisposing cause of lunacy already, his paroxysms may be brought about. Another cause that may contribute towards bringing on the fit may arise from the lungs, for we know from undoubted observation that they have at all times a considerable effect upon the blood; we know also that the lungs require air of a certain determinate gravity to expand them; and that if this gravity is considerably lessened, the animal will die. The truth of this we plainly perceive in going from low situations up the tops of high mountains, such as the Alps and Peak of Teneriffe in Europe, and the Andes in America, though we cannot immediately say what effect this levity of air, at those periods before-mentioned, has upon the human frame; yet does it not seem probable that it contributes more or less to the bringing on of the paroxysms of lunatic people?

people? When we consider again, as before observed, that there is elastic air contained in all vegetables and minerals, as well as animals, which must also at those periods breed intestine motion, and a quantity escape out of those mineral and vegetable substances, carrying with it particles of the same substances, it may not be too chimerical to conceive, that some one species of particles or other amongst so many, may, by being drawn into the body, stimulate the predisposing cause to lunacy, and by that means assist in bringing on the fit. I shall not attempt at present to carry this enquiry farther, as I am much afraid already I have taken up too much of your time, and I hope this will be sufficient to satisfy your enquiring correspondent.

From all that has been said, it appears how necessary a knowledge of the other parts of philosophy, as well as the animal œconomy, is for acquiring a good knowledge of physic. Most of the above hints were taken from different authors, therefore I assume to myself no merit in answering your correspondent's question. It is a subject I could wish well to attend to, as I am confident it would lead to the discovery of the causes of many disorders unknown; and till we are better acquainted with those causes, we shall be but meanly qualified to cure, or even to alleviate those disorders, on which the life and happiness of man so much depend.

A THEATRICAL ODDITY.

Theatricus was born in the middle walk of life; his fortune was too small to render him independent, or to indulge him in a course of idleness and dissipation, the parent of folly, and source of vice, but sufficient, with proper œconomy, to enable him to pursue some profitable business, or instruct him in some genteel profession. The latter was the choice of his parents, as they had observed him possessed of great quickness and vivacity of parts, attended by their common companions, a peculiar indolence of habit, and a remarkable delicacy of constitution. These circumstances, in their opinion, fitted him to shine in one of the learned professions, but disqualified him for trade, which requires personal activity, steadiness of conduct, and attention to matters foreign to his disposition.

In consequence of this resolution, he got what is called a college education, and was sent to an university. His natural volatility of temper prevented a severe ap-

plication to his studies, which required an exertion of memory rather than genius, and are more profitable than pleasing; in proportion as his attention was weaned from them, it was directed to works of taste, particularly English plays. From the constant perusal of these, and from often frequenting the theatre, he contracted an eager desire to tread the stage, and an enthusiastic fondness for distinguishing himself as a hero of the Drama. His most ardent wish was to be a first-rate actor, and the highest point his ambition could soar to, was to be manager of a theatre; a happiness, in his deluded imagination, superior to fame, fortune, and respect any other way acquired. For the distant prospect of these imaginary blessings, which he had but faint hopes of ever possessing, did he sacrifice an almost absolute certainty of success in a genteel profession; yet, notwithstanding this absurdity, he was a young man of good natural parts, fine taste, and exquisite sensibility, nor was his portion of solid sense contemptible. No man saw the glaring absurdity of his conduct in more lively colours than he did, or furnished arguments to dissuade him from putting his designs in execution more weighty than his own: but these were the productions of cool reflection; for as soon as his imagination was again heated by seeing a play, or even a play bill, the marks they made were effaced, and left not a trace behind. This instant he was determined to quit his follies, and seriously apply to the profession he was intended for, and the propriety of this resolution he would enforce by irresistible arguments: in consequence of this he would read for an hour; but finding this tiresome, he was immediately determined to follow the bent of his inclinations, and pursue the stage: for this he produced reasons equally specious. Some perhaps will say, that this is totally incompatible with the character of good sense I have just given him, which he certainly deserved, and that if such a person has any existence, he must be a fool: but it is unjust to infer a want of sense from observing a man's bigotted attachment, in defiance of reason, to a favourite object; for where the imagination is heated, and the passions warmly engaged, they do not suffer that reason to interfere, which, perhaps, would shine if exercised on subjects in which these were in no wise interested.

Nor were these his only oddities, he had a remarkable propensity to spend more than his income: were his remittances at college one hundred pounds per annum,

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he would spend one hundred and thirty; were they increased to two hundred, his expences would rise in proportion. On asking him, how happens it, Theatricus, that you are as much in want of cash at present, when your quarter's allowance is fifty pounds, as you were when it was but twenty-five pounds, he has replied with a smile, "My dear friend, I know not how it happens, but I always find my inclination to extravagance increased as a cube, while my income does so as a square only; and I really believe, I should be more distressed for money had I five hundred pounds per annum, than I should if I had but one hundred." While his money or credit lasted, he was profuse to a proverb, and nothing could oblige him more than to accept of a treat at his expence; and so thoughtless and attached to his foible was he, that when his extravagance had reduced his finances to three shillings, and his credit to nothing, and consequently when he knew not where to get his breakfast next morning, or indeed any meal for perhaps a month, he has given that three shillings for a ticket; nor did his sufferings on one occasion render him more careful on another, for no sooner did his next quarter's salary arrive, than the same scene of folly was again repeated. Thus the old proverb, "Wit bought is better than wit taught," tho' often in his mouth, was never verified in him; neither advice nor retrospection producing any sensible effect. As a proof, he would, with open eyes, permit himself to be repeatedly duped by fellows not possessed of half his sense; and has played at billiards with those, whose design he was perfectly convinced, both from his discernment and experience, was to send him home with empty pockets. Thus he suffered himself to be stripped of his money, by men whose abilities he held in contempt, and whose sense and learning he despised.

Here is then as strange a compound of sense and absurdity, discernment and caprice, as perhaps can any where be met with in a real character, as this truly is. There are some other peculiarities belonging to him, which I chuse to pass over in silence, as they would render the original too obvious to be mistaken, and thus possibly prevent that amendment I wish for; a complete conviction often hardens a man in a fault, which he would endeavour to conceal or correct, in order to avoid the ridicule or disgrace annexed to it, if he thought it possible to do so: at present I know more than one to whom, perhaps, this character is applicable; there are undoubtedly some few others of a simi-

lar stamp. The publishing this, therefore, in your universally read Magazine, may produce a reformation in some, and even a cure in others. This is the sincere wish of your new correspondent,

SPECTATOR.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Am one of those easy indolent men, who chuse to pass through life with as little trouble as possible; being convinced from observation and experience, that there are a very few objects in this terrestrial situation worthy the trouble of attaining. The ladies I am convinced are very fickle in their choice, and as they seldom know their own minds when they really fancy they are particularly fond of a man, it is scarce possible for us to discriminate beyond themselves upon this head: so I have set it down as an invariable maxim, when I hear a woman has an *immense* regard for an admirer, that like the expression it is vague and unmeaning, and that probably in a month's time she may have a more *immense* regard for another. The pleasures of the table are dangerous, and I am fully of opinion with my friend Dr. Cadogan, that water is the most natural and wholesome beverage. It is a vitiated appetite that requires provocatives, nature never demanded the luxuries of the table, and our forefathers were full as healthful, at least, before cookery was reduced to a science, and eating to an art. The folly of dress and parade has been long so obvious to me, that whenever I see a fellow in a laced jacket (for coats are not worn now) I pronounce him a puppy, not, however, without being surprized at the extravagant phrenzy of writing fool with his own hand upon his front. Public diversions afford me no amusement: I have seen all the capital plays performed to the greatest advantage. I will not cry up a Betterton or a Booth, before a Garrick or a Barry; but I must insist upon it, that Congreve and Gay wrote better pieces than ——— or ———. The first is accused of having too much wit, and the other too much satire; but I wish our comedy-wrights would endeavour to catch a little of their infection, and not appear so much afraid of being too clever. The present productions have the direct opposite effect they were designed for—at a modern comedy I yawn, at a modern tragedy I cannot refrain from laughing. Five hundred acts of what

what our present authors call sentimental dialogue, is imposed upon us for a dramatic composition, and, with very little variations in the catastrophe, may be stiled either tragedy or comedy. This observation often made, has now induced me to keep my money in my pocket, and not pay three shillings for the risk of breaking a leg or an arm, in order to receive three hours incessant mortification.

Vauxhall is a pleasing sight when the lamps are lighted; but it is only a *coup d'oeil*, and five minutes may satisfy a stranger as well as five hours, unless he chuses to have his ears assailed with music destitute of harmony, and singing without voice. The tin-cascade certainly may amuse children; and if rattles were to be sold at a shilling a piece at the bar, I am convinced the same kind of spectators would purchase a considerable number.

Ranelagh is a splendid circle, but as I have an utter aversion to the headach, which repeated cruising round the fire-place never fails to give me, and as I chuse to sleep a little at night, I always avoid drinking tea and coffee after nine in the evening.

I confess I am not a sufficient master of Italian to accompany the *sense* of an opera when singing; but I am told by several *connoisseurs*, who speak the language fluently, that it would be of no use to me if I did, as they never heard distinctly one word that was sung. But to find a hero dispose of his last breath in a quaver, is so very preposterous, that if all the warriors of antiquity should rise from the dead, and make an affidavit that they went out of the world in that manner, I would not believe them.

What other amusements remain that are worth the trouble of dressing for, or the expence of coach hire? I do not know of any, and therefore wear my bob-wig sometimes uncombed, for I detest the operations of a barber, even upon a block; read the lies of the day, not for information, but to smile at the invention in news collectors and paragraph writers; smoke my pipe in the evening at ——— coffee-house, and retire to rest, satisfied that I have had as much real enjoyment during the whole day, as if my head were as white as a sugar-loaf, and I had been rolling all day in a gilded chariot from one public place to another.

There is but one thing displeases me in this pursuit, and which indeed is the subject of this letter. I beg you would intimate to Billy Shallow, who constantly makes his appearance at nine, and always

sits opposite to me; that I cannot bear his whistling any longer; or if he must whistle, at least to change his tune, for "The shady blest retreat" is absolutely threadbare. I told him that tobacco would give his cloaths a disagreeable scent among the ladies; but he would not take the hint. If you can remove this impediment to my serenity, you will greatly oblige,

Your's,

SNUG.

To Dr. CADOGAN.

SIR,

BEING under great apprehensions of the gout, as my father died of that disorder in his stomach, and as I was informed that it was an hereditary disease, though I never had the least symptom of it, no sooner did your celebrated pamphlet appear upon that complaint than I became an immediate purchaser, perused it with the greatest attention, and resolved, most religiously, to follow every rule laid down in that excellent performance, fancying I caught health and new life by anticipation from every page. I purchased a copy of every edition you have published, that I might scrupulously follow your precepts to the greatest nicety, being fearful that some corrections or additions might not be found in the former editions. I have now, Sir, gone through the whole seven editions, with the most scrupulous discipline, and may therefore be thought to have attained the pinnacle of health and vigour.

Instead of sleeping eight or nine hours, as I had usually done, according to your advice, I was resolved that indolence and inactivity should not enervate me, and therefore have not, since your first edition appeared, slept above three hours and a half. I have always risen before the sun, and walked ten miles before breakfast, without paying the least attention to the weather. Wine and ale, and all fermented liquors, I have entirely laid aside, and stuck solely to water. I have neither eat pickles, spices, or acids, and have not even allowed the least relish whatever to my victuals; which have neither been potted, smoked, or preserved. In a word, doctor, I have been a most rigid disciple to your system, and can safely say, that if health is to be obtained thereby, I ought to be amply possessed of it.

But mark the event, from a jolly disposition, and a florid complexion, I am fallen away almost to a skeleton, and have scarce

scarce strength to perform the necessary functions of life: my appetite, which was very good, has entirely left me; I have violent pains in my bowels, and almost a constant diarrhoea; I cannot sleep; my rest is entirely disturbed; my spirits are extremely low, and water, of which I drink very plentifully, according to your salutary advice, no way raises them. In a word, doctor, in order to obtain the summit of health, I am dying by inches, though I have no symptom of the gout or any chronic disorder whatever. Grief and sorrow indeed prey so much upon me, that I believe your rules, though ever so salutary, would now have no effect. This dejection of spirits is chiefly owing to a disappointment I have met with, of the most pungent kind. You must know, doctor, I was extremely enamoured with a young lady of great merit and beauty, and our nuptials were actually agreed upon when I became your patient, which I did in order to eradicate any lurking humours, and prevent our issue being, in the smallest degree, tainted with the gout. Since my decline, the young lady became very cool, and the last time I talked to her of our intended nuptials, she asked me, "if I thought she was distracted, or could think of wedding a skeleton?" This cutting reply was followed, in a few days, by her marriage with an Irish gentleman of Herculean size, who never once heard of your pamphlet.

Indeed, doctor, I am in a very miserable situation, and am determined to resume my former habit of living, let the event be what it may: so that whether you publish eight, or eight hundred editions, I am resolved to drink a chearful glass of generous wine, eat good substantial food, properly dressed, and take my natural rest, in hopes of recovering my constitution, though I have inevitably lost my wife.

I am, SIR,

Your's

SHATTERS.

To the Author of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Was in company the other evening with three Common-Councilmen, when the conversation turned upon the ensuing election of a Lord-Mayor. One of them was a staunch Wilkite; another was as violent an Anti-Wilkite; and the third seemed no way prejudiced on either side. If you think

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the following Dialogue, which was nearly the substance of their conversation, will be agreeable to your readers, please to insert it in your next number.

Child's Coffee-
house, Sept. 20.

I am, SIR,
Your humble servant,
NEUTER.

1st Common-Councilman. I tell you, sir, it will be the highest pitch of ingratitude for us not to return Mr. Crosby. Consider, sir, how gloriously he has opposed the tyranny of the H. of C. how he has maintained and supported the liberty of the press, that great bulwark of all our liberties. Has he not stood in the gap against ministerial oppression, against venality and corruption? has he not suffered imprisonment for the honour of his country in general, and this great city in particular? and can we refuse him our plaudit, or our suffrage, for such glorious deeds, such unparalleled patriotism? No——forbid it gratitude! forbid it justice!

2d C. C. Sir, I will allow you all the latitude of your argument; and suppose that Mr. Crosby acted consistent with his principles and his conscience, he still only did his duty, if it was his duty so to do: if not, he acted extra-officially, and instead of meriting applause, deserves reprehension. But the truth of the matter is, he was nothing more than the tool and cat's paw of W. who, as he can only live in a storm, takes every possible opportunity of preventing a calm taking place; he seizes every occasion to disturb the public tranquillity, that he may be talked of, and his cause and himself not be entirely forgotten. To this source we owe the conduct of Mr. C. upon this occasion. Bewildered by the *ignis fatuus* of Wilkes's popularity, (which is hourly diminishing) he did not perceive the precipice to which it was leading him, till it was too late to recede. He now saw his danger: his fears were visibly depicted in his countenance, and his tongue faltered the accents of despair. When he timidly dissuaded Wilkes and Oliver from signing the commitment of the messenger of the house of commons, saying, *it was sufficient for him to run the risk he did, without their having their necks in the collar*, he at once proved the consciousness of his error, and the panic that had seized him. Oliver soon perceived that he had been hoodwinked, and led blind-fold too long by W. and resolved, with the fortitude becoming a man of sense, no longer to be the dupe and bubble of such a political adventurer. But poor C. not

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having

having discernment or resolution sufficient to throw off his shackles, still remains the tool of this desperado.

1st C. C. I have listened to you with more patience than your asseveration, I should say declamation, deserved; for you have attempted to reason but upon one fact, and that you have not proved. But allowing that Mr. C. did use words to the effect you mention, at the time of signing the messenger's commitment, it rather proves his greatness of soul, than any timidity, in taking all the risk upon himself. As to your notion of Mr. C. being a tool to Mr. W. it is a supposition as ridiculous as ungenerous. You may call me and every one who wishes well to his country, and opposes the baneful influence of ministerial corruption, a tool to Mr. W. But a man who can stigmatize the only real champion of liberty, who has stood forth in his country's cause, and done it such important services, as a political adventurer, and a desperado, must himself be a tool, and the worst of tools, the tool of an abandoned venal m——y, a——

3d C. C. Pray, gentlemen, be cool, do not let your difference in political opinions, mislead your judgments so far.

2d C. C. Oh! let him go on—I am prepared for scurrility and abuse, whenever the advocates on that side take up the cudgels. Cool reasoning would not support their arguments: it is a rule with them to throw as much dirt as they can, thinking that some must stick.

1st C. C. Sir, I can be as cool as you; but when you begin with such a ling invec-tives as you did, it is time to retort upon you in your own language.

2d C. C. Indeed, sir, you are getting very wide from the subject we began upon, which was, whether Mr. Crosby or Mr. Nash was the most eligible person to be elected Lord-Mayor for the ensuing year? And I am still of opinion, that Mr. Nash has such an unblemished character, as well in public as in private life, that there can be no just reason for stigmatizing him, in setting him aside, as he and Mr. Banks are the two aldermen next the chair.

1st C. C. If this ridiculous doctrine prevails, where is the freedom of election? The livery's return must be a mere farce, and we must assist in performing the puppet-show. Besides, there are substantial reasons against Mr. N——'s being elected Lord-Mayor. Was he not at the last ge-

neral election chiefly instrumental in publishing a list of the voters for the members of this city, in order to gratify the spleen and malice of the m——y? Has he not publicly declared, we have nothing to do in political deliberations, in order to prevent an enquiry into our grievances, and presenting remonstrances to the th——ne? and can such a man be judged a proper person to fill the office of first magistrate of this city?

2d C. C. You take every thing for granted that is published or promulgated against the man you oppose. The mere *ipse dixit* of Mr. Wilkes goes with you for sterling truth, in opposition to the most positive, the most stubborn facts. I have heard such a report as you mention concerning Mr. Nash having a hand in the publication of the names of the voters at the last general election; but I always found every impartial person treated it with the contempt it deserved. As to his dissuading us from entering into political disputes, quite foreign to our province, I think he was highly commendable, as it proved how much he had the peace and tranquillity of the city at heart.

1st C. C. The peace and tranquillity of the city, in our present situation, are like the peace and tranquillity of Europe, which we enjoy, because we are so pusillanimous as to put up tamely with every insult that is offered us. *Eternal war with the foes of our liberties, at home and abroad*, is my motto; and we never can obtain the redress of our grievances under a chief magistrate who maintains the doctrine of non resistance.

2d C. C. Such knight-errants in politics as you, afford foreigners a fine picture of the extravagance of English patriotism. Liberty! Liberty! is constantly in your mouths, whilst you are the slaves of party and prepossession. View the state of things through the medium of *impartiality*; then put your hand upon your heart, and declare if you have any just cause of complaint.

1st C. C. This is the doctrine of the Carlton junto, of which you seem to be a worthy disciple.

3d C. C. Come, gentlemen, lay aside all personal invectives; Mr. Crosby has acted as an upright magistrate, and deserves well of his fellow citizens: Mr. Nash is a worthy man, and has declared he will abide by the voice of the city, unassisted by ministerial influence; let us therefore wait the event, and see to whom the greatest number of independent suffrages will be given.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. Henry Taylor, Teacher of Mathematics at Knareborough in Yorkshire.

Let x = the base, then $\sqrt{149\frac{1}{3}} - x$ = the cathetus; and, per question, $x^3 \sqrt{149\frac{1}{3}} - x^4$ must be a maximum; which being put into fluxions, and reduced, gives $x = \sqrt[3]{84}$; consequently the area is 14.

The same answered by Master Jemmy Flannagan, of Burton upon Trent.

Let $s = \sqrt{149\frac{1}{3}}$, x = the base, then $s - x$ = the perpendicular; hence $s x^3 - x^4$, must be a maximum, in fluxions $3x^2 \dot{x} - 4x^3 \dot{x} = 0$ reduced, gives $x = \frac{3s}{4}$; whence $\frac{3s}{4} \times s - \frac{3s}{4}^2$

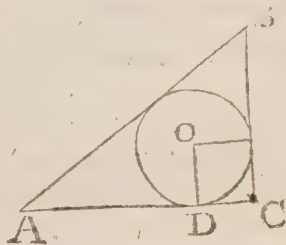
equal 14, his age required.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. Edward Reed, of West-Alvington, near Kingbridge.

Let $n : m$ be the ratio given, $AB \times OD = b$, and $n^2 + m^2 = s^2$; then $nx = AC$, $mx = BC$, and $sx = AB$; also because $AC + AB - BC = AD$, we shall have $CD = OD = \frac{n - s + m}{2}$

$\times x$; whence, per question, $AB \times OD = \frac{ns - s^2 + ms}{2} \times x^2$,

and $x = \sqrt{\frac{2b}{ns - s^2 + ms}}$.



QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. John Aspland.

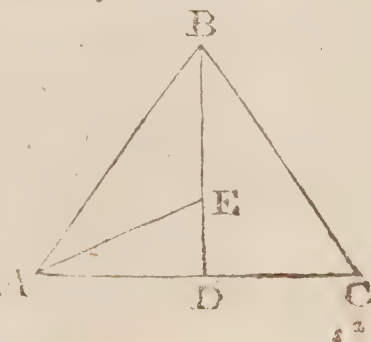
Let x equal the difference, and z the product of the required numbers; then, per question, $zx = 30$, and $z = \frac{30}{x}$; hence their sum will be $\sqrt{xx + \frac{120}{x}}$, and the sum of their squares = $x^2 + \frac{60}{x}$, consequently $xx + \frac{60}{x} \times \sqrt{xx + \frac{120}{x}} = 272$ (not 262 as printed in the question) this equation reduced gives $x^9 + 240x^6 - 55984x^3 + 432000 = 0$, solved $x = 2$, and the numbers sought are 3 and 5.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. John Aspland.

Put a for the axis of the parabola, p the perimeter thereof, b the semi-length of the spindle, y the radius of the greatest inscribed cylinder, x the semi-length of that cylinder, $n = 3.14159$; then by the property of the curve $y = \frac{b^2 - x^2}{p}$, consequently $ny^2x = \frac{n}{p^2} \times b^4x - 2b^2x^3 + x^5$ = the content of half the cylinder, a maximum, per question, which put into fluxions, and reduced, gives $x = \frac{b}{\sqrt{5}}$.

QUESTION V. Answered by the Proposer.

Put $a = AB$, and x for the sine of the angle of E to the radius 1 (E being the place of the center of gravity of the cone) then $x : a :: s$ (the sine of the angle BAE) : $\frac{as}{x} = BE$; whence, by mechanics $\frac{4as}{3x} = BD$, and $\frac{as}{3x} = DE$, consequently as $\sqrt{1 - x^2} : \frac{as}{3x} :: x : \frac{as}{3\sqrt{1 - x^2}}$ = AD: whence $\frac{as^2}{1 - x^2 \times 9} + \frac{4as}{9x^2} = a^2$, or



$$\frac{s^2}{1-x^2} \times 9 + \frac{16s^2}{9x^2} = 1. \text{ This equation reduced gives } x = d + \sqrt{d^2 - \frac{16s^2}{9}}^{\frac{1}{2}} =$$

$$0.88185 = \text{ sine of } 61^\circ 52' = \angle AED, \text{ whence } BE = 57\frac{1}{4} DE = 19\frac{1}{4}, \text{ and } AD =$$

$$DC = 36.$$

Note. In this solution the angle mentioned in the data of the question is taken equal to $36^\circ 48'\frac{1}{2}$.

QUESTION VI. Answered.

In the third line of this question for "a miles," it should have been one mile. This correction being made, the course made good upon each tack will then appear to be $12^\circ 43'$. The distance sailed 46.3 miles—Direction of the current south, as before, and its velocity 3.71 miles per hour.

JOHN WEATHERDON.

Mr. William Castieau, Mr. John Aspland, of Midenhall, Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wissett, and Mr. James Willis, answered all the questions; Mr. Edward Reed, of West-Alvington, near Kingsbridge, answered the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth questions; Mr. John Reynolds, pupil to Mr. Hervey, of Bungay, answered the first, second, and third; Mr. William Smart, of Wicken, in Cambridgeshire, answered the first, fourth, and fifth; Mr. Henry Taylor, teacher of mathematics, at Knarelsborough, in Yorkshire, answered the first, second, fourth, and fifth; Master Jemmy Flannagan, of Burton upon Trent, answered the first, second, and third; Mr. John Weatherdon, answered all the questions.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. By Master John Reynolds.

The product of two numbers equal a , and the difference of their cubes equal b , required a theorem to find the numbers themselves?

QUESTION II. By Mr. R. Spakeman.

Required two cube numbers, such that their sum shall be a perfect sursolid?

QUESTION III. By Mr. Thomas Barker.

Given the sun's meridian altitude, and difference between his altitude when due east, and at the hour of 6; required the latitude of the place?

QUESTION IV. By Mr. Castieau.

Admit two ports lie N. E. and S. W. distance 161 miles, the wind south, and a ship having sailed close upon a wind 231 miles from the northernmost port with her larboard tacks aboard, and 110 miles with her starboard tacks aboard, arrives at the southernmost port; it is required to find how near the wind she makes her way good.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

DURING last winter and spring, when I was finishing my surveys of the Martiers on the promontory of East Florida, I settled its longitude by that of Charles Town in South Carolina, which, by a tedious survey, I had carried from the Charles Town light-house to Cape Florida and the dry Tortugas; but could not reconcile it with the longitude of the Havannah: I was therefore constrained to undertake in July last, a more tedious expedition across the Atlantic Ocean to the Start-point in the English channel, which I accomplished the seventh of this month; by which I have not only obtained the true west longitude from London to Cape Florida, differing $1^\circ 56' 43''$ from the commonly known longitude between London and Charles Town light-house, which I bring in west longitude $80^\circ 42' 43''$ from the London meridian, and answers compleatly to the bearings from Cape Florida to the Havannah, but have also traced the Florida, commonly called Gulf Stream, with all its windings from the Dry Tortugas, to the westernmost of the Martiers, along the Atlantic Coast to the Newfoundland Bank; likewise all the different deviations of the magnetical, from the solar amplitudes; as also the precise latitude and longitude near America of no variation. Vessels bound from any part of America through the New Bahama channel to Europe, may take the benefit of that stream, which will not only guide them clear of all shoals projecting from the Capes on the coast of North America, but also accelerate their voyage in almost an incredible measure, from twice to six times the distance to what I found by my loxodromy, when corrected by my daily observations. As I am convinced of the utility my discovery must afford the public, I would not lose a day to communicate it through your publication.

I am, sir, your most humble servant,

William Gerrard de Brahm,

His majesty's surveyor general

For the southern district of North America.

P O E T I-

Sept. 8, 1771.

POETICAL PIECES.

S E P T E M B E R.

PAST are the beauties of sweet summer's reign,
The golden scenes, the pleasing views are fled;
With hasty stride sage Autumn treads the plain,
And fair Pomona, blushing as she's led.

Her painted carpet Flora lays aside,
And fades reluctant 'midst the rural scene:
To Nature yielding, whose superior pride
Now rises in a second vest of green.

The mellow orchards teem with ripen'd stores,
The branches bend beneath a plenteous crop,
The careful swain with wistful eye explores
The pendant fruit, supported by a prop.

The ruddy apple, and the juicy pear,
With look delicious now invite the taste:
Whilst shelter'd 'neath the wall, with well-
judg'd care
The peach and nest'rine shun the baneful blast.

The harvest o'er, the swains with joy carouse,
Exulting in the produce of the grain;
The full-ear'd sheaves within the barn they
house,
And quit the stubble furrows of the plain.

Urg'd by cold Poverty's severe command,
The needy rustics eager seek around,
With painful toiling, and laborious hand,
They pluck the remnant gleanings from the
ground.

The fading verdure tells the year's decline,
The concert ceases in the shady grove,
No more the warblers in full chorus join,
From tree to tree with fainter notes they rove.

No more the shepherd seated in the shade,
Tunes to responsive hills th' harmonious flute;
But joyless views the now decaying mead,
Whilst o'er the plain his fleecy charge graze
mute.

With equal balance Libra holds the scales,
Sol's fiery couriers to th' equator fly;
Shorten'd their race, their lessen'd lustre fails,
And sinking earlier gild the western sky.

Th' unsettled seasons plainly indicate
A change of time!—dissolving into air,
Vapours pernicious, with disease replete,
Ascend; and o'er the marshy pool appear.

* * * *

A F A B L E.

2 Esdras iv. 12. 21.

LET all our wishes here below
Their just and proper limits know:
Would you possess a tranquil mind,
Then bear the lot by Heav'n assign'd.
Through anxious wishes to increase,
We often make our pleasures less,
And barter ease for happiness. }
Look thro' the world you will not find,
In all the history of mankind,
A longer train of evils flow
From any source of human woe;
All in the busy strife engage
To push each other off the stage;
The courtier wants the statesman's place;
And Delia sighs for Chloe's face;
One lawyer would supplant another;
And one divine his rival brother;
Authors contend to get a name,
And K—nr—k envies Johnson's fame;
Oft the too curious scholar tries
To find out hidden mysteries;
And vainly hopes to have reveal'd
What Heav'n, in wisdom, hath conceal'd:
But all the eager strife is vain
Such fruitless wishes to attain.

The following Fable was design'd
To teach this lesson to mankind,
To curb our childish wishes here,
And keep within our proper sphere.

A pious sage, in former days,
(As venerable record says)
Was curiously intent to know
Secrets forbid to man below;
From Heav'n an angel strait was sent
To chide the prophet's discontent:
Uriel came, and to unfold
The will of Heav'n, this Fable told.

Upon a plain, which once I view'd,
A proud and stately forest stood,
Whose tow'ring trees, stretching in vain
Their spreading branches o'er the plain,
Long pin'd for sovereign command
Over the deep, as on the land;
At length such envy fill'd the plain,
The woods conspire against the main,
In hopes to gain a larger sway,
And make the sea itself obey;
Shall we contented here remain,
To fade and whither on the plain;
Within these humble limits keep,
And see the proud imperious deep
With all its swelling billows roll
On ev'ry side, without controul?
Rather than yield to such disgrace,
We'll make the waters quit their place,
Assuage their fury, stop their course,
By must'ring our superior force;
At our approach the boist'rous sea
Will cease to roar, the waves will flee:

“ Let

"Let us go down, and never fear
"We'll make us larger forests there."

To try the project all agree,
(Nor was there one dissenting tree)
But lo! a dire catastrophe!
The woods, to sudden ruin doom'd,
Are by the raging fire consum'd;
Vain their ambitious schemes are found,
Their boughs are level'd with the ground,
The senseless trunks to fuel turn'd
Are with resistless fury burn'd,
Soon to a heap of ruins tost,
And all their fancy'd glory lost;
Reduc'd to ashes, they lament
Too late their fatal discontent.

The ocean too, with envy fraught,
Cherish'd the like ambitious thought,
Wishing to fill a larger space,
And occupy the forest's place.
The floods consult, and soon agree
To make the lofty forest flee
Before the mighty raging sea,
That the huge waves might farther spread,
And make a more capacious bed.
But ah! how vain th' aspiring thought,
The envious project came to nought;
The sands against the floods arose,
Their furious efforts to oppose:

"Think not, vain water, to exceed
"The bounds which Nature hath decreed;
"Thy place is fix'd, and destin'd so,
"Thus far, no farther thou shalt go."

Thus nor the forest, nor the main,
Could their ambitious ends obtain.
The sage a sentence now must pass,
Whether in folly did surpass
The sea that would the trees displace,
Or trees which claim'd the water's place:

The sage a just decision made,
And rightly censuring both, he said:
For senseless arrogance I blame
The forest, and the sea the same,
Who, with ambitious hopes, and vain,
Sought to enlarge their own domain:
Like their's the fate of all who try
To change their fixed destiny.
Uriel own'd, with just applause,
The prophet's verdict in the cause;
And hence this weighty influence draws,
Ne'er to transgress the establish'd laws,
Which wiser Nature hath design'd
In virtuous harmony to bind
The various orders of mankind.

"Then think not, thou presumptuous man,
"The ways of Providence to scan;
"Thy just and proper limits know,
"Nor search the hidden paths of woe,
"Nor of thy ignorance complain.
"When knowledge would but heighten pain;
"With Nature's gifts be thou content,
"Nor let thy days be idly spent
"In wishes to enlarge the sphere,
"Which Heav'n hath destin'd for thee here."
A fable this (became so well
An heav'nly messenger to tell)
May teach mankind, both small and great,
To be content in every state.

This lesson, rightly understood,
Would make men virtuous, wise, and good.
Hence each may learn the happy art
To act with proper care his part;
On earth to heavenly wisdom rise,
And here be fitted for the skies.

The PLEASURES of rural RETIREMENT.

ALL hail the sweets of solitude divine,
What joys we find sequester'd from the
world! [known

What pleasures in retirement, pleasures un-
To those who frequent courts, or dwell in
towns,

Where the rude bustle, and the clam'rous routs,
Banish content. Is happiness your aim?
Search not in courts, nor seek it in a throne,
Content holds not her happy kingdom there.

Behold that lowly hut by yonder hill!
Its owner tastes the blessings of content;
Each morn he rises to pursue his work,
Nor slumbers on a life of indolence:
He the unsully'd sweets of nature tastes,
Nor envies kings. His daily labour o'er,
He hies him home to spend the eve in mirth;
Not in pernicious talk, or fatal gaming,
Wanton discourse of fools, or guilty joys;
These ne'er disturb the peace that's in his
breast,

Nor hurt the pleasures of his tranquil mind.
Far from his thoughts is ev'ry scene of
guilt.

Around the homely board the rustics sit,
Pleas'd they partake of coarse, but wholesome
food:

Luxurious feasts, and pamper'd appetites,
Arc guests that never pay their visits there;
Content adorns each brow, their faces show
The peace that reigns within, while innocence
That crowns the scene in all its splendour
shines. [rest,

When nature calls, and warns them to their
beds with pleasing transports I e,
To spend the night in sleep. No horrid
dreams,

No guilty fears, perplex their happy minds;
Remorse of conscience, 'tis a deadly sting,
The smart of which their bosoms never feel:
Bribery, nor actions unbecoming men,
That's oft practis'd by those who dwell at
court, [repose.

These wretched things ne'er hurt their calm
At break of day well pleas'd they pursue
The labour of their hands. Thus happy days,
And happy nights, roll on in sweet content.
Does fortune frown, behold they murmur
not! [gives!

Does fortune smile, they bless the hand that
Thus each succeeding hour brings fresh supplies
Of guiltless joys; while thanks adorn their
lives,

And ceaseless gratitude to power Divine.

Plymouth-dock.

J. FOWLER.

ON ABSENCE.

NO more the gay scenes of delight,
 No more the soft transports of ease,
 Give pleasure to Damon's fond sight,
 Nor aught that is charming can please :
 His flocks let them wander astray,
 And traverse the dangerous shores,
 Nor Damon will drive them away,
 He's absent from her he adores.

Dire absence! how great are thy fears!
 They pierce the soft bosom's each part
 Of him, who's in love, and reverts
 The nymph that has stolen his heart!
 But hence all ye doubts, now retire!
 Retreat to the darkest recess!
 Let me burn with love's hottest fire,
 And taste all the pleasures of bliss.

Fair Phillis, again once return,
 My cottage, as usual, adorn;
 Ah! how will my passion then burn,
 When Damon is not left forlorn!
 Then all the soft pleasures of love,
 The pleasures most grateful to me,
 Within my fond bosom will rove!
 More blest can a mortal e'er be!

R. L. R.

The Third Ode of ANACREON imitated.

ONE night, when round her frozen sphere,
 Boötes drove the northern Bear;
 'Twas at the time when nature lay
 Dissolv'd in slumber from the day;
 'Twas when all weary bodies close
 Their eyes in sleep, and sweet repose;
 When Love, in all his arts array'd,
 Was wand'ring thro' the lonely shade—
 He soon perceived thro' the gloom,
 Amidst the trees, my peaceful dome:
 He came, and stung with envious hate,
 With knocks repeated, struck my gate.
 Who's there, cry'd I, that breaks my door
 At this untimely, midnight hour?
 Open your door, says he, 'tis I,
 A helpless, miserable boy,
 Benumb'd with cold, and wet, I stray
 Along this tedious, lonely way;
 'Tis dismal dark, and beating rain
 Has cover'd all the dreary plain;
 The winds with dismal horror rear;
 Dear sir, come down, and ope the door.
 I, mov'd with pity, heard his fate,
 Then struck a light, and op'd the gate,
 When, lo! a beauteous boy I spy'd,
 With bow and quiver at his side:
 I cover'd him with warm attire,
 Then fondly plac'd him by the fire;
 I warm'd his little hands with mine,
 And from his hair I press'd the rain.
 Soon as th' ungrateful churl was warm,
 And found he had receiv'd no harm;
 Let's try, said he, I want to know
 Whether the rain has spoil'd my bow;

This said, he chose a deadly dart;
 Which hissing flew, and pierc'd my heart:
 Then skip'd away the fraudulent boy,
 And said, kind host, I wish you joy:
 Thanks to my stars, my bow is found—
 But, oh! your heart's receiv'd a wound. J. B.

*On Doctor CADOGAN'S TREATISE on Chronic Diseases.**By a Company of Cits.*

REJOICE, all ye bucks! Epicurean blades,
 Ye sons of true spirit, promoters of trades;
 Cadogan's curst treatise has late met a shock,
 And the head of the author been voted a block
 By a party of cits, who, to check this great evil,
 Had form'd a committee, and met at the Devil*.

The Vintner first, with ruby nose,
 This great debate began;
 Says he full well the scripture shews
 Wine glads the heart of man:
 Does then this prating puppy think
 Mankind will be such fools,
 Leave punch and wine! small beer to drink,
 By his abstemious rules?

The Cook then got up with his broad shining
 face,
 And thus most decisively stated the case:
 View but Alderman George who in turtle de-
 lights,
 And whose taste the fat haunch beyond all
 things invites;
 Let a French *petit maitre* be the next man you
 see,
 Who's fed on *soup maigre* and *frogs fricasée*;
 Observe but this contrast, and you can't want
 conviction,
 To treat all this mad-doctor says, as a fiction.

The Oilman next his weighty reasons gave,
 (Rich was the man, and to his gold a slave)
 Of all false maxims which these writings own,
 "Pickles the worst of poisons," last goes
 down;

Acids, 'tis known, an appetite create,
 And they with huge impatience make us
 wait
 To storm the second course with unabated
 heat.

The Baker then arose
 As pale as Hamlet's ghost;
 And in a moment shows
 Where he poor Will cou'd roast:
 My argument, quoth he,
 At once will end this strife;
 For sure we all agree,
 That Bread's the Staff of Life.

The leaden-headed Grocer speech'd the last,
 His words were few, he this short sentence pass'd;
 With all your reasons, my good friends, I agree,
 But don't forget to add, a little spice for me.

* Devil Tavern, Fleet-street.

The JUDGMENT of VENUS.

A T A L E.

*The Subject from M. De La Motte.**By Mr. Alley, Author of The Summer's Day.*

I.

WHEN yet but young, thus spake the
Graces,

Those maids of honour to dame Venus,
"Let others war about their faces,
"For pique or strife none shall arraign us."

II.

"Let mortal dames—that frail creation,
"Who deal on shew, and play, and pother—
"Mangle each other's reputation,
"As sisters we'll defend each other."

III.

Long mindful of those declarations,
Friendship they paid with sweet affection,
And acted, as became relations,
With complaisance and circumspection.

IV.

Their goodly traffic of the duties,
Increase of bliss each day created;
How singular the trade, for beauties
Who dwell at court, and were related!

V.

What pity, fame should truly tell us,
That pique intruded on their quiet,
That jealousy employ'd her bellows
To kindle up the flame of riot.

VI.

It happ'd, as they were sipping water,
Gladsome as bees, as turtles simple,
Envy step'd in, that keen inspector,
And spy'd on Thalia's cheek—a pimple.

VII.

Accurs'd with microscopic vision,
What flaw, what blemish, e'er hath mist
her!

Joy'd at a subject for derision,
She whisper'd 'Phrosy and her sister.

VIII.

So taught, they sneer'd; Miss Thalia, nettled,
Vow'd she not understood their joking,
And added, while her tête she settled,
" 'Twas rude, unseemly, and provoking."

IX.

Words grew from words, at length but little
Did breach of rules and orders scare 'em;
They prov'd that promises are brittle,
Meer pyc-crusts, as old saws declare 'em.

X.

Each took her turn, and coarsely hinted,
Or of a frail a *bought* complexion,
Or heavy looks, or eyes that squinted,
Eut arrogated *self-perfection*.

XI.

At length a little tir'd of jangling,
They thought, and who could fancy better?
'Twas meet to yield their cause of wrangling
To madam Venus in a letter.

XII.

"By me"—Euphrosyne declared,
But in a mode that seem'd distainful—
"Shall Venus' judgment be revered,
"Though it should prove severely painful,

XIII.

"Impartiality she'll shew us;
"The goddess surely scorns to flatter;
"She'll act as if she did not know us,
"And wisely regulate the matter.

XIV.

"But let us now make firm provision
"To drop for ever what's abusive,
"To hold the goddess's decision
"Without appeal, as quite conclusive."

XV.

"Be't so"—said Thalia—"let us close up
"Those wounds which have too long dis-
gusted;
"My title"—and the cock'd her nose up—
"With Venus shall be freely trusted."

XVI.

Aglaia added, grave and coolly,
"I like the plan that's recommended;
"How speedily, I care not truly,
"Our petty controversy's ended."

XVII.

As Venus read their letter, "rot 'em,"
Full oft she cry'd, and call'd 'em "creatures,"
And wonder'd "who the deuce had got 'em,
"So discontented were their natures."

XVIII.

She bade a notice to be sent 'em,
In court she'd hear them on the morrow;
And, since that test could but content 'em,
Vow'd that "the minxes should sup sorrow."

XIX.

They came—The judge, in judgment seated,
So sweetly look'd, so soft, so pleasing,
As might *old* Time himself have cheated,
To stand and waste whole years in gazing.

XX.

The Graces answer'd to the crier,
As he perform'd his noisy duty;
And then, as Venus did require,
Gave tokens of superior beauty.

XXI.

One *screw'd* her mouth up, rend'ring frightful
Lips sweet and ripe as are in nature;
One *grinn'd*, for she had teeth delightful;
And one by *leering* spoil'd each feature.

XXII.

In short, with labour they exerted
Each art e'er practis'd at their glasses;
But, soon as *ease* from them deserted,
Beauty bade farewell to the lasses.

XXIII.

Vex'd with their folly, "Out, ye fright us,"
With angry voice and look, cry'd Venus,
"Would ye by *monkey-tricks* delight us?
"Would ye by awkward *study* gain us?"

XXIV.

"What could ye hope, unthinking lasses,
"From such a contest, such a pother?
"Had ye employ'd your eyes and glasses,
"You'd know yourselves, you'd prize each
other."

XXV.

"I charge you now upon your duty,
"To keep your eyes from looking at
"Beauty's charms, for they are
"Rather to be avoided, than to be
admired."

POETRY

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, July 17.

THE 6th inst. the brother to the grand vizir set out from hence for the army. He is said to be charged by the grand vizir to repair to field marshal count Romanzow with articles of peace. What has given rise to this report is, that the day of his departure, just before he set out, a grand council was held in presence of the sultan, to consider of a proposition of that monarch, Whether it would not be more expedient to conclude a peace with the Russians without the mediation of any power, as many inconveniencies might arise from such mediation to this empire?

Our advices from Smyrna are very alarming, the plague continuing to make the most terrible ravages. Many hundreds die daily, and it is communicated to some foreign vessels in our harbour. The want of provisions is likewise severely felt by the sufferers.

August 3. We have advice that Ali Bey having recalled his army from Syria to Egypt, to attack a competitor who had risen up against him, the Ottoman troops had taken the advantage of this circumstance to attack him in his retreat, and that they entirely defeated him in a battle, in which chief Daher was wounded. By accounts received by a vessel bound from Paros to Smyrna, count Orlov arrived there the 10th ult. with two ships and six frigates. The plague only can defend this city from the Russians, who will not like attacking it as long as that disorder, which daily encreases, continues within the walls. It is remarkable, that the plague makes more progress among the Turks and Jews than among the Greeks.

Madrid, August 3. Lord Grantham, ambassador extraordinary from Great Britain, had yesterday his first audience of the king, when he delivered his credentials.

Warsaw, August 10. Peace seems to be further from this kingdom than ever. None of the magnates have yet yielded to the invitation of M. de Saldern, the Russian ambassador. His declaration was too harsh for most of the Poles, who thought they discovered in it the dictates of a foreigner, who seemed desirous to give law to them, which they cannot brook.

We have accounts from count Romanzow's army, that, on the 14th of July 25,000 Turks passed the Danube, near Giurgewo, under the basha of Silistria, but that they were so well received by the Russians that hardly 3000 escaped it.

An adventurer, named Kossakoski, after having done great mischief in Lithuania, is gone into Courland, where he hath already

plundered several villages. The Dissidents have suffered much on this occasion. It is added, that the inhabitants of Courland have advanced him 26,000 rix-dollars, to enable him to march to Mittau, in order to depose the duke.

Venice, Aug. 10. We have accounts that the Russian fleet in the Black Sea has beaten, burnt, and sunk a Turkish fleet of 150 sail, which was transporting provisions and troops to different parts.

Breslau, Aug. 12. The last accounts from Poland mention, that the empress of Russia has sent a courier to Berlin, to notify to his Prussian majesty, that she has rejected seven of the preliminary articles which were sent by the Porte, and that she will not agree to any cessation of arms during the negotiation.

Stockholm, Aug. 13. A description of the personal qualifications of our late king has been written by his royal successor, and is considered as a very masterly performance. Copies of it are to be taken, and sent to the different cities of this kingdom. His majesty employs a portion of his time in attending to public and national affairs: the rest of the day is passed in reading, and such other recreations, as at once improve and delight the mind.

After the cares for the happiness of his subjects, the cultivation of the Belles Lettres seems to claim his attention.

Leighorn, Aug. 14. We have received, by letters from Aleppo, dated June 11, a confirmation that Ali Bey the new sultan of Egypt, after having defeated, in the environs of Damas, five Turkish pachas and their troops, made himself master of that city. The last advices from Constantinople import that the news of the above defeat had occasioned a general consternation, and that the Porte is very desirous of making peace with the Russians, in order to attack that usurper the more effectually.

Venice, Aug. 15. According to advices from Macedonia, the Russians block up the passage of the Cardanelles in such a manner, that no ship can pass or repass without being visited: so that the four gallies which the captain-pacha had sent to the Archipelago, to raise part of the tribute, are given over for lost.

Lemberg, Aug. 18. We have this moment received advice, that the khan of the Tartars, and all those of his nation who remained with him, have put themselves under the protection of the empress of Russia: that the flotilla from Azoph is now in the Black Sea; and that the Russians have seized a great number of ships, which the precipitate retreat of the Turks had not permitted them to save.

Paris, Aug. 25. The troops, that support the honour of France, are now become an object of economy! A reform of 24,000 men in the infantry, including officers and soldiers, has taken place. The grenadiers of France, the gendarmery, and the carabineers, are disarmed, which makes a diminution of 400 men in the king's household; a reform of 12,000 men in the cavalry is also intended, which, in the whole, will amount to 40,000 men.

The sixty regiments of militia that are dispersed all over the kingdom, are reduced to forty, which makes another reduction of 10,000 men: so that there will remain on foot only 90,000 effective men to face all the forces of Europe. Such an operation denotes a general, universal peace, guaranteed by all the belligerent powers of Europe.

Our politicians are much embarrassed to know what will become of all these disbanded soldiers, accustomed for nine years past to ease and idleness. But the most fatal effect that, it is feared, will result from it, is, that life and property will be in a very precarious situation; for necessity and want will transform these unfortunate men into robbers and assassins.

Petersburgh, Aug. 27. The reports of the plague, or a distemper resembling it, being at Moscow, are without foundation. It is true there is a fever there, which the poor patients conceal to the last extremity, for fear of being sent by the police to the pest-houses, which makes them appear to die suddenly. The government have, nevertheless, taken precautions against its spreading.

Cádiz, Aug. 29. Yesterday his serene highness prince Charles of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz disembarked here from Dover harbour; and in a few hours after his arrival at the hotel d'Angleterre, set forward on his journey.

Hague, Sept. 1. We were informed a fortnight ago, that the Abbe Terrai, comptroller general of the finances of France, was removed from his employments, but forbore to mention it. We are now assured from various places, that he retired the 23d of August to his estate near Nogent, where he expects a letter de cachet to inform him where he is to be banished to.

Nobody is yet appointed to succeed him, and it is even reported that the post of comptroller general is to be suppressed, and that this department will in future be given to five superintendants of the finances, who are to form a council for the management of the finances, over which the chancellor and the duke d'Anguillon are to preside.

A new treaty of guarantee is just concluded between the courts of Berlin and Petersburg.

Sept. 3. Copy of a letter from Petersburg, dated Aug. 13, to his excellency prince Gallitzin.

"According to the latest accounts from the second army, Bulaklawa and Beilby, two fortresses and ports in Crimea, the first of which

is considerable on account of its situation for the security of the harbour, have been taken possession of by our troops; so that all the fortified places of that peninsula are now in our power; besides three other little ports in the Black Sea, which are not set down in the maps. The Tartars of Crimea begin to come from the mountains, in order to return to their habitations, being busy in getting in the harvest."

Lisbon, Sept. 5. On Thursday last, the 29th of August, his royal highness the duke of Gloucester arrived here in good health, in his Britannic majesty's frigate Venus, captain Balfour, attended by the Alarm frigate, captain Jervais.

His royal highness was conducted on shore by count Baron, in one of his most faithful majesty's barges, and from thence in his majesty's coach, to a house fitted up by order of his majesty, for the use of his royal highness.

Yesterday his royal highness left this city, and sailed for Gibraltar, with a very fair wind.

His royal highness was conducted on board a ship by M. de Mello, one of the principal secretaries of state.

Florence, Sept. 7. The day before yesterday, at four in the afternoon, the great duchess was happily delivered of a prince, at the palace near this town; which event was announced to the public by a discharge of the cannon in the two fortresses: couriers were immediately dispatched to Vienna, Madrid, Naples, and Brussels.

Paris, Sept. 13. They write from Toulouse, that the parliament of the said city hath been dissolved in the same manner as that of Besançon, and 55 of the members of it exiled.

A certain young lady, sister of a famous advocate, and three other young ladies of equal rank, were visited on entering this city in a hackney coach, in which were found a great number of pamphlets; and they were conducted to the Bastille.

A person of good family, and well known, is also confined in the above fortress, for having circulated some writing touching the affairs of the parliaments.

Hague, Sept. 6. The last letters from Paris advise, that upon the removal of the prince de Beauveau from the command in Languedoc, his majesty conferred it upon the count de Perigord, who immediately set out for that province, with orders, as it is assured, to do the same at Toulouse, as the Duke de Lorges has done at Besançon, with respect to the parliament of Franche Comté. The duke de Richlieu has received the same orders for the parliament of Bourdeaux; and another general officer is going to Aix upon the same business. Mons. Duclos has resigned the secretaryship of the French Academy, and is succeeded by Mons. d'Alembert. It is said, that the princess Louisa will take the veil in a few days.

Hague, Sept. 8. Prince Gallitzin, the Russian envoy

envoy at this place, has received a letter from Leghorn, dated August 23, advising, that after the junction of the armies of chik Daher, to those of Ali Bey, in Egypt, the army consisted of 60,000 men; and that a vast number of Arabs having joined him, he was actually marching at the head of 100,000 men, in order to conquer all Syria. The letter adds, that the counts d'Orlow, were arrived at Paros, and that they were preparing to begin their operations.

Hague Sept. 6 The sickness among the horned cattle continues to rage in the United Provinces. A list is published of the number of those which have been seized with it in the province of Holland alone, by which it appears that the dead amount to 171,780, and that those which recovered amount to 65,536.

From the Vistula, Sept. 12. Prince Nicolas Repnin having informed field marshal Ro-

manzoff, that the Turks were fortifying themselves on this side the Danube, near Gurgiovo, and that they had formed intrenchments, which would contain 30,000 men, on this advice, the marshal ordered the former to attack them: but the prince representing to him, that the troops under his command were much inferior to the enemy, the command was taken from him, and given to lieutenant general d'Essen, who attacked the Turkish intrenchments, but met with a repulse, wherein major general Tschertoriskoi, a colonel, five general officers, and nine other inferior ones, were killed, and eleven other officers wounded; besides about 800 private men killed. The attack continued for about four hours; and the Russians brought off their wounded to Bucharest.

Prince Repnin has drawn up an account of the affair, which he has sent off to Petersburg, after which he fell sick at Bucharest.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

WHILST the Russians and Turks still continue at war, without any prospect of peace, and the different courts of Europe remain quiet spectators of their hostile proceedings; whilst Poland is yet distracted with internal commotions, that seem hourly to increase, we are at home chiefly engaged about Dudley and Britain, the one a prisoner for debt, the other for forgery, who pretend to be able to unravel the whole treacherous mystery of the fire at Portsmouth; but after the first has been repeatedly examined by the lord mayor, and the under secretaries of state, and after he has made a journey to Portsmouth, all that has transpired of his intelligence amounts to no more than that the parties concerned in this abominable transaction have fled. Several abusive letters, signed with Britain's name, addressed to noblemen in power, have appeared in the public papers; but they also afford no other information than that he has matters of the greatest importance to communicate, but divulges nothing except scurrility and insult. From the most impartial conclusion that can be drawn from what has appeared in print concerning these two extraordinary men, it does not seem that they are capable of giving any real insight into this affair; but that the one is desirous of postponing his punishment, and the other is willing to obtain his liberty by creating a bustle concerning the supposed discoveries they can make. The election of a lord mayor for the year ensuing is another object that attracts the attention of the public: the partizans of Mr. Wilkes are entirely for Mr. Crosby's filling that important office once more; many of the most opulent of the livery think that Mr. Nash, being one of the aldermen next the chair, as alderman Peers has declined, should, according to the succession usually

observed upon this occasion, be returned. Messrs. Townsend, Sawbridge, and Halifax, are also candidates Saturday, Sept. 23, was the day appointed to enter upon this trial of interest and influence; but as our Miscellany (from the great number printed) went to press before any intelligence could be obtained concerning this election, we shall lay before our readers a full and impartial account of this transaction in our next

From the London Gazette.

St. James's, Aug. 31.

HIS majesty was graciously pleased, in the month of June last year, to direct, that the ensigns of the most hon. military order of the Bath, should be sent to the East Indies, for the investiture of col. Eyre Coote, major general in the East Indies, by one of the princes of that country; and the same were accordingly sent by captain Dent, commander of his majesty's ship the Dolphin; but as colonel Coote set out from thence, on his return to England, before the arrival of the Dolphin, the ceremony was not performed till yesterday, when his majesty was graciously pleased to invest colonel Coote with the ensigns of the said order, in the usual manner.

The ceremony was performed after the levee, in his majesty's closet.

The king has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the great seal of Ireland, for granting to Robert Gorges, B. L. the deanery of the cathedral of Kilmacduagh, alias Duach, alias St. Colman, in the diocese of Kilmacduagh, or Clonsfert and Kilmacduagh, in Ireland, void by the death of William Nethercoat, Clerk, late dean thereof.

Extract of a letter from Plymouth Dock, Sept. 3.

"It is said, that an anonymous cautionary letter hath been received by some of the officers in the yard, warning them to be watchful against incendiaries; upon which the ship-women have not been suffered to run about the yard as usual, but men have been ordered to bring the chips to a particular place for them.

Sept. 4. This day his royal highness the duke of Cumberland arrived at his house in Pall Mall, from paying a visit to his grace the duke of Northumberland at Alnwick.

6. The following account of the seizure of a British ship by the governor of the Brazils is said to be authentic: the captain of an Indianman, having hired the *Argyle*, a ship of 250 tons, on his own private account, for carrying out goods, which are strictly prohibited by the company, sent her before him to the Canaries, where it is supposed his intention was to have taken them on board his own ship. The company had so closely stored and filled the Indianman with their goods for Portugal, that the captain found it impracticable to put his design into execution, there he ordered the master of the *Argyle* to proceed to the Brazils. On his arrival there (the Indianman was already at anchor) the governor sent his officers on board, as usual, to make search, and to enquire their destination, but finding such a quantity of arms on board, pronounced them pirates, and forbid their coming in. For several days they beat about the mouth of the harbour, when remonstrating on their want of water and other articles, were ordered in under the fort, where the ship was seized, and the master and crew committed to dungeons, where they continued above five months, till accounts were sent to Lisbon. At the expiration of this time they were sent by order in a man of war to Lisbon, where they underwent an examination. The crew were then discharged, and sent to England, but the master of the *Argyle* is detained. The ship and cargo must and will be delivered up, there being no reason for supposing them pirates; but it is intimated the captain of the Indianman will not be employed any more in the company's service on account of this affair.

The examination of Dudley, on Thursday night, relating to the fire in Portsmouth dock-yard, before the lord mayor, aldermen Trevellick and Knott, at which were present the secretary to the earl of Rochford, lasted a considerable time; but the man made no discoveries of any consequence; he affirmed that he was ill treated, and led to the place by a certain captain whom he could produce if he were to be sent to Portsmouth: he was told, that if he had any discoveries to make, by which the affair could be brought to light, so that the person concerned might be convicted thereof, he should not only be admitted as an evidence, but have all his debts paid, which, it is said, amount to near 1000*l.* He

replied that he expected something more; but he was informed that his request could not then be positively granted. He gave no very satisfactory answers to any of the questions asked him; upon which the lord mayor ordered him into another room with the officer in whose custody he was, till his lordship and the gentlemen above-mentioned had consulted how they should proceed in the business. In the mean time he was allowed some wine in the room to which he was sent, where he drank plentifully, and smoked his pipe till ten o'clock at night; by which time every thing being settled with regard to the debt he was arrested for, also what he had contracted in the spunging-house for eating, drinking, &c. which score it is said amounted to near 2*o*l. a messenger with his assistant came and took him from the mansion-house, and set off immediately with him for Portsmouth, to see if he can make the discoveries there which he has asserted he can.

10. A few days since, on an information laid before the commissioners of excise, that a quantity of prohibited goods were secreted in the house of the Spanish ambassador, the Commissioner thought proper, in a polite letter, to inform his excellency of it, rather than violate any assumed punctilio by searching in the usual way. On the receipt of the letter, he declared, on his honour, if it was so, it must have been the practice of some of his servants, and utterly unknown to him, and very gently gave the officers leave to search his house immediately, who entering the coachman's apartment, his wife had the assurance to tell them, "There it was, touch it at their peril." However, the officers proceeded on their duty, and found no less a quantity than one thousand pounds weight of tea, which they carried to the custom-house.

St. James's, Sept. 7. His majesty has been pleased to appoint Charles Murray, Esq; to be agent and consul general in the islands of Madagas, on the resignation of Thomas Cheap, esquire.

The London Gazette of Sept. 14. gives a long account of the form and procession on delivering his majesty's letter to nabob Waulahajou, Subah of the Carnatick, and the ceremonial observed on investing Sir John Lindsay with the ensigns of the most honourable and military order of the Bath, at the Durbar, near Madras, the 11th of March 1771. The detail of which we think our readers would judge tedious and uninteresting.

St. James's, Sept. 17. His majesty has been pleased to grant unto Lewis Bagot, master of arts, the canonry or prebend in the cathedral church of Christ-church in the university of Oxford, void by the resignation of Dr. John Moore, late one of the canons thereof.

21. Yesterday, at noon, there was a very numerous and respectable appearance of the livery at Guildhall, agreeable to printed notices

tices for summoning the common-hall, for the election of a bridge-master for the remainder of the year, in the room of Mr. John Tovey, deceased. The choice has since fallen upon Mr. Borwick.

The lord mayor, attended by the sheriffs, Mr. alderman Wilkes, and the city officers, ascended the hutting about one o'clock; and after the common cryer had proclaimed the business of the meeting, his lordship came forward, and addressed the livery to the following purport:

"Gentlemen of the Livery,

"Agreeable to your request at the last common hall, that I should carry to the king your Address, Remonstrance, and Petition, I take this opportunity to tell you, that I have, attended by the common-council, and several of the livery, presented to the king the said Address, Remonstrance, and Petition. What answer we received, the proper officer will now lay before you."

Upon which Mr. Town Clerk came forward and read his majesty's answer, which, as it has long since appeared in all the public papers, needs no repetition.

After this, Mr. Maseall addressed himself to the livery in two long speeches, and endeavoured to read the following articles to be agreed to by the candidates of our next, and every election, of representatives of this city in parliament; but he was stopt before he got through a third.

1. That they shall consent to no supplies, without a previous redress of grievances.

2. That they promote a law, subjecting each candidate to an oath, against having used bribery, or any other illegal means of obtaining his election.

3. That they shall make strict enquiry into the various grievances that have oppressed Great-Britain, Ireland, and the colonies, for the last ten years, and to use their utmost endeavours to bring the authors to condign punishment.

4. That they use their utmost endeavours to have the resolution of the House of Commons expunged, by which the magistrates of the city of London were arbitrarily imprisoned, for adhering to their charters and their oath; and also that resolution, by which a judicial record was erased, to stop the course of justice; a precedent of the most dangerous tendency to the safety and property of every individual.

5. That they use their most strenuous endeavours to restore the ancient constitution of annual parliaments.

6. That they shall promote, to the utmost of their power, a full and equal representation in parliament; and that an oath be taken by each candidate, of his effectually fulfilling the above articles, as the indispensable condition of his being supported in his election; and that the said oath be lodged in the town clerk's office, and recorded in his book.

The business of the election then took

place, without these articles being allowed to be read by Mr. Maseall.

21. The following extraordinary Address to the Livery has appeared in all the public papers.

"We have observed, with the deepest concern, that a military force has on several late occasions been employed by an unprincipled administration, under the pretence of assisting the civil power, in carrying the sentence of the laws into execution. The conduct of the present sheriffs, in the remarkable case of the two unhappy men who suffered in July, near Bethnal-green, was truly patriotic. We are determined to follow so meritorious an example, and as that melancholy part of our office will commence in a very few days, we take this opportunity of declaring, that as the constitution has entrusted us with the whole power of the county, we will not, during our sheriffalty suffer any part of the army to interfere, or even to attend, as on many former occasions, on the pretence of aiding or assisting the civil magistrate. This resolution we declare to the public, and to administration, to prevent, during our continuance in office, the sending of any detachments from the regular forces on such service, and the possibility of all future alarming disputes. The civil power of this country we are sure is able to support itself and a good government. The magistrate, with the assistance of those within his jurisdiction, is, by experience, known to be strong enough to enforce all legal commands, without the aid of a standing army. Where that is not the case, a nation must sink into an absolute military government, and every thing valuable to the subject be at the mercy of the soldiery and their commander. We leave to our brave countrymen of the army the glory of conquering our foreign enemies. We pledge ourselves to the public for the faithful and exact discharge of our duty in every emergency without their assistance. We desire to save them a service we know they detest, and we take on ourselves the painful task of those unpleasing scenes, which our office calls upon us to superintend. The laws of our country shall, in all instances during our sheriffalty, be solely enforced by the authority and vigour of the civil magistrate.

"We hope, gentlemen, for the advantage of your counsels in whatever may occur to you for the general welfare, and we entreat your favourable acceptance of our services.

"We are with great regard, gentlemen,

"Your obliged and faithful

"humble servants,

"JOHN WILKES.

Guildhall, Sept. 20. "FREDERICK BULL."

22. By a letter from Bath we learn, that the affair between a certain gentleman and Miss Linley, which gave rise to the celebrated comedy of *The Maid of Bath*, is compromised. The gentleman has given her three thousand pounds, besides the clothes and jewels he had purchased for her, and also paid all the debts she had

con-

contracted in consequence of the intended marriage.

23. On Saturday, Sept. 14, died, of the wounds she received the preceding Monday, Mrs. Nightingale, of Kneeforth, Cambridgeshire. The cause of this misfortune is very affecting. Her son, Edw. Nightingale, esq; had been for many years disordered in his senses, but being thought perfectly recovered, he was some months ago restored to his family, with whom he has lived in the greatest amity and regularity ever since, till the other morning, his servant boy offending him, he broke out into a most violent passion, and had taken up a heavy crab-stick to chastise him, but was prevented by the appearance of Mrs. Nightingale, who pacified and persuaded him to throw away the weapon and go into the house, which he consented to do; but in passing along, a horrid phrensy suddenly seized him, and he first knocked down his mother with his fist, then ran back for the crab stick, and gave her several blows, which fractured her skull and brought on this dreadful catastrophe. He was soon after secured, to prevent his doing further mischief.

25. Monday evening there was a numerous meeting of liverymen, in consequence of two advertisements inserted in the papers, in order to consider of proper persons to be returned to the court of aldermen for the office of lord mayor for the year ensuing. Mr. Deputy Cockfedge was called to the chair, and after some management by the friends of Mr. Wilkes to prevent joining Mess. Townsend and Sawbridge together, each of the aldermen who had been named were separately proposed, and upon the divisions there were the following numbers:

	for	against
Lord Mayor	131	51
Townsend	111	97
Sawbridge	153	59

There were about eight hands held up for Mr. Bridgen. The number of liverymen who attended amounted to about 212, amongst whom were a very considerable part of the staunch friends and partizans of Mr. Wilkes.

26. Yesterday the general and quarterly court of the East India company was held at their house in Leaden hall street, and the question was proposed whether they should divide 6 1/2 per cent upon their capital; and after much altercation, the question was put, and carried. Some new supervisors are going out to the East Indies, Mr. Sullivan is to be one of the number.

27. Yesterday their majesties went to Deptford to see the Grafton man of war launched. His majesty was accompanied by several of the state-officers, and the queen by the lady of the bed-chamber in waiting, and some of the maids of honour.

The expence of entertaining their majesties, and their attendants at Deptford yesterday (ex-

clusive of the buildings) amounted to 1750 l. and upwards.

The same day, during the time of the man of war being launched, a boat with six passengers was overfet, by a Gravesend boat running foul of her, when two women were drowned, and the remainder were saved with very great difficulty.

Last Friday evening the wife of a tradesman in May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane, going to bed, as usual, in good health, fell asleep, in which she continued till Tuesday morning, although several methods were taken but without effect to awake her, till she awoke of herself, got up, and went about her household business; and it was with great difficulty she could be persuaded it was any other day than Saturday.

28. We can now with authority assure the publick, that the parliament will not meet till after Christmas.

The further prorogation, it is said, will be fixed for the 2th of November next.

The lords, commissioners, appointed to prorogue the parliament will attend the lord chancellor on Monday next at the house of peers, to hear the commission read.

B I R T H S.

Aug. 8. The princess of Hesse-Philippsthal, of a prince, at Franckfort.

Sept. 3. The lady of the right hon. the earl of Carlisle, of a daughter, at Castle-Howard, in Yorkshire.

M A R R I A G E S.

Aug. 27. Robert Parker, Esq; of Woodford, in Essex, to Miss Esther Stone, of Whitechapel.

30. Edward Percival, Esq; of Cripplegate, to Miss Rachael Batty, of St. Mary Woolnorth.

31. Mr. Strioback, jun. of Clifford's-inn, to Miss Reeve, of Canonbury house.

The hon. colonel St. John, to Miss Bladen, sister to the countess of Essex.

Sept. 3. William Gibbons, Esq; eldest son of Sir John Gibbons, bart. and knight of the Bath, to Miss Watson, eldest daughter of the late admiral Watson, and sister to Sir Charles Watten, bart.

George Bowen, Esq; of Great Marlborough-street, to Miss Elizabeth Hutchins, of Harley-street.

George Wade, Esq; of Bloomsbury, to Miss Henrietta Pownan, of Holborn.

Charles Atwood, Esq; of Chepstow, to Miss Herbert, grand-daughter to Lady Williams, of Bristol.

5. Edward Beaver, Esq; of Farnham, in Surry, to Mrs. Webb, relict of Philip Carteret Webb, Esq;

Peter Williams, Esq; of Richmond, to Miss Agnes Burchall, a young Lady lately arrived from Barbadoes.

6. Christopher Scott, Esq; of New Bond-street,

D E A T H S.

to Miss Maria Stratfield, of Clifford-street.

7. Edward Drake, Esq; of Peckham, to Miss Letitia Fisher, daughter of Mr Fisher, Surgeon, in the Borough of Southwark.

9. Lieutenant James Manning, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers, to Miss Maria Stanhope.

11. Mr. Cooper, merchant, in the Borough, to Miss Connor, of Crucifix lane, Bermondsey.

Stephen Paterson, Esq; of Hackney, to Miss Orme, of Broomfield.

Thomas Markwell, Esq; of Chelsea, to Miss Rebecca Brown, of Hatton-Garden.

12. Josiah Hubbard, Esq; agent, of Gerard-street, Soho, to Mrs. Middleton, widow, and niece to Sir Laurence Aldrich, of Northumberland.

Samuel Stuart, Esq; assistant clerk to the House of Peers, to Miss Charlotte Locke, of Clerkenwell.

The right hon. the earl of Dumfries, to Miss Crawford.

13. Henry Revelly, Esq; to Miss Cresigny, of Camberwell.

Anthony Dicks, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Guffrow, daughter of Elish Guffrow, Esq; of Queen's-square, Ormond-street.

14. Captain Diney of Stepney, to Miss Alicia Turner, daughter of Andrew Turner, Esq; of Greenwich.

15. William Bale, Esq; at Paddington, by a special licence, to Miss Tottie, with a fortune of 20,000*l*.

Henry Dillon, Esq; of Southampton-street, Bloomsbury, to Miss Susannah Tucker, of Argyll street.

Joshua Field, Esq; to Miss Grey, daughter of Sampson Grey, Esq; both of Streatham.

John Bishop, Esq; of Bristol, to Miss Fitzgerald, of Bath.

16. Thomas Armstrong, Esq; of Kingston upon Thames, to Miss Sarah Cataway, daughter of John Cataway, Esq; of Chelsea.

17. James Maxwell, Esq; of David-street, Grosvenor-square, to Miss Elizabeth Playdell, of Marlborough-street.

20. Dr. Pemberton, to Miss Eld, of Winchester-street.

22. James West, Esq; of Lower Brook-street, to Miss Elizabeth Reynolds, of Bolton-street, Piccadilly.

23. Mr. William Beech, an eminent apothecary, of Shrewsbury, to Mrs. Steadman, a widow lady, of Sowbitch-forge, with a fortune of 10,000*l*.

24. Dr. Bates, of Little Ziffenden, Bucks, to Miss Miles, of Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury.

25. Mr. John Fothergill, ironmonger, of Leeds, in Yorkshire, nephew to Dr. Fothergill, to Mary Anne Forbes.

6. Mr. Ekins, wholesale linen-draper, of Cornhill, to Miss Stone, of Gracechurch-street.

William Joyer, Esq; fort major of Plymouth garrison.

Hugh Warburton, Esq; colonel of his Majesty's 77th regiment of foot.

William Williams, Esq; at Pembroke, in south Wales.

of the duchess d'Angoyro, at the Convent of Rato, in Lisbon.

Jasper Mauduit, Esq; merchant, at Hackney.

Lady Skipwith, lady of Sir Francis Skipwith, bart. at Coventry.

The Rev. Matthew Wilnot, rector of Hales Owen, in Shropshire.

The Rev. Mr. Martin, master of the Free Grammar School at Warminster, in Wiltshire.

Mrs. Theodosia Harvelt, Milliner, in Holbourn.

28. Mr. Adams, aged 69, in St. James's-street, purveyor to his late majesty.

— Snelgrove, Esq; in Upper Grosvenor-street, suddenly

20. — Dutton, Esq; at Maidenhead Thicket.

30. — Macnamara, Esq; at Hammer-smith.

31. George Benson, Esq; at Knightsbridge. Mr. Sainsbury, sen. builder, at Bath.

Sept 1. Cuthbert Shaw, Esq; in Trenchard-street, Oxford-market.

Samuel Savage, Esq; at Richmond.

Mrs. Wilkie, wife of Mr. Wilkie, bookseller, in St. Paul's Church-yard.

2. Joseph Boulton, Esq; in Princes-street, Cavendish-square.

Captain James Melton, at Blackwall.

James Taylor, Esq; in the Strand, of the small-pox, a young Gentleman of great fortune in the island of Grenada.

3. William Jelfe, Esq; stone mason to his majesty, and one of the burgesses for Westminster, in New Palace-yard.

Mr. Jacob Reeves, aged 92, at Sittingbourn, in Kent, one of the oldest pilots in the navy.

Miss Bromley, of Halifax, suddenly, at the Eagle Inn, at Buxton Bath.

4. Mr. Mackworth, Virginia merchant, at Hackney.

Stephen Wright, counsellor at law, in Wardour-street, Soho.

Capt. Parker, formerly a commander in the royal navy, in Scotland-yard, Whitehall.

Mr. Luke Foole, wine merchant, in Poland-street.

Robert Fulton, Esq; secretary to the late admiral Tyrrell, at Little Chelsea

5. Mr. Charles Bishop, of Doctors Commons, rec of Trinity Hall, Cambridge.

Mrs. Beynon, of Fleet-street, a widow Lady, at Grompton.

Mr. Juma, merchant, of Amsterdam.

Charles

Timothy Scott, Esq; of Lower Grosvenor street, at Bath.

6. Sir John Shelly, Bart, in Jermyn street
Daniel Richardson, Esq; at Little Chelsea,
formerly an officer in the Blues

Mr. Mason, drysalter, in Thames-street.

8. Mr. John Worrall, Bookseller, in Bell-yard, Temple-bar.

Count Henkel de Donnermark, great cup-bearer to his Prussian Majesty, knight of the Black Eagle, &c. aged 82, at Berlin.

10. Mr. Burgefs, salesman, in Newgate-market, suddenly.

Charles Rutherford, Esq; of Dundee, in Scotland, in Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

11. Matthew Benson, Esq; at Knightf-bridge, formerly an officer in the Guards

Mr. Ellison, attorney, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill.

The only son of Matthew Westcomb, Esq; of Broad-street, in his 20th year.

Mrs. Lockman, wife of the Rev. Dr. Lockman, canon of Windsor, at Drayton, in Buckinghamshire.

12. Dr. Sumner, eleven years master of Harrow School.

Peter Hemel, Esq; a French merchant, in Frith street, Soho.

Mr. Vankirk, a Dutch merchant, suddenly, at Newington.

Mrs. Gordon, a maiden Lady, at her seat near Harwich, said to have been worth 50,000l, great part of which she has left to charitable uses; among the rest, 1000l for erecting an hospital for the relief of indigent old maids.

10. Robert Houlton, Esq; at Gritton, in Wiltshire.

The hon. Charles Hamilton, at Northampton.

11 John Paston, Esq; at West Horsley in Surry, aged near 80.

Adrian Stockdale, Esq; at Cheshunt in Hertfordshire.

The new born daughter of the duke of Portland.

Mr. Norris, diamond merchant, in Soho-square.

Mr. Solomon Jacobs, merchant in Houndf-ditch.

Mr. Hosea Miller, timber-merchant, in Tooley-street.

Mr. Lewis, ship builder, at Deptford.

The rev. John Huckle at Hleworth.

13. John Miller, Esq; in Clarges-street, Piccadilly.

15. Patrick Kennedy, Esq; at Knightf-bridge.

Mrs. Hilton, wife of — Hilton, of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire.

16. — Bell, Esq; at Hillingdon, near Uxbridge.

James Webb, Esq; aged 89, in Craven-street, Strand.

John Fullerton of Shafton, in Dorsetshire.
George Nightingale Esq; at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire.

William Walden, Esq; merchant at Winchester.

17. Benjamin Goddard, Esq; aged 92, in Clerkenwell.

Arthur Newcomen, Esq; in Parliament-street.

10. Thomas Smith Esq; in Pall Mall.

Mr. Taylor, chinaman to his majesty, in Pall-Mall

25. Mr. Oldham, agent to the 23d and 31st regiments of foot.

Mr. Nalder, coal-merchant, in Thames-street.

26. John Hannam, Esq; in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, one of the Pages to the late King.

Mr. Riscomb, brandy-merchant, in Thames-street, suddenly, in an apoplectic fit.

B A N K R U P T S.

Charles Roberts, of Oxford-street, St. George, Hanover-square.

Hilary Wild, of St. Martin's in the Fields, Biscuit-maker.

John Bolton, of London, merchant and factor.

William Chapman, of Spring gardens, St. Martin's in the Fields, dealer.

Peter Naskell, of London, Merchant.

Uriah Judah, of Bishopsgate street, merchant.

Joseph Taylor, of Hog-lane, St. Giles's in the Fields, brewer.

Timothy Nicholson, of Whitehaven, in Cumberland, merchant.

William Smith, of Serle-street, St. Clement Danes, fadler.

John Appleford, of Bow-lane, London, wine cooper.

Charles Shergold, of Savernacle-park, in Wilts, dealer.

Peter Paumier, of London, merchant.

Henry Fielden, of Manchester, check manufacturer and merchant.

John Goray, of Stowe in the Wold, in Gloucestershire, dealer.

Stephen Ballard, of St. Mary le Bone, haberdasher.

John Cockton, of Princes-street, Moorfields, weaver.

John Smith, of Tooley-street, Southwark, oil and colourman.

Thomas Lydiard, and John Pringle, of Macclesfield in Cheshire, silk-throwsters and copartners.

THE

Town and Country Magazine ;

OR,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

OF

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For OCTOBER, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A Profile of the accomplished Mrs. S—ms. 2. A good Portrait of the SAVING STEWARD. 3. A humorous Representation of the City-Race, from Guildhall to the Mansion-House, in the Election Week : and 4. A curious Epitaph, cut in Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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LONDON, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE; Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Booksellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

As Mr. L—f—n's Verses have already appeared in Print, we think that is a sufficient Excuse for our not inserting them.

Miss H—k—'s Lines should, as coming from a Lady, find Admission, if they were rather more polished.

R. M.'s Oddity is too much out of the Way (but not in Humour) for our Magazine.

The Account sent us of the Masquerade at Tunbridge, by An Encourager of innocent Mirth, is out of Date.

There is nothing remarkable in Richard's Situation. Many like himself have been ruined by neglecting their Shops, and turning Politicians, which is all the Information his Letter conveys.

Peter J. A. Charitas, who appears to be some illiterate Retainer of Popery, threatens us very hard, because we do not approve of his religious Tenets. If it were not insulting the Understanding of our Readers, we would lay his curious Epistle before them; but we are convinced they would tear out the Leaf as soon as they had read it, and either consign it to the Flames, or make a still more ignoble Application of it.

We are much obliged to Monsieur Dallet, of Valognes, in Normandy, for his polite Letter; but the introducing of French Essays does not come within the Compass of our Plan.

Colin, a Pastoral, has some Fancy in it; but the Language is not sufficiently correct and poetical for Insertion.

We should be glad to oblige T. X. U. or any Subscriber; but as we receive so many Plans for Improvement, very frequently contradictory to each other, we are compelled to reject most of them.

S. A—m's poetical Epistle to Miss Sally O—— is inadmissible.

Peter Grievous is a most grievous Compliment to the Memory of a celebrated Genius.

Amator's Epistle to Miss Lucy May—d, is not a poetical one, which he seems to have mistaken it for.

In Justice to Justicus, we must dismiss him.

Aldiborontiphoscophornio's Letter is too humorous for our Miscellany.

J. H. in Bell-Yard, when he wrote his Elegy upon Mira, seems to have been too much afflicted to consider he was writing for the Press.

The Anecdotes from Gloucester, signed a Constant One, are too insignificant for the Notice of our Readers.

The Ode to Content, signed R. L. R. has not poetical Merit sufficient for Insertion.

We are obliged to Mr. Charles Marett, for the Favour he intended us; but his Sketch of the Island of Otahitee, is so very superficial and defective, that we think our Readers would gain scarce any Information from it.

We have received a Poetical Translation of the first Book of Telemachus, which shall gain Admission as soon as we have Room.

Several Enigmas, Rebusses, Garlands of Flowers, &c. &c. received from Mr. Goodaker, and many other obliging Correspondents, in the Course of this Year, which we were unable, for want of Room, to insert in our Miscellany, are recommended to the Attention of the Fair Sex, in the Ladies Annual Journal; or, Complete Pocket-Book, for 1772, which will be published by Mrs. Stevens, in Stationers Court, on the 19th of November.

We are sorry to be obliged to inform Mr. B. that his Essay on Study hath nothing new to recommend it.

Under Consideration, Letters signed Henry Davy, a Constant Reader, U. K. Peregrinator, Eugenio, An Irishman, and Juvenis.



The Town and Country Magazine;

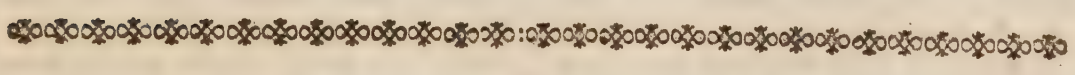
O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For O C T O B E R, 1771.



The State of Europe for October, 1771.

ACCOUNT of ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 455.)

 THE English constitution is a limited monarchy, and, with all its defects, may be considered as the best that ever was reduced to practice in any part of the world, whether we consider the dignity of the crown, or the happiness of the community. The legislative power is vested in the king, lords, and commons, assembled in parliament, and no law can be made without the concurrence of all three. The house of lords is composed of all the peers of the realm, spiritual and temporal; the commons, including the Scotch members, amount in number to five hundred and fifty-eight. They are chosen by the counties and boroughs, and, in their collective body, are supposed to represent the people of England and Scotland. A new parliament is chosen once in se-

ven years, in consequence of writs issued by the crown: the king has likewise power to prorogue and dissolve this assembly at his pleasure; as well as to refuse assent to any bill, without giving any reason for the refusal. He enjoys a revenue called the civil list, amounting to eight hundred thousand pounds a year, for the maintenance of his household, payment of ministers at foreign courts, and any other purposes in which he may think proper to employ it: he is vested with the power of creating peers, appointing all the great officers of state, judges and commissioners, and of bestowing all the lucrative employments of the commonwealth, civil as well as military. He contracts alliances, declares war, levies troops, augments the navy, builds fortifications; concludes peace, and, in a word, conducts the whole administration of the government by his own power and authority; though the two houses of parliament insist upon the privilege of enquiring occasionally into every branch of the administration. The peers, though originally created by the crown, enjoy their honours by

3 T 2 hereditary

hereditary descent; and when guilty of treason, or any other capital crime, they are tried by the whole house of peers, being subject to no other jurisdiction. The house of peers can apprehend, and commit any man, except a member of the lower house, for breach of privilege, or reflections against their judicature: the commitment is very chargeable to the person so offending; but at the rising of the parliament, he is released of course. The house of lords is the last resort in all civil causes of appeal from inferior courts of judicature. They can try a member of the lower house, on an impeachment by the commons; but no prosecution can be commenced against a commoner, in the house of lords. They can bring into the upper house any bill for making a new law, except it relates to the revenues or public taxes. These, called money bills, cannot be first introduced into the house of peers; nor can the lords alter them when they are sent up by the commons, though they may reject them entirely. No peer is subject to personal arrest in actions of debt, and every lord in his private capacity may bring an action of *scandalum magnatum* in the court of King's Bench, against any person that shall defame his character.

The house of commons consists of five hundred and fifty-eight members: of these, eighty knights represent the forty counties of England; twelve stand for the counties of Wales, and thirty for the shires of Scotland. The citizens of England are represented by fifty citizens; the boroughs, by three hundred and thirty nine burgeses; the two universities, by four members; and the eight cinque-ports by sixteen barons. Wales returns twelve burgeses, and Scotland fifteen. The commons of England rate all the supplies of the year according to the exigencies of government; and this is a province on which they will not allow the house of peers to encroach. They amend differences in the law, and defects in government, by new statutes: they impose taxes, grant subsidies, and limit the number of land-forces, ships, and seamen, for the ser-

vice of the year: they take the necessary steps for the improvement and regulation of commerce, the encouragement of manufactures, and the benefit of the community. They commit delinquents who have given offence to the house, whether they are, or are not members; but these are released of course at the end of the session. They sometimes assume the power of enquiring into the conduct of ministers and persons who have acted in a public capacity. They call for papers and records, bring in bills of attainder, and impeach even peers at the bar of the upper house. They enjoy many other powers and privileges, which we cannot pretend to enumerate. They speak freely and boldly on all subjects, without any other countrol, than that of their speaker, whom they elect into the chair at the beginning of every parliament, and present to the king for his approbation. For this honourable office, they always chuse a gentleman of character, well acquainted with the forms and business of the house, who can direct them in their proceedings, and, in the course of their debates, restrict them by his authority within the bounds of decorum. He appears in black robes, sits in an elevated chair at the upper end of the house with his hat on, and the mace before him; walks at the head of the commons from their house or chamber to the house of peers, in order to attend his majesty, when he goes thither to pass the bills; and harangues the sovereign in the name of the commons of England. In a word, the house of commons takes cognizance of every thing in which the œconomy and interest of the public are concerned; and perhaps would be more than a match for the other two branches of the legislature, were not the king possessed of such advantages, as, if properly managed, will always weaken and overcome the opposition of the commons. The liberty and privileges of an English subject are founded on the Magna Charta, or great charter, extorted by the barons from king John, and afterwards confirmed by his son and successor Henry III. and

and some additional indulgencies have been obtained of weak princes, by the spirit of the commons. One of the most valuable rights of an English subject, is that of his being tried by a jury of his peers or equals, who sit in court during the trial, and bring in their verdict *guilty* or *not guilty*, according to the nature of the evidence, without acquiescing in the opinion of the judge, when it happens to be contradictory to their own. Another privilege of equal importance, is that of the writ *habeas corpus*, by means of which, every person that is imprisoned, can demand the cause of his commitment, immediate trial, or instant release. The people of England cannot be taxed in any shape, or under any denomination, without their own consent; that is, without the concurrence of the majority of their representatives in parliament. No soldiers can be quartered in any private house, without the owner's consent; and every individual can dispose of his own effects according to his own pleasure, either by will, deed, or conveyance. The constitution of England, though said to be as perfect as human wisdom could suggest, and human frailty permit, yet, nevertheless, contains in itself the seeds of its own dissolution. While individuals are corruptible, and the means of corruption so copiously abound, it will always be in the power of an artful and ambitious prince to sap the foundations of English liberty. By means of places and pensions in his gift, he will be able to procure a majority in parliament, devoted to his will. He has it in his power to model the army to his wishes. The parliament can protract its own date, consequently perpetuate itself. The commons can gradually increase the number of land forces, until the nation is saddled with a standing army devoted to the crown, sufficient to trample upon the constitution, and disposed to obey the most arbitrary commands of their sovereign. Then will the parliament become the slaves of the army they have reared. This was actually the case in the usurpation of Cromwell;

and had his successor inherited his talents and ambition, in all probability the tyranny would have been established on a solid foundation, notwithstanding the disadvantages he laboured under, as a private man and an upstart, who raised himself over the heads of many competitors, superior to himself in pretension and influence; disadvantages which could never attend the arbitrary designs of a sovereign, raised by birth above all competition, and already possessed of royal authority. Thus one branch of the legislature will always be able to influence the other two; and the crown being vested with the executive power, the command of the forces by sea and land, the prerogative of making treaties and alliances, of creating peers and bishops, to secure a majority in the upper house, and being reinforced by a venal house of commons, may easily acquire and establish an absolute dominion. Such a scheme, however, must be executed by gradual innovation, stealing, as it were, imperceptibly on the constitution. An open and bold violation would alarm and arouse the spirit of the people, who are equally jealous, and well informed of their own privileges, in vindication of which they might throw themselves into the arms of a patron, who might cause another revolution. The interior government of England is the peculiar province of the parliament, so far as laws and regulations are concerned.

The laws constitute an immense body, or collection, begun by Ina, one of the kings of the Saxon heptarchy, since whose reign they have been occasionally altered, amended, enlarged, and multiplied in such a manner, that they are become a grievance to the subject, and indeed a reproach to the nation. Every thing is so incumbered with form, involved in doubt, and overshadowed with obscurity, that a man can take no step relating to his own property or effects, without the advice of lawyers, the number of whom, including attornies, solicitors, and clerks, is said to exceed thirty thousand within the cities of London and Westminster.

At

At present the English laws are compounded of the civil law, the common law, or Saxon law, the forest law, the statute law, manour law, marshal law, and franchises, or peculiar laws founded upon royal grants and charters, confirmed by acts of parliament.

The judges of England, appointed by the king, are twelve in number, disposed in different courts of judicature, and divided into certain circuits, for the administration of justice through all parts of the realm. The tribunals held at Westminster are the courts of King's-bench, Common-pleas, Chancery, Exchequer, and the dutchy chamber of Lancaster. The highest court of common law in England is the King's-bench, so called, because of old the king presided here in person. At present, his power is vested in the lord chief justice of the King's-bench, filled by preheminance the lord chief justice of England, created by a short writ from the sovereign; and he is assisted by three inferior judges, constituted by letters patent. This tribunal takes cognizance of every thing that concerns the loss of life or member of any subject; of treasons, felonies, breaches of the peace, oppression and misgovernment; and it hath power to revise and rectify errors and mistakes in the sentences and proceedings of all the judges and justices of England: in a word, to superintend all pleas, except those in the Exchequer. The jurisdiction of the court extends over all the kingdom: for the law presumes, that the sovereign is always personally present. The court of Common-pleas, held by another lord chief justice, and three assessors, created by letters patent, tries all civil causes, real, personal, and mixed, between subject and subject. The court of Chancery was instituted as a court of equity, to mitigate the rigour of the common law: but, in fact, there is a double judicature included in this tribunal; for the court of Chancery proceeds either according to the laws of the land, in the Latin language, granting writs of grace, mandatory and remedial; or by English bill, according to equity and conscience. This court

issues writs of summons for parliament, charters, protections, safe conducts, and patents for sheriffs; and in Chancery are sealed and inrolled all letters patent, treaties with foreign princes; all deeds touching the purchase of lands or estates, extents upon statutes, recognizances for payment of money, and securing contracts, commissions of appeal, and of oyer and terminer. The supreme judge is the lord chancellor, keeper of the great seal, speaker of the house of lords, moderator of the common law; in a word, the first civil officer of the kingdom. He is provided with twelve assistants, called masters in Chancery, the chief of whom, distinguished by the name of master of the rolls, is an officer of great dignity, who hears causes in the absence of the chancellor, is keeper of the rolls, and has several profitable places in his gift. All the judges of England are distinguished by particular robes, and appear in their several characters with great pomp and dignity. The court of Exchequer, so called, either from a chequered cloth that covered the table, or, which is more probable, from the French word *échiquier*, signifying a chess-board, because accountants formerly made use of such in their calculations, is an ancient court of record, in which all causes touching the revenue and rights of the crown, are heard and determined. The judges of this tribunal are the lord chief baron, and three other barons; and here likewise sits a puisne baron, who administers the oath to all high-sheriffs, under-sheriffs, bailiffs, auditors, receivers, collectors, comptrollers, surveyors, and searchers, of all the customs in England. The Exchequer includes two courts, one of law, another of equity. All judicial proceedings, according to law, are transacted before the barons; but the court of equity is held in the exchequer chamber, before the treasurer, chancellor and barons. The inferior officers belonging to the court of Exchequer, are the king's remembrancer, the treasurer's remembrancer, clerk of the pipe, comptroller of the pipe, clerk of the pleas, foreign opposer, clerk of the

the excheats, auditors of the imprest, auditors of the revenue, remembrancer of the first-fruits, auditor of the first-fruits, receiver of the revenue of the first-fruits, deputy chamberlains, clerk of the parcels, clerks of the nails, the marshal, the chief usher of the Exchequer, four under-ushers, and six messengers. In the lower Exchequer, where the king's revenue is received and disbursed, the principal officer is the lord treasurer: but this office is now generally put in commission. Next to whom is the chancellor of the Exchequer, an officer of great authority, who sits above the barons, has an under-treasurer, and many places in his gift. In the custody of the two chamberlains of the Exchequer are many antient records and treaties, the standards of money, weights and measures, the black book of the Exchequer, and the famous Doomday-book, compiled by order of William the Conqueror, in which all the lands of England, except the bishopric of Durham, and the three northern counties, are described, with an exact account of all the cities, towns, and villages of England, the number of families, men, soldiers, and husbandmen, bondsmen, servants, and cattle; the quantity of money, rent, meadow, pasture, wood, tillage, common, marsh, and heath, that every individual possessed. All differences and disputes concerning taxes or impositions are determined by this register, which is kept under three locks and keys, not to be opened except upon payment of six shillings and eight-pence, and not to be transcribed under fourpence for every line. The auditor of the receipts of the Exchequer files the bills of the tellers, by which they charge themselves with all money received, draws all orders to be signed by the lord high treasurer, for issuing money by virtue of privy-seals, makes debentures to the several persons who enjoy fees, annuities, or pensions, by letters patent from the king, out of the Exchequer, and directs them for payment to the tellers. He knows every day the state of the account of each teller, and weekly certifies the whole to the lord high-treasurer, or lords commissioners. He at

Michaelmas and Lady-day delivers to the lord treasurer and the chancellor of the Exchequer, a declaration, containing a methodical abstract of all accounts and payments made in the preceding half-year: he keeps the several registers appointed for paying all persons in course, upon several branches of the king's revenue: he is *scriptor talliorum*, provided with five clerks, to manage the whole estate of monies received, disbursed, and remaining. He that pays or lends money to the king, receives for his acquittance or acknowledgement, a tally, or piece of stick, inscribed on both sides with the acquittance, expressing the use for which the money is received: this tally being cloven asunder by the deputy chamberlains, one-half called the stock, is delivered to the person that pays the money; and the other part, called the counter-stock, or counter-foil, they keep, and afterwards transmit to the other deputies, to be preserved, till demanded, in order to be joined with the stock: this being done, they send it by an officer of their own to the Pipe, to be applied to the discharge of the accountant. This antient way of striking tallies hath been found, by long experience, the best method that ever was invented for preventing fraud and forgery: for it is morally impossible so to counterfeit a tally, but, that upon rejoining it with the counter-foil, the fraud will obviously appear, by examining and comparing the notches, cleaving, length, breadth, natural growth, or shape of the two pieces. The four tellers receive all money due to the king, and for each sum received, throw down a bill through a pipe, into the tally-court, where it is received by the auditor's clerk, who there attends to write the words of the bill upon a tally, and delivers it to be entered by the clerk of the pells: then the tally is cloven by the two deputy chamberlains; and while the senior reads one part, the other is examined by the junior. The clerk of the pells enters the teller's bill on a parchment skin, whence the office derives its name, as well as receipts and payments for the king, for what cause, or by whomsoever. He hath

four clerks, and is in the nature of a comptroller. The tally-cutter attends in the tally-court, with the deputies of the two chamberlains.

The court of the dutchy chamber of Lancaster consists of the chancellor of the dutchy as chief judge, assisted by the attorney of the dutchy, and divers other officers. He takes cognizance of all causes that concern the revenue of that dutchy, which is now annexed to the crown. All these courts of judicature sit in Westminster-hall, and are opened at the four terms of Easter, Trinity, Michaelmas, and Hillary. The pleading lawyers, denominated counsel, are educated at the inns of court, which are seminaries for students in the law; and after a man has been entered as member of any such society, he is called to the bar, where he always appears in a black gown, until he attains to the degree of serjeant at law, and then he is distinguished by a coif and particular kind of robe. The twelve judges not only administer justice in the courts of the metropolis, but likewise hold assizes all over the kingdom, twice a year, for the same purpose. England is divided into six circuits, for each two judges are allotted. Wales is comprehended in two circuits, for which the like number of judges is assigned. These sit at the principal town of every county, to hear and determine causes, civil and criminal, by a jury of twelve men *ex vicinitate*.

[To be continued.]

A SCYTHIAN ANECDOTE.

WE are told that all the women of Scythia once conspired against the men, and kept the secret so well, that they executed their design before they were suspected. They surprized them in drink or asleep, bound them all fast in chains; and having called a solemn council of the whole sex, it was debated what expedient should be used to improve the present advantage, and prevent their falling again into slavery. To kill all the men, did not seem to the relish of any part of the assembly, notwithstanding the injuries formerly received; and they

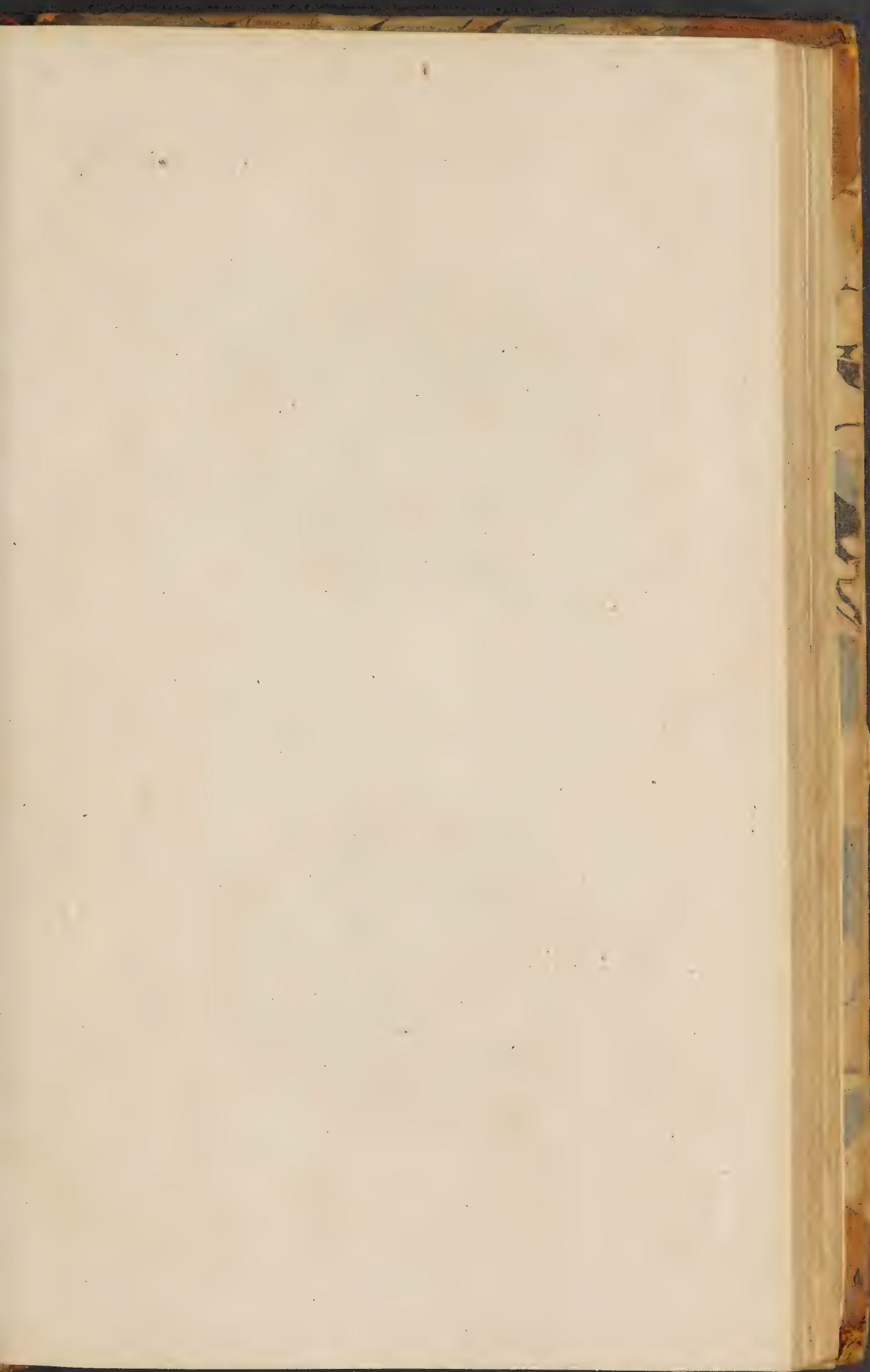
were afterwards pleased to make a great merit of this lenity of theirs. It was therefore agreed to put out the eyes of the whole male sex, and thereby resign for ever, after all, the vanity they could draw from their beauty, in order to secure their authority. "We must no longer pretend to dress and show, said they, but then we shall be free from servitude; we shall hear no more tender sighs; but, in return, we shall hear no more imperious commands. Love must for ever leave us, but he will carry subjection along with him."

The SENSITIVE PLANT and THISTLE.

A FABLE.

A Thistle happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner. "Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand? Take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance; nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenged." "Our tempers and qualities, replied the other, are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence: you, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends, on the whole, to preserve my tranquillity. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper, and revengeful disposition will, probably, one time or other, be the cause of your destruction." While they were thus arguing the point, the gardener came with his little spaddle, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive plant; but, perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of the garden.

His-



N^o XXVIII.



M^{rs} S—ms.

N^o XXIX.



The Savings Steward.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed: or, Memoirs of Lord T——, and Mrs. S——ms. (No. 23, 29.)

THOUGH the task of writing memoirs of this nature may to many appear no difficult operation, we will venture, from the experience of almost three years, to assert that few productions which appear in the course of the month demand greater attention and application; and though there may sometimes seem a similitude in these histories, when it is considered how many characters in this line of life are analogous, and that to depict after nature it is necessary to preserve every visible feature; it may probably occasion some surprize how we have been able to vary them so much. The laureat is often at a stand how to introduce another regal year; a lunar ode would probably soon exhaust the invention of the poet. We have now, however, the pleasure of ushering into our reader's presence, a character truly original and uncommon, and which probably will remain uncopied.

Our present hero is descended from a noble family, which, as far as titles can add honour and renown, he has still farther enobled. He succeeded to a p——ge upon the death of his father in 1737. He held no place under the former reign; but was early in the present appointed l—— of the h——, having been previously advanced to the rank of e——l. In the capacity of l—— he soon shewed a strong inclination to obey the mandates of his patron lord B——. The most rigid œconomy was observed in every department of his post; many servants were discharged without any provision being made for them: the offices and kitchens were desolated, to retrench many tables judged superfluous; and one general clamour was raised against him by all those who suffered from his ill-judged parsimony. This charge soon found its way to the public, with several other circumstances of his political conduct, which furnished the anti-ministerial writers food for satire; and a mong other batteries a very powerful one was levelled at him from

OCTOBER, 1771.

the North-Briton, which brought on an affair of honour between him and Mr. W——. His lordship taxed Mr. W—— with writing the North-Briton of August 23, 1762, wherein his lordship's character was treated pretty freely. Several letters passed between them on this occasion, in which his lordship persisted in Mr. W——'s either acknowledging or denying having been the author of that paper; but Mr. W—— refusing to answer this *interrogatory* (Mr. W—— justly observing, "his lordship had not ascertained the right he claimed of interrogating him about that paper; and that he would first know the very good authority on which he was thus questioned, before he would return any answer whatever") they met by agreement at the Red Lion at Bagshot, to decide the contest with pistols. Mr. W—— met his lordship according to appointment the night before they were to determine their altercation, when his lordship desiring to finish the business immediately, Mr. W—— replied, "That the appointment was to sup together that evening, and to fight in the morning; that, in consequence of such an arrangement, he had, like an idle man of pleasure, put off some business of real importance, which he meant to settle before he went to bed; adding, that he was come from Medmenham-abbey, where the jovial monks of St. Francis (see p. 122, vol. I.) had kept him up till four in the morning; that the world would therefore conclude he was drunk, and would form no favourable opinion of his lordship from a duel at such a time; that it more became them both to take a cool hour the next morning." This remonstrance threw lord T—— into a violent passion; when he stormed and raved, and soothed by turns, complimenting and abusing Mr. W——, till at length it was agreed to fight that night, which they did, after Mr. W—— had wrote a letter to lord T——le, concerning his daughter. They fired each a pistol by *moon-light*, at about the distance of eight yards; but neither taking effect, Mr. W—— walked up to lord T——, and told

him, that *he now avowed the paper*. His lordship then paid Mr. W—— the highest encomiums on his behaviour and courage, and said, "He would declare every where that Mr. W—— was the noblest fellow God ever made."

This ended this dreadful combat; and from that period his lordship has never made the least personal enquiry concerning the writers of any public papers, who may have judged proper to ridicule his political, or his parsimonious conduct; judiciously thinking that a snug sinecure of 2000*l.* a year, besides douceurs that are not to be calculated, the sale of offices, and the nomination of officers, are worth being satirized in print, or laughed at in person.

So far we judged a sketch of his lordship's political character necessary. Let us now take a view of him as a man of gallantry. He married in the year 1734, the daughter of Mr. C——, who was secretary to the duke of Marlborough, and attended him in all his victorious campaigns. By this lady he had a son and a daughter; the former died very young, and the latter married one of the commissioners of trade and plantations. His lordship's first most remarkable amour was that with the late duchess of B——t. In this engagement they were both so very indifferent as to subject themselves to much censure, which in the end produced consequences that are too well known to require recapitulation here. After her divorce, she seemed to glory in her intrigue, and often appeared with his lordship in the character of a huntress, though in no respect allied to the chaste goddess of the woods. Other intrigues with ladies of rank his lordship was strongly suspected of; but as in these he was more circumspect and cautious, no other consequence followed than being esteemed one of the happiest fellows of his time with the fair-sex. To these amours some domestic connections succeeded of a very different kind; and we are well informed that in the environs of Hanol, in Glamorganshire, some striking features of his lordship may be traced in several young men and women of that neighbour-

hood; but these, it is said, are to be ascribed to two maid-servants, who lived in his lordship's family, and not to any connexion of a more elevated kind. This domestic plan of indulging a promiscuous amorous passion, may, doubtless, be imputed to that rigid oeconomy, with which all his actions are tinctured.

This penurious disposition, however, gave way for a time to the power of Mrs. F——g's charms. This lady, who was his lordship's prevailing sultriana about four years ago, had the art to extract from him a settlement of a hundred a year; and whilst their friendship continued, he supported her a decent equipage, and a well furnished house in Lisle-street, Leicester-fields. But general Sc——t, who has been so remarkable for his good fortune at play, and so conspicuous lately for his ill fortune in a wife*, made Mrs. F——g such proposals, as she embraced, not without generously acquainting lord T——t, that if he would allow her only half the sum the general had stipulated, she would reject Sc——t's offer; but his lordship calling to his assistance his judgment of the value of money, declined assenting to Mrs. F——g's request, and she, perhaps, too generously restored him the bond of settlement he had made her. The general's alliance with Mrs. F——g continued till his late treaty of marriage took place, when he made her a very handsome provision.

From the period of his disunion with Mrs. F——g, we find his lordship entirely engaged in his domestic plan of amorous amusement, till he lately met with the very engaging Mrs. S——ms. This lady was upon a visit to the friends of her husband, whom she had lately lost, in Glamorganshire. Mr. S——ms had a place in the Customs, and whilst he lived, supported his family in a very genteel manner; but upon his demise, as his income

* This is the gentleman whose lady ran away with captain S——th——d, and were the beginning of this month detected at Bar-net. [See p. 516.]

ceased, Mrs. S—ms found her affairs much streightened, and readily accepted of different invitations to pursue a plan of oeconomy that now became necessary. Her virtue had hitherto been irreproachable, and her fondness and conjugal affection to her husband had abolished all hopes in every lover, who might once have expected to recommend a dishonourable suit. And though she did not abandon herself, like another Helen, to all the wildness of despair, the real sorrow she felt at the loss of Mr. S—ms was too deeply implanted in her breast to be speedily washed away with tears.

In this situation his lordship saw Mrs. S—ms, whose affliction heightened her charms. She was a lovely brunette about twenty-three, with eyes blue, modest, and expressive. She was tall, and remarkably genteel. There was a grace in all her actions, and she seemed to move but to captivate. His lordship wrote her a friendly billet, expressing a great desire of serving her, hinting that if she had any brother, or near relation, that she wished to be provided for, he would use his interest to obtain a place for him. As there were no expressions in his lordship's letter that bordered upon an ungenerous design, she answered it with respect and politeness. A correspondence being thus commenced, he soon insinuated that he was greatly enamoured with her, and would sacrifice his fortune for her sake. Though Mrs. S—ms did not give credit entirely to his professions, she was from her critical situation induced to listen to his proposals, as she had a brother, whom she tenderly loved, and whom she ardently wished to see established in the world; and his lordship, from this motive, prevailed upon her, though with reluctance, to accompany him in a post-chaise to the metropolis, in order to introduce her brother to Lord N—.

At the very first stage they came to, he told the host they were man and wife, and were accordingly shown a single bed room. She refused for a considerable time to submit to his in-

treates; but he having at length persuaded her, that in their present situation her reputation would be more injured by refusing than complying, he had the sophistry to make her yield to his request.

Upon their arrival in town he placed her in a cheap lodging near Marybone; where she is compelled to submit to the paucity of two guineas a week, from the overflowing of his love and generosity—and her brother still remains unprovided for.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

IN J. W's. solution of the question, in what manner the moon affects lunatic people, he says, "It will be necessary to say something of the air in which we live;" but I find all he has to say about it is, "The atmosphere is an elastic fluid, one part of which gravitates upon another, whose pressure or force is communicated every way." Thus far he says true; but, as it is a very little something, and a person will be but very little wiser for that something, perhaps it may not be incurious to some of your readers to have some of its properties defined.

The air then is a thin fluid, which encompasses the globe of the earth on all sides, it revolves along with it round its axis, and attends on its annual journey round the sun. This body of air, together with the clouds and vapours that float in it, are called the atmosphere, and it reaches about forty-five miles above the ground before it degenerates into too thin an æther for any creature to breathe. This is known by measuring with a barometer the weight of the atmosphere in a low valley and on an high mountain, and may be familiarised by supposing a thousand fleeces of wool, one piled upon another, where the lowest will be greatly compressed, the next not so much, &c. till we come to the uppermost, which will lie in its natural loose state. The air being elastic, and partaking of the earth's attraction, is necessarily drawn into a progressive state like us. It is so subtle, that it pervades the pores of all bodies, and enters into the composition of most animal and vegetable substances: yet it is a body, because it excludes all other

other bodies from the place it possesses, if so confined that it cannot escape: hence the origin of the diving-bell, for if we sink a bell in water, with the mouth open downwards, little water will make its way into it, and a person may descend and live in a bell so long as to take up weeks: at a considerable depth, if a vessel of the same kind be kept constantly supplying him with fresh air, and that corrupted by his breathing be let out by a pipe reaching from the upper part of the bell above the surface of the water. The air has all the properties of a fluid, it yields to the slightest impression, its parts move easily among one another, and animals breathe and move thro' it without any difficulty; yet it has four singularities which distinguish it from most fluids:

I. It can be compressed into a less state than it naturally possesses.

II. It cannot be congealed or frozen.

III. It is of a different density in every part upwards.

IV. It is of an elastic nature, and the force of its spring is equal to its weight.

I cannot help objecting to part of J. W's. and doctrine: I shall therefore beg leave to confute it. He says, "Elasticity is a property absolutely necessary for the preservation of life, for we find that burning sulphur or charcoal in a close room will cause the death of any person imprudent enough to remain there." Allowing the former part of his assertion just, that elasticity is absolutely necessary for the preservation of life, I cannot see how from thence he can account for the death of a person confined in a room where charcoal or sulphur is burnt, more particularly than a culinary fire, which has the same property of destroying the elasticity of the air, as a fire of sulphur. The reason is, that the air becomes impregnated with the sulphureous stivla, and suffocates the animal. He again says, "We have reason to think too that the lungs *restores* it from an elastic to a fixed state in respiration, seeing that no animal can live long in a place where there is not a continual admission of fresh air." Does he mean to tell us, that it is the elasticity of the air that forces itself into the thorax, and thereby performs the operation of breathing? Breathing is performed by the power of the intercostal muscles acting on the ribs. They are disposed in the form of an arch, the sternum and the vertebrae are the centers on which they move. The diaphragm is a muscle capable of contracting and expanding, and thereby alternately rarifying and condensing the air in the thorax, by which means they destroy its equilibrium, and in order

to restore which the air will press into the lungs (when that in the thorax is rarified by expansion) but when the diaphragm contracts again, it will be forced out: whence it is evident, that it is not the elasticity of the air that gives the power of breathing, but our internal frame acting as above described. There certainly is a vivifying spirit in air; in order to prove which I shall first observe, that there is a quantity of mephitic matter in the composition of every animal, which is continually thrown off from the lungs, and incorporates with the air: hence we may observe that country people look much fresher and more healthful than the inhabitants of great towns, the former having a continual supply of fresh and vivifying air to carry off the mephitic matter, but the latter are pent up where the mephitic matter is so considerable as to impregnate the air with its noisome qualities, and thereby occasion many diseases incident alone to such places, for the air thus impregnated becomes specifically heavier than the neighbouring air, which of consequence cannot make its way in. The air by thus carrying off the mephitic matter is certainly vivifying. I shall now proceed to examine in what manner an animal more closely confined is affected. In an animal put under a receiver, and the air exhausted, we shall find, that as the air is drawn out of the lungs, that in the thorax will expand, and swell the animal, shrivel up its lungs, and thereby stop the whole animal mechanism. If the air be let in again under the receiver (unless care be taken to admit it slowly) it will burst the lungs of the animal in rushing into them.

J. H.

The DASTARDLY LOVER.

GENERAL S——, who is related to Lord M——, had passed a life of gaiety and dissipation till about his fiftieth year: add to this the frequent vigils which he kept at Arthur's and Bootie's, and we cannot suppose his constitution at this period entirely unimpaired. But what he had lost on the side of health, he had amply balanced by the addition he had made to his fortune. The general is supposed to be the most successful player in Europe, and to have realized more money by cards, than any other disciple of Hoyle ever has done till this period. It is well attested he has cleared near two hundred thousand pounds; and that the last time he

he played, he won no less a sum at one sitting than seventy thousand pounds.

The general having quitted his favourite pursuit, play, after having been so long proof against the tender passion, is now compelled to allow, with the poet, that

“ Sooner or later we all must obey.”

The beautiful lady Mary H—y *, in the prime of youth, with charms that an anchorite might warm, was too captivating for even Sc—t to parry the shafts of her eyes. The little god, whose power had long been baffled by the cautious veteran, now found his power prevail, and soon accomplished what he had long attempted. The general offered her his hand; and her prudential relations judging of the value of the match, from the value of his fortune, so strenuously urged her to make him a mate for life, that her youth and innocence yielded to their incessant persuasions.

They were married, and for some time appeared extremely fond of each other; the general lavishing his presents and every testimonial of his affection upon his lovely Maria.

The general had a relation whom he had provided for in the army, and whose extra-expences he supplied from his own purse. This young gentleman was upon a visit to his patron, a short time after Maria's marriage. By some strange cause, which the errors of nature alone can account for, he appeared very amiable in her eyes; perhaps still more so from a comparison of the disparity of years between her and her husband. Eighteen and sixty are incompatible: forms may be preserved: reason may prevail over inclination, and prudence stem a thousand rising wishes; but it is in vain to expect a cordial and lasting affection between such a pair. Captain S—d, perhaps, innocently complimenting those charms that no one could view without admiration, fanned a flame already kindled; and she, as the first token of her regard, is said to have presented him with a diamond ring worth three hundred guineas.

From this time we may suppose the young gentleman began to feel a sympathetic passion, and we may as probably imagine their mutual desires did not remain long ungratified. However, about

* The earl of E—l, this lady's father, is eldest son of the unfortunate earl of K—k. He succeeded his mother in 1747, in the title of E—l, and officiated at the last coronation as lord high-constable for Scotland.

three months ago lady Mary Sc—t was delivered of a fine boy, to the great satisfaction of the general, and his house was filled with congratulations and rejoicings, till the death of the infant damped their mirth.

To these succeeded a suspicion probably too well founded, and the general ordered his nephew to join his regiment. This mandate was daggers to the hearts of the young lovers, who now foresaw their separation inevitable. The captain prepared for the intended expedition, and lady Mary communicated to him her design of accompanying him. In vain he expostulated, and represented the rashness and danger of such an enterprize: her heart was too closely riveted to his ever to be separated where the least probability of being together existed. She devised the plan of accompanying him to London, and from thence repairing to France. She was so complete an empress of his affection, that she reigned despotically over all his actions; and submission to her will in so delicate a point as adopting her scheme was all she had left him.

The night before the captain was to set off to join his regiment, she contrived an excuse for sitting up longer than usual; and when she judged the family were all at rest, she repaired to the captain's chamber, and in the words of Farquhar, told him “the coast was clear.” He had provided a tin-whisky, with which his servant was waiting at some distance from the general's house. Lady Mary having packed up her cloaths and jewels, immediately set off with the captain; and taking a post-chaise at the next stage, travelled without repose till they reached Connor's, the Red-Lion at Barnet.

The general having some suspicion of their design, as soon as he found she had decamped, set off immediately in a post-chaise and four, with lady Mary's two uncles, who were then upon a visit at his house, in pursuit of the fugitives. But notwithstanding the disparity of horses, with which the captain travelled, against four employed by his pursuers, the general did not come up with them till they reached the extremity of Barnet.

The fond lovers arrived here about eleven at night, and her ladyship being greatly fatigued, immediately retired to rest, the captain ordering his servant to call them very early the next morning. The general reached the inn with his friends and servants about three, all armed with pistols, and the first object they perceived was the captain's servant, who had already risen to prepare for the continuation of the journey. The general having

learned

learnt the captain's apartment, he went softly up, and rapt at the door. Mr. S——d imagining it was his servant, who had come to call him, got up and opened it—But what was his surprize to perceive the general standing with a pistol pointed to his breast!—Words cannot express. He flapt the door, turned the key, and throwing up the window, flew out with a rapidity, perhaps, unparalleled. He fell upon his knees, was greatly bruised, but broke no bones.

The general having by this time forced the door, and perceiving the precipitate flight of the captain, sent his servants in pursuit of him; but the captain's agility was so great upon the occasion, by vaulting over fences five feet high, and penetrating through seemingly inaccessible hedges, that he escaped their vigilance. Upon the pursuers return, they reported the uncommon exertion of the captain's powers, and the general was by this time so cool and compassionate, that he sent his servants out again without arms, but with cloaths to cover the young wanderer, and prevent his perishing with cold; but they returned without being able to explore his retreat. The young gentleman had by this time made his way through some very extraordinary passages, and taken his refuge in a neighbouring hay-rick.

It may seem astonishing that captain S——d should take such an extraordinary step, without being armed, or endeavouring to rescue his mistress from the dreadful resentment of an injured husband. It must however be remarked, that the captain had pistols with him, but lady Mary would not allow him to charge them; and he afterwards declared, that if a thousand pistols and as many gibbets had been before him, his panic was so great, that he could not avoid taking the leap he did. And now we are lamenting the situation of the lady, at this dastardly retreat of her lover, we must take a view of the scene that succeeded between her and the general.

Instead of upbraiding her with her conduct in the language of a much aggrieved husband, he only remonstrated to her as a father and a friend, and then withdrew, desiring her to compose herself for a few hours. He now retired below-stairs, and had the philosophy and coolness to shave himself in the parlour, without a tremor, or a sigh. He afterwards ordered breakfast, and then taking a post-chaise, returned to Scotland with one of her uncles by the way of Hatfield, whilst the other remained to conduct lady Mary Se——tt by the road of St. Alban's.

The next evening the captain made his appearance at the same inn, in a most dreadful condition; his legs and thighs being much lacerated by the bushes thro' which he had penetrated; and upwards of twenty thorns were extracted from his feet by a neighbouring surgeon, under whose care he was for some days before he was able to move.

The general had left orders to restore him his cloaths, watch, and money, consisting of above 50*l.* in cash, and a 20*l.* note, which he accordingly received; and as soon as he was capable, which was the Thursday following, he embarked in the river for France.

We are assured the general proposes to obtain a divorce, and commiserating the situation of the young couple, to give them 20,000 pounds by way of a marriage portion.

SPEECH of his Excellency Lord Viscount TOWNSHEND, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, at the opening the Session of Parliament, October 8.

My lords and gentlemen,

MY experience of your attachment to his majesty's person, and of your zeal for the public service, affords me the best grounded hopes, that nothing will be wanting on your part to co-operate with his majesty's gracious intentions to promote the welfare and happiness of this kingdom; and when to this consideration I add my remembrance of your kind regard to the ease and honour of my administration, I feel the most sensible pleasure in the present opportunity which his majesty has given me of meeting you a fourth time in parliament.

The present prospect of public affairs seems to afford you the fullest opportunity of deliberation on such subjects as immediately relate to your own domestic happiness; I must therefore recommend to your consideration whatever tends to promote and strengthen the interior police of this kingdom, and such laws as may be salutary, and for the benefit of the lower orders of the community, for these have ever been found the most effectual means of binding their affection to their country, and securing their allegiance to one common parent.

Gentlemen of the house of commons,

As in assembling you together in the last session, it was not his majesty's purpose

to ask supplies, but solely to comply with the wishes of his people, it was not thought proper to call upon you, at that time, for any further aid: but as in the ordinary course it now becomes necessary to provide for the expences of the ensuing two years, your last grants being nearly expired, I have no doubt of your turning your thoughts to that important subject, and of your granting such supplies as shall be found necessary for the honourable and firm support of his majesty's government, for the security of this kingdom, and for the maintenance of the public credit.

I have ordered the proper estimates and accounts to be laid before you, from which you will find, not only that the revenue has fallen considerably short of former years, but that the deductions made therefrom for payment of different grants for premiums, bounties, and public works, have been so very great, that it has not been nearly sufficient to defray the charges of his majesty's establishments, and other necessary expences of government, and that a larger arrear has been incurred on that account. If such grants are judged proper to be continued, either for these or other public uses, you will observe, that it is impossible that the revenue, as it now stands, can answer those services, and also the support of government: I therefore think it incumbent upon me to recommend this subject to your most serious consideration.

It is with concern that I must ask a sum of money to discharge the arrears already incurred on his majesty's establishments, but you will find that they have been unavoidable, for that the strictest economy has been used, not only in the charges of the late augmentation, upon which a very large saving has been made, but in the reduction of the staff, which is now diminished to the number directed by his majesty.

My lords and gentlemen,

The birth of another prince is such an addition to his majesty's happiness, and our security, that it must afford us the truest satisfaction.

It is my indispensable duty to recommend particularly whatever interests the Protestant religion; there can be no provision in its favour, which shall tend to carry into execution the good effects of that important law for limiting the duration of parliaments, and is at the same time consistent with the principles of humanity, and the natural rights of mankind, which shall not have my hearty con-

The illegal associations and audacious outrages committed in different parts of this kingdom, particularly in the North, deserve your most serious attention; they are as destructive to commerce, as disgraceful to liberty.

The wisdom of former parliaments, and the affection of my predecessors in this high station for your interests, have uniformly co-operated in support of your charter-schools, and your linen-manufacture; I am persuaded our zeal for these national objects will equal theirs.

His majesty has the firmest reliance on your loyalty and duty, and is persuaded that your proceedings will be no less consistent with your own dignity than with the true interests of your country. For my part, I have resided so long among you, that I trust it will be needless for me to make any new declarations to you of my attachment and affection.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

MR. Pope has happily told us,

"A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
"An *honest man's* the noblest work of God."

The mere profession of a wit carries with it somewhat so ridiculous, that one can scarce refrain laughing even at a feather; but what increases this ridicule is, that three-fourths of those who follow the profession do not know of what it consists.

The poet, not quite so happy in defining wit, says,

"Wit is fine language to advantage dress'd,
"What's been often thought, but ne'er so
well express'd."

This is *fine language to advantage dress'd*, I acknowledge; but though the poet doubtless thought he had hit the very witty nail itself on the head, I believe no impartial person will consider this as a just definition of wit. Locke has defined it more philosophically, when he says, "it consists either of an assemblage, or a contrast, of ideas." This is just, taken in its full latitude; but there may be an assemblage or a contrast of ideas, without one grain of Auric salt among them.

With great submission to these learned men, I take wit to be undefinable; the circumstances, the incident, the propriety of the application, constitute wit. A mere affirmation, or negative, a very monosyllable,

lable, may be sterling wit properly introduced, whilst a laboured allegory, a forced antithesis, or a very regular, dull climax, or anti-climax, will only make us yawn. Wit is its own test, and may, I think, be called, though not defined, a happy effusion of spontaneous fancy: and notwithstanding I do not expect one lexicographer will adopt this substitute definition; if any of your readers will say it does not coincide in some degree with their idea, I beg they will give their reasons.

When I hear Memorius repeating a string of jests from Joe Miller, in expectation of applause, I laugh, it is true, but it is at him, and not the trite jokes: still this man passes for a wit among his narrow circle; and though he now and then interlards his stories with a quotation from Virgil or Horace, I only give him credit for his memory, whilst I despise his genius. Honest John, who never read a line of Latin in his life, and scarce speaks English, throws out so many genuine fallies from his own imagination, as makes us forget his language, and, in despite of ourselves, laugh at his conceits.

The great misfortune of reading is, it frequently prevents us thinking: and of man who has laid in a store of what he judges real knowledge, often pays what he has borrowed for his own. Ned S—, who had taken a great deal upon credit this way, was extremely angry, very lately, when he read Francis's Horace, and Dryden's Virgil, that they had stolen so many of his sentiments, and robbed him of so much of his wit. Chronology and genius do not always go hand in hand.

NO WITLING.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

YOU will perhaps think me an oddity when I tell you that I look upon the Daily Advertiser as a facetious paper: I am very sensible that it is generally reckoned a dull, though as generally allowed to be an useful publication: but I cannot account for the singularity of my taste.

When I see a public-house recommended for its snugness, when I am informed that "a sleeping or acting partner" is wanted, and that "a rider who sets out next Tuesday would be glad to collect monies," I cannot help smiling.

I was particularly diverted this morning with Mrs. Mary Marfillat's advertisement:

she is not contented with acquainting her late mother's customers and others, that she makes and prepares the very same brown salves for fistulas and sore legs, but kindly lets them know, at the same time, that she furnishes funerals, for the benefit of herself and her blind son. I am not so uncharitable as to suppose that Mrs. Marfillat's fine brown salve is calculated to prepare her customers for their coffins; and therefore impute the friendly hint about funereal furniture to a laudable desire she has of gaining a subsistence both by the living and the dead.

I am, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

JOCULARIO.

A remarkable Story of a HERMIT.

A Certain holy hermit named Parnhe, being upon the road to meet his bishop, who had sent for him, met a lady most magnificently dressed; whose incomparable beauty drew the eyes of every body on her. The saint, having looked at her, and being himself struck with astonishment, immediately burst into tears. Those who were with him wondering to see him weep, demanded the cause of his grief. "I have two reasons, replied he, for my tears; I weep to think how fatal an impression that woman makes on all who behold her; and I am touched with sorrow, when I reflect that I, for my salvation, and to please God, have never taken one tenth part of the pains which this woman has taken to please men alone."

The MAN of PLEASURE. No. IV.

*Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Reſſe beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui Deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati.*

HOR.

MONSIEUR Buffon tells us, in his Discourse upon the Nature of Animals, that, "in man physical pleasure and pain are the least part of his trouble and delight; happiness is lodged within ourselves, misery is without, and we go in search of it. The peaceable enjoyment of our soul is our only real good. The less our desire, the more we possess. It is therefore not

not the reality, but the chimera we should fear. It is neither bodily pain, disease, or death, but the agitation of the soul, passions, and weariness, that are to be dreaded." If this doctrine be allowed, how easily may we obtain all the felicity this life can afford? It is not the pageantry of state, the gilded chariot, or the embroidered garment, that can communicate one moment's gratification, but to our folly or our vanity. Ask Papillio, whose time in the forenoon is divided amongst his tailor, his friseur, and his coach-maker, if after he has rattled through every street in London, shone at the opera, or dangled at Ranelagh, to display his taste and fancy, he has retired to rest with any solid satisfaction, from the gewgaw glare of dress and parade? Weariness and dejection of spirits hurry him into the same empty round of miscalled pleasures, and the transactions of one day form the journal of his life.

How different is the plan of Felicio! He possesses a neat four hundred a-year; he resides about fifty miles from the metropolis, in which he seldom lives above one month in the year; he has a small farm (adjoining to a good old house, that has long been in the family) which he overlooks himself, and it affords him an agreeable relaxation from other pursuits; he rises early, and rides or shoots agreeable to the weather and the season; he returns to breakfast about nine, after which he usually retires to his study till noon; here he finds a number of well chosen books, which afford him both instruction and amusement. As he does not read as a critic, in order to discover blemishes, and be out of temper with his author, he seldom takes up a book without finding some information he had not before met with: he does not expect to trace in every writer the flow of Waller, the language of Thompson, the fire of Dryden, the imagery of Shakespeare, the simplicity of Spencer, the courtliness of Prior, the humour of Swift, the wit of Congreve, the chastity of Addison, the tenderness of Otway, or the spirit and sublimity of Milton. At noon he usually walks in his garden, which is cultivated more for use than parade, when he gives orders to his men, and points out to them the necessary operations in gardening and husbandry.

A board, where all exotic cookery is entirely banished, is served up at two. Here hospitality and convivial ease constantly attend. The parson, who is an honour to his profession, usually assists; and one or two neighbouring gentlemen,

with their ladies, alternately dine with each other and Felicio. After a moderate circulation of the glass, a party at cards closes the day till supper-time. Thus the hours glide agreeably away, and Felicio with his Anna, are thought the happiest couple in the whole county.

This portrait of rural felicity will not, I am sensible, suit the genius of our modern fine gentlemen, who seem under dreadful apprehensions that their constitutions and fortunes will last them too long. If they quit the luxury and dissipation of the capital for a few months, they are incessantly hurrying from one public place to another, Bath, Brighthelmston, Scarborough, Tunbridge; then whisk over to the continent, from Spa to Aix, Brussels, Paris, perhaps Rome, and return without having made one useful observation, or done any other *important* thing than expose themselves to the contempt and derision of foreigners, who heartily despise them for throwing away their fortunes to obtain a ridiculous title; and *my Lords Anglois* appear once more in London divested of their rank as well as their money. A young gentleman of taste and spirit now rides post through Europe, as if he were going to assist a dying friend, from whom he expected a handsome legacy; or was afterwards driving to Doctor's Commons to throw in a caveat.

No wonder then it is so frequently observed, that the *professed man of pleasure* passes the most *unpleasant* life in the world. But this observation, however apparently just, arises from an abuse of words; and it is a perversion of their meaning, to stile him a man of pleasure who is invariably pursuing wretchedness.

To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

SAns-fouci is a name given to a retreat of the king of Prussia, at some little distance from Berlin. Mentioning this a few weeks since in company with what I then thought a jolly party, it was agreed to make a *Sans fouci* tour for four days about the environs of the metropolis. The company consisted of four ladies and as many gentlemen, who completely filled two coaches. As it was resolved that no impediment should prevent the design being carried into execution, a very rainy morning, the day fixed on, did not seem to cast the least damp upon the spirits of

any one. The ladies were ready to a moment, and they seated themselves with all possible glee with two men in each coach. We had not got to Kensington before one of the ladies observed it was very bad weather. This observation brought on a yawn, which did not in the least promote the mirth of the company, and scarce another word was said, except by one gentleman, till we got to Turnham-green: but even Altamont,

That child of mirth, and soul of whim, could not rarify the condensed ideas of the party. Dinner was served up punctually to the time appointed; but the fowls were boiled to rags, and the veal was raw. Mrs. Simpson, who has an utter aversion to melted butter, could not taste a bit, as Miss Polly had inadvertently poured it into the dish; Major Williams found the port pricked, and Sir William Dickson objected to claret. The dinner was served, begun, and ended, in a state of contest; and we resumed our places in the coaches, without having had any thing like a comfortable meal. Altamont reminded Sir William, that this was a *Sans-souci* party, and he almost immediately fell a snoring. We reached Colnbrooke by tea-time, but the water was smokey, and lady Bridget could not drink tea without cream.

Once more we resumed our places in the coaches, and set off for Windsor; the rain increased, and a thunder-storm so terrified Miss Polly, that having by some accident neither hartshorn nor salts among us, there was great danger of her swooning: when she recovered a little, it was proposed to let the window down for air; but this Mrs. Simpson very strenuously opposed, as it rained in, and she did not chuse to expose herself to a cold, especially at this time of the year, as they generally lasted all the winter. Half suffocated we reached Windsor, and I was glad to walk near a mile in the rain, in order to breathe a little wholesome air, of which we had been so long deprived. We played a pool at quadrille; but Mrs. Simpson, being unsuccessful, was uncommonly peevish the whole night, and even threw out some hints that lady Bridget was very dextrous at disposing of the fishes. The supper was cold and spoiled by waiting for the major, who was gone upon a short visit to Eton. Every one at last was quite out of temper, and we all retired to bed fully displeased with each other. I rose early the next morning, and finding a return post-chaise ready for Hounslow, I took a French leave in these words: "This *sans-souci*

party has proved the very reverse of my expectations, I am therefore disqualified from being any longer a member."

Adieu,

Lincoln's Inn,
Oct. 1, 1771.

A FRIEND.

The BEAUTY PUNISHED.

A MORAL TALE.

VAIN of their blooming faces, proud of their blooming complexions, *Beauties* are very apt to forget that all personal charms are of a perishable nature. Flattered by the false lights in which they view themselves at their toilette, they hastily imagine that they shall always command admiration wherever they go, not considering that the most beautiful woman in the world may by some unforeseen accident become of too little consequence to excite by her *exterior* envious sensations in their own sex, or pleasurable emotions in the other. For want of this kind of very necessary consideration, how many *beauties* of the *first water* have assumed improper airs, and how many have, by the disgusting insolence of their behaviour, during the continuance of their attractions, drawn upon themselves the keenest contempt!—Should they escape the sudden attacks of any formidable distemper, they must certainly be mortified by the depredations of time.

It would be no difficult matter to fill a sheet with such remarks as these; but the recollection of Miss Darwood's distress, occasioned by the uncommon change in her person, urges me to quit the moralizing, and to proceed in the narrative style.

Charlotte Darwood was universally allowed to be a very fine woman. To say that she was as *fair as painting can express* is not to say half enough: Sir Joshua himself never favoured the publick with any colour upon canvass vivid as that with which her elegantly-featured face was brightened.

Charlotte was the younger of two sisters who lived under the care of a good sort of an old aunt, who took them to her house on the death of their mother.

Maria Darwood had no pretensions to beauty, yet did she not behold her blooming sister with jealous eyes. She was, indeed, exceedingly amiable, and so little disturbed at the admiration which her sister excited whenever she made her appearance, that she received a generous pleasure from the encomiums which were lavished on her numerous attractions.

It is but here and there you meet with an elder sister who can, with a plain person, bear to see a younger, with tolerable composure, draw the whole attention of the men to herself. Maria was, unquestionably, a sister of an uncommon cast. She was always, it is true, marked for her singularity; yet she was always mentioned in a manner which made that singularity throw a lustre upon her behaviour; a lustre which Charlotte, with all her dazzling allurements, wanted.

Charlotte had a large train of admirers---her pride, however, generally repulsed those whom her beauty had brought forward to her. Her claims to admiration were not disputed by them, yet they could not help declaring as soon as they were out of the reach of her fascinating eyes, that her carriage was not to be defended. Why will handsome women suffer their actions to lessen the influence of their looks? Why will they who only speak to be listened to with attention, who never move but to be followed by crowds of obsequious slaves, weaken the power of their charms by the impropriety of their conduct?

Charlotte was, perhaps, one of the most fantastic beauties that ever ogled in a side-box, or flirted at an assembly. She was perpetually throwing herself into theatrical attitudes, and the *fine lady* was too often lost in the *actress*.

Mrs. Malton, the good old aunt above-mentioned, took no small pains to convince her mistaken niece, that while she treated her flattering followers with a haughtiness as unbecoming as it was impolitic, she would never be married; and frequently assured her, that she had recourse to the worst measures imaginable to encourage a man worth her notice to make honourable overtures to her. "Indeed, my dear Charlotte," said the sagacious monitoress one day to her, when she had been rather too flippant with her tongue on having received some seasonable correction, "if you pay no regard to the advice which I have repeatedly given you, concerning your behaviour to the men, you will never get a tolerable husband. You seem to lay a great stress on your beauty; but should a man be weak enough to marry you merely for your person, he will probably make your life extremely disagreeable to you---if you should, by any accident or disorder, be robbed of the charms which produced his addresses to you, he will, most probably, be so much soured by his disappointment, as to discover his altered temper in a way to occasion a provoking change in yours. If he does not, irritated

by his disappointment, absolutely use you ill, he may, nevertheless, make your time a torment to you, and give you sufficient reason to wish that you had been more solicitous about the cultivation of your mind than the decoration of your face; and that you had been chiefly studious to acquire these accomplishments which generally make a woman *agrecable*---nay, even winning---when she has accidentally lost, or outlived her beauty."

Charlotte, during the utterance of the above speech by Mrs. Malton, stood before the glass near her; and while she adjusted several parts of her dress, with an earnestness as if dress alone engrossed her thoughts, appeared to be totally deaf to the prudential admonitions of her sensible, though antiquated aunt.

Mrs. Malton, piqued as well as chagrined at the inattention of her niece, rose from her chair, and left the room, after having said, "I sha'n't forget your impertinent behaviour in a hurry, I assure you, Charlotte---You may think what you please of yourself, but you will pay dear by and by for this contemptuous disregard of my advice. You have by far too high an opinion of your own understanding, and you will suffer for it in the end, take my word for it."

When Mrs. Malton had quitted the room with a smart flounce, and with cheeks not a little inflamed, Charlotte turned her head towards the door, and shouted. Having remained some moments at the glass, she tripped gracefully from it, fell into a minuet-step, asked her sister, who sat working an apion near the window, if she had not strictly observed Gallini's instructions at his last visit, and then stepping nimbly to her harpsichord, sung, with inimitable archness, the ballad of which the burthen is, "But then she has an aunt."

When she had finished her song, she began to throw out several sharp expressions against Mrs. Malton; but finding her sister, instead of relishing her satirical strokes, disposed to vindicate an amiable relation, who had been very kind to her both, she left her to converse with herself, and repaired to her chamber in order to dress, as her aunt expected some particular friends from a neighbouring village to dine with her.

Just when she was ready to quit her apartment a servant informed her that her aunt wished to see her in the dining-room.

She pouted a little, but, after a short pause, answered, though fretfully, "Tell

her I am coming." She then whispered to herself, "If she pretends to snub me before the Farleys, I shall be monstrously provoked."

As soon as she entered the room she started at the sight of Sir Francis Wilton, who was in her eyes the prettiest fellow about town, and who had often distinguished her at public places; but she had never looked upon him as a man serious enough to attach himself to any particular woman in the world. She was still more surprised, yet pleasingly so, to hear him accost her in the following terms: "I hope, madam, I have not given you any sort of interruption by requesting the favour of your company. I have entreated Mrs. Malton's permission to make my addresses to you; and she has declared her approbation: if you will be so condescending as to add yours, I shall think myself extremely fortunate."

Charlotte did not well know, on a sudden, what to say---She coloured, and appeared much confused: she at last, however, made a shift to stammer out, "You do me a great deal of honour, Sir"---

"Not at all, madam," replied he, briskly, "if you will give me leave to wait on you in the character of a lover---your admirer I long have been---you will lay me, I assure you, under considerable obligations; for you are so absolutely necessary to my happiness, that I shall be wretched to a degree, if you return a discouraging answer."

Charlotte, having while Sir Francis delivered these words in the politest manner, recovered herself from the little embarrassment into which he had thrown her, returned an answer quite satisfactory to him, and in consequence of that answer he visited her as a professed lover.

Charlotte gave herself so many additional airs after every visit from Sir Francis, that she became extremely offensive to her aunt, and to her sister, who said all they could think of to convince her of the folly of her behaviour; but they were not able by all their affectionate efforts to render her as wise as themselves. She heard them with a contemptuous silence, or returned very impertinent answers.

In a few months after Sir Francis's first visit to Miss Darwood, the day was fixed for the celebration of his nuptials. Unfortunately for her, before that day arrived Charlotte fell ill, and from the symptoms which appeared, the approach of that disorder so much dreaded by beauties was expected by the physicians who at-

tended her: their predictions were soon fulfilled. The small-pox, in a short time, made its appearance, and poor Charlotte's face was terribly disfigured by it.

Pained to an extreme at the thoughts of the havoc the small-pox had made, doubly pained at the behaviour of her lover, who *sheered off* as soon as he was informed of the grievous misfortune she had met with, she spent her days and nights in misery, almost distracted with a train of the most mortifying reflections, and abandoned herself to despair.

Maria, though she had been often hurt by the insolent behaviour of her sister while she enjoyed her beauty in all its lustre, pitied her very much when she found how deeply the loss of that beauty had affected her spirits. In the kindest, in the most friendly, in the most sensible manner, she endeavoured to administer consolation, but she was an unsuccessful comforter: Charlotte was only still more mortified by arguments and persuasions that reminded her of the charms which drew admiring crowds about her. Sighs and tears, intermixed with murmurs and exclamations never defensible, and sometimes impious, made her appear, at the same time, an object to be blamed and commiserated.

While she was standing one day at the window of her dressing-room, Charlotte saw Sir Francis Wilton in a smart carriage with a very fine woman by his side. As she had heard that he was going to be married to a beautiful creature just arrived from France, she naturally concluded that the lady she beheld so near him was his wife; at that instant envy darted one of her most venomous snakes into her bosom. Almost mad with the smart, she felt her whole frame convulsed. Claspings her hands together in an agony, she turned hastily from the distracting sight, and flung herself into a chair in order to give a vent to her grief and indignation.

The chair into which she flung herself gave way---She rose immediately, and endeavoured to save herself from falling; but her foot slipped, and she was thrown towards the chimney. Her eye struck against the fender. From that blow she lost her sight.

AZOUF, or SINCERITY.

An INDIAN TALE.

THERE lived in India a rich young man whose name was Azouf. He had received from heaven a sensibility of heart,

heart, and an upright and sincere soul. He was not virtuous by compulsion, because all his generous and beneficent actions arose from his own goodness of heart. Azouf was the most favourable interpreter of the actions of mankind, and always saw them in the best light. Gentle in his behaviour, noble minded, he was a faithful friend, and a generous citizen: add to these good qualities, and to his riches, an elegant figure, and an aspect which spoke the sweetness of his temper. The education which he had received in the solitudes of the Brachmans had initiated him in oriental learning. On the point of entering his course of civil life in the society of mankind, Azouf first retired to one of his country palaces, in order to reflect leisurely on the new situation in which he was going to figure, and to chuse that system which he should think most conformable to reason and to his own taste. "I am," said he, conscious that I harbour no malice in my soul; none of my actions can make me blush; I love to do good, I am incapable of betraying any one; why should I then dissemble, and hide my thoughts, as some have advised me? Let those be hypocrites who have reason to hide themselves, I have no motive for it. Men, some say, are evil beings: perhaps they may be so, when their interest requires it, as the hungry lion assaults man. With me, who will do evil to none, and who on the contrary will do all the good I can, what interest can they have in endeavouring to hurt me? The lion, who has appeased his hunger, sees a man, and lets him pass. I will then be perfectly sincere; that virtue will conciliate to me the benevolence of mankind; no one will be capable of mistaking me; if I treat men as if they were my friends, they will, of consequence, treat me like a friend. I believe that those who are inclined to misanthropy, and who speak evil of the human species, are ill-treated, because they are not themselves good and sincere. Even serpents do not hurt when they are not offended; can it then be said that man, that cunning animal, who has known how to build cities, invent languages, and register in a volume the duties of one man to another, reduced to precepts, is less beneficent than the serpent? It is apparent that diffidence is the dream of a gloomy mind. I shall show all who think thus, that it is only necessary to be sincere and good, to be beloved by mankind."

This was nearly the reasoning of the young Azouf: he returned to the capital,

resolved always to second the emotions of his own mind, and, above all, never to betray truth. He was hardly arrived when many of his relations and friends came to see him, as he had been many years absent in the solitudes of the Brachmans—He was courteous to all. A cousin of his, rather deformed, said to him, "Azouf, I am happy to see that you are of a figure which will gain you universal admiration." "It is true, replied Azouf, I am handsome, but that is not enough to be esteemed by the persons with whom I am to live." On hearing this answer of Azouf, all the company burst into laughter, and flunk away one by one. It was soon known throughout the whole city, that the young Azouf had called himself handsome, and he became the ridicule of every body.

Azouf heard of it, and could hardly believe it: "My looking-glass tells me that my physiognomy is formed like those that are called handsome; every one sees it, it is not a hidden thing, why then may I not also see it? and, if I have seen it, why may I not say so? If I had a hump-back, I would say I was hump-backed; I am handsome, and I say so: however, I shall not change my system for this."

The next day young Azouf waited on the prime minister, favourite of the sovereign; he was received with a singular kindness, which astonished all the courtiers; the minister bid him good-morrow. On such an honourable distinction every one crowded round the young Azouf, they all wanted to touch his hand, they all found him to be amiable and of great merit, they all earnestly besought his protection; and Azouf pleased himself in having defined man to be an innocent and harmless animal.

Azouf next went to the apartment of the minister's lady, where the news of his gracious reception had already arrived; the lady received Azouf's compliments with a good-natured smile, and then permitted him to sit down by her. A little lap-dog of the lady's frisking about, was caressed by all the company; the lady loved it tenderly, and called it her Zadi: "What say you, Azouf, said the lady, of my little Zadi?" Zadi was a dog tolerably pretty: Azouf ingenuously answered, "Madam, I have seen handsomer dogs than him." At that instant a profound silence reigned in the whole apartment; the lady bit her lips, and all were motionless thro' surprize. They afterwards talked on indifferent matters: Azouf took his leave, every body retired; and it was universally known how uncivil Azouf had been, and

he

he was judged to be the most stupid and brutal young man that had ever existed since the creation of the world. A friend of Azouf told him so, tho' Azouf had already perceived by the cold reception he every where met with, and by half-hidden snipers, that the opinion of the public was not to his advantage—but this was not enough to make him alter his system: "No, my friend, said he, I will constrain mankind to love me, by persevering in candour and in rectitude."

A few days after he visited a lady, illustrious by birth and by fortune: she had attained the fortieth year of her age, and yet retained strong marks of her past beauty. A beautiful young lady, her eldest daughter, sat by her side, like the young Iris by that of majestic Juno.

A courtier who stood by, said, "Madam, nothing less than the belief I put in what you assure me of, could persuade me that the young lady is really your daughter, and not your sister, nay your twin-sister." "What say you, Azouf?" added the lady, "hear how courtiers flatter." "Certainly," replied Azouf, "it is very plain flattery." The lady grew pale and red by turns, Azouf was dismissed, and was universally pronounced to be illiberal, ill-bred, and to be avoided by every body.

A short time after a poet, one morning, came to visit Azouf. After their chocolate, Aganippus began with a compliment to Azouf, telling him the esteem he had for his talents, and the opinion he had of his sensible and sincere judgment. "Oh! for sincere do not doubt it, interrupted Azouf, but for sensible you may be mistaken. I myself have made some few verses, but I do not from thence think I am an able judge." "You are an excellent judge, Azouf, and I am so sure of it, that I shall read to you a slight copy of my verses. Hear me, and tell me freely your opinion." He then began to repeat a most unmeaning satire, full of nonsense and ribaldry, in which he proceeded for half an hour, such as might be produced by the late poet-laureat. When he had finished, "Well, Azouf, says he, what do you think of them? You promised to be sincere; maintain your promise." "I shall maintain it," answered Azouf, "the poetry is bad, detestable, shocking; an honest man ought to be ashamed to prostitute talents to such vile purposes." The poet went away discontented, and resolved to write a satire on Azouf.

Many other such circumstances was Azouf involved in the short space of a month. One of his neighbours unjustly entered

into a law-suit with him, and at the same time a place became vacant, to which he aspired with reason, because nobody had more right to it than Azouf, by the privileges of his family, and by the natural disposition and talents he was possessed of, to fill it with propriety.

The lady of forty years was sister to the first president of the council of justice. The poet was familiar with many of the counsellors. Azouf lost his cause. The lady of the sovereign's favourite minister remembered her lap-dog; she described Azouf in a very unfavourable light, the place was given to another. One of his uncle's died, and knowing the universal disesteem in which Azouf was held, deprived him of his estate. Azouf sought for a wife, all who were suitable to him flatly refused him.

Azouf then returned to his country retirement, and reflecting on his present situation, and on the system he had till then followed, "Ah! said he, I thought it was enough not to offend mankind essentially in honour, in liberty, or in possessions, to be well received. Fool that I was! why did I offend the false glory, the vanity, the pride of others? Of what use is a sincerity which humbles self-love, without doing any good? What cruelty have I been guilty of in thus mortifying the heart of man! A new light beams forth: every human virtue should be useful to mankind; and how has my excessive sincerity been useful? I shall henceforward never tell an untruth, but neither shall I tell all truths; and shall never say any thing which may humble the self-love of others, without doing good." Thus he resolved, and thus he did.

Azouf returned into the city, every body thought him amiable, nobody remembered what he had been; he appealed from his law-suit, and gained his cause; a new place became vacant, and he obtained it; he sought for a wife, got one, and lived the remainder of his days in peace. He left engraven on the front of his palace this sentence: "Fanatics know how to perform great things, and men of sense know how to live well."

The PROVIDENT WIDOW. *A DRAMATIC TALE.*

HAPPY couples, in spite of the satirical strokes levelled against matrimony, with more wantonness than wisdom, by the sprightly libertines of the age, are sometimes to be met with in the marriage state,

state, a state which would, it is probable, be productive of more happiness than it is, if the contracting parties paid more attention to their matrimonial vows, and if they always approached the altar of Hymen with hearts ready to echo every syllable issuing from their lips.

Mr. and Mrs. Jewdell were so fondly and faithfully attached to each other, that they were commonly called, by way of compliment by some, by way of ridicule by others, as they were friends or foes to nuptial connections, the Turtles. As they loved each other with the greatest sincerity, they were proof against all the raillery of those who secretly envied them for their mutual affection, and were not ashamed of their mutual constancy, though they knew they were unfashionably singular.

Among those who envied the domestic happiness enjoyed by the Jewdells was a Mr. Holden, a married and a miserable man: but he did not envy it from the operations of a malevolent temper; he did not wish to disturb, in any shape, the happiness which he admired, but he wished, and with much anxiety, that he had chosen Mrs. Jewdell for his wife, instead of the girl whom he, dazzled by her beauty, addressed. Mrs. Holden, indeed, had nothing, except her person, to recommend her; she was of a very unamiable disposition, and made her husband's house extremely disagreeable to him.

As Mr. Holden and Mr. Jewdell were intimately acquainted, having both belonged several years to the same department in a public office, they were often engaged together, with their families, when their business did not require their attendance, till a violent *fracas* between the two ladies, one evening, put a stop to their combined meetings; but Mr. Holden visited his friend on his usual familiar footing.

Mrs. Jewdell, though not so handsome as Mrs. Holden, was universally reckoned a very agreeable woman, and by her winning affability rendered her company courted by all who knew her. On the other hand, Mrs. Holden had so forbidding a manner, and behaved with so much haughtiness, that she encouraged nobody to enter into conversation with her. She would not, indeed, have shone in conversation, had she been ever so affable and willing to please, having naturally a weak understanding, and taken no pains to acquire any useful accomplishments. She had a tolerable voice, but knew not, in the least, how to manage it, and for want of an ear sung always out of tune; yet was

she so vain of her voice, and so partial to her musical powers, that she thought herself quite equal, if not superior, to Mrs. Jewdell, and could never hear her husband launch out in praise of her singing, without discovering the strongest marks of resentment.

Mrs. Jewdell had not only a very fine voice, but a great deal of judgment. She had been taught by a master confessedly eminent in his profession, and by paying that regard to his instructions which they deserved, did herself as well as him credit whenever she sat down to entertain her friends with her vocal performances.

I have dwelt the longer on the musical distinction between these two ladies, because it was during the course of an evening dedicated to *harmony*, that a *jarring* dialogue between one of them and her husband occasioned so much *discord* in her mind, that she could not bear the sight of her *melodious* rival afterwards with any composure.

It is needless, surely, to say that Mrs. Holden was the ruffled wife—Some married ladies may, perhaps, be benefited, as well as diverted by reading the following little account of her undutiful, not to say unpolite behaviour.

Mr. Jewdell, being desirous of having a small *crash* at his house, invited several of his musical friends, and, among the rest, the Holdens.

Mr. Jewdell was no contemptible performer on the violin; Mr. Holden played upon the German flute with great facility, and in a good taste.

Unluckily for her, Mrs. Holden did not go to Mr. Jewdell's, the afternoon she was invited, in a sweet-humour. Her cook had offended her in such a manner as almost to exclude forgiveness. She had sent up a wild duck, of which she was excessively fond, so underdone, that the sanguinary fire in which followed the first incision of her knife, turned her stomach, and she would have been, perhaps, considerably embarrassed with what she had already eaten, if she had not quitted her chair, and made a hasty march to a closet which she frequently visited, as it contained a choice collection of the most comfortable cordials.

She comforted her stomach before she left her closet; but the offence which her cook had committed remained preying upon her mind, and she made her appearance in Mrs. Jewdell's dining-room, with a face in which the marks of discontent were strongly discernible. She behaved, however, with tolerable

tolerable good manners, till Mr. Holden, when the tea-things were removed, begged Mrs. Jewdell to permit him to accompany her while she sung the elegant minuet in Midas, most judiciously given to Apollo. She then, by frowning and biting her lips, affronted both Mrs. Jewdell and her husband. One may be extremely rude sometimes without speaking a syllable.

Mrs. Jewdell was complimented by the whole room when she had sung the above-mentioned air, Mrs. Holden excepted, who sat sullenly silent.

She was soon, however, roused from her silent state.

"Now, Mrs. Holden," said Mrs. Jewdell, "I hope *you* will favour us with a song?"

Mr. Holden, afraid that his wife would really expose herself by singing, though he had repeatedly intreated her to give up all pretensions to it, answered immediately, "Not to-night, madam, Mrs. Holden has got a violent cold," looking expressively at her at the same time.

"You are very much mistaken, Sir," replied she, in a pettish tone, addressing herself to him, "I have *not* a cold, nor any thing like it."

"Yes, yes, my dear," said he, winking at her, "you know you have."

"But I say I have *not*, Mr. Holden, and you cannot, with all your nodding and winking, make me own I have."

"Well, well, my dear, if you *will* sing--"

"I *can* sing, Sir, though not perhaps as well as some people," darting a look full of proud spite and burning envy at Mrs. Jewdell, "as you may think, but I *won't* sing now."

When a married pair squeeze too much of the acid into their conversation with each other before a mixed company, their auditors are in a very awkward situation; they hardly know which way to turn their eyes.

Mr. Jewdell, in order to prevent the continuance of a dialogue so unhappily begun between the unsuitable couple, and to bring his friend off with the best grace in his power, advanced to Mrs. Holden, and said to her, bowing politely, "You shall do nothing in *my* house, madam, against your inclination. Come, gentlemen," added he, "let us proceed to business."

While he was delivering the few last words he took up his violin—The other gentlemen instantly flew to their respective

instruments, and in a few minutes were very pleasingly employed.

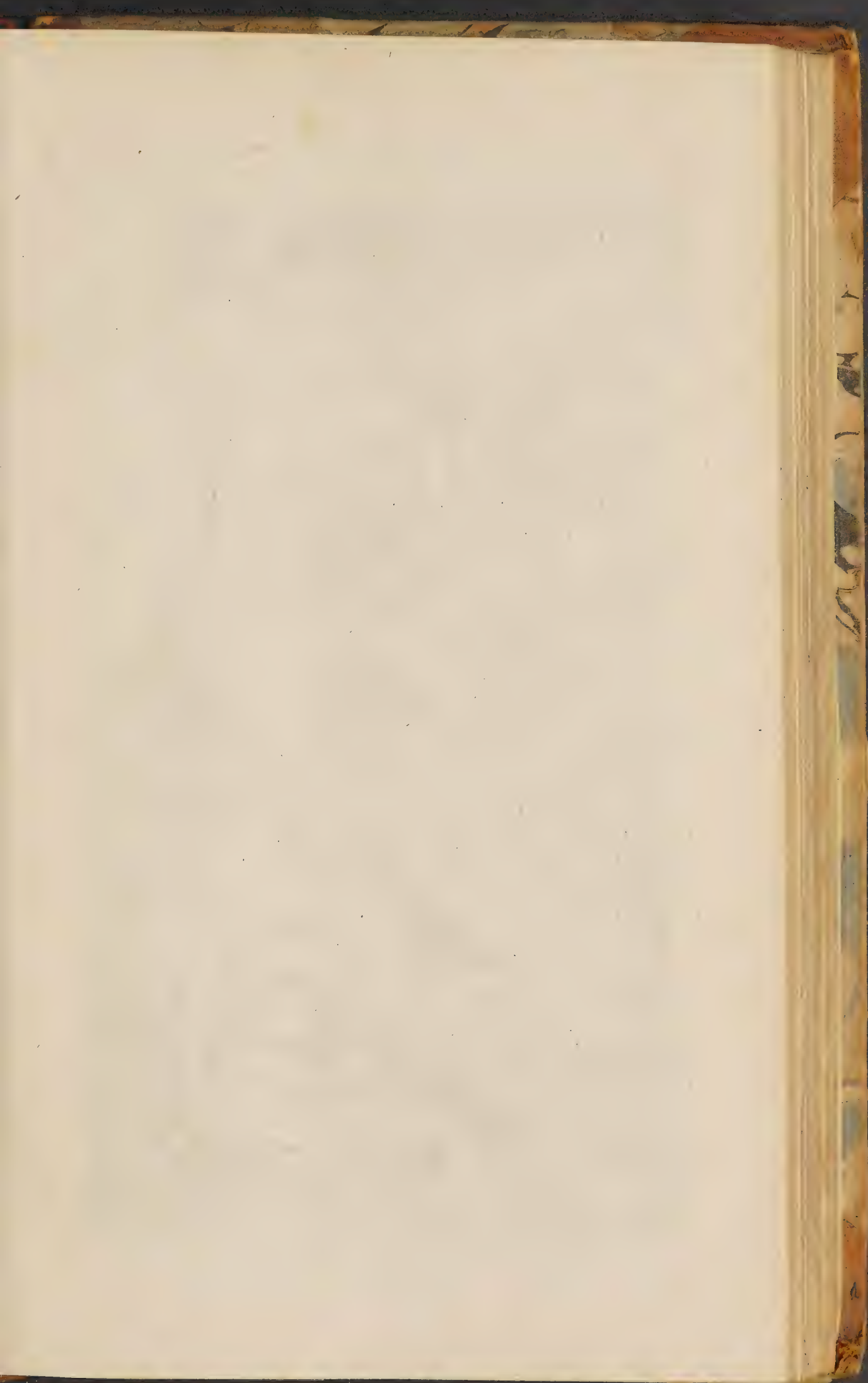
Mrs. Jewdell, drawing her chair close to her husband's, seemed to be highly delighted with the share which *he* had in the overture (having resigned her harpsichord to her master, who played the thorough bass) Mrs. Holden placing *hers* in a position which hindered her from seeing *her* husband, sat shaking one foot over the other, staring at the chimney-piece.

Mrs. Jewdell, in the most good-natured manner imaginable, frequently addressed herself to her, and endeavoured to remove the uneasiness which clouded her countenance, but to no purpose.

The Holdens, when the concert was over, were pressed to sup; but Mr. Holden, seeing by his wife's sulky looks that she would certainly give great dissatisfaction by her behaviour, resisted the solicitations of his hospitable friends, though with much reluctance, and went home with his cross-grained companion.

From that time Mrs. Holden never could be prevailed on to visit Mrs. Jewdell—She became more fretful and ill-humoured every day, repeated her visits to her cordial closet, with shorter intervals between them, and in about half a year left her husband a not disconsolate widower.

Before the expiration of his first mourning, Mr. Jewdell was seized with a malignant fever, and carried off in a few days. As his friend had appointed him one of his executors, he had necessarily connections with the amiable widow; and having always felt the sincerest esteem for her, began now to feel the warmest affection. His brother executor, a Mr. Benson, was equally charmed with her as a woman, and often declared that he never wished to have a better wife. To Mr. Benson, therefore, he with infinite pleasure communicated his own sentiments concerning her. Being a man who had naturally a great regard for *decorum* upon every occasion, he determined in his own mind not to unbosom himself to the widow upon the tender subject which engrossed his thoughts till she was on the point of changing her dress; but love, not to be controuled by reason, impelled him to throw out a delicate hint, like a leading card, just when she had been in mourning *one* month. Her answer was equally chilling and concise. "You are too late, Sir, by five weeks." In less than two months afterwards she was married to Mr. Benson. She loved the *state*.





The City Race.

The CITY RACE; or, a peripatetic Dialogue amongst the late Candidates for the Mayoralty, and the Sheriff. Illustrated with an elegant humorous Copper-Plate.

Wilkes.

WHAT a confounded blunder have I made; the court of aldermen will never return Crosby again, even if he should out-poll the rest.

Bull. I am afraid, brother Wilkes, you have made as great a *lull* as I did, when I judg'd by joining you in the shievally, I should share your popularity, and be thought a man of equal wit and genius to yourself.

Crosby. I'm down—where's Wilkes and Liberty, and Bull, and all the Bill of Rights?—nobody to help me up---nobody to support me!

Nash. I am not afraid, Mr. Sawbridge. Sustained by these literary props, and my sugar-canes, I shall get to the Mansion-house first---[*aside*] though to be sure my cause is a little lame; publishing the city poll is damnably against me.

Sawbridge. I shall be second, no doubt; but these strange aldermen are so regular in their rotation, and the majority of them so ministerial, that I have nothing for it but baffle. I wish I had kept the paragraph-writing sheriff on my side; he might have done something for me.

Townsend. Is this the reward of all my services, all my speeches in the house against the P---D---? Open your eyes, my fellow-citizens, help me on powerfully, or I shall never *hop* to the Egyptian-hall.

Hallifax. Well, it is some consolation one of my own kidney will be in, though I shall lose it---I may make a merit of my interest in his favour to the ministry.

Bonkes. Where are all my friends now? is this the assistance I was to receive from them?--To be left quite behind! Well, as I stand no sort of chance, I'll e'en look on as a philosopher, and laugh at the sport---Ha! ha! Crosby's down, and Wilkes's cap of liberty seems quite worn-out.

Wilkes. I must change my ground--If Crosby loses the day, as I fear he must, and I vote for him, my cause will suffer with his---so I'll e'en about, and give a plumper for Sawbridge. Brother Bull, you keep off the mob too much---to save appearances is necessary, but we have nothing for it but some good hearty jostling.

Bull. I understand you---I shall let them break in presently.

Nash. 'Gad I don't like this--Pray, Mr. Mayor, and Messrs. Sheriffs, keep off

those ruffians, or I shall be murdered---I may be lord-mayor, to be sure; but the question is, whether I shall survive the race?

Crosby. You see my situation, what can I do?

Wilkes. We'll protect you---there's no danger---but the freedom of election must be maintained.

Bull. You shall ride in my chariot, drawn by my fine white horses, Mr. Nash, which is more than any one (except myself) did before---[*aside*, for to say the truth, I never knew what a carriage was till now.]

Wilkes. Or you may take part of mine, and then you are sure of protection.

Townsend. What canting hypocrites these paragraph mongers are---there's no trusting them, they are worse than Judas.

Sawbridge. So they are---they are scorpions in the grass---snakes in your bosom.

Wilkes. Your humble servant, messieurs Judas, snakes and scorpions---This is pleasant to hear people railing at themselves.

Bull. Brother sheriff, mind what you're about, and don't wrangle concerning paragraphs, with your brother sinners in the same trade. Look to the main chance, or it is all over with us.

Wilkes. [*whispers*] Aye, and what's worse, we shall have no cups and balls to continue playing the patriotic *legends*.

Bull. The devil you won't---what must be done then?

Wilkes. We must kick up a dust some how or other---we must knock off the fellows in iron, whilst they are upon trial, tho' by the bye it's unconstitutional to iron any prisoners whatever---but the people don't know that.

Bull. And we'll let the people in gratis at the Old Bailey---that will appear popular.

Wilkes. It will so, a good thought, and we'll put them together.

Sawbridge. I've lost the race this time, but I shall stand a good chance the next.

Townsend. A plague of such running, say I---so much fatigue, and so little success, is enough to drive one distracted---I could rave like a Bedlamite, but I will not let my enemies see I'm in a passion.

Nash. Well, thank heaven I've got here at last---Had I known the danger, I would not have risked it to have been emperor of Morocco.

Bull. Sir, I wish you joy---[*aside*] I mean I wish you at the devil.

Nash. Thank you, Sir, thank you, gentlemen---and now, gentlemen, you shall

see what a *sweet reasonable* magistrate, even a grocer can make—nor shall my mayoralty be without a *spice* of patriotism, in despite of all ministerial influence—for it is a rule with me always to kick away the ladder when I've no farther occasion for it.

[*They all retire, and eat as hearty as aldermen upon the callipash and callipee, excepting Sir H. Bankes, who lost his stomach by standing still*]

A Correspondent has favoured us with the following WILL of Lord Baltimore, who lately died at Naples, and which he assures us has not yet been registered in the Commons.

IN the name of folly, extravagance, and debauchery, and to shew a just attention to my friends and acquaintance of both sexes, being of very sound mind, but my physicians pronouncing my body in a very different predicament, I make this my last will and testament.

Imprimis, I give and bequeath to doctor Grittenberg, that able physician, and still more able pimp, all my chastity, for which he has great occasion, even at *seventy*, in hopes it may prevent his committing any more rapes upon infants of seven years old.

Item, To his lady my recommendation to all the *male* nobility, young or old, as the most skillful procurers in Europe, being a complete mistrels of the art of seduction, and inveigling girls and young women to be debauched.

To every sultana of my late seraglio a new gown, and five pounds in species, to rig them in other respects from top to toe, including the essential articles, of which they stood in so much need, *paint* and *cosmetics*; together with a box of Keyser's pills.

To the virtuous and pious Miss Woodcock, alias Mrs. Davis, a little prudence, consistency, and recollection, especially in regard to her age, and her immaculate chastity.

To Dr. Ford, my old black suit, to make a decent appearance at Hunter's lectures, and enable him to gain some more certain knowledge concerning the signs of virginity, and thereby prevent his exposing himself upon any future trials.

To that nervous dramatic preacher and amazing writer, Dr. Fordyce, in return for the excellent discourse he made upon my affair with Miss Woodcock, in which he with religious justice pre condemned me

in the pulpit before a legal trial took place, a set of his own *Sermons to young Women*, bound in *calf*, with my marginal notes, which will be of inestimable use to him in his future editions.

To the unfortunate female patients in the Lock-hospital, many of whom I fear have entered there through the door of my seraglio, a quarter of a pound of tea each, to dilute the mercury in their stomachs.

To counsellor M—rr—s for his friendly defence of my conduct, and for which he refused accepting of any pecuniary recompence, the *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*, handsomely bound, and richly ornamented with cuts suitable to the situations.

To Mr. K—y, for the many kind paragraphs in the Ledger, in my behalf, I bequeath him all my manuscripts, which he may either convert into essays for the papers, or turn into comedies or tragedies with very little trouble, as occasion may suit, they wanting nothing to render them perfect dramatic pieces, but fable, character, sentiment, wit, humour, incident, and catastrophe.

Item, Lest these works should not turn out so valuable as I expect, I also bequeath him a golden tooth-pick case, which he may occasionally convert into a cat call, to damn the productions of his brother writers.

To Mr. F—sh—r, for the many favours received at his hands in the course of my amours, I bequeath all my toys and trinkets, which have been of such singular service in diverting the attention of young women, and preventing their thinking of their impending ruin.

To lord Delor—ne my portrait, to be hung up in his most voluptuous bed-chamber, as a *memento-mori*.

To all my bastards this general advice, "To avoid in every respect the footsteps of their father."

To the world I am compelled to leave a most profligate character, and to the worms, with whom I shall soon make a very intimate acquaintance, an emaciated carcase, dangerous to feed on.

To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT is somewhat surprising that Quintilian, whose candour as a critic is generally allowed to have been great, in his list of authors has but very coolly mentioned Horace, whilst he has bestowed encomiums upon

upon others, which, perhaps, would have been much more applicable to Flaccus. This critic, who made a noble effort to correct the vitiated taste of the age in which he lived, has with much justice and propriety attempted to decry the quaint conceits and false turns we meet with in Seneca; a philosopher, who, perhaps, of all others, most contributed to the abolition of genuine wit and nature among the Romans---He was the source of that infection which spread so universally, and took such deep root, that its influence could not be annihilated but with the destruction of the commonwealth; nor is it to be wondered at, since in general we find in human nature a secret propensity to these little pretynesses so frequent with Seneca, which glide imperceptibly into our compositions, and forcibly demand our approbation. To damp, to reject, the caresses of these Syrens (if I may be allowed that expression) require them to be beheld with the clear eyes of reason, judgment, and experience: and optics like these fall but to the lot of few.

But to return: I must own myself at a loss to account for that cool neglect, that indifference, which Quintilian displays with regard to Horace. The only plea I can possibly devise in the critic's behalf is, that he looked upon him as not immediately necessary for the profession of an orator, upon whose pursuits he treats, and to which I would willingly confine him.

In whatever point of view we contemplate Horace, the traits of nature, genius, and learning are obvious, and strike us with admiration. The fine gentleman and the scholar are every where discernible. If that precept of his be true, as undoubtedly it is, viz.

“*Dificile est proprie communia dicere,*”

no man ever possessed the art in fuller extent.

The accidental fall of a tree, the disagreeable sensation of an onion, afford ample matter for the poet to descant on, and in so pleasing a strain, accompanied with such unaffected wit, that trifling as the theme appears, the artful handling of it gives us delight.

How he villifies the planter, who with pernicious hand produced a tree for the destruction of morals. And from this narrow escape from death, he takes occasion to moralize on the continual dangers to which we are obnoxious.

The gaiety of his temper, which no accident could disturb, breathes through the whole of his odes.

How finely he recommends an equality of mind both in prosperity and adversity.

“*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
“ Servare mentem, non secus in bonis
“ Ab insolenti temperatam
“ Lætitiâ, moriture Dæli.*”

“*An even mind in ev'ry state,
“ Amidst the frowns and smiles of fate,
“ Dear mortal Delius, always show.
“ Let not too much of cloudy fear,
“ Nor too intemperate joys appear,
“ Or to contract, or to extend thy brow—*”

And, upon some public calamity, after advising his friends to banish care with wine and song, the sweetest soothers of affliction, he adds,

“*Deus hæc fortasse benigna
“ Reducet in sedem vice.*”
“*Jove, chance, will make the evening
“ shine,
“ And bring it to a clearer state.*”

His descriptions are inimitable: how finely he paints the revolving seasons!

“*Frigora mites cunt Zephyris; ver pro-
“ terit æstas
“ Interitura, simul
“ Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit &
“ mox
“ Bruma recurrit iners.*”
“*The spring the winter, summer wastes
“ the spring,
“ And summer's beauty's quickly lost,
“ When drunken autumn spreads her
“ drooping wing,
“ And next cold winter creeps in frost.*”

His intimacy with Mecænas was a fortunate circumstance for him; and though he abounded not with superfluities, his genius was not cramped by poverty. He frequently inveighs against avarice, and only desires a moderate competency, estimating it the height of folly to toil for riches, which must be soon relinquished.

He has so finely tempered the fire of Pindar, that it is a matter of doubt to which side the balance of superiority inclines. Both their merits have been nicely weighed; and when a man hath well considered the peculiar excellencies of each, he must determine for himself.

As a satyrist, none bids fairer to obtain the palm: he inveighs with acrimony, and yet with ease; not with the impetuosity and extravagance of a Juvenal, who, by many, is but esteemed a declaimer.

But the exorbitant vices of the age, in which the latter lived, certainly justify a

more licentious mode of expression; though, notwithstanding, it evidently appears he hath overshot the mark, and degraded satire to a scold.

Our author's Art of Poetry has been always reckoned a master-piece of its kind. In this, we find all the requisites of a well-written piece, digested in order, with the just sentiments and noblest expressions: and I think we may pronounce it as perfect a work as ever was produced by human wit.

U. K.

The THEATRE, Numb. XXX.

ON Monday, October 28, was represented for the first time at the theatre in Denny-lane, the masque called *The Institution of the Garter; or, Arthur's round table restored*. This masque, we are informed in an advertisement prefixed to the songs, &c. published, that "some select parts (of Mr. West's dramatic poem, called, *The Institution of the Garter*) with a few necessary alterations, were thought a proper vehicle to the different ceremonies of this great festival. The scene is laid in the reign of Edward III. who was the founder of the order, after having restored that of the knights of the round table, which we have supposed with some writers * to be continued at the institution of the garter. We have made the Black Prince nine years younger than he was when he was knighted; and we hope that this anachronism will be excused for the sake of the application."

Such is the ground-work of this masque, in which are the following *dramatis personæ*.

King Edward III.	Mr. Alkin.
Edward the Black Prince,	Mrs. Hopkins.
Chief-Druid,	Mr. Inchbold.
Genius of England,	Mr. Reddih.
Spirits,	Mrs. Hayward.
	Mrs. Marchand,
	and
	Mrs. Rogers.
Squallini.	Mrs. Wigham.
Sir Dingle (the king's fool)	Mr. King.
Nat. Rivers (a slyler)	Mr. Parsons.
Roger,	Mr. Weston.
Queen Philippa,	Mrs. Johnson.
Knights, Gentlemen, Servants, Mob, &c.	

After the overture, the curtain rises (the scene lying at Windsor.) and the

masque opens with three spirits calling down other spirits of patriots, bards, &c. to attend the Genius of England in his descent upon earth. They answer in chorus each other, and the scene discovers a prospect of Windsor, and the Genius of England descending, attended with bards, spirits, &c. He tells them that he visits England particularly on that day, appointed by Edward the Third to elect his knights of the garter; and he intreats their assistance with the Druids to influence the king's choice, as much depended upon making the first election. He retires with the Druids for this purpose, and leaves the bards to drive off all evil spirits and demons from the place. After they have exerted their powers of music, the scene opens, and discovers the chapel of St. George, with all the knights elected in their stalls, the king at the upper-end, and the queen attending the ceremony. Then follows the installation of Edward the Black Prince, which has a most solemn appearance; after which they retire to their stalls, and a full chorus from the choir, attended with the organ, finishes the first part.

The second part opens a scene before one of the gates of Windsor-castle, and discovers a great mob before it endeavouring to get in: much uneasiness is shewn that they are shut out from seeing the sight. Mr. Weston in the character of a young country fellow and a joker occasion some mirth among 'em. Then enters to them Sir Dingle, the king's fool, with a supposed foreign musician, going into the castle; but he is stopped by the croud, who intreat him to take them along with him. Then a jocular altercation ensues between the court and country jester, which is well kept up by Mr. King and Mr. Weston. In this dialogue, the countryman relies the fool upon employing foreign squakers, who to no sex belong; but Sir Dingle replies that he is mistaken, for that Squallini is as much English as himself, but that it is necessary to pass *her* off as an exotic, to meet with applause. The contest for some time seems doubtful, till Sir Dingle says to the countryman, who had approved of his own jokes by a constant laugh, "Will you take a bit of advice from a fool, not to laugh at your own jests, as you thereby only prove yourself a simpleton, and shew a very bad set of teeth." To this Roger replies, "Egad, there he has knocked my teeth down my throat," and gives up the argument.

Sir Dingle finding, however, that he cannot get rid of the mob, produces a song

* Tristram, Ashmole, &c.

song of his own writing, and gives it Squallini to sing, in order, that whilst Signiora fastens them by the ears, he may take to his heels.

Squallini now sings as follows.

I.

O the glorious installation!
Happy nation!
You shall see the king and queen,
Such a scene!
Valour he Sir,
Virtue she Sir,
Which our hearts will ever win;
Sweet her face is,
With such graces,
Shew what goodness dwells within.

II.

O the glorious installation!
Happy nation!
You shall see the noble knights!
Charming lights!
Feathers wagging,
Velvet dragging,
Trailing, sailing on the ground;
Loud in talking,
Proud in walking,
Nodding, ogling, snirking round--
O the glorious, &c.

At the end of the song, Sir Dingle gets away with Squallini, on promise of returning, and introducing them all into the castle; soon after which he appears at a window, and informs them that they cannot be admitted the place is so extremely thronged. "I thought, said the countryman, you said we should be *let in*." "Yes, replies Sir Dingle, you will certainly be *let in*—but not into the Castle." He, however, adds, that he has persuaded the king to let them fall upon all the dainties as soon as the knights had dined, and that they shall have an excellent repast presently. With this information they are satisfied, and go off huzzing to the wicket. The scene now opens and discovers the outside of St. George's Chapel leading to the castle, with the poor knights houses on the opposite side. Then begins the grand procession of the king and knights going to St. George's Hall. The general applause from the audience shewed how the splendor and regularity of this great spectacle was approved of.

The third part begins with a view of St. George's Hall, and all the knights with the king at dinner: after various pieces of music, and the king has drank to the knights, and the prince's titles have been called over, a number of warriors

appear, and go through several exercises with the spear, keeping time to the music; after which the fool enters to tell them that the mob are impatient to finish the remainder of the feast: the king gives the word for their entrance, and the scene closes. Then is heard the breaking in of the crowd with a dreadful noise, and through the door of a Gothic chamber several low people enter with different things they have taken from the feast. At last Nat Needle enters drunk with his wife and son: the taylor grows quarrelsome in his liquor, and challenges to fight Sir Dingle. Here a whimsical contest ensues, in which Sir Dingle parodies some of our modern plays; and at length, Nat, Sir Dingle, and Nat's wife, go off arm in arm. This was the only scene that did not meet with applause.

The last scene is a fine garden, where the genius leads on king Edward, who is surprised at his being brought there, and asks who he is? when the genius reveals himself, and tells him his virtues have occasioned his attendance upon him, and that he will now shew him the fruits of the tree which his hand had planted in England. A car descends, in which appear Britannia, mistress of the world, crowned with laurel, Neptune at her feet offering his trident, the four parts of the world submitting to her, with peace, plenty, and the arts attending her. . . . Then the genius ordering the spirits to ascend, the vision rises, supported by the temple of victory; bards, druids, and spirits enter, and finish the whole with the following chorus:

"Hail mighty nation, ever fam'd in war!
"Lo heav'n attends thy festivals to share:
"Celestial bards in living lays shall sing
"Britannia's glories, and her matchless king."

The scenery*, decorations, and dresses of this mask, are remarkably beautiful, rich and elegant, and happily adapted to the subject of the piece. It must, indeed be allowed, that Mr. Garrick has spared no attention or expence in getting up this masque to the utmost advantage, which we are assured stands the managers in near four thousand pounds. It was also exhibited with great correctness, every per-

* We cannot, however, help lamenting, that the painter has paid so little attention to the colour of the stalls in St. George's chapel, as instead of the very deepest brown, their real colour, they are painted in this representation nearly straw colour.

former being uncommonly perfect in his part for a first night's representation. The music, composed by Mr. Dibdin, is in general very well adapted to the subject: some of the airs are extremely pretty, and the overture was greatly admired by the *connoisseurs*. Nevertheless, we are well assured that Mr. Garrick had his apprehensions that the piece would meet with a strong opposition, and addressing himself to the performers (who consisted of every person engaged at the theatre) "exhorted them to go through their parts with spirit, and he flattered himself it would prevail."

Impartiality must, indeed, allow, that some of the dialogues, between the fool and the mob, approach to buffoonery, and very seldom reach either to wit or humour; and that many allusions in these colloquies are altogether temporary. So that hence arises an anachronism more absurd than that which is apologised for in the advertisement to the songs and choruses.

Mr. Colman is forwarding with all possible expedition his Installation. He has engaged Dr. Arne to compose the music of a new Masque, which is to be introduced upon the occasion, to represent the manners of the present times; and several eminent scene painters are employed in the decorations: so that we may expect the rival Installations to afford us as much matter of contest between the two theatres, as the late Jubilee at Stratford, notwithstanding the Old Magpie has this time got the start.

Mr. Garrick has gratified the town with

his appearance in the character of Benedict, in *Much ado about Nothing*. Their majesties have been at both houses, and met with a reception from the audience which they always merit.

Miss Donstall, a daughter of the celebrated comedian of that name, has appeared at Covent-garden in the character of Leonora in the *Padlock*. Her performance, making proper allowance for timidity, having never trod the stage but once for her father's benefit, was characteristically innocent. Her person is agreeable, and her voice harmonious. Another young lady has made her first appearance at Drury-lane (having been tutored under Dr. Arne) and received with great applause.

Miss Young has performed the part of Fidelia in the *Plain Dealer*, with great justness and propriety; and the promises being not only an useful performer, but a real ornament to the stage.

Dr. Goldsmith is now finishing a comedy, which will, it is believed, be brought on Covent-garden stage some time after Christmas. It is not yet named, but it is judged by his friends to be one of the best comic productions that have been written since the *Suspicious Husband*.

Upon the whole, great expectations are formed of this theatrical campaign, in which it is expected the managers will shew their inclination to amuse the town, and exhibit every new production that has any degree of merit, as well as engage every young candidate for fame in the buskin or the sock.

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the last Number of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. Answered by Mr. Gervase Cliff.

Put x and y for the required numbers, then, per question, we have $xy = a$, and $x^3 - y^3 = b$, from the first equation $x = \frac{a}{y}$, and therefore $x^3 = \frac{a^3}{y^3}$, hence $\frac{a^3}{y^3} - y^3 = b$. For y^3 write z , we get $a^3 - z^2 = bz$: this equation reduced by completing the square, &c. gives $z = \frac{\sqrt{a^3 + b^2}}{4} - \frac{b}{2} \therefore y = \sqrt[3]{\frac{\sqrt{a^3 + b^2}}{4} - \frac{b}{2}}$, and hence the value of x may be determined.

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. William Smart.

Let x and vx be the roots of the required numbers; then, per question, $x^3 + v^3 x^3 = x^5$. Hence $1 + v^3 = x^2$; let $v = 2$, then $x^2 = 9$, and $x = 3$. Consequently 3 and 6 are the roots required, the sum of their cubes being 243, equal to 3^5 , or 243.

QUES-

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. William Smart.

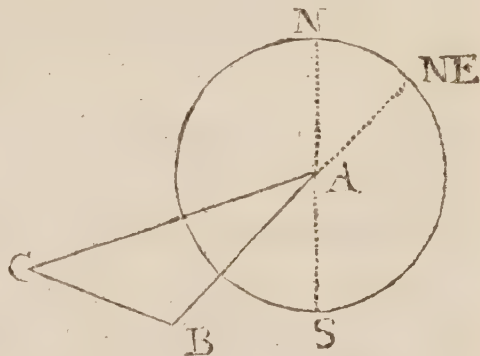
In the scheme annexed HEZP represents the meridian of the place; DH the given meridional altitude of the sun; Z the zenith of the place Zr the prime vertical; P the pole; rP another meridian, 90° distant from the former; it is evident, that when the sun enters the plane of this circle it will be then six o'clock; and when he enter the plane of the prime vertical, he is then due east.

HrO represents the horizon, hfo a parallel of the horizon passing through the center of the sun at the hour of fix; ErQ the equator; DsCa parallel of declination, representing the path of the sun on the day when the observations were made; R the point of rising; s the place of the sun at the hour of fix; c his place, when due east; eb the difference of the altitudes.

Now, rHrQ, Zm, Zr, rP, PE, and ZH, are quadrants: then divide the angle rZE, which is a right one, into two equal parts. In the triangle Dzn, we have the side DZ, the complement of the sun's meridional altitude, or zenith distance, and angle DZn = 45° , of the right-angled triangle ZDn, given to find Zn, and angle DnZ, whose supplement is the angle enZ. Then in the triangle Zne we have Zn angle Zne, and angle nZe = 45° , given to find angle Zen = angle bes. Therefore in the right-angled triangle sbe, we have enough given to find se, and consequently the time between the hour of fix and due east. Then because the arches bc and DH are similar, we have $se : eb :: sD : Db$; therefore $DH = Db = Hb$, the sun's altitude at the hour of fix = rb. Then in the triangle brv, we have the side rb, and the angle brv (being equal to the angle Zen) therefore we can now find the angle bvr, being equal to the angle Erh, whose measure is the arch EH, the altitude of the equator, or distance of the elevated pole from the zenith, equal to the complement of the required latitude.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. John Weatherden.

Let AB represent the bearing and distance of the two ports, viz. N. E. and S. W. 161 miles; AC the distance the ship sailed with her larboard tacks aboard 231 miles, and CB the distance with her starboard tacks aboard 110 miles. Then in the triangle ABC, three sides being given, per case fifth of oblique plane triangles, the angle CAB will be found = $25^\circ 26'$; which added to 45° for the angle BAS, will shew that the ship makes her way good $70^\circ 26'$, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ points nearest from the wind upon her larboard tack, and very nearly the same upon her starboard tack.



Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wiffett in Suffolk; Mr. William Smart, of Wicken in Cambridgeshire; Mr. Garvase Cliff, of Ruddington; and Mr. John Hale, of London, answered all the questions; Mr. R. Spakeman, of Warrington; and Mr. John Raven, of Pewsey, answered the first, second, and fourth Questions; Mr. William Ward, schoolmaster in Leicester, answered the first, second, and third questions.

NEW MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. By Mr. J. Raven.

The three sides of a plane triangle are 50, 85, and 105; required the diameters of the inscribed and circumscribed circles respectively?

Q U E S -

QUESTION II. By Mr. John Weatherdon.

Two ships, A and B, sailed from one place in latitude 40° N. A sailed between the south and west 100 miles; B also sailed between the south and west 80 miles: they arrived at two different ports, bearing from each other E. S. E. and W. N. W. distance 40 miles: required each ship's course, and latitudes of the ports arrived at?

QUESTION III. By Mr. John Barker.

Given, $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} x^m y^n = a \\ x^n z^m = b \\ y^m z^n = c \end{array} \right\}$ Required x , y , and z , in terms of a , b , and c ?

QUESTION IV. By Mr. William Castieau.

Required the sides of the least right angled triangle, the radius of whose inscribed circle shall be ten feet?

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

A Letter to John Wilkes, Esq; Sheriff of London and Middlesex, &c. &c. By Robert Holloway, Gent. 8vo. Bladon.

THIS is a representation to Mr. Wilkes of the infamous practices of Sheriff's officers. The writer seems to be well acquainted with his subject; and the abuses he complains of merit the attention of those, in whose power it is to remedy them.

A Treatise on Marriage; to which is added Strictures on the Education of Children. By W. Giles. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Buckland.

This writer has collected together the sentiments of many others upon the subject he treats; but though they are very pertinent and just, they have very little novelty to recommend them.

The Character of the English Nation drawn by a French Pen. 8vo. Price 1s. Bladon.

This writer takes it for granted that the peculiarities that may be met with among the English, are all to be ascribed to the temperature of the air and climate; but he seems to have very little personal acquaintance either with our manners or dispositions.

Thoughts on our Acquisitions in the East-Indies, particularly respecting Bengal. 8vo. Becket.

The author of this production proposes a plan to maintain the military force in India on a respectable footing, to increase the revenue, and advance the interest of the company in all the most essential branches of their commerce. He appears to be a complete master of his subject, and treats it in a very judicious manner.

Letters of the Marchioness of Pompadour: From the Year 1753 to 1762, in French. Owen.

There is great reason to doubt the authenticity of these letters; though they are written in a pretty easy style, and may amuse those who can give credit to their being genuine.

The Love Epistles of Aristinæus. Translated from the Greek. 12mo.

These epistles appeared originally in prose, so far back as the year 1654; they are now thrown into a poetical dress, in which garb they appear to much greater advantage.

A Journal of a Voyage round the World, in his Majesty's Ship Endeavour, in the Year 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771; undertaken in Pursuit of natural Knowledge, at the Desire of the Royal Society. 4to. Becket.

We have reason to think this journal is written by an officer who actually performed the voyage, but who for prudential reasons chose to conceal his name: we, therefore, believe it to be authentic, notwithstanding Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks (the two gentlemen who planned the voyage) have not given it their sanction.

A Letter to the Citizens of London on a very interesting Subject; addressed to the Court of Aldermen, and dedicated to the Right Honourable Brads Crosby, Esq; Lord-Mayor. 8vo. Price 1s.

This letter relates to the nomination of a city marshal, and appears to be a personal invective against a late candidate for that office.

An Englishman's Remonstrance: Inscribed to the Right Honourable Brads Crosby, Lord-Mayor of London. By William Sharp, Jun. 8vo. Price 1s. Almon.

This remonstrance is in rhyme. It is to be supposed Mr. Sharp judged as there had been so many prose remonstrances unsuccessful, that it would be prudent to change the form; but we have our doubts whether this will produce any salutary effect to the end.

ADVICE to a SISTER.

LETTER I.

Dear MARIA,

YOU may remember, in a former letter of mine, I intimated to you my intention of giving you such salutary advice as my little commerce with the world, and few speculative enquiries, may have furnished me with. It is the greatest proof of my affection at present in my power to give you; and I have chosen this method of conveying it to you, in preference to a more private one. I may possibly, by this means, do some small service to others, in circumstances similar to your's, which must have been excluded in a private letter; and tho' I should even fail of that, I flatter myself that you, for whose particular instruction I sit down to write these letters, will pay that attention to them they ought to merit in your eyes. A young girl, like you, dependent and unprotected, has many disadvantages to encounter, many impertinences to suffer, which those in a more exalted station are in some measure exempt from; tho' I believe it will not be disputed, that every young girl, in every place, in every situation of life, is exposed, in a greater or less degree, to the insolence of the assuming coxcomb, and the impudence of the abandoned profligate. But remember, Maria, and let it be your greatest consolation, that "tho' none can command the smiles of fortune, it is in the power of every one to be virtuous." In the keen discerning eye of reason, the gaudy trappings of affluence, and the soft allurements of beauty, unsupported by mental attractions, sink into their intrinsic nothingness, when opposed to the purer charms of virtue, simple and unadorned. For this reason, I shall not let a subject so important be finished with one letter. It is too essential to your welfare, to your reputation, to your happiness, so soon to be given up. It is a primary consideration, and ought to make the first and most lasting impression on your mind; for, without virtue, life is too infamous to be respected, too shocking to be happy.

I would not have you imagine, Maria, from any thing I have here said, or may say hereafter, that I am in any wise doubtful of your conduct, or that I entertain a thought in the least prejudicial to your virtue or discretion. Far be it from me: I am, in this, only doing the duty of a brother who has the happiness of his sister at heart. You are at a distance, and conse-

quently out of the reach of any verbal council or admonitions from me. I therefore address you as a young woman, ignorant of the world, whose welfare is intimately connected with my own; I shall endeavour to prescribe wholesome rules for your conduct in common concerns, as well as to hold up to your view such pictures of vice as it is necessary you should know, in order to detest; and by representing to you virtue in its native amiableness, render it the first object of your attention, and the constant concomitant of every action of your life. This appears to me the more expedient, as writers in general have exercised their talents in the service of those whose advantageous situations in life preclude, in a great measure, the necessity of their labours: at the same time that the lower ranks, where instruction seems almost indispensable, are totally neglected, or very slightly touched on: as if the casual distribution of the favours of fortune were the real causes of moral distinctions; and that to be *virtuous* it were absolutely necessary to be *rich*.

The fallacy of such reasoning is, however, too obvious to escape the observation of the most common understanding. Pluck me a rose from off the bush that is the rustic's care, bring me another from the finely cultivated garden of a nobleman; and let the most curious naturalist determine by their sweets, which owed its origin to the homely swain. He would tell you, that it is not possible to decide so nice a point; that nature is alike beneficent to all; that she sheds her benign influence indiscriminately on princes and peasants; and scatters blessings, with a liberal and equal hand, on royal demesnes and the cottager's inclosure, without distinction.

So, Maria, in whatever station virtue is found, it does not differ in any degree proportionable to that particular station, but is ever estimated according to its real worth; for though it is obvious that there are in virtue, as in every other thing, different degrees of perfection, yet those degrees receive no addition from the eminence, nor diminution from the obscurity of the possessor, but are valuable in themselves, independent of local or personal circumstances. Thus the monarch, who glitters in all the splendor of regal pomp and magnificence, and the poor peasant, who earns a scanty subsistence by the sweat of his brow, and reposes his weary limbs on straw, differ in nothing, in a moral sense, and are only estimable in proportion as

they are virtuous. For it is, indeed, the favourite doctrine of libertines, that a woman, in the lower walks of life, can receive no injury from the seduction of a man who makes her a pecuniary recompence. But let me ask any one of those conscientious gentlemen, if he had a sister in such circumstances, whether he would esteem any sum, however great, a sufficient reparation for the injured innocence and violated honour of that sister?—Certainly not. In the loss of her virtue, he would receive an indelible stain on his own honour, which no consideration could wipe off, no concessions mitigate. He would look upon her as *lost*, in the worst sense of the word, and stamp on the reputation of her seducer, the just appellation of *villain*.

Here, Maria, you may perceive I speak of gold as the *consequence*; I think I need not warn you against the allurements of that tempting metal, as the *instrument* of seduction. The woman that will even listen to the proposal of *money*, as the price of her honour, shews such a cool, deliberate propensity to vice, such a depravity of heart, as no admonitions can prevail with, no expostulations reclaim. It is the ordinary truck of prostitution, the wages of infamy, too gross for common sensibility to bear the mention of. In short, any thing that carries the appearance of *bartering*, whether it be present gifts, or promises of future favours, conveys with it such a shocking indelicacy (to call it by no worse a name) as every woman of prudence and virtue ought to spurn from her with the contempt it merits, and never hear it a second time. If she once hearkens to stipulations of so glaring a tendency, I pronounce her undone; for

“The woman that *deliberates* is ruin’d.”

FRATER.

AN ESSAY ON PROPRIETY.

(Continued from Page 463.)

PRUDENT people will always consider their stations in life, as well as their age and circumstances, in order to dress with propriety.

Shop-keepers, though ever so rich, cannot, with any propriety, stand behind their counters with laced cloaths: there are some who do, but they are justly laughed at by all those who are quick discerners of the *ridiculous*.

Harry Tape is, perhaps, the smartest

haberdasher in London. For his industry he is commendable, and he has, by happily accommodating himself to the various humours of his customers, as well as by his close attention to the main chance, raised a handsome fortune. Harry is no fool; he certainly, however, does not shew any wisdom by appearing in his shop dressed, not only in the fashion, but foppishly so. He has no bad taste, but he is too fond of tinsel. He is, confessedly, a striking figure; but he spoils the effect of that figure by the glare of his drapery.

Equally absurd is Sally Saunders: Sally ranks indeed in the highest form among Mrs. Minionet's *virgin train*, who, tho' most of them are the daughters of country clergymen, burdened with large families, and buried in obscurity, have, by living within the sight of, caught a great deal of the air of the court; and some of them would certainly be *distinguished* in the circle, if they were of sufficient consequence to be *presented*.

Sally's person is extremely alluring, and she strongly resembles a woman of the first fashion in her carriage. She behaved with propriety enough as Mrs. Minionet's principal assistant, till she had a few hundreds left her by an old uncle in the country, who, pitying her as an orphan, would have, perhaps, made his bequest a more considerable one, if it had been in his power. From the moment she came into the possession of her legacy, having always had a violent passion for *outward shew*, the thought of nothing so much as how to render her *appearance* more brilliant. She deserves a panegyric, it is true, for her diligence and her dexterity in her vocation; but she never fails to excite the sneers of all the coachmen and chairmen in the neighbourhood, when she presumes, on the strength of her personal charms, to exhibit herself in the Drawing-room, from whence she generally returns, indeed, very much dissatisfied, as she usually meets those ladies who have dealings with her mistress, and who contrive, by the most insulting politeness, to mortify her vanity and her pride. They do not mortify her, they do not insult her, merely for appearing in the same place with themselves, but for attempting, in *that* place, to *vie* with them.

There are many people of both sexes in much higher stations than Harry and Sally, who commit improprieties in dress full as reprehensible as theirs. The rough admiral surely looks extremely out of character when he is dressed like a *Macaroni*; and the young divine, in his buckish undress, makes

makes a very ill-judged, not to say *irreverend*, appearance.

When a peeress, availing herself of her rank, comes to an assembly in a night-gown and a white apron, pretty well assured of finding every lady in the room in a *negligée*, she is *improperly* dressed; her *singularity* is a tacit affront to the whole company. [To be continued.]

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

My dear Mr. Printer,

THE fame of your Magazine is so well known in Dublin, that it were needless to talk about it; however, you may assure yourself, that I have been of great service to it in a corner where I did not come. Now I beg you to be a man of gratitude, and as one good turn certainly deserves another, I beg you would recommend me to some of your fair readers of fortune, and I am told you have a great many, for you must know I want a wife, and by the bye a rich one. When you hear my pretensions you will not think them altogether groundless, and that I am such a proposed mate for life as they will seldom meet with. In the first place I am an *Irishman*, tall, raw-boned, and robust: secondly (for though an *Hibernian*, I think all family considerations secondary) of a good descent, as I can trace my genealogy as far back as St. Patrick. My present connexions are no doubt excellent, as I keep company with no man who does not wear a sword; moreover, I am of an easy, persuasive address, such as no lady can possibly resist, if I had an opportunity of once conferring personally with her. In point of age, I am just five and twenty. If I addressed the patriotic ladies, I would, like a genuine son of *Hibernia*, stretch to forty-five;—but as I am told they are small fortunes, and smaller souls, I would sooner endeavour to recommend myself to the ladies of the *Coterie*—though their *principles* and even *virtue* (it must be owned even by an *Irish gentleman*) are somewhat doubtful.

My learning, morals, and literary abilities, I leave this letter to determine: and now what remains but my

FORTUNE.

My fortune!--As to immediate property, I cannot say; I am not, at this present writing, possessed of any worthy of great notice---But look you, my good friend, Mr. Printer, nothing but a most unforeseen accident prevented my being a man of considerable property last year.

I was possessed really and bona fide (you see I understand Latin, and so I should as a good Roman Catholic) of twenty *yellow boys*, and should have set off immediately for London, to secure my estate, if I had not most astonishingly lost my whole fortune, lands, and beehives at Lucas's in one night. They stripped me of the last *thirteen*. But I was resolved to be more prudent this year, and have accordingly arrived in this metropolis with a sum sufficient to realize a happy income, and an easy affluence. In a word, what I only proposed last year, I have effected this. I have bought, and am become actually possessed of a LOTTERY TICKET, purchased at the real office of Mess. Richard Jones and Goodluck (what a propitious name, whether such a man exists or not) according to the most certain Calculation. After this information it were needless to add, that I am not only a man of property, but established fortune, and therefore entitled to an heiress or a widow (it matters not which) of at least twenty thousand pounds.

Irish Arms,
Covent-Garden. PATRICK M^r STOUT.

N. B. The lottery begins drawing the 18th of November, therefore my fortune must soon be invested in my own hands.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT has lately been a fashion among the upstart wittlings to attack Dr. Cadogan for his late treatise upon the gout, &c. some without having read his book, and others without understanding him; but no solid arguments have yet been opposed to him: they do not attack his reasoning, but attempt to ridicule his system. The success his book has met with, and the reputation he bears in the physical world, have given birth to these mushroom geniuses, who never would have been heard of, if they had not been generated by the doctor's merit and success.

Indeed it is not so much his doctrine, as its being a physical doctrine, that has exposed it so greatly to the shafts of criticism; but we know that in all ages the satyrists have attempted being witty upon the subject. Plato said, that the art of medicine was an amusement for idle people. Pliny is merry upon the physic that cures, and the physician that kills. Moliere, Petruval, Oxenstiern, and many of our dramatic poets, have been extremely smart upon

upon physic and its professors. An author of the last century said, that physicians were, with respect to patients, what a passport is to a merchant who travels along the enemy's frontiers, which is of no use to him when he is not interrupted. Rousseau says, that "physic is a deceitful art: men of real courage are never found but where there are no physicians; if the patient dies, the physician is called in too late, and if he recovers the doctor saved him." But notwithstanding these, and a thousand such sarcasms, physic still remains in as much esteem as ever, and even the greatest satyrists of the medical faculty have been very glad of their assistance when they had occasion for them.

The truth is, it is not physic but quackery that should be held in contempt: there are hypocrites and bigots in physic as well as in religion; but the orthodox in both are certainly meritorious characters.

As to Dr. Cadogan's culinary system, as it is called, I believe no man of common sense will deny, that it is founded in reason and experience; but most of those who have pretended to ridicule his doctrine forget, that he is prescribing for the sick and not the healthy reader. However, as a preventive, his regimen will certainly be of use to all, if followed only in a moderate degree.

I could not refrain sending you these cursory observations upon what I have seen thrown out against the doctor's pamphlet; tho' I can assure you I am quite a stranger to his person, and am not even one of his disciples in consequence of perusing his pamphlet.

I am, Sir, &c.

Ficcadilly, Oct. 12.

A. S. K.

To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

As I find you have been pleased to give place to the memoirs of gallantry of this metropolis, which I sent you in my last, I have transmitted a few more anecdotes, which may serve as an appendix to them.

Your's,

Paris, Oct. 13, 1771.

LEB—C.

ANECDOTES of PARIS and
VERSAILLES.

CARDINAL Richelieu had a house at Bagneux, which has retained the name of the Oubliettes, (dungeons) and which

was purchased some time since by M. Toinart at a very high price; hoping however to re-imburse himself, in a great measure, by the hidden treasure he should there find. After making a very particular search, he at length discovered a well, which was covered over, in which were the bones of above forty persons, with the remains of their cloaths, watches, jewels, money, &c. The cardinal, whose ambition had no bounds, sacrificed every thing to this passion, and secretly destroyed such persons as he did not dare publicly to attack, in overwhelming them with kindness and caresses. The last token of his friendship consisted in taking leave of them at the top of a stair-case, which gave way with a spring, and precipitated the unhappy victims into a well near a hundred feet deep.

It is said the following gentlemen (petticoat) pensioners are soon to incorporate themselves into a body of knights of that order, and to admit none but such as can prove they have been supported at least seven years by the voluntary gifts of the ladies. Amongst the foremost are the marquises de Ximen—, Villet—, Villepin—, Destorié—, Thi—, Marime—, &c. &c.

A veteran officer of the army has just been sent to the Bastille, for saying in a public coffee-room, that the king would be obliged to yield, the chancellor to hang himself, and the duke d'Aiguillon to poison himself.

It is expected that the *Filles de Joye* of this city will soon present a petition to the countess du Barré, to pray for relief from the lieutenant de police, who often disturbs them in the pursuits of their honest vocations. Whether the countess will listen to their prayer is not positively known: but it is generally believed her tender and sympathetic disposition will prevail in their favour.

The king talking the other day of the distressed state of his finances to marshal de Biron, the marshal told the king that he had suggested a plan to raise three millions without the least difficulty: and so far from making the people murmur, it would excite their loudest acclamations of joy, and they would appear in crowds to bring the money. The king being very desirous of knowing his scheme, was astonished when the marshal informed him, the whole project consisted merely in erecting a gallows in the middle of the plain *des Sablons*, and there hang up the chancellor, the spectators paying each a crown a head; and he assured his majesty that the

receipt

receipt upon this occasion would exceed three millions.

The following epigram upon a new invented lace, will serve to illustrate the character of the chancellor :

*On fait certains galons de nouvelle matiere,
Mais ils ne sont que pour des jours de galas,
On les nomme à la chancelière,
Pourquoi ? c'est qu'ils sont faux, et ne rou-
gissent pas.*

The *petits soupers* in the king's apartments are more voluptuous than ever : the countess du Barri has substituted for cold, verbal epigrams, and the precise etiquette of Pompadour, the freedom, gaiety, and frolic mirth of La Courtille. There is nothing wanting at these banquets but the figure of Ramponeau, who is, however, tolerably well supplied by M. de Maupeou.

A farce is often played in the apartments of madame du Barré ; and the chancellor is so very good an actor, that he can go through any part that is allotted him with applause.

The extreme fruitfulness of the convent of the daughters of conception, has astonished all Paris ; no less than ten miracles were there operated last week in one night.

When the musqueteers carried to the different members of the court of Aides the order to repair to the Palais, many of them had the humanity to remain with their wives, in order to console them, and prevent a dejection of spirits, in which most of them were very successful, as not one of the musquetters employed upon this occasion was upwards of five and twenty. To this we may ascribe the tranquility that reigned in the court of Aides, which would not have been the case if the members wives had followed them thither.

When the last promotion at court took place, the gentlemen appointed to office waited upon M. de Monteyn——, to return thanks ; when this minister told them with great politeness and civility, " Gentlemen, I have only followed the succession chalked out by M. de Choiseul : you owe me no thanks, as you would not have been promoted, had I consulted my own opinion with regard to your merit." The gentlemen bowed submissively, and, penetrated with this uncommon reception, retired to congratulate each other upon their abilities.

The king's confessor being disgraced for some practices that are not publicly talked of, a number of candidates have appeared to supply his place, which will be granted to such among our prelates,

who are the least scrupulous in matters of conscience. The archbishop of Rheims has been proposed, but his conduct would not bear the test. The cardinals de Gev—— and de Luy—— have since been mentioned to perform the office half yearly. But as the one cannot read, and the other has not yet washed away the slap of the face * he received some time ago, his majesty is uncertain how to decide.

The duke de la Vaug—— had wrote to the archbishop of Paris, that he should next day come to confession ; but meeting with madame de Tess—— at the opera, he over-slept himself, and has, besides his apology, at least one more sin to answer for to the archbishop.

Mademoiselle Romans, so well known at the opera, is going to marry, in good earnest, M. de Croisinaire, governor of the military academy, who is to have six aids de camps from the first class of the academy in going through the ceremony and consummation.

It is whispered that the countess de la Marche, finding the impossibility of giving the world a little prince, is resolved to try her hand at a little bishop ; and that she has upon this occasion received the benediction of the coadjutor of Rheims, who is the first man in France for female confidence, after M. de Montaz—— and prince Louis.

The chancellor having requested an audience of the prince of Conti, his highness replied that he would see him no where but at the Greve †.

The chancellor and the duke D'Aiguillon, are such complete masters of the king's mind, that they have left him only the liberty as a free agent to caress his mistress, stroke his dogs, and sign contracts of marriage.

The confessors of Paris are ordered to unite their endeavours with the lieutenant of police, in respect to every thing relative to discoveries concerning the government. Scarce a day passes but some bigot confesses a ministerial sin, which sends him to the Bicetre, by the door appropriated to this kind of prisoners, and which is justly called the door of fools.

M. de Buffi's famous diamond, which was given him by the king of Gokonda,

* Mr. de Luy—— was captain of dragoons, when receiving a slap of the face from a brother officer, he took his revenge by turning priest the next day.

† The place of execution for state criminals.

having

having been seen by madame du Bar-
ré, she was very desirous of purchasing it,
but offered nothing near the value: indeed
Basil is resolved not to part with it;
many imagine he may either lose his dia-
mond, or his head, by a *coup de main*.

The marquis de Soy Com having refused
to sell his beautiful country seat, known
by all foreigners under the name of La
Maison, to the duke de Noailles, the
duke has had influence enough at court to
obtain an order from the king, that he
shall not hunt even in his own park.

A Chartreux monk has just been disco-
vered, who left his convent every night
to serve the abbess and mistress of the
novices of Port Royal. A nun, who obser-
ved his assiduities, and was overlooked in
the service, screamed out, and brought to-
gether all the sisterhood; and they have
been chattering at the grille about their
fright ever since.

We hear that the shoulders of the duke
de Villars are perfectly reconciled with
the cane of the duke de Fronsac,
without the intervention of the marshals
of France.

The prince of Conti having asked mar-
shal Richlieu, how long he would be the
jester of the chancellor, and the marshal
having replied by saying, how long will you
be disobedient to the king? the prince ran
after him to whisper him in the ear, but
could not make him understand. The wags
upon this occasion gave out, that the mar-
shal had won the prize in the race, at the
Chiffre, having beat the prince hollow by
heels.

The government have just banished from
Paris the son of an Italian coachman, known
by the title of Count, who played the part
of a colonel in the service of the pope, a
spy from the police, and a pimp for the
amusement of his friends.

Mademoiselle Clairon (the famous ac-
tress) gives frequent suppers to the duchesses
de Vil— and De Beau—, as well as
to the first president's lady and madame de
Port—, who are so good as to admit
madame d'Obigny and mademoiselle Der-
vieux. The marquis de Vil—, who is
supposed to be pretty snug with made-
moiselle Clairon, greatly disapproves of
these heterogeneous parties, and seems to
dread the consequence, especially as the
duke d'Aum— is sometimes admitted.

TO THE Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Beg leave to lay before your readers the
out-lines of a character that to me ap-
pears at least a little oddity; if any of your

perusers should be of a different opinion,
they are welcome to stile him what they
please.

Avaro now borders upon fifty: he has
in his youth gone through a series of dis-
sipation and debauchery, and for a
trifling mistake he made a few years ago,
by putting his hand into a wrong pocket at
a crowded public place, he was under the
necessity of visiting the West Indies. Be-
ing returned from his travels, he has ap-
plied himself to the *honourable* profession of
a gambler. He accordingly repairs to the
different races, cockpits, and such like
public meetings; and has, by much *honest*
industry, picked up some hundred pounds,
which he has carefully lodged in the funds.
During the vacation of these sports he at-
tends the public billiard tables about
town, and no one knows better how to
lay his money, make a hedge, or get on
the right side. His great merit consists in
nursing a *young pigeon*; here he displays all
his genius, all his art and cunning, and
has stript many a lad, in the holidays,
from Eton or Harrow, whom he has per-
suaded into a belief that he was one of the
best players in England, whilst he was ex-
tracting every shilling of the youth's little
savings for his holiday amusements. If in
the course of this pious operation the young
gentleman should chance to swear at his
ill-fortune, and close the last hazard with
an oath, Avaro fails not, with a proper
earnest zeal, to remind him of the sin-
fulness of swearing, and may probably
give him half a dozen passages from
scripture during the next game, whilst he
is picking the young pupil's pocket.

After this it may probably be suspected,
and not without reason, that Avaro is a
Methodist. He is, indeed, a very staunch
disciple of Wesley, attends all his devout
meetings, love-feasts, and other occasional
assemblies; and he is so very zealous in
the cause of Methodism, that he has been
known to drop a very good match at bil-
liards, which he has been almost certain
of winning, to assist at a spiritual hymn.

Avaro is married, and happy in a wife
as pious as himself. Though the superin-
tends the morals, and is the *governante* of
two young ladies, who reside in her upper
apartments, she has given them such
salutary advice that they are now enabled
to pay her regularly a guinea a week each
for their lodging, besides a handsome sum
for their board. She has, however, their
good completely at heart, as she is resolved
to convert them, as soon as they have had
a proper call, by having saved a sufficient
sum to retire from business.

One

One of these female pupils has, nevertheless, occasioned Avaro's wife some anxiety upon the score of her religious spouse, she having overheard a discourse between them, which nearly bordered upon initiating the young woman at a love-feast, before she had had a proper call; but these suspicions soon subsided, when she considered the upright conduct in every particular of Avaro, and above all his state of body, which might personate, with great propriety, the apothecary in Romeo, and for which emaciated reason, he has pleaded the privilege of a separate bed for some years.

A HUNTER OF LITTLE ODDITIES.

For the Town and Country Magazine.

Browniæ, O! *felix*, Gulielme, *salve*!

Appendix ad Opuscula.

IT is an observation of a distinguished character in the annals of genius, that there are more essentials requisite in the formation of a finished epigram, than in writing a good heroic poem. I must own I have not discernment enough to see in what respect Martial is preferable to the author of the *Æneid*, or which of our English wits is to be looked upon as superior to Milton. In my opinion they are things absolutely incompatible, their natures are different. Wit and sprightliness of thought are the basis of the one, genius and elevated sentiment the foundation of the other. The epigram hath its merit, and its parts are not entirely unworthy of a particular discussion. There is, however, another kind of composition of a similar nature, which I do not remember having seen separately treated of; I mean the epitaph. It, in some degree, bears a resemblance of the epigram; but from the exclusion of that levity of dress which wit is fond of appearing in, and which glances more charming on the vivid eye of imagination; from that dignity and grace which are necessary to support its character, and from the confined nature of the subject, a finished epitaph is more rarely to be met with than a shining epigram. When touched with the delicacy of a Pope, this is not the least pleasing; but there is another species of the epitaph, which is more proper for the nobler and more elevated subjects, more adapted to record the deeds of heroism. In this, which generally

adorns the pompous *monumentum*, we shake off the shackles of verse; but, if we would adapt it to the criterion of true taste, in proportion as the subject rises, the diction must rise too. As the other has a strong resemblance of the epigram, this approaches nearest to the nature of the ode. A dignity both of sentiment and language is necessary to elevate it above the morality of prose; a correcting masterly judgment to restrain the fire of genius from flying into the wildness of the lyric; a liveliness of sentiment, without bordering upon levity; a solemnity of dress, without the gloom of dulness; concise, yet clear; nervous, yet harmonious; elegant, yet simple.

I was involuntarily betrayed into the foregoing reflections on the perusal of an inscription on a monument not above two dozen miles from Lynn, which curiosity induced me to visit the other day.

A great many of our first geniuses and men of learning are indebted to the celebrated Dr. Friend for this last tribute to their memory. His conciseness and elegance of expression, the distinguishing peculiarity of style, and the purity of his language, might have done honour to the Roman lyricist. After him, the pen, which hath perpetuated the infamy of a Chartres, is looked upon as inimitable. Gay, Fenton, &c. may live in the language of a Pope, but, alas! how does their beauty vanish! how dull their boasted lustre, when compared with the brilliance which adorns this!—*Venimus ad summum*—This is indeed a master-piece, and on the wings of Pegasus outstrips the servile herd of imitators.

Whilst the author is still alive, I cannot, without incurring the censure of *calumniation*, speak of it in those terms which it deserves, and which the perusal must necessarily excite. Posterity will approve, whilst some abler pen does signal justice to its merits. So far, however, as my poor abilities will extend, I shall endeavour to clear up some difficulties in the text, to set the shining passages in a fairer point of view, and to call forth the latent beauties, which might otherwise pass unnoticed by the vulgar reader. All I can boast of is, the *sincerity of my intention*, and that I shall act the part of a *faithful* commentator. Horace hath his Bond, Virgil his Ogilby, Shakespeare his Theobald, Pope and Moles have their Warburton; and, give me leave to add, Sir William Browne hath his Eusoclodon, who shall do equal justice to his original, and be as religiously sincere in his intentions,

as the most right reverend commentator of them all.

After such a profession I cannot help making a few observations in vindication of the author's character from the censures of ill-nature, and the sneers of ignorance. In the next century I can easily suppose the coxcomb or the witling will smile at the perusal of this inscription, and, shaking his bit of a pig-tail (which may by that time be supposed to dwindle down to the size of a tobacco-pipe) exclaim, "Demme, Jack, mark the old prig---to get a licence from Pluto to come and scribble such a pack of nonsense here, worse than ---'s birth-day jingles by G-d! in such a cursed crack-my-teeth tongue too ---twig' the old fool!" *Let the dead bury their dead*, saith the scripture, and why not write epitaphs too? For my own part my optics are not strong enough to see the impropriety of the thought, or that this piece could not be written *without the assistance of a conjuror*. We have the dean of St. Patrick's word for it, that Sylvester Partridge wrote volumes after he was dead; Dr. Samuel Johnson can *ascertain* the certainty of the conversation of Fanny of Cock-lane; and the whole Romish church will swear to the celestial origin of venerable Bede's epitaph. But I disclaim partiality. Quotation of example is with me no vindication of innocence. Let me correct one material error in the opinion of those who may hereafter imagine that this was penned after Sir William's decease; for the epitaph was written, and the monument erected, seven years at least *before the man died*---But a truce with their impertinence and quibbling. So far is this inscription from owing its origin to vanity, that modesty, attractive modesty, a diffidence equal to that of the author, could only have produced it.

Dignum laude virum musa vetat mori, is a well-known expression, and Melpomene hath very seldom jilted, in age, those who, in the vigour of their youth, have courted the muses with success; but the courteous knight, not thinking himself worthy of so distinguishing a mark of respect, how amiable is humility! very kindly took the office on himself. *Dignus vindici nodus*.

The celebrated maxim that "Ridicule is the surest test of truth" has been long since exploded. The greatest abilities, the purest system of morality, may groan beneath the load of satire. Not all the wisdom of the divine Socrates could defend him from the wit of Aristophanes, nor all the piety of that good man, "that in-

carnate angel," Dr. Whitefield, protect him from the mimicry of a Foote. Beauty itself, when viewed through a false medium, may wear the mask of deformity; but it is the business of the philosopher to collect the distorted rays, and give the figure all its native charms.

To censure what we do not understand is the invariable characteristic of a fool. Let no presuming, little, haughty *ignorant* pretend to tax the author with ostentation of his learning, in giving us this inscription in the learned languages. To hold forth his erudition to the world, was *by no means* his intention. It was not to inform us of his familiarity with the writers of Rome and Athens, or to shew us that he could write verse in their languages, *as well* as he could in his own mother-tongue: I say, it was not to inform us that Sir William Browne was *utriusque lingue doctus*; or, according to Mr. Butler's translation,

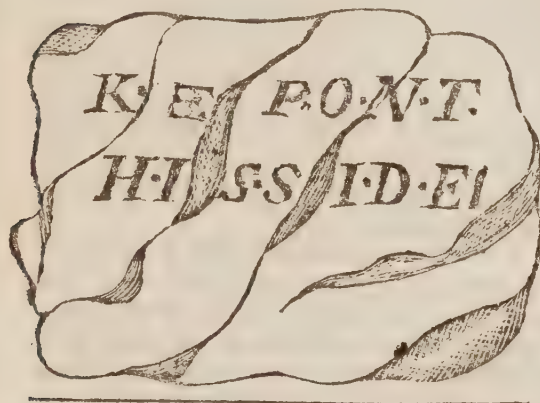
—"That he could speak Greek,
"As naturally as pigs can speak;
"That Latin was no more difficult,
"Than for a blackbird 'twere to whistle:"

for such a piece of intelligence would be entirely unnecessary in the annals of a man, who had *die noctique nitens*, as he tells us, turned over the works of Galen, Hippocrates, Aristotle, and all the leeches of antiquity; but from the nature of his subject, his choice in this respect was predetermined. Every man knows the fluctuation of any living language; if we do but reflect on the alteration which our own has undergone within one century, we shall be convinced of the assertion. Let us turn our eyes on the theatre, the meridian of elocution; there we shall view the nervous eloquence of our own language giving way to the sinking, soothing softness of the Italian; and, should the present taste for pantomime prevail, I do not know but in a few years we may discourse by signs, and converse merely by intuition. In such an uncertainty a dead language, a language whose beauties may be understood a thousand years hence, was undoubtedly the most proper to record the virtues of a man, who chose that posterity should read his fame.

I think now, gentle reader, I have sufficiently vindicated the character of our knight from the aspersions of envy, folly, and ill-nature; and shall therefore proceed, without any farther preface, proemium, or introduction, to give thee this extraordinary epitaph, which is indeed "a right master-piece of curious scholarship," and

and when our posterity, to the fiftieth generation, shall cast their eyes on the monument,

"Which none who read, but ^{hung} would have
"T' have been the theme of such a song."



An Account of the Election of Lord Mayor, which began Saturday, Sept. 28, at Guildhall.

ON Saturday, September 28, at half after twelve, the lord Mayor, attended by the sheriffs and sheriffs elect, aldermen Nash, Eldaile, Shakespeare, Hallifax, Stephenson, Sawbridge, Townsend, and the city officers, ascended the Hustings: as they came forwards Mr. Nash, Mr. Townsend, and Mr. Sawbridge were hissed; whilst the lord mayor, Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Bull were huzzaed. Mr. alderman Wilkes and Mr. Bull were then sworn in sheriffs for the ensuing year; as was Mr. Reynolds, deputy sheriff. The several jailers surrendered up their offices, in which they were continued for the year ensuing. After which the lord mayor, aldermen, and sheriffs retired to the council-chamber, and from thence, agreeable to annual custom, to St. Lawrence's church, where they heard divine service, and an excellent sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Evans, the lord mayor's chaplain. The text was taken from Proverbs, chap. iv. ver. 25, 26, 27. "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eye-lids look strait before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to left: remove thy foot from evil." At two they returned again to the Hustings, when the court being opened afresh, the recorder, as is usual on these occasions, came forward, and spoke with great propriety on the various important duties of magistracy in general, particularly that of the city of London, and recommended to the livery to chuse, out of a respectable number of names that would be read to them, two most fitting for that important

OCTOBER, 1771.

office. This speech, being sensible and impartial, was received with very great applause. When the recorder had finished, Mr. alderman Sawbridge addressed the livery. Mr. alderman Townsend next addressed the livery. Mr. alderman Nash then came forward, and made a short speech.

The aldermen then withdrew, and the sheriffs put up the candidates separately.

Sr Henry Bankes was hissed and hooted very much. Mr. Peers was clapped, but not a hand held up for him. Mr. Nash had a considerable shew of hands, and considerable hissing. Mr. Halifax was hissed, and had about ten hands in his favour. Messrs. Shakespeare, Eldaile, and Kennet, were hissed and hooted. Mr. Townsend was received with applause, and had a good shew of hands. Mr. Sawbridge was received with great applause, and had the hands of almost the whole hall. The Rt. Hon. Brads Crosby, the present lord mayor, was received as Mr. Sawbridge had been, and had apparently a very considerable shew of hands.

The sheriffs Wilkes and Bull then declared the majority of hands to be in favour of Sawbridge and Crosby; but a poll being demanded on behalf of Messrs. Nash, Halifax, Townsend, Sawbridge, Crosby, and Sir Henry Bankes, notice was given, that the books would be open for that purpose at half after three that afternoon, and continue open till half past four.

The poll, which commenced on Saturday the 28th, continued all the ensuing week.

Some disturbances happened at Guildhall on Wednesday Oct. 3, when alderman Nash narrowly escaped being very ill treated, but took refuge in Mr. Wilkes's chariot. This occasioned an application from him to the aldermen and sheriffs for their protection, which they promised him.

On Saturday, Oct. 5, the poll for lord mayor finally closed at Guildhall, when the numbers on each day's poll appeared to be as follow:

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.	Total.
Nash	83	320	740	366	207	243	240	2109
Swbr.	98	154	307	371	315	329	305	1829
ld.may.	79	142	270	344	307	321	332	1795
Hallif.	13	62	314	161	96	103	94	846
Townf.	27	26	42	15	11	15	15	151
H. Ban.	3	10	11	3	3	5	1	36

After the books were summed up, and the numbers declared, which appeared in favour of Mr. Nash, Mr. Wilkes came forward, and acquainted the livery that on Monday they should make the return.

Monday, Oct. 7, at Guildhall the sheriffs made their return to the court of
4 A alder-

aldermen that the majority of hands had fallen on the aldermen Nash and Sawbridge. The court of aldermen made choice of Mr. alderman Nash, upon which he was congratulated by the court, and in a short speech thanked them for the honour they had done him, desired the kind assistance of his brethren the aldermen to go through that arduous office, and took notice how happy he was that the peace of the city had been so well kept. Mr. alderman Wilkes then observed, that his worthy colleague and himself had been very happy in the success of their endeavours to preserve the public peace; that the lord mayor elect would find him an obedient sheriff in all his lawful commands; that he was linked with no party, nor faction; that as long as the lord mayor elect made the public good the rule of his conduct, he would give him every support and assistance in his power; that he had before his eyes the example of the present excellent chief magistrate, who had greatly done his duty in the most trying circumstances: but if the lord mayor elect deviated from such a line of conduct, either by signing preps warrants, or by any other invasion of the liberty of the subject, he would become his public, zealous, and determined enemy, but he hoped better of the ensuing mayoralty, and that his part would be to concur with the friends of his lordship in support of every measure, which had the welfare of the city for its object. The aldermen present were the lord mayor, Ladbroke, Alsop, Asgill, Stephenson, Harley, Turner, Trecothick, Nash, Halifax, Eldaile, Shakespeare, Peers, Kennet, Wilkes, Townsend, Oliver, Sawbridge, and Bird. All the court of aldermen then came round, took the lord mayor elect by the hand, and wished him joy, as did likewise Mr. sheriff Bull.

At half past one o'clock the lord mayor and aldermen came upon the Hustings, when the common serjeant declared, Mr. alderman Nash duly elected. The lord mayor elect being invested with the gold chain, then addressed the livery as follows:

"Gentlemen of the livery,

"I beg leave to return you my thanks for the high honour you have conferred upon me, by chusing me your chief magistrate for the year ensuing.

"When I consider the dignity and importance of that exalted station, I cannot help reflecting how unequal I am to the great and arduous task.

"But, gentlemen, if a sacrifice of my private concerns by a constant attend-

ance on the duties of the office, if a fair and impartial administration of justice, if a watchful attention to the franchises, interest, and prosperity of my fellow citizens, can merit your esteem, you may be assured of my utmost endeavours to deserve it, and in which, as I have the example of my brethren, I hope I shall have the kind assistance of my brethren.

"Providence having crowned my industry with an independent fortune, I am determined to be an independent magistrate, uninfluenced by any motives that may lead me from the public service to my own advantage.

"I cannot conclude without publicly acknowledging my obligations to my lord mayor and the sheriffs for their ready attention to the preservation of the peace, and the security of my person, in coming to and going from this place during the poll."

To the Author of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Have taken the liberty of sending you a few particulars, not generally known, relating to an elopement which has been for some time the principal topick of conversation in this part of the world; an event which has plunged two unhappy, and in other respects not undeserving, young persons, in the deepest distress. As to general S——, he meets with very little compassion; nor does his situation demand it, for he seems to be undisturbed, and as much master of himself as if he was laying a plan for stripping a young heir of his fortune. Incapable of a generous sentiment, he never had a real passion for his lady; his desire for her was of the same nature as his lust to possess any rouleau of guineas which happened to attract his attention. It is reported, and with some appearance of probability, that when the general consulted lord M—— on the subject of his marriage, his lordship made use of many arguments to convince him of the impropriety of the match; but finding his eloquence made no greater impression upon him than if it had been directed to a London jury, he added, "Sir, I have given you good advice—remember that you have stripped every member of the Maccaroni-club, and they will undoubtedly make reprisals upon you as a husband. If an action for *crim. con.* was to be brought before me, I could only consider it in the nature of a *lex talionis.*"

The

The first symptom of jealousy which the general discovered was at lord G——, in Leicestershire, where the redoubted squire Morgan directed a little of his usual flirtation to lady M——. She repulsed this attack with infinite ease and address; but instead of inspiring her husband with that confidence which her conduct deserved, she was hurried away at a minute's warning, without any reason given, or apology offered. From this period lady M—— was supposed to reflect on the sacrifice she had made, by giving up real happiness for splendid misery; and to despair of living upon tolerable terms with a man who, conscious of his incapacity to please, would interpret the most innocent actions into a criminal intention.

Fielding observes, that when a woman's affections to her husband are cooled, her heart is ready to receive very dangerous impressions. In this situation was lady M——, when captain S—— came to pay his respects to his patron.—From the perusal of your writings, and the many tender scenes you have described, you must be possessed of sensibility, and a perfect acquaintance with that tender passion, from the contemplation of which even the moral Addison was compelled to admit, that

“The fool, the wife, the coward, and the brave,

“Sink in the soft captivity together.”

Imagine then the almost inevitable consequence that must result from a familiar conversation between two persons to whom nature had been extremely lavish, in personal accomplishments at least: it may be sufficient to observe of lady M——, that in her person the majesty of Juno, and the beauty of Venus, are happily united; and of captain S——, that he is a fine figure, in which strength and elegance seem to contend for the superiority.—The general observing an increasing attachment between lady M—— and captain S——, peremptorily ordered him to join his regiment a few days previous to the elopement. The evening of his departure lady M—— begged that the general would retire to rest, as she should be employed some hours in writing letters with which she meant to trouble the captain; and to prevent him from being disturbed, she would sleep that night in her dressing-room.

The general expressed his surprize at this request (which, however, he complied with) to the lady's aunt; but she begged him to be satisfied, observing, that as her apartment was near the dressing room, she

would sit up till her niece was in bed, to prevent any interview between her and the captain. She accordingly waited till two o'clock, when, perceiving that lady M——'s lights were extinguished, she retired, without any apprehension. When lady M—— found all was quiet, she explored her way to the captain's room, who waited for her. They immediately sallied forth, though very ill provided for such an expedition, as the lady, to prevent suspicion, had neither hat nor cloak, and was in slippers. The captain's whisky waited near the house, but the night was so dark, that it was overturned before they got to Kinghorn. This unlucky accident deprived the lady of her slippers; but she bore the loss without repining. At Kinghorn she was accommodated with a cloak, &c. and the amorous couple arrived at Leith, without any farther accident: from whence lady M—— proceeded alone, in a post-chaise, a few miles beyond Edinburgh, where she waited for the captain, who had gone to that city for money, to defray the expences of the journey. When he entered his mother's house, his countenance exhibited marks of great confusion, and his hand shook so violently, that he could hardly open a bureau where his cash was deposited. The good lady was extremely alarmed, and asked him, “if he had not killed a man?” He replied, “Dear mother, the action I have committed is much worse.” Then seizing his sword and pistols, he burst out of the house. She sent a gentleman after him to learn the truth, but to no purpose; he replied, that the cause of his departure would soon be known. At one of the inns he hired a chaise and four; and intreated the master to give him his best horses, as he had an affair of honour upon his hands. He soon overtook his fair companion; they proceeded with the utmost expedition to Durham, where they stopped for two hours, and then pursued their route to Barnet. Here lady M—— was alarmed with the report of a robbery on Finchley Common; and giving way to her fears, persuaded the captain to stop, contrary to his opinion, as he was convinced they could not be so safe any where as in London.

The lady's flight was not known till eight in the morning: her route was soon discovered; and the general immediately resolved to follow her, though he behaved with a *sang-froid* which particularly marks his character. He repaired to Mr. L——, his lady's grandfather, and consulted him on the steps to be taken. In consequence of this application he was accompanied by

lady M—'s uncle and two other gentlemen; and expresses were sent by the different roads, who had a particular rendezvous appointed, that the intelligence might be complete. The fugitives were, by this means, traced from stage to stage; and the general arrived at Barnet, with his suite, about two hours after they were gone to bed. The moment their retreat was discovered, the enraged husband prepared to batter the door in breach, expecting the captain would make some resistance: but he rather chose, upon this occasion, to display the abilities of a harlequin, than the courage of an officer; and made his retreat in a manner that does very little honour to his resolution.—The lady was sent back under the care of some of the gentlemen who had accompanied the general, after he had paid his respects at Caen-wood, and visited R—, the agent. Here he enquired if the captain was much in arrear, and being told, "not much," he replied, with great appearance of good humour, "So much the better for you; for by G—d he is got into a damn'd scrape, by carrying off lady M—."

As I look upon you, sir, to be chief supervisor of amorous intelligence for every part of his majesty's dominions, you are at liberty to make what use you please of the particulars I have sent. [See p. 516.]

Edinburgh,

I am, &c. &c.

Oct. 20.

ALPIN M. ALPIN.

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

ORIGINALITY in writing is certainly highly to be admired; but what is there new under the sun, says the critic. "How few inventions have been made in any of the sciences within these ten years to give birth to a new treatise upon any branch belonging to them? What works of fancy that can be ranked with Fielding or Richardson, Smollet excepted, who was certainly the best novel writer within this period; but he is no more! The stage has furnished no piece since the Suspicious Husband, that can be styled a good comedy; and as to poetry, the Elegy in a Country Churchyard seems to have been the funeral service of Clio and Calliope. Yet the press abounds with productions, which are greedily read and applauded by the multitude."

This may seem an attack upon your Work; but the originality that prevails throughout it, must convince us that you

Eye nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise.

Horace endeavoured to persuade Mæcenas, that he was the creator of his own poetry; he treats as the vile outcasts of mortals, the writer who is reduced to the easy employment of an imitator. *Imitatores servum pecus*, says he. Yet is any one ignorant how much this poet is indebted to Pindar? It may happen that great genius's may open to themselves a new path, and walk without conductors; but such examples are so scarce, that they may be reckoned prodigies. Terence imitated Menander; Cicero followed Demosthenes; Virgil was indebted for part of his glory to the Idylliums of Theocritus; Catullus studied Simonides and Callimachus; and Sophocles was the copyist of Euripides. How far might we not extend the list of ancient plagiarists? If such were the privileged mortals that rendered the happy days of Athens and Rome illustrious, we cannot doubt that the successive unfolding of the sciences should border upon a general history of imitation.

This being the state of the case, fancy and genius alone can supply us with novelty and invention; and where-ever these appear I shall always think my time well bestowed to smile at a ridiculous character happily hit off; the follies and absurdities of the great and little vulgar; and leave the dull-scholiasts with their various readings to determine a comma or a semicolon, and think they are great gainers by the research, when a *punctum* is established by good authority.

In this opinion I heartily wish success to your Magazine, which has afforded me so much entertainment, that I cannot refrain subscribing myself,

Your obliged humble servant,

Oct. 11.

AMICUS.

An ACADEMICAL BULL.

ABOUT a couple of months ago, as the fellows of New College, Oxford, were discoursing in their common room, over a bottle, upon the subject of some alterations which are soon to be made in that college, a gentleman present observed, that it would be a great improvement to the gardens to remove the large mount which stands at present in the middle of a shrubbery, and to throw the whole into a regular lawn. Some objection was made to this proposal, as there might be a difficulty to find a proper place to remove the rubbish to. At last Mr. — got up, and said that he did not see any objection on that account, *as they might dig an hole at the bottom of the garden, and put it in there.*

POETICAL PIECES.

O C T O B E R.

ELapsing time draws in the short'ning year,
And with it, all the smiling scenes are fled;
The barren fields, a darker colour wear,
And fading green o'erspreads the with'ring mead.

Bereft of shelter, in their stubble-land,
The tim'rous covey dread the fatal snare:
In the hale sportsman, see destruction stand,
And mount with new-fledg'd wings the unknown air.

The shady branches of the grove, no more
Afford a shelter from the noon-day heat;
And those cool paths so lately wander'd o'er,
Delude no more the trav'ler's weary feet.

With gentle noddings wav'd, the aged trees
Bend to th' autumnal blasts their tow'ring tops;
Stript of their mantle, by the northern breeze,
With rustling sound, their yellow foliage drops.

Dark gloomy clouds enwrap the azure sky,
But at intervals is a sun-beam giv'n;
With haste progressive, Phœbus' couriers fly
(Stopt by the Scorpion) to the west of heav'n.

Conven'd; (prognostick of a keener reign)
In countless numbers, from the thatch, or tiles,
The instinct-guided swallows leave the plain,
And seek a warmer air, in distant isles.

The busy swains the cyder-vats prepare,
And fill their vessels with the mellow juice,
Refreshment cooling, for a future year,
With care œconomic set by for use:

Or from the gran'ry's well-replenish'd stores,
The brew-house coppers teem with heady ale;
Whilst the glad rustick, for the girl h'adores,
Dips out in bowls the sweet-wort from the pail.

On ev'ry face the ruddy tint of health
Appears—and in their bosoms sits content,
Whilst happy in the produce of their wealth,
They gain their wishes, and their wants prevent.

If rural scenes afford such infelt joy,
Free from corroding thoughts and pining care;

May I, secluded from the croud, employ
My future hours in calm retirement there!

* * * *

To MIRA on her BIRTH-DAY.

ACCCEPT, fair nymph, the tribute due
Which I with pleasure pay to you;
Deign but to smile upon my lays,
I court nor with no greater praise:
And since kind Providence in store
Has added to your years one more,
Allow my Muse to wish you joy,
And in the pleasing task employ
My ardent wish that more you'll see,
From mischief and misfortune free.
May bitter into sweet be turn'd,
And ev'ry scene in life adorn'd
With pleasure, free, unmix'd, and pure,
From ev'ry dang'rous ill secure;
May you, as years on years increase,
Partake of pleasure and of peace,
(Of joys unknown to guilty souls,
Who in forbidden pleasure rolls)
While thro' the various scenes in life
Of single maid, or wedded wife,
You undisturb'd shall calmly prove
A foretaste of the joys above;
And when your gla'ss of time is run,
And you with earthly things have done,
May you prepar'd triumphing rise
To dwell in realms beyond the skies.

Plymouth-Dock, 1771.

J. FOWLER.

The SHEPHERD and the VISION.

A FABLE. By Mr. ALLEY.

AS Collin one morn went a-maying
Thro' bow'ry retreats of the grove,
The wood-lark such fancies was playing
As Philomel could not improve.

While he to the Syren's sweet lays
His eager attention devotes,
Through music's meander she strays,
Now sinking, now swelling the notes.

At length, he, in extacy cry'd,
"Ah! where could this science be found!
"For whom is this minstrelsy ply'd!
"For whom is this banquet of sound!"

Said a vision, "'tis meet that you know,
"The minstrel addresses each note
"To Him, from whom bounty but flows,
"Who taught ev'ry grace to her throat;

"Who now in beneficence gives
"Parental delights to her breast,
"From whose open hand she receives
"Support for the young in her nest.

"Deem

"Deem not that the notes from the spray
 "E'er prove as a waste of sweet sound,
 "For heard and approv'd is each lay—
 "Each lay the God's praise doth resound:

"Deem not that the flow'rets that blow,
 "And breathe in the lonely retreat,
 "Their sweets to the wilds but bestow,
 "As incense they offer each sweet.

"Ten thousand pure beings still rove
 "Unseen by corruption's gross eye,
 "To join in each song of the grove,
 "Each offering to waft to the sky.

"Though *man* never waken'd sweet praise,
 "Though thankless his bosom were found,
 "Chaste anthems the woodlands would raise,
 "Hallelujahs the vallies resound.

"Why were *his* vast faculties giv'n,
 "To light him, why reason's blest beam,
 "If he leads not the chorus to heav'n?
 "If his *gratitude* proves not supreme?

"O youth! *this* thy duty observe,
 "So ne'er shall thy pleasures decay;
 "I'll prove thy best honour to serve,
 "Thy glory 'twill prove to obey."

Each morning to songs of pure praise,
 Lyre-like while thou tune'st thy heart,
 Immortals shall list to thy lays,
 As thou to yon wood-poet's art.

AN ODE to CARE.

Hence, vain intruder on my peaceful hours,
 'Tis not for thee I court the verdant bow'rs;
 Thy aid nor health, nor happiness can give,
 All that I ask's devoid of thee to live:
 Grant me this boon, and then I'll instant fly
 From the vain world and all its pageantry;
 Where thou so much delight'st amongst men
 to dwell,
 And with the hoary miser like'st to tell
 The glittering heaps which chests extensive
 swell.

Then the cool grot, the fields enamell'd o'er,
 Will give delight when thou usurp'st no more:
 How blest, nay doubly blest, will be my lot,
 When thou, with all the world, art once for-
 got:

I, ev'ry morn, wild Nature's face will view,
 And, as I walk, think whence dissention grew:
 Then list'ning hear the warbler's echo'd strain,
 Or jolly hunter ranting o'er the plain,
 While the blithe maiden spreads the fragrant
 hay,

Or shepherd views his lambkins sport and play:
 And when the sable clouds dispel the light,
 In calm repose will waste the tedious night.
 Still to enlarge this joyous, blissful state,
 I'd choose, for life, a beauteous lovely mate;
 Not dull, but lively, in her temper sweet,
 Her mind and form both equally complete:
 That when old Care would fain perplex my
 brains,

On her calm bosom I may soothe my pains:

Thus would the seasons as a moment fly,
 Did not harsh fate say Molly once must die.

Coventry, Oct. 7.

WREN.

A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

TO thee, all glorious, everlasting pow'r,
 I consecrate this solemn mid-night hour:
 Whilst darkness robes in shades the ~~unlighted~~
 sky,

And all things hush'd in peaceful slumbers lie,
 Unwearied let me praise thy holy name,
 Each thought with rising gratitude inflame,
 For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
 Health to my limbs, and comfort to my heart.

Should the scene change, and pain extort my
 sighs,

Then see my fears, and listen to my cries;
 Then let my soul by some blest foretaste know
 Her sure deliverance from eternal woe:
 Arm'd with so bright a hope, no more I'll fear
 To see the dreadful hand of Death draw near;
 But, my faith strenth'ning, as my life decays,
 My dying breath shall mount to heav'n in
 praise.

Oh! may my pray'r before thy throne arise,
 An humble, but accepted sacrifice!
 Bid kindly sleep my weary eye-lids close,
 And cheer my body with a soft repose.
 Their downy wings may guardian angels spread,
 And from all terrors screen my hapless head!
 May of thy powerful light some gracious beams
 Shine on my soul, and influence my dreams!

Southampton, Oct. 8.

A. CHEVALIER.

THE INJURED HUSBAND.

Inscribed to Gen. Scott.

WHAT friendly ray, in pity dress'd,
 O say, can Hope bestow?
 To give Distraction light of rest,
 Or soothe the eternal woe.

Life! little lamp, one tender beam,
 To grief no more can spare;
 But faintly turns a dying gleam
 On anguish and despair.

Look down, unerring source of fate,
 From your obedient skies;
 And O! instruct the wretch to hate
 The fair he must despise.

Whatever tortures rend his breast,
 Whatever conflicts roll,
 Teach him to tear her from his breast,
 And root her from his soul.

Once pure as winter's whitest snow,
 She gave her sacred vow;
 Once pure as innocence—but O!
 Just heaven what is she now!

Then

Then grant a wish, indulgent fate!
On which my heart is set;
Or if I must not think to hate,
O let me but forget!

Albemarle-street, Oct. 12.

MARITUS.

STANZAS addressed to Miss SALLY M—TT.

THO' I am but a boy,
All my art I'll employ,
Each farthing I'd give in my pocket,
Cou'd I hope for the bliss
Of a rapturous kiss,
From the lips of my dear Sally M—tt.

If my rival should call,
Arm'd with pistol and ball,
And at me shou'd present it and cock it,
I'll die e'er I'll flinch,
Or give up but an inch
Of my right to my dear Sally M—tt.

I'm all on a fire,
'Tween love and desire,
And my spirits mount up, like a rocket,
Whenever, by chance,
I can steal but a glance
From the eyes of dear Sally M—tt.

But I'm sunk low enough,
And seem just like the snuff
Of a candle, that's burnt in the socket;
I cou'd hang, or cou'd drown,
When I meet with a frown
From the brows of my dear Sally M—tt.

Of thy beauty I'm so fond,
Within my fort I'm bound,
For ever and ever I'll be true;
By day and by night,
Would I feast, with delight
On the charms of my dear Sally M—tt.

St. Peter's in Tbanet. THOMAS W—S.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

If you think the following imitation of our
modern *ship-flop* love songs merits the pub-
lic eye, it is at your service to make what
use you please of it; you will allow it con-
tains as little meaning, and as much non-
sense, as the generality of these attempts.

An humble attempt by TIMOTHY CROCHET.

I.

Gentle Cupid, ease my pain,
Wherefore should I sigh in vain?
Delia does not love like me,
Gentle Cupid, set me free.

II.

Cruel tyrant, why should I
Pine with grief, with anguish die?

Delia smiles when I complain,
Cruel tyrant, ease my chain.

III.

Little archer, point your dart,
Fix her cold indifferent heart,
Let her feel a lover's woe,
Little archer, bend your bow.

IV.

Flutt'ring urchin, spread your wings,
The turtle coos, the linnet sings,
Delia's near, all nature's gay,
Flutt'ring urchin, haste away.

V.

Smiling boy, thy toil give o'er,
Delia loves, I ask no more;
My heart o'ersflows with raptures due,
Smiling boy, I kneel to you.

Pray, Sir, observe, how prettily Cupid's
titles are ranged in each verse, and how sweet-
ly the language flows.

E L E G Y.

BENEATH a hoary ivy-mantled oak,
Whose antique head maintain'd a friendly
shade,
Smiling in scorn at time's despotic stroke,
A beauteous nymph, Affliction's child, was
lod.

Her face was fairer than the mountain's snow,
Her eyes eclips'd the twink'ling pride of
night;
Adown her cheeks soft pearly tears did flow,
And her whole frame appear'd with grief
bedight.

By midnight's gloom oft would she devious
stray,
When the dull sons of earth were hush'd in
sleep;
Mutt'ring despair she'd seek some dol'rous way,
Where haggard dames their horrid vigils
keep.

To yon proud, sky-crown'd, craggy-pointed
work,
She oft disclos'd her latent discontent;
But all her woes the faithless mountains mock,
And only dull, unmeaning echoes sent.

Far o'er yon glade with mistic mazes fraught,
Her heedless feet in wild disorder bend;
A cool sequester'd spot by her is sought,
And her loud cries the concav'd heav'ns
ascend.

"Ah me!" she cry'd "the hapless mark of
fate,

"When will the tenor of my troubles cease?

"When will the ardour of my woes abate,

"And my distracted soul be lull'd to peace?

"Why

" Why smiles elate this rapture-vifag'd scene?
 " Why boasts the air such aromatic pride?
 " Why shines in pomp yon velvet-vested green?
 " Ah! why seems nature thus new beautify'd?
 " Why o'er yon lawn, with elegance replete,
 " Bounds the young wanton heart - enlight'ned hind?
 " In vain my eyes these pleasing prospects meet,
 " While discontent reigns sov'reign o'er my mind.
 " To me these vernal scenes no joys afford,
 " Alike the teeming plain, or dearth-struck hill;
 " The scanty meal, or plenty-painted board;
 " The stagnate pool, or silver tinctur'd rill.
 " Ye high hung stars in radiant splendor deck'd,
 " Over your beauties spread the veil of night;
 " Ye bright-ey'd rolling orbs no more reflect,
 " Withdraw your lustre from my aching sight.
 " Ye sweetly-warbling songsters of the field,
 " Your fascinating harmony give o'er;
 " Each soothing note to the hoarse raven yield,
 " While birds of night your sacred haunts explore.
 " So through the glade shall pensive silence sway,
 " Save the deaf adder's fear-inspiring hiss,
 " Save congregated owls on pinions grey,
 " Whose ill-form'd notes contaminate all bliss.
 " Each flowery mead, each clear translucent stream,
 " By fancy's magic retrospective shews,
 " When Amurat, my life-departed theme,
 " Guided my steps where soft-enchantment flows.
 " But ah! no more those joys shall I renew,
 " No more enraptur'd hail the new-born fun,
 " The wild meandering rivulet pursue,
 " Or o'er the mountain's chalky summit run.
 " For Amurat, choice treasure of my soul!
 " Distracting thought! is now, alas! no more;
 " My life's sad remnant must in sorrow roll,
 " And round my head affliction's eddies roar.
 " Oft have we wander'd o'er the woodland lawn,
 " Ere the gay twilight mark'd the op'ning day,
 " Watch'd th' ætherial glim'rings of the dawn,
 " And trac'd the roseate beauties of the May.
 " Then would he tell soft pleasing tales of love,
 " Full fraught with artless eloquence refin'd;
 " Such tale ne'er fail'd the faintest heart to move,
 " Such tales were form'd to captivate the mind.

" One day we hasted to th' accustomed place,
 " Thinking that nothing could our joy impede:
 " 'Twas all deception, for that morn, alas!
 " My love, my Amurat, was doom'd to bleed.
 " Forth from the wood array'd in horror came
 " A foaming boar, by griping hunger prest,
 " His baneful eyes shot forth a livid flame,
 " And more than savage fury fill'd his breast.
 " With sanguine rage towards my love he sped,
 " No means appear'd the danger to escape;
 " His sharpen'd tusks he eagerly display'd,
 " And his devouring, hell-form'd jaws did gape.
 " Long was the conflict, both with ardour glow'd,
 " With ample vengeance both were equal fir'd;
 " From both their wounds a copious torrent flow'd,
 " And nature failing, both at once expir'd!
 " But see! the dark clouds mantle o'er the sky,
 " The swift-wing'd, lucid, death-strung light'nings glare;
 " The fright'ned choiristers for shelter fly,
 " And dreadful peals of thunder rend the air.
 " Now, 'midst this jarring elemental strife,
 " To yon impending precipice I'll go;
 " There end this busy-freighted scene of life,
 " For death alone can mitigate my woe."

She said, and o'er the cloud-alliance'd hill,
 Swift as the vengeful darts of fate she fled;
 Then down the rock the voluntary fell,
 While heav'n's artillery thunder'd o'er her head.

Bristol, Oct. 12.

S. E.

ON MUSIC.

MUSIC the soul with melody inspires,
 The heart of man with true ambition fires;
 When the fine strains with pleasing concord flow,
 The lover's tender passions softer grow:
 Music charms grief, Fate's rigid pow'r defies,
 Sorrow throws off, and dries the weeping eyes:
 Ev'n savages soft music's sounds adore,
 And seem to lose their nature by its gentle pow'r.

Petworth, Oct. 16.

M. J. DAINTREY.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN OCCURENCES.

Sidon in Syria, July 25.

THE enterprizes of Ali Bey have answered his expectations. Mehemet-Bey-Aboudaab, general of his army in Syria, hath beaten four pachas who defended Damascus; and that city surrendered the 6th ult. without having sustained much damage. But to the great astonishment of every body, the above general raised his camp on the 14th, and set out for Cairo, abandoning all his conquests. We know not yet the true motive for this step; a report is spread of the death of Ali Bey, especially since the arrival of his prime-minister at St. John d'Acre.

The four pachas abovementioned have re-entered Damascus, without the least resistance, and are levying contributions from the people.

The Porte hath not made any dispositions relative to Syria. We are pretty quiet in Sidon. This town hath been taken by the Cheick-Daher, and retaken by the Druses, who keep a garrison here.

Constantinople, August 3. The accounts from Syria concerning Ali Bey contradict one another. Some say he has been deposed and assassinated, and that he fell by the hand of one of his nephews, who never would join in his rebellion. Other accounts mention, that he is blocked up and besieged in Cairo, and that his army on hearing it set out to succour him, but was cut to pieces by the Turks. Other accounts in short say, that he is still proceeding in gaining new victories.

Constantinople, Aug. 5. On the 5th ult. the palace of Mehemet Pacha took fire, and was reduced to ashes, as were two houses contiguous to the palace.

The reports still prevail, that Ali Bey is assassinated. They add, that his troops have abandoned Damascus, and that Osman Pacha beat them in their retreat. We have heard of a particular act of bravery of Ali Daher, son of Chiek Daher, who being irritated by the resistance of the Turks, attacked their right wing with such fury, that he forced through the ranks to the place where the Pacha of Marasch, who commanded the Turks, was fighting, and killed him with his own hand.

Smyrna, Aug. 20. The desertion from our army on the Danube is very great. This day one thousand five hundred men arrived in the neighbourhood of this city to return into Asia. They were all volunteers, consequently could not be obliged to rejoin the camp. As they were refused a passage over the Helespont, they committed some excesses. There are numbers of robbers on the roads, who have even beaten the troops which were sent out against them.

OCTOBER, 1771.

Petersburgh, Aug. 23. The kan of the Crimea hath suddenly disappeared, and his flight hath occasioned prince Dolgorucki to proceed to the election of a new Kan, to put the finishing hand, with him and the chiefs of the country, to the negotiation for peace which has been begun.

Letters from our grand army mention, that count de Romanzow hath several times attempted to engage the grand vizir to pass the Danube, with a design to give him battle, but without success; from whence we conclude nothing interesting will happen on the Danube.

Ratisbon, Sept. 4. The famine that has happened in Bohemia has occasioned a contagious distemper in that kingdom, which is said to have carried off 1700 persons within the space of twelve days.

Venice, Sept. 7. A division of the Moscovite fleet hath appeared before the port of Ragusa, and threatened to bombard the town if it did not immediately pay a contribution of half a million to the Russian flag.

Madrid, Sept. 10. A man, named Hyacinthela Rosa, died at Alquerinas, in the kingdom of Murcia, the 18th ult. just as he had completed his 117th year.

From the Vistula, Sept. 12. Prince Nicolas Repnin having informed field marshal Romanzoff, that the Turks were fortifying themselves on this side the Danube, near Giurgiovo, and that they had formed intrenchments, which would contain 30,000 men; on this advice, the marshal ordered the former to attack them; but the prince representing to him, that the troops under his command were much inferior to the enemy, the command was taken from him, and given to lieutenant-general d'Essen, who attacked the Turkish intrenchments, but met with a repulse, wherein major general Tschertoriskoi, a colonel, five general officers, and nine other inferior ones, were killed, and eleven other officers wounded; besides about eight hundred private men killed. The attack continued for about four hours; and the Russians brought off their wounded to Bucharest.

From Cronstadt in Transilvania, Sept. 14. General Essen taking advantage of the Turks neglecting to guard the passage of the Argis, he marched the 15th of August against Giurgewo. In the second day's march he met the advanced posts of the Turks, whom he defeated; after which he penetrated to the second moat of the fortress, in which there was a pallisadoe. The Russians were stopped at this place, as they did not perceive the pallisadoe, it being covered by the water in the moat. The Turks, who waited for them at

hat place, redoubled their fire, and killed Col. Pocunkow, and many officers, and forced them to retire in disorder. The Russians had 700 men killed, and two thousand five hundred wounded. They left eight pieces of cannon, passed the Argis precipitately, and were very much harassed by the Turkish cavalry. The Ottomans lost very few men; but this action was fatal to sultan Mazoud Guerai, who was drowned, as he was going to the castle to animate his men, by the bridge being greatly battered by the Russians, and fell in as he was passing over it.

Warsaw, Sept. 18. Advice is just received here from Jassi, that the Russians are actually besieging the city of Oczakow, which is defended by an Ottoman garrison consisting of ten thousand men.

By advices from Petersburg we learn, that her Imperial majesty of Russia hath decorated general count de Tottleben with the ensigns of the order of St. Alexander.

Paris, Sept. 23. Letters from Rome advise, that M. Meuret, secretary of prince Edward, hath been carried off by superior orders; what renders this proceeding mysterious is, that the pretender has just quitted Rome, and gone to Germany.

In a letter which this prince wrote to his intendant before his departure, he informs him that he hath an important affair to transact, which was of so secret a nature that he could not entrust it with any person.

A report prevails here, that the court of Madrid hath made a secret treaty with one of the powers of Europe, but we know not yet positively the contents of its articles.

Vienna, Sept. 18. The grand affair of the suppression of holidays in the hereditary states is at last determined; the edict which was prepared for it was lately published to universal satisfaction. The reason which suspended it till now is, that the court thought that the pope's bull was entirely useless if the people were not thereby dispensed from attending mass on the suppressed holidays, which the Holy See would hardly agree to; they negotiated to obtain it, and the pope was with some difficulty brought to consent to it; but he has limited this dispensation to the states of the house of Austria and Germany, and has refused it to those of Italy.

Escurial, Sept. 23. On Thursday last, the 19th instant, about a quarter after five in the afternoon, her royal highness the princess of Asturias was safely delivered of a prince. This happy event has given the greatest joy to his catholick majesty, the royal family, and the whole court. The princess and the young prince are both as well as possible.

His catholick majesty had a few days before received the news of the grand dutchess of Tuscany's delivery, and had ordered three days of Gala; these were on the present occasion, converted into days of Great Gala.

All the money which had been on similar occasions laid out in public bull feasts, and other festivities, is now to be employed in portions for unmarried girls.

Hague, Oct. 1. The last letters from Warsaw advise, that they had received the melancholy news of the plague being broke out again in Podolia; but as the king of Poland has taken all the prudent precautions to prevent its spreading, we hope the progress of that dreadful distemper will be put a stop to. They write from Vienna, that the breaking up the camp at Pest before the time expected, is looked upon as a sign that the peace between the Turks and the Russians is near being concluded.

The letters from Paris of the 27th ult. advise, that each member of the parliament of Normandy has received a lettre de cachet, ordering him to be at Rouen the 26th inst. and the next day was expected to prove the extinction of that parliament. The Upper Normandy is to be received into the parliament of Paris; and Lower Normandy is to depend upon a superior council to be established at Bayeux.

Marseilles, Oct. 3. Our last letters from Leghorn mention the arrival there of a Russian frigate, having on board a great number of foreign officers, who have quitted the service of Russia in the Archipelago.

Warsaw, Oct. 5. A courier is this moment arrived with an account of the retaking Giurgewo by the Russians. Count Romanzow directed the attack, and though the place was defended with the greatest obstinacy, his troops forced the intrenchments, and put the whole garrison to the sword.

Sunday last being the birth-day of Count Oginski, his sister (the lady of the Castellano of Kaminski) gave a grand entertainment to about thirty persons; but whilst they were partaking of it, advice was brought them of the count's total defeat, which changed their joy into the greatest affliction.

Hague, Oct. 8. They write from Stockholm that the Senators can hardly determine among themselves in what manner to draw up the articles to which his Swedish majesty is to accede before his coronation. Some are for allowing him more power and authority than his father had; and others insist upon his being on the same footing.

The last letters from Paris advise, that robberies are become so frequent there, that within the compass of ten days before the date of those letters, upwards of one hundred thieves of different kinds had been taken up and sent to prison.

Lisbon, Oct. 24. The princess of Brazil miscarried yesterday, but happily is in a fair way of recovery.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON.

THE beginning of this month was ushered in with great contest and altercation in the city, on account of the election of a lord-mayor; but after a week's opposition, Mr. Nash having prevailed, peace and tranquility succeeded there. The attention of the public was then engaged with the shameless effrontery of the publisher of a weekly paper, called *The Whisperer*, in a number of which, he pretended to give an account of the fire at Portsmouth, supposed to be communicated by Brittain, confined in Reading goal for forgery; in which he introduced some very respectable names, as if abetting the abominable incendiaries. But by asserting too much, he proved nothing to the judicious and discerning, and scarce any attention is paid to the continuation of this scandalous narration. To this succeeded Mess. Wilkes and Bull's letter to Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, to inform him they judged it illegal and unconstitutional for the felons to remain fettered upon their trial, and that it was a great abuse for the door-keepers at the Old Bailey to take money for admission during the sessions; that they therefore resolved these evils should in future be remedied. Accordingly an alteration took place in these respects the next sessions, but not without much riot and confusion, occasioned by an unrestricted admission of all who chose to be in court. A report was next circulated of the death of the duke of Gloucester, in Italy, and the drapers and tailors began to make preparations for cloathing us in sable; but the falsity of this intelligence appeared by the last letters from Genoa, which mentioned his royal highness being in good health. As to the state of affairs on the Continent, they seem to have changed very little since our last; and a peace between the Russians and Turks is as far distant as ever.

Sept. YESTERDAY a committee of merchants, deputed by the corporation of Dublin, waited on the right hon. the lord Mayor, and presented the following resolutions, as a testimony of their gratitude for his conduct and perseverance in the cause of liberty; which will serve to shew the sense that city have of his lordship, as a magistrate and patriot.

At the Guildhall, on the 15th of July, 1771, being public quarter day of the Guild of merchants, Dublin, the following resolutions were agreed to.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this Guild, that the freedom of the press is one of the chief bulwarks of the constitutional liberties of these kingdoms.

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Guild be presented to the right hon. Brads Crosby, esq; lord mayor of the city of London, John Wilkes and Richard Oliver, esqrs. aldermen of the same, for their upright and manly

perseverance in the cause of constitutional liberty, particularly manifested by their spirited and successful endeavours in rescuing the printers of London from the arbitrary and despotic hands of illicit power, and thereby securing the peace, honour and dignity of that great city, and these kindoms.

Ordered, That the aforesaid resolutions be printed in the Freeman's Journal, Dublin Journal, and Saunders' News Letter, and that a fair copy thereof be transmitted by the masters and wardens of this guild, under the corporation seal, to the above-named gentlemen.

(Signed by order)

Benjamin Taylor, clerk of the Guild.

Oct. 1. This day the parliament met pursuant to their last prorogation; when by virtue of a commission from his majesty to the lord chancellor, archbishops, the lord president of the council, &c. they were further prorogued to Tuesday the 26th of November.

Admiral Elphinston has quitted the Russian service. In the discharge which has been sent him, her imperial majesty returns him thanks for his services.

4. In consequence of the ship *Friendship* being seized, and William Phillips, her master, imprisoned at Carthage, because the king of Spain's officers found Spanish money on board the *Friendship* in that harbour, the following letter was transmitted to the earl of Rochford, his majesty's principal secretary of state for the southern department:

My Lord,

"I send you the inclosed letter from William Phillips, master of the *Friendship* at Carthage, with pleasure, as I make no doubt but you will be glad of an occasion to exert your humanity and spirit in behalf of a British subject distressed by a power which seems wanton in its malice against Britons.

"I would have drawn up his case more methodically, had I not thought that his own artless tale carried better marks of authenticity, than a more laboured, and a more accurate narrative from another.

"Your lordship's zeal for the glory of the king, and his crown, and for your own honour, will, no doubt, prevent all future representations on this subject. I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient, and most humble servant,

JOHN PHILLIPS."

Liverpool, April 9.

To which the following is a copy of the answer:

To Mr. John Phillips at Liverpool.

S I R, St. James's, April 19, 1771.

"I have, in consequence of your letter, received his majesty's commands to inclose Mr. Phillips's memorial to Mr. Harris, directing him to give all the assistance in his power to a

British subject in distress, and shall always be happy in being instrumental to their relief on all occasions; but I cannot help observing to you, what you must probably have already heard, that exporting of money is prohibited in Spain, under the severest penalties, which may make it a case of difficulty. I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

ROCHFORD."

The Captain was set at liberty, and his ship restored to him, in consequence of the above.

8. Jocelin Price, esq; is appointed captain of a troop in the third regiment of dragoons, in the room of George Manners, esq; who retires.

John Griffiths, esq; is appointed quartermaster to the royal regiment of horse guards, in the room of ——— Mafon, esq; who retires.

9. Whereas in a paper called the *Whisperer*, No. 86. published last Saturday, the 5th of October, 1771, and since re-published in other daily papers, was inserted the following paragraph, viz.

"Among other things, they produced a letter from Grimaldi to Choiseul, containing an order upon the bank of Genoa, for lord Bute to receive 5000 l. This letter was transmitted by Choiseul to lord Bute at Montpellier, and he actually received the money, and directly wrote to lord Hallifax in England, acquainting him that he might receive so much on his account from Prescott, Grote, and Co. bankers in London, which will appear by their books, if lord Bute has not, in imitation of the present infamous house of commons, since he has been in England, got the entry erased."

In order to undeceive the public, and in justice to our own characters, we do hereby solemnly and severally declare, on oath, that neither lord Bute nor lord Hallifax ever kept any cash at our bank; that we never received any order from the former, nor ever paid the latter any money on his account; nor have we ever had any transaction, in money-matters, with either of the said noble lords, directly or indirectly: consequently, so much of the said paragraph as relates to us, is an infamous lie.

GEORGE PRESCOTT,
ANDREW GROTE,
WILLIAM CULVERDEN,
JOHN HOLLINGWORTH.

All sworn before me, this 8th day
of October, 1771, at the Man-
sion-house, in London,

BRASS CROSBY, Mayor.

10. Yesterday Mr. King, of Drury-lane Theatre, paid 9000 l. for three-fourths of the property of Sadler's Wells.

On Monday Sir Charles Knowles, Bart. and ——— Elphinstone, esq; late admirals in the empress of Russia's imperial navy, arrived in town from Petersburg, whither, we are assured, they never will return.

On Tuesday last the city solicitor filed in-

formations of disfranchisement in the mayor's court against the master and wardens of the three refractory companies of goldsmiths, grocers, and weavers, for refusing to obey the lord mayor's precept for a common hall. Mr. alderman Plumbe, as late master of the goldsmiths company, is one of the gentlemen.

11. At a court of common-council, held yesterday at Guildhall, the minutes of the last court were read, which minutes contained a resolution of the livery in common hall assembled on the 24th of June last, recommending, "That a piece of plate of 200 l. value be presented to the right hon. Brass Crosby, esq; lord mayor; and to alderman Wilkes and Oliver, each a piece of plate of 100 l. value, as a grateful testimony of the livery of London to those worthy magistrates, for their steady and firm support of their liberties and franchises in times of such alarming danger; but a question being moved by Mr. Paterfon, and seconded, that it be adjourned until after the expiration of the present mayoralty, on the shew of hands the lord mayor was of opinion, that it was carried for adjournment, and on a division being demanded and granted, there appeared 61 for the question, and 59 against it, on which it was declared to be carried for further adjournment.

On Wednesday the place of upper city marshal, was sold before the Committee of city lands to Mr. Teasdale, of Bishopgate-street, at the price of 1900 l.

12. A benefaction of 500 guineas, out of the privy purse, was ordered by his majesty, yesterday, to St. George's Hospital.

His majesty's reception at the play-house on Wednesday night was the warmest and most affectionate that could be conceived. Nothing equal to it has been known for eight years past.

Lord North has been for some time very busy in considering of ways to alleviate the duties upon soap, candles, and other immediate necessities of life.

The following is the inscription of the monument of Mr. William Powell, which is just finished, and sent to Bristol.

The monument represents Fame holding a medallion with the profile of Mr. Powell, over which is the following inscription:

William Powell, esq; one of the patentees of the theatre royal, Covent-Garden, died July 3d, 1769, aged 33 years. His widow caused this monument to be erected, as well to perpetuate his memory, as her own irretrievable loss of the best of husbands, fathers, and friends. Beneath the above figure are the following lines, written by George Colman, esq;

Bristol, to worth and genius ever just,
To thee our Powell's dear remains we trust;
Soft as the stream thy sacred springs impart,
The milk of human kindness warm'd his heart,

That heart, which ever tender feeling knew,
The soil where pity, love, and friendship grew.

Oh!

Oh! let a faithful friend with grief sincere,
Inscribe his tomb, and drop the heart-felt tear,
Here rest his praise, here found his noblest
fame!

All else a bubble, or an empty name.

It is to be placed at the college church at
Bristol.

From the LONDON GAZETTE, Oct. 12.

At the court at St. James's, the 9th Day of
October, 1771.

P R E S E N T,

The king's most excellent majesty in council.

This day the right hon. Sir Lawrence Dundas, bart. was, by his majesty's command, sworn one of his majesty's most hon. privy council, and took his place at the Board accordingly.

14. Yesterday morning about 4 o'clock the North mail was robbed, the following bags are missing.

Endfield, Ware, Hertford, Roydon, Caxton, St. Neots, Kimbolton, Huntingdon, Ferrybridge, North-Allerton, Peterborough, Spalding, Boston, Horncastle, Lowth, Wisbich, Leeds, Halifax, Wakefield, Branford, Huddersfield, and the Scotch Mail.

Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 3. Having lately given an account of the ill treatment of English subjects by the Spaniards, we shall now, in order to strengthen and corroborate what we before published, give the case of Anthony Stanley, who saith, 'That on the 5th day of March, 1769, he sailed from St. Anns, on board the schooner *Industry*, whereof he was then master, in order to fish for or procure turtle, on the coast of Cuba; and that, on the 7th of the said month, his vessel was seized by a schooner belonging to his catholic majesty, when he was carried and put in gaol at St. Jago de Cuba, where he was tried, and remained a prisoner eight months, having only one royal per day to subsist on; that he was then transported to Carthagena, and put into the king's works, having his legs loaded with heavy irons, where he was obliged to work, under the directions of Indians and Negroes, in carrying stone, sand, and other materials, to keep out the sea, and secure the town; that on the 24th of April last, endeavouring to make his escape, he was detected, brought back, and loaded with additional chains and irons; and that, being afterwards very sick, he applied to the commander of the works to be sent to the hospital, but received for answer he might die and be d—d; that at night he was locked up with thieves and murderers, having an iron bar of 60 feet long run through his chains, and was frequently flogged and beat in an unmerciful manner; that he remained in this direful situation till the 2d day of June last, when he was released from his irons and put on board a sloop belonging to this island, leaving behind him a number of his unhappy countrymen in the greatest distress.

Extract of a Letter from Gibraltar, Sept. 13.

"The duke of Gloucester arrived here last Saturday, attended by the adjutant-general, by colonels Desaguliers and Rainsford, and major Haywood. His Royal Highness has gone over every part of this place, and has reviewed the garrison.

15. Yesterday morning a duel was fought in Hyde-Park between major B. and Mr. T. a Gentleman of Yorkshire: when, after discharging a pistol each, the latter received a wound in the side, and was carried in a coach to the house of a surgeon near Piccadilly.

St. James's, Oct. 15. The king has been pleased to grant unto Roope Harris, of the city of Bristol, esq; and his heirs, full power and authority to assume and take the surname of Roope, and also to bear the arms of Roope, in compliance with the request of Margaret Decble, of Plymouth, in the county of Devon, widow.

17. Yesterday his majesty was pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on Charles Kent, esq; high sheriff for Essex.

A Letter from the Sheriffs WILKES and BULL, to Mr. Akerman, Keeper of Newgate.

"S I R, *Mr. Reynolds's Office, No 39, Lime-street, Oct. 16, 1771.*

"We are very well satisfied with your general conduct in the office you hold under us, and in particular with the humanity you always shew to the unhappy persons under your care. There are however two glaring abuses of importance, which we are determined to rectify at the ensuing sessions on Wednesday next, and all the subsequent sessions during our sheriffalty.

"The first is, the prisoners remaining in irons at the time of arraignment and trial. This we conceive to be equally repugnant to the laws of England and of humanity. Every person at so critical a moment ought to be without any bodily pain or restraint, that the mind may be perfectly free to deliberate on its most interesting and awful concerns in so alarming a situation. It is cruelty to aggravate the feelings of the unhappy in such a state of distraction, and injustice to deprive them of any advantage for the defence of supposed innocence, by calling off the attention by bodily torture, at the great moment, when the full exertion of every faculty is most wanting. No man in England ought to be compelled to plead, while in chains. We therefore are determined to abolish the present illegal and inhuman practice, and we direct you to take off the irons, before any prisoner is set to the bar either for arraignment or trial.

"The other abuse we are determined to reform, is the taking of money for admission into the court at the Old Bailey. This likewise we hold to be contrary to law. It is one of the most glorious privileges of this nation, that our courts of justice must always be open and free, that no judicial proceedings can be had
in

in a secret, clandestine manner, but that the conduct of the judges, juries, and witnesses, is submitted to the eye of a judicious and impartial public, without any expence, fee, or gratification whatever. We need not enumerate to you the constant complaints occasioned by the exactions of the officers, made on this subject every sessions, and the tumults, &c. We have given orders to our officers and servants to admit *gratis* all persons, who behave with decency, into any part of the court not particularly assigned to the judges, aldermen, and grand and petty juries, witnesses, or officers of the court. We expect the like orders from you to all your servants. To inform the public of this regulation, we desire you to affix the following words in large letters on the several entrances into the court, "No money is to be taken for admission into any part of this court of justice."

We are, Sir,

Your humble servants,

To Mr. Richard Akerman, JOHN WILKES.
Keeper of Newgate. FRED. BULL.

22. In the addresses of the lords and commons of Ireland to his majesty, these respectable bodies, after expressing their grateful sense of his goodness, &c. assure his majesty that they shall cheerfully concur with his excellency lord viscount Townshend, their chief governor, in whatever may promote the great and important matters recommended at this time to their consideration; and that they will not fail seriously to deliberate on the late audacious outrages in Ireland, and concur in every wise provision to remedy so great an evil.

HOUSE OF LORDS OF IRELAND.

The debates ran high upon that part of lord Townshend's speech, which charged the whole of the national misfortunes upon the sums which had been expended on the improvements of the country. It was insisted that they ought to be ascribed to the late unconstitutional prorogation. But a venal majority triumphed over reason and argument. It was moved to expunge that part of the address, which thanks his majesty for the continuance of lord Townshend in the chief government of Ireland. The house divided; 25 against it, 11 for it. The eleven lords **PROTESTED** thus,

Dissentient

Leinster, per proxy	Longford
Moir, per proxy	Beltine
Mountmorres	Westmeath
Charlemont	Shannon
Bellamont	Molestown
Powercourt	

Leave was given to lord Mountmorres to bring in a bill for preventing the inconveniences which may arise from privilege of parliament. The house then adjourned for a fortnight.

Some Particulars of the Debate in the House of Commons of Ireland, upon the Address, on Tuesday the 8th instant.

Indiscriminate reflections having been thrown out in the Lord Lieutenant's speech, upon the riots in the kingdom (though confined to two counties) the House, in their address, thought it expedient to re-echo these malicious reflections, though the members for the respective counties desired their innocent constituents might be exempted from this indiscriminate misrepresentation, and that the censure might be confined to the two delinquent counties of Down and Antrim.

An amendment was made in the address. To that part which contains profuse promises of supporting all the establishments, it was moved to add *consistent with the abilities and essential interest of the kingdom*. The ministerial party for some time opposed it; but some of their friends flying off, they desired to acquiesce, in order to prevent a division; but the marquis of Kildare, by great address, and by seeming to join them, precipitated them into it; when the numbers were, 111 for the amendment, and 58 against it. This was the only question upon which the court were beat. The address was carried by 114 against 69. So barefaced were the proceedings of administration, that a ministerial runner, late at night, (the house set till three in the morning) followed Mr. Conolly into the speaker's chamber, and, with a magisterial tone of voice, desired to know, why he had quitted the house? Which so affected that respectable gentleman, that he declined (though before he was well disposed to them) to support the address, and left the house.

Leave was given to Mr. Tighe to bring in a bill for preventing the inconveniences which may arise from privilege of parliament.—The house adjourned for a fortnight. Both houses are then to be called over.

26. The Old Bailey yesterday was a remarkable scene of riot and confusion. The sheriffs' letter to Mr. Akerman brought the rabble together from every part of the town; the galleries, however, were the only parts into which they were admitted: every avenue was so surrounded by these gentry, that it was with the utmost difficulty those who had business in the court could get to it: they were so turbulent and unruly in the galleries, that the city marshal was obliged to go up and turn several of them out; and soon after him the under sheriff, Mr. Reynolds, who at last thought proper to lock the door and keep the key. Frequent attempts were made by the mob (presuming upon Mr. Wilkes's letter) to force into the hall *vi & armis*. The court however knew their authority, and kept up their dignity, when a Mr. Miller, of Woodstreet, in spite of the utmost efforts of one of the door-keepers, had forced his way in. The court enquired into the occasion of the noise: the door-keeper made his complaint, and Mr.

Miller

Miller was desired to walk forward. Upon being asked by Mr. Recorder, if he had any business there, or wanted any body either upon the bench, or at the table, he replied in the negative: "Then, Sir, (says the Recorder) you have not acted like a gentleman; nor you, nor any man, has a right, to force into the court: it is a gross misbehaviour; however, we are inclined to pass it over this time; but do expect that you withdraw immediately." Mr. Miller made his bow, and retired.

27. By letters from Paris we are informed, that the members of the parliament of Provence are exiled to their estates. There are 72 of them in number.

28. Letters from the Continent, of the 29th ult. advise, that the prince of Brunswick and some other volunteers of the Russian army, had very near fallen, with their escort, into the hands of the Confederates, near Warsaw; but after a sharp contest, they beat them off with considerable loss. His serene highness and his retinue are since arrived safe in general Romanzow's camp.

The lord-mayor elect has sent cards to a great number of the nobility, &c. inviting them to dine in the city on the ensuing Lord-Mayor's Day, and most of them have returned his lordship very polite answers, and accepted his invitation.

29. The cause depending between Mess. Colman on one part, and Mess. Harris, Dagges, and Leake on the other, will come on before the lord chief justice De Grey the first sitting the next term.

On Sunday last Gen. Harvey and Col. Rainsforth arrived in town from his royal highness the duke of Gloucester, whom they left at Genoa in perfect health on the 9th inst. so that the alarming report of his highness's death is entirely without foundation.

B I R T H S.

Oct. 3. The lady of colonel de Champigny, brother of the late Cologne minister at this court, of a son.

The lady of Robert Henley Ongley, esq; of a son, in Great George-street, Westminster.

7. The lady of William Soames, esq; in Harley-street, Cavendish-square of a son.

8. The lady of Sir Jacob Wolff, bart. of a daughter.

The lady of Thomas Metcalfe, esq; in Orchard-street, Portman-square, of a daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

Sept. 25. Mr. Downes, wine-merchant, on Tower-hill, to Miss Warren, of Shadwell.

28. Mr. Kniveton, of Covent-Garden theatre, to Miss Ward, of the same theatre.

29. James Gilbert, esq; of Hart-street, Bloomsbury, to Miss Davidson, of Battersea.

31. James McDonald, esq; of Aberdeen, to Miss Mary Simpson, daughter of Alexander Simpson, esq; of Pall-Mall.

Oct. 1. The Rev. Dr. Blackstone, vicar of

Adderbury, in Oxfordshire, to Miss Brereton, of Winchester.

The hon. captain Digby, brother to lord Digby, to a daughter of the earl of Litchfield.

3. Charles Turner, esq; one of the representatives in parliament for the city of York, to Miss Shuttleworth, daughter of James Shuttleworth, esq; of Forcet, in that county.

4. Samuel Hawkins, esq; of Ware, in Hertfordshire, to Miss Amelia Henderson, daughter of — Henderson, esq; of Hempstead.

7. The Rev. Mr. Lewis Bagot, canon of Christ-Church, to Miss Mary Hay, daughter of the hon. Mr. Hay, and niece to the earl of Kinnoul.

9. Capt. Robert Linsey, of the royal navy, to Miss Redston, of the isle of Wight.

10. Robert Austin, esq; of Mortimer-street, to Miss Mary Spackman, of Panton-street, Leicester-fields.

11. Samuel Vokins, esq; a merchant in Broad-street, to Miss Horsenail, of the same place.

12. John Lubbock, esq; to Miss Commerell, daughter of Frederick Commerell, esq; merchant, in Mincing-lane.

13. Mr. Pocock, builder, at Marybone, to Miss Maria Searing, of Turnham-Green.

14. Robert Collins, Esq; of King-street, Golden-square, to Miss Susannah Baxter, of North Audley-street.

George Atty, esq; to Miss Martha Coates, both of Ratcliff-Highway.

James Pearson, esq; to Miss Jane Pearson, both of Walthamstow.

17. George Ruffel, esq; to Miss Perkins, daughter of the late John Perkins, esq; of Lime-street.

18. George Terry, esq; of Dover-street, to Miss Dorothy Reeves, of New-Bond-street.

20. Robert Gwynn, esq; to Miss Susannah Harris, of Charles-street, Berkeley-square.

21. Mr. John Mothan, distiller, at Holborn-bridge, to Miss Gillingham, of Bride-well.

23. William Montague, esq; to Mrs. Tomlins, a widow lady, of Deptford.

24. The Rev. Mr. Alleyne Walter, L.L.D. of the Hermitage, in Surry, to Mrs. Butler, widow of John Butler, of Kilcash, in the kingdom of Ireland.

D E A T H S.

Sept. 16. The dutchess de Villars, aged 64, at Versailles.

24. Mr. John Sherratt, many years a clerk in the Stamp-office, in Hatton-garden.

27. Mr. Bell, carver and gilder, in Long-acre.

Mr. Cregg, whalebone-merchant, in Holborn.

28. Edmond Raymond, esq; at Knightf-bridge.

29. Mr. John Purser, aged 76, formerly a printer in Red Lion court, Fleet-street, but had retired from business,

13 Mr.

31. Mr. Hughes, sen. printer, near Turnstile, Holborn.
- OF 1. Edmond Dunluce, esq; in Brook-street.
- Robert Skeffington, Esq; in Berkley-street.
2. William Shepherd, esq; of Parliament-street, Westminster.
3. Thomas Collier, esq; at Kensington, formerly an officer in the guards.
- George Powel, esq; aged 91, in Titchfield-street, Oxford Road, formerly an officer in the Welsh Fusileers.
- Bailey, esq; at Bromley, in Kent.
- Sir Henry John Parker, bart.
5. The Rev. Dr. Rutherford, professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge, and archdeacon of Essex.
- Joseph Jessup, esq; at Little-Chelsea.
- Edward Beauchamp, esq; in Soho-square.
- The Rev. Joseph Layton, M. A. vicar of Witcham, and Witchford, in the Isle of Ely, by a fall from his horse.
6. Mr. Ollman Muller, a Dutch merchant of this city.
- Mrs. Willes, lady of the bishop of Bath and Wells.
7. John Turner, esq; in May-fair.
8. Mr. Boyed, watch-maker, in Jermyn-street, St. James's.
- Thomas Grantham the elder, esq; at Chetwood, in Berkshire.
9. William Blanch, esq; at Hamstead.
- John Talbot, esq; in Brook-street.
- Lady Barker, at Ipswich.
10. Francis Goodge, esq; suddenly, at Putney, formerly a brick-maker, in Tottenham-court-road; but had retired with a fortune of 40,000 l.
11. Henry Manning, esq; in Selby-street, Oxford-Road; a young gentleman just come to the possession of a large fortune.
- Jacob Jenkins, esq; in Marybone-street, Golden-square, formerly in the army; he was a lieutenant in the reign of queen Anne.
13. John Gregory, esq; in David-street.
- Southcott Hallet, esq; at Stedcombe, in Devonshire.
- Solomon Emanuel, a Jew, native of the Marquisate of Moravia, aged 109 years and eight months; at the Hague.
- Hugh Cunningham, esq; in St. Martin's-lane, Leicester-fields.
17. Samuel Young, Esq; at Plympton, in Devonshire, nearly related to Sir George Yonge, bart.
18. Henry Morley, esq; at Ely, in Cambridgehire.
- Henry Dampier, esq; one of the aldermen of Bristol.
- Christopher Kilby, esq; at Beachworth, in Surry.
19. John Bonham Smith, esq; at Southampton.
21. Dr. Smollet, at Leghorn, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with great fortitude and resignation. The character this gentleman held in the republic of letters, has rendered it unnecessary to expatiate here upon his merit and abilities; and we learn that some works he has entrusted with a literary friend, will probably add to his reputation as a writer.
- At Naples, Frederick, lord Baltimore, of the kingdom of Ireland.
22. Joseph Latham, esq; near Henley upon Thames.
- Christopher Lane, esq; at Newbury, in Berkshire.
- Jeremiah Braxton, esq; aged 82.
23. Richard Warburton, esq; in Jermyn-street, many years representative for Queen's county, in Ireland.
- Mr. Levy Solomon, Jew Broker, in Aldersgate-street.
24. The Rev. Mr. Walker, one of the prebends of St. Paul's cathedral.
- Charles Jackson, esq; at Hampstead.
- Mrs. Astley, Widow of the late Mr. Thomas Astley, Bookseller, at Enfield.
25. Mrs. Jane Oldham, a widow lady, at her house in Spital-Square, who has, by her will, bequeathed several charitable legacies.
26. Mr. Price, drysalter, in Thames-street, and one of the common-council of Dowgate-Ward.
27. Miss Nancy Jones, daughter of Mr. William Jones, glover, in Cheap-side.
- BANKRUPTS.
- John Sanderfon the elder, and Thomas Sanderfon, of Manchester, and Richard Hand, of Milk-street, London, Warehousemen, and partners.
- Daniel Solomons, of Tokenhouse-yard, Jeweller.
- Samuel Rowlett, of Crucifix-Lane, St. John, Southwark, Baker.
- John Hogg and George Wood, of Leadenhall-market, Coffee-men and Partners.
- William Hands, of New Shoreham, in Sussex, Merchant and Factor.
- Henry Buckle, of St. James's, Westminster, Innholder.
- John Badely, of St. Luke, Old-street, Victualler and Lath-Render.
- Pullock-Lane, of North Walsham, in Norfolk, Butcher.
- Jordan Moorhouse, of Helmsley, in Yorkshire, Butcher.
- Donald M'Donald, of St. James, Westminster, Coffecman.
- Jonathan Avis, now or late of Lombard-street, Merchant and Factor.
- John Bedford, of Leeds, in Yorkshire, and Elizabeth Porter, of Queen-street, Cheap-side, Widow, Merchants and Partners.
- Jonathan Snow, of St. John the Evangelist Westminster, Dealer.
- John Lord, of Manchester, Dyer.
- John Aram, of Cowbridge, in Glamorgan-shire, Innholder.
- William Felton, of the Strand, Hosier.
- Thomas Bayné, of Piccadilly, Grocer.

T H E
Town and Country Magazine;
O R,
UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY
O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For N O V E M B E R, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A fine Portrait of Miss J — s — N. 2. A strong Likeness of LORD T — Y. 3. An excellent HISTORICAL PICTURE, called Penitence rewarded, designed by WALE. And, 4. The TRIO; or, a Dialogue among 'Squire Morgan, Colonel Lutterell, and Mrs. Horton, cut on Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE;
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Bookfellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. from Sherborne, will excuse our not inserting his Letters. There is some Matter in his Epistle, but his Manner is inadmissible.

C. B. from the London Coffee-House, is desired to observe, that we always suppose our Correspondents keep a Duplicate of their Copies; as it would be impossible to preserve all the Letters we receive.

We are sorry to be compelled to inform Mr. C. L——ns, in West-Smithfield, that his Pieces, as he calls them, are not properly charged, and would not report to either his or our Credit, if let off amongst our Monthly Artillery.

The Gentleman who has sent us an Address "To the Clergy Graduates" from Newark, has forgot that if we were inclined to insert a printed Proposal, there is always a proper Fee attending it.

R. L. R. will, we hope, not be displeased with this Information, that his pastoral Piece, though not entirely destitute of Merit, does not possess a sufficient Share to deserve Insertion.

We have inserted several of the Productions with the Signature ****, though they were not very capital, because we are willing to oblige every Correspondent; but there are many exceptionable Lines in his November, which preclude its Admittance.

The Mute Author should have opened his Mouth to be listened to.

We are very sorry to say, even for a Pun, that many of our Acrostic-Makers Backs deserve a Stick a-cross.

Philo Pulchritudinis, though so very solicitous of having his Poetry clever, has by some strange Accident forgot to make it so, with all his Corrections. N. B. Instead of Post-paid, according to the Poet's Writing, we are obliged to read Post not paid, according to the ipsi dixit of the Postman.

The Charms of Miss A. A. though so highly celebrated, have not been sufficient to inspire Mr. J. A. with one poetical Line.

A Constant Customer will, we hope, excuse our inserting his Poetry, and his prose Argument, as they both relate to a private Affair, that can interest but few of our Readers.

H. D. and many other Riddle-Manufacturers, are desired to advert to this general Information, that we have so many poetical Pieces sent us by ingenious Correspondents, that we have not room for such Trifles, unless they have very singular Merit to recommend them.

The beautiful and facetious Leonora shall have every possible Attention paid to her Charms and her Wit.

We are obliged to Eurocludon for his Favours, and are sorry we misplaced the antique Stone—We have deferred his Notes till the next Number, because, if he would favour the Printer with his Address, a Proof should be sent him early in the Month, to correct before they go to Press.

It is with Pleasure we recollect the Hand-Writing of our old Correspondent from Berkley-Square. To say we have received his Favour is sufficient.

There is a Vein of Humour in Old Square-Toes; but we must add, the Ore appears not to be Sterling, but base Metal.

Under Consideration, Letters signed Selim, Mercator, A Hunter of medical Oddities, S. S. Cleander, J. Bates, J. H. and Γεωργιος ὁ Φος.



The Town and Country Magazine;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment,

For NOVEMBER, 1771.



The State of Europe for November,
1771.

ACCOUNT of ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 512.)

BESIDES the civil government of England in general, it will be necessary to describe the particular government of counties, hundreds, cities, boroughs, and villages. In order to preserve the tranquillity of the country, the king, in every county, appoints by commission, under the great seal, certain justices of the peace, and one of the principal justices is created *custos rotulorum*, so denominated because he is keeper of the rolls or records of the sessions. Such of the justices as are deemed most worthy of the king's confidence, are called justices of the *quorum*, from their being expressly mentioned in the commission, as persons, one of whom, *quorum unum*, must be present when any matter of importance is transacted. The office of the justices of the peace is to examine and commit to prison, all thieves, mur-

derers, vagrants, rioters, and other delinquents, who occasion a breach of the peace, or disturb the quiet of the community. They imprison all such as cannot be bailed by sureties, and produce them in due time to trial. They are likewise empowered to act in a judicial capacity, and to put certain laws and statutes in execution, namely, those relating to the poor, the repairs of the highways, the punishment of vagrants and disorderly persons. The justices of the several counties meet every three months at certain places, appointed by the *custos rotulorum*, to hold there quarter sessions. There the grand inquest, or jury of the county, is summoned to appear, that they may upon oath make inquiry of all delinquents; and those that appear to be guilty are by the justices committed to prison, to be tried at the next assizes, before the judges of the circuit.

For the execution of the laws, the king annually nominates a sheriff for every county of England, except Westmoreland and Durham. His office is to execute the king's mandates and all writs directed to him out of the king's courts; to impanel juries; to bring

bring causes and criminals to trial, and see the sentences executed; to attend and guard the itinerant judges; to collect all public customs of the county, all fines, distresses, and amerciaments to be brought into the Exchequer; to return knights for parliament, suppress riots, execute writs, secure prisoners, distrain for debts, and superintend the execution of malefactors. The sheriff executes all processes and precepts of the courts of law, and makes the returns of all such. He holds the county court, in which he hears and determines civil causes of the county under forty shillings. In a word, he is the chief conservator of the peace in the whole county; and, for the better performance of the different functions, is assisted by an under sheriff, divers clerks, stewards of courts, bailiffs of hundreds, constables, goalers, serjeants or beadles. The sheriff is always a man of fortune, sufficient to support the dignity of his office, particularly to maintain a gallant train of servants in rich liveries, all mounted on horseback, for the reception of the judges. Every county is, moreover, provided with a certain number of high constables, *custodes pacis*, whose office is to assist in the conservation of the peace; to disperse warrants and orders of the justices to each petty constable. There are also two coroners chosen by the freeholders of the county, by virtue of a writ from Chancery, to inquire, by a jury of neighbours, into the violent death of every subject, and to enter the cause and manner of such death upon record. Finally, there is in every county a clerk of the market, whose office is to keep a standard of all weights and measures, exactly agreeing with the king's standard kept in the Exchequer: to prevent any other from being used in the county, to seal all weights and measures made exactly by this standard in his custody, and to burn such as are otherwise.

The civil government varies a little in the cities, boroughs, and villages of England, according to the nature of their charters granted by different

princes. Every city, being an epitome of the monarchical government, is ruled by a mayor, aldermen, and common-council, analogous to the king, lords, and commons. The first of these, who is the king's lieutenant, is annually chosen from among the aldermen; and the common-council includes individuals of all professions or employments followed in the place. Every city enjoys a jurisdiction within itself, to judge in all matters civil and criminal: but all civil causes may be removed to the higher courts at Westminster; nor does the magistracy take any cognizance of capital offences: they are impowered, however, to make bye-laws for the government of the city; and the chief magistrate, whether mayor, alderman, or portreve, enjoys the power of a justice of the peace within his own liberty, during the year of his office. Boroughs are properly those towns that send burgesses to parliament, and are governed, some by a mayor, others by bailiffs, and a few by an alderman or portreve. In villages, the lord of the manour is generally vested with a power, to hold a court barony every three weeks, for the better government of the inhabitants; but they are more immediately under the check of justices of the peace, assisted by petty constables, who are subservient to their jurisdiction. In every parish there is a petty constable annually chosen, to keep the peace in case of broils or quarrels; to search any house for criminals; to raise the hue and cry after robbers or murderers; to seize all such, and detain them in the stocks, cage, or other prison, until they can conveniently bring them before some justice of the peace.

The punishments inflicted on civil criminals in England, are different from those adjudged in other countries. High treason, petit treason, rape, buggery, murder, and felony, are capital crimes by the laws of this country. A traitor is hanged up, cut down immediately, opened alive, and embowelled; then he is quartered, and his head and members are exposed in
eminent

eminent places. This punishment, which is a disgrace to humanity, has been executed literally, with every circumstance of barbarity, on several occasions. But in noblemen, this sentence is, by the indulgence of the crown, always changed into decapitation; and the criminal in that case is beheaded with an ax on a public scaffold. A traitor is not quit for his own life; but his conviction is attended with the ruin of his family. He forfeits all his lands and goods: his wife loses her dowry: his children are deprived of their nobility, and right of inheritance. Coiners, though adjudged guilty of high treason, are only hanged and drawn. Petit treason, comprehending the murder of a master or mistress by a servant, of a husband by his wife, of a bishop by a clergyman, who owes him obedience, is punished by drawing the criminal to the gallows on a hurdle, and hanging him by the neck until he be dead, except in the case of a female, who for high treason as well as petit treason, is sentenced to be drawn and burned alive. All other capital crimes are punished by hanging; and in cases of murder, the body of the criminal is adjudged to the surgeons, to be by them dissected in public. If a person indicted of a capital crime, refuses to answer, and put himself upon a legal trial, he is deemed liable to incur the punishment called *peine forte et dure*, inflicted in this manner. Being sent back to the prison from whence he came, he is laid upon his back naked on the bare floor of a dark room, and his arms and legs racked with cords drawn through iron rings, fastened at the four corners of the apartment; then an immense weight of iron and stone is laid upon his body. Next day he receives three morsels of barley bread, without drink: and on the morning of the third day, he is presented with foul water, fetched from the nearest kennel, without bread; the same diet is repeated so long as he lives. There are instances of criminals who have had resolution enough to endure these horrible tortures, that their estates might not be forfeited to the king,

but descend to their own children. This savage law continues still in force, but is now seldom executed: the criminal is now at once loaded with additional weight until he expires. In case of high treason, however, the criminal, even though he refuses to plead, may be convicted, and his estate confiscated. In atrocious cases of murder and robbery, the criminal's body is, after execution, hung in chains upon a gibbet, by the road side, where it continues to rot, to the great annoyance of travellers, and the prejudice of those who possess houses and lands in the neighbourhood, which many tenants refuse to occupy on this account. In some kinds of felony, the criminal escapes with his life by being entitled to the benefit of his clergy; a privilege first granted to ecclesiastics, afterwards extended to those of the laity who could read and write; and, finally, indulged to all subjects, whatever, in all such cases of felony, as are not expressly excepted by acts of parliament: but even where the benefit of clergy is allowed, the criminal is marked in court with a red hot iron, on different parts of his body, according to the nature of his crime. A person convicted of perjury, by bearing false witness upon oath in a court of record, is set in the pillory, and branded in the forehead: the trees growing upon his ground are rooted up, and his goods are confiscated. Forgery is punished with death. By concealing treason, which is called misprision of treason, a man forfeits the profits of his lands and goods during life, and is condemned to perpetual imprisonment. He that strikes another within the king's court, so as to draw blood, is doomed to lose his right-hand, which is cut off in a sad and solemn manner, according to the direction of the law. The serjeant of the king's yard brings to the place of execution a square block, a beetle, a staple and cords to fasten the criminal's hand: the yeoman of the scullery provides a great fire of coals to heat the searing irons, which are brought by the chief farrier: the groom of the sawcery finds vinegar and cold water: the

the yeoman of the cellar and pantry, must be present to administer a cup of red wine and a manchet to the criminal: the serjeant of the ewry brings linen for a bandage: the yeomen of the poultry comes with a cock to be applied to the stump: the yeoman of the chandlery provides cere-cloths: the master-cook finds a sharp dresser knife, which, at the place of execution, is held upright by the serjeant of the larder, until the operation is performed by an officer appointed for that purpose. The criminal, after having undergone this execution, may be imprisoned during life, or fined and ransomed at the king's pleasure. No such punishment, however, has been for many years inflicted. A man, by striking another in Westminster-hall while the courts of justice are sitting, incurs imprisonment for life, and forfeiture of all his estate. Petty larceny, or small theft, under a certain value, is punished with scourging: a suicide, unless found lunatic by the coroner's inquest, is held *felo de se*, interred by the highway without christian burial, a stake is driven through his body, and his goods are forfeited. Drunkards, vagabonds, profane swearers, loose and disorderly persons, are punished by being set in the stocks, as well as by pecuniary mulcts: scolding women are ducked in a chair, called the *ducking-stool*, contrived for that purpose: other misdemeanors are punished by fine or imprisonment, or both.

With respect to religion, the established hierarchy of England is a Protestant episcopal church; but liberty of conscience being allowed, a great variety of sects hath sprung up since the reformation, and all sorts of religion are either connived at or tolerated: indeed, the church of England is the most mild and moderate ecclesiastical institution which hath ever appeared in any part of Christendom. The king of England is acknowledged as supreme head of the Anglicane church, governed by two archbishops and twenty four suffragans, each of these enjoying the title of lord, on account of the barony annexed to his lordship, and

having precedence immediately after viscounts, in parliament as well as in other assemblies. The two archiepiscopal sees, are those of Canterbury and York, to which all the other dioceses of England and Wales are subject. The archbishop of Canterbury is styled the primate of all England, is the first peer of the kingdom; precedes all dukes and great officers of the crown, next the royal family; performs the ceremony of the coronation; is denominated in the king's writs, *Dei gratia archiepiscopus Cantuariensis*, and styles himself *divina providentia*, whereas other prelates write *divinu permissione*. He is accosted both in speech and writing with the title of *your grace*, or *most reverend father in God*. Within his own province, he hath by common law, the power of probate of all testaments, and that of granting letters of administration of the goods and chattels of all such as die intestate, either within or without his province. He is empowered to grant licences and dispensations in all cases heretofore sued for at the court of Rome, that are not repugnant to the law of God, or the king's prerogative. He can consecrate a bishop, with the assistance of two other prelates, call provincial synods, according to the king's arret, and preside at those synods or convocations, visit the whole province, appoint a guardian of the spiritualities during the vacancy of any bishopric within his province, whereby all the episcopal rights of that diocese belong to him, as do all ecclesiastical jurisdictions. He is vested with the power of holding divers courts of judicature for deciding differences in ecclesiastical affairs: he may retain and qualify eight chaplains; and enjoys many other prerogatives and privileges as metropolitan of all England. The dioceses contained in the province of Canterbury, are those of London, Winchester, Ely, Lincoln, Rochester, Litchfield and Coventry, Hereford, Worcester, Bath and Wells, Salisbury, Exeter, Chichester, Norwich, Gloucester, Oxford, Peterborough,

rough, Bristol; and in Wales, the bishoprics of St. David's, Landaff, St. Asaph, and Bangor. The archbishop of York is styled primate of England, and metropolitan; hath place and precedence of all dukes next to the royal family, and all great officers of state except the lord chancellor; is addressed with the title of *your grace*, and *most reverend father in God*; hath the privilege to crown the queen consort, and is her perpetual chaplain: he also can qualify eight chaplains, and enjoys many prerogatives and privileges within his own province, which comprehends the bishoprics of Durham, Carlisle, and Chester; besides that of Soder and Man, which is a kind of a detached diocese. All the bishops of England are peers and barons. They are feudal barons in consequence of the lands and baronies annexed to their bishoprics; they are barons by writ, as being summoned by the king's writ to parliament; and they are created barons by patent, exhibited to the archbishop at their consecration. They have the precedence of all temporal barons under viscounts, and enjoy many extraordinary privileges preferable to those of lay noblemen. A bishop, by his episcopal order, may ordain priests and deacons; dedicate churches and burying-places; administer the rites and ceremonies of confirmation; and the power of ordination is inseparable from his office. The jurisdiction of a bishop is either ordinary or delegated: as a bishop, he has a power to licence physicians, surgeons, and school-masters; to unite and consolidate small parishes, yet this power is enjoyed at present by no prelate in England, except the bishop of Norwich, and that only within a certain distance; to assist the civil magistrate in the execution of some statutes concerning ecclesiastical affairs, to compel the payment of tenths and subsidies, which formerly belonged to the crown, but are now given for the augmentation of smaller benefices. He is impowered to insist upon the probate of wills; to grant administration to the heirs of those who die intestate; to give orders for collecting and pre-

serving perishable goods, when no person is willing to administer; to exact an account of administrations; to collate benefices; to grant institutions to benefices upon presentations of other patrons; to command induction to be given; to order the profits of vacant benefices to be collected and preserved for the use of the successors; to defend the franchises and liberties of the church; to visit their particular dioceses once in three years, and make inquiry into the morals and doctrines of the clergy as well as laity. In every cathedral church there is a dean and chapter, the first being an officer next in dignity to the bishop, installed by virtue of the king's letters patent; the other consisting of a certain number of prebendaries as canons. The dean, and some of the prebendaries, are occasionally summoned by the bishop to assist him in ordinations, deprivations, condemnations of heretics, and in denouncing the sentence of excommunication. Next to the deans are the archdeacons, of whom there are sixty in the kingdom of England. Their office is, in obedience to the bishop's mandate, to induct clerks into their benefices, or, in other words, to give him possession; to visit the diocese two years in three, to know the condition of the churches with respect to necessary reparations and moveables; to reform ecclesiastical abuses, and make a representation of all matters of consequence to the bishop of the diocese. There were formerly rural deans, to superintend the conduct of parish priests; but now they are not used. Parish priests are called rectors, unless the great tythes are impropriated; and, in that case, they are denominated vicars. Their office is to take care of the souls of their parishioners, to instruct the ignorant, reform the wicked, reconcile differences, perform divine service, administer the sacraments, preach, teach, marry, baptize, return public thanks after child-bearing, visit the sick, bury the dead, and keep a register of all christenings, marriages, and burials, that happen within the parish. Deacons are impowered to baptize, read prayers in the church, and

and assist the priest at the Lord's Supper, by giving the cup only. Curates are persons in holy orders, employed for a certain stipend, to assist rectors and vicars in their different functions. In every parish there are church-wardens, elected annually by the priest and the parishioners, to keep the church in good repair, and properly adorned, and see that nothing be wanting to divine service; to take care that the church-yard be properly enclosed, to superintend the wants of the inhabitants, present scandalous livers to the ordinary, collect the charity of the parishioners, and execute the orders of the bishop. The lowest retainer to the church is the sacristan, commonly called the sexton or clerk, chosen by the parson and parish, qualified to read, write, and sing psalms, and subservient to the priest, curate, and church-wardens.

[To be continued.]

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

HORACE in the Fourth Ode of his Third Book has thought proper to stigmatize the Britons for their ferocity to strangers—*Britannos hospitibus feros*. Upon the authority of an old scholiast, many commentators are induced to believe that the Britons sacrificed strangers to the gods, and one of them, Torrentius, tells us, that in his time they were rather malevolent than cruel to foreigners; but that such a disposition was to be expected in a people separated from the whole world.

Mr. Baxter very dexterously applies these human sacrifices to the Irish, of whom the character he tells us is better to be understood, and gives this excellent reason for his decision, that St. Jerome (about three hundred years after his ode was written) saw two Irishmen devouring a human carcass in Gaul. *Hoc de Hibernis magis intelligendum sanctus Hieronymus scribit se duos Scotos*

(*b. e. Hibernos*) in Galliâ vidisse humano cadavere vescentes.

Such national reflections of cruelty, stupidity, and vice, are usually as weak as they are unjust. In the present instance, it were honourable to human nature to deny the fact of human sacrifices in general, which might, perhaps, be well supported, than to throw the reproach and infamy of them upon nations whom we hate, only because we have injured them, or despise them for that very wretchedness to which our oppressions have reduced them.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

LIBERALIS.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THERE cannot be a stronger image of ridicule than arises from the comparison of certain *polite travellers* of later ages, with the *travelled literati* of antiquity. It is a great pity, methinks, that we should still retain a reverence for the mere outward ceremony of this practice, whilst, as it is too often managed, it serves little other purpose than to reproach us with having altogether forgot, or mistaken the main end and reason of it. It was the improvement of the mind, not barely the forming a person, or acquiring only a little sprightly impertinence, and *genteel address*, that was thought worth travelling for in the judgment of ancient wisdom. Had any of the *travelled* of those days been found to return to their own country with the importation only of foreign vice, folly, and extravagance, instead of useful information, improved curiosity, and real knowledge, they would have been esteemed to have done something much worse than merely making a foreign tour *ridiculous*.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

E. C.

HISTO-



N.ºXXXI

Miss J. Anson.



N.ºXXXII

L. T. W. y.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed: or, Memoirs of Lord T——y, and Miss J——n. (No. 31, 32.)

OUR readers will, perhaps, be surprized when we inform them, that his lordship was born in the year 1690; and that he, nevertheless, claims a very just title to have his present amorous exploits here recorded. In the life-time of his father he was created baron K—lm—ne, and succeeded him as colonel of the English fusileers. He displayed great courage and intrepidity in all queen Anne's wars. Upon the death of his father in 1724, he succeeded him in title and estate, as baron T——y. In the year 1727, he was appointed aid-de-camp to the king; and in January following was sent envoy-extraordinary to the court of Lisbon, where he resided as minister till the year 1741. In this long embassy his lordship displayed great knowledge and skill in negotiation, having made himself acquainted with the genius and disposition of the Portuguese, and gained the confidence of his most faithful majesty, as well as the good opinion of his ministers; proving one of the most successful, as well as able ministers, ever employed by the court of Great-Britain abroad. During his absence from England, the late king testified his approbation of the ambassador's conduct, by several military promotions in his favour: for we find, in 1735, his lordship was constituted a brigadier-general; in July 1739, a major-general; and the same year he was named to the command of a regiment of horse upon the Irish establishment, which he resigned in 1743, upon being created a lieutenant-general, and captain and colonel of the second troop of horse grenadier-guards. The same year he was sent ambassador to the court of Petersburg, where he resided near a twelvemonth. In 1745 he succeeded the earl of A—— in the command of the third troop of horse-guards, as he did the year following colonel C—— in his regiment of foot on the British establishment.

NOVEMBER, 1771.

In 1749 he obtained Ham—n's regiment of dragoons; and in 1762 he was appointed colonel of the late general B——d's regiment of dragoons. In the same year a large body of troops were sent to Portugal, under lord T——y, who was at the same time named plenipotentiary, with instructions to examine the state of the Portuguese forces, and to assist the ministry of that kingdom in forming a well disciplined army, and defending their frontiers. When his lordship found the Portuguese ministry would not listen to his advice, after having misrepresented the state of their forces to Great-Britain, and that they had not taken the proper steps for their own security, whilst they amused him with promises and evasive answers, he returned to England in disgust, leaving the command of the British troops to the earl of L—n.

Since that period his lordship has appeared in no public character, contenting himself with being a member of the p——c——; c—l—l of the second regiment of f—t—g—ds, governor of P—t—th, and a field-marshal of the British forces.

Having given the outline of his lordship's public conduct, we shall now take a view of his private life. He is beholden to nature for a vigorous athletic constitution, as well as a clear and penetrating understanding. His friends and relations strongly urged him to enter into the connubial state, with Mary, the only surviving daughter of lord M—tj—y, and sister of the earl of Bl——n. But their tempers and dispositions soon appeared to be so very contradictory and irreconcilable, that they parted a short time after their marriage, without any issue. Her ladyship resided separately in Somerset-house till the year 1763, when the alarming fire that happened in the neighbourhood about that period, so greatly terrified her ladyship, that she never surmounted the shock it gave her; and she fell a victim to this accident.

As his lordship was thus deprived of the social advantages of the marriage-state, we may readily believe,

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from

from his complexion and situations, that he did not relinquish all the felicity that arises from an agreeable intercourse between the sexes. Indeed, as his lordship has never taken much pains to conceal his amours, the public have been no strangers to some of his public connexions; whilst others, though more private, have not escaped surmise and observation. Of this kind was his supposed intrigue with the celebrated Sarah, duchess of M——h, whom we are assured had left him a very considerable legacy in her will; but a misunderstanding arising, it is believed, from jealousy on her grace's part, his lordship discontinued his visits, and she struck him out of her testament.

The voice of scandal has, indeed, gone so far as to confer an imperial alliance on him; and to proclaim, that whilst he was ambassador at Petersburg he was so great a favourite of the Czarina, that he shared her most flattering smiles. But whether this report is, not founded rather on the amorous character which travellers have drawn of that princess than in truth, we shall not positively determine.

The long and uninterrupted connexion that subsisted between him and Mrs. B——r, an Irish gentlewoman, left no doubts of the reality of its existence; and the various pledges of this union, many of whom are now an honour to their country, in different civil and military employments, (all bearing their father's name) are living testimonies of the fidelity and affection of the lady. His lordship has frequently told a story that he jocularly said led him to this attachment. Being upon a march in Flanders, he was obliged to take up his quarters at the house of a parish priest, who was of the order of St. Dominic. He found his host to be a jolly ecclesiastic, and over a bottle his lordship asked him, how he amused himself after he had gone through his clerical function. "*Je m'amuse à faire des petits tourne broches; en voila quelques echantil-*

lons *," pointing to a girl and boy in the room who attended. His lordship laughed at the whim, and thinking the priest's pastime an agreeable amusement, resolved, upon his return to England, to try his hand in making some little *tourne broches*.

This avocation his lordship has invariably followed ever since with much success, and it is generally believed he is the greatest manufacturer of *little turn-spits* of any man in England. He has indeed produced them of both genders, and of various kinds, among whom are military, naval, senatorial, ministerial, and even clerical turn-spits. This very natural amusement was always accompanied by a strong attachment to the enchanting science of harmony. He has been the patron and admirer of every musical genius that has appeared in this country for many years. He has thrilled with raptures at Faranelli, and even now feels all the powers of the shake of Tenducci. He has still a crash once or twice a week at his own house, where every officer, who can touch a violin, is particularly welcome. A good military musician is sure to secure his esteem and friendship; and such ladies as have made the greatest impression on him, have constantly been those whose voices, as well as persons, have been irresistible.

It would be a very difficult task for us to point out all the happy engagements with the fair-sex, which his lordship has had within the course of sixty years, as he might probably boast with beau Nash, that he had completed his universal list of beauties. This asseveration arose from the master of the ceremonies being detected in an intrigue with a female negro, and a laugh being raised against him in the rooms, lady Bentinck humorously complimented him upon his taste, and hoped "His fair mistress was in per-

* "I amuse myself in making some little *turn-spits*: see, there are some samples."

fect health." "Egad, my lady," said he, "she has given me more satisfaction than any woman I ever before met with." "How so, Mr. Nash?" "She has compleated my list; there was but one country on the face of the globe, the delicious fruits of whose soil I had not before tasted; and the luscious black grape of the Cape of Good hope, has at length, filled every nich of my variegated desert."

His lordship's amours in Portugal, we are informed, have been as numerous as those in England; and even the frigid clime of Russia could not cool the ardour of his passion. We must therefore confine ourselves to such British ladies as have been the most conspicuous upon his Cyprean list.

The celebrated Peg Ham——n, was known to be a great favourite of his lordship, at a time of life that she was universally allowed to be a fine woman, and had made conquests in France and England, not only of princes of the blood, but even powerful monarchs. Upon a hunting-party with the present king of France at Fontainebleau, his majesty presented her with his picture in a snuff box; and madame Pompadour gave her *secretly* to understand, that her presence was very far from being agreeable to that prevailing toast. At a masquerade in the Haymarket, his late m——y conferred with her a whole evening, which reaching the ears of the countess of Y-mouth, this lady made use of such artifices to display Peg to disadvantage, that she found means to dissuade the k——g from meeting her by appointment at the next masquerade. From such admirers she necessarily reaped emoluments seldom obtained by ladies in her class of life, and died a few years since possessed of an ample fortune. We do not suppose, however, that lord T——y was greatly conducive in her accumulating wealth; but lord Pow——t, who was an ardent admirer to the last moment of her life, even when her charms were faded, and his powers entirely exhausted, enabled her to purchase some thousands in bank-stock.

To mention a lady V——, a lady T——, or a lady B——, in the list of his occasional dulcineas, would only suggest that he was, in common, with every fine fellow of his time, enrolled in their general muster. Fame has been doubtful with regard to some other alliances of a more exalted kind; but those who suspect the *Bath milk-maid* and his lordship, have only adopted the general sentiments of that time, in supposing that a retreat was absolutely necessary from St. James's to that celebrated watering-place, being prescribed by some eminent physicians, as the most *secret* cure for a *temporary* dropsy.

The *bon-mot* of Mrs. W——ff——ton, relative to his lordship, is worth preserving, as it will at the same time establish the certainty of a connexion between them. At a time that she was earnestly solicited to listen kindly to the passion of the unfortunate captain Grey (who fell in a duel by the hand of lord P——t) this son of Mars surprised her one morning at breakfast with lord T——y in a dishabille; upon which the captain wrote her a letter full of reproaches, and concluded ironically with complimenting her taste in *preferring sixty to six and twenty*. She wrote him a short billet in answer, to the following purport. "Captain, I accept your compliment literally, as you may perhaps not know, that an Irish oak of sixty is superior to an English deal of twenty-six; our timber is all free from vermin, your's very subject to perish ere it has obtained its first verdure."

We shall not increase any farther the catalogue of his lordship's beauties, except by introducing Miss John——n, his present prevailing favourite, who, with his darling amusement music, affords him every solace to which his greatest desires extend.

This lady is the daughter of an attorney, and sister to a capital fell-monger in the village of L——sh——m, in Kent. She is rather above the middle size, and very genteel. Her face is happily represented by our engraver in the subjoined plate, who has also been uncommonly successful in communi-

cating a very striking idea of his lordship's portrait.

It is more than ten years since she was walking, in the summer season, along the Deptford road, when his lordship, who then resided at Blackheath, was passing in his chariot. Struck with the uncommon elegance of her figure, he stopt his carriage, and getting out, politely begged of her to accept a place, as it was likely to rain. With some intreaties he persuaded her to get in, and a conversation ensued, in which her charms did not pass unnoticed. At length he made a proposal to her, which was neither more nor less than to superintend his household. Whether his years, even at that time, prevented her suspecting he had any amorous designs, or whether she had already wrought her mind to be prepared for any event that could happen, is not certain; but she accepted the proposal, and since that time has constantly lived with him.

His lordship has in this intercourse proved, that even at fourscore, posterity will be beholden to him for his very foibles; Miss J——n having increased his numerous issue, and these pledges of their mutual fondness she rears with the most exemplary maternal fondness. Her good sense and good nature go hand in hand to make a very amiable woman, much superior to the generality of her sex; and her taste for music, united to a fine voice, greatly heightens her charms. Sensible of her merit, he pays the utmost attention to make her life pass in a very agreeable manner; her wants are no sooner known than supplied, or rather he anticipates their existence. She, in return, inspects his domestic affairs with such care and assiduity, as at once demonstrate her friendship and affection. In a word, she has found out the happy art of still pleasing her admirer, and fanning a flame that has burnt for such a long succession of years at the altars of so many Venuses, whose charms she has eclipsed, and engrosses a heart that is worthy any woman's possessing. From the very great fondness he entertains

for her, and which is visible to every guest and visitor, his friends are under some apprehensions, that she may extend her influence so far as to obtain his hand in an honourable way: indeed, many an old poacher has been caught in his own toils!

Lord T——y, with one single frailty, an unconquerable passion for the fair sex, has so many virtues in the opposite scale, that we cannot help revering the soldier for his bravery, the statesman for his knowledge and address, the friend for his sincerity, the father for his parental affection, and the HONEST MAN—for HIMSELF.

ADVICE to a SISTER. LETTER II.

Dear Maria,

AS in my last I only mentioned the importance of female chastity in general terms, I shall now be more particular; and, as a necessary introduction, endeavour to set before you the ordinary artifices of seduction, that you may be the better enabled to guard against every species of a vice so infamous in its practice, so dangerous in its tendency, and so horrid in its consequences.

In the first place, let me warn you to be extremely cautious of entering into a familiarity with any man, let his character in ordinary life be ever so excellent; for as the connexions between man and woman are always conducted with all possible privacy, the best of men, in other concerns, cannot persuade themselves to be public hypocrites, or private villains, though they bear a fair character in the world, at the same time they are planning the ruin of some unthinking, innocent girl. The misfortune of it is, that should a discovery of this nature be made, the world in general, nay the very women themselves, soften the word *seduction* into *galantry*; so that the very man whose insinuating behaviour and insidious artifices have plunged an unhappy creature into perdition, and perhaps destroyed the peace of mind of a whole family, so far from being shunned and detested, shall be admitted in triumph into, and be the reigning favourite of a polite circle. For this reason, Maria, it behoves you to act with the greatest circumspection towards every man who

who seems desirous of contracting an intimacy with you; and in this I would advise you to bear in mind the excellent advice which Chamont, in Otway's Orphan, gives to his sister Monimia:

"Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
"Deceitful, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
"When a man talks of love, with caution
"trust him;
"But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you."

With your equals I would have you be free, so long as freedom is prudence; but grant a liberty to no man. If a person professes an affection for you, and seems from that to build a hope in favour of an unwarrantable freedom, leave him immediately. If you once grant a small favour, you must a greater; for if you give a man one liberty, he will take another, and your ruin is inevitable.

With your superiors avoid all connexions in which the heart or passions are interested. The man of fortune has many arguments to urge, many libertine pleas, in favour of his addresses to you. He will feign the sincerest passion for you, seem to take liberties with you insensibly, and, if you will not suffer them, declare he did not know what he was doing, the strength of his passion so bewildered his imagination. He will beg pardon, take the same liberties, tell you they are trifles, which his affection for you both authorises and demands; if he *loves* you, why should not you make some acknowledgement of a return? Why should not you grant him such trifling indulgencies? Such little favours would rivet his affection so firmly, that no human power could remove it: this is his language. Should you be weak enough to grant him those *trifling indulgencies*, he will then exclaim, let us live in love! Why should not we enjoy the utmost pleasure of each other's company? It is defeating the very end of Providence not to obey the dictates of nature! Let us crown our mutual affection, and be happy whilst we may! Here is the consequence of *obliging* him. You have granted one favour, surely you may venture another step; it is not much worse; he certainly loves you; passion pleads in his favour; you take that other step and fall, dreadfully fall, never to rise again. You grant a favour to increase affection, which is the very thing that destroys it, and is the first certain stride to hatred and contempt; for no man can love a woman who is dishonoured, though himself has been the occasion. What then can the deluded creature urge in her

defence? She may say with the unhappy Calista in the Fair Penitent,

"It was because I lov'd, and was a woman."

This is an argument truly feminine; but, I believe, no person will admit it to be a powerful extenuation of her guilt.

There is another caution I would give you, which particularly appertains to superiors, though it will bear a more general application. This is in professions of *friendship* from a man to a woman. Friendship, in the same sex, is the noblest passion of the human breast; it alleviates our distresses, heightens our joys, and is the most endearing intercourse to generous minds that human nature is susceptible of: but this is a passion too refined, and of too Platonic a nature to exist between those of different sexes. In spite of every resolution to the contrary, it must ripen into love, or degenerate into lasciviousness. Beware then, Maria, of friendship from a man. If his fortune or station be such as might make him suspected of insincerity in love, he will then assume the mask of friendship. He will do you small services, that you may finally repay him at the price of your honour, your reputation, and your happiness. Therefore, if a man has been a friend to you, and presumes, upon the strength of his favours, to behave inconsistently with that decorum which is due to the whole sex, return his favours with the contempt they deserve, let his rank be what it may: he means you no good, despise him. This is a behaviour that will always be a recommendation, though perhaps at that juncture it may be some little inconvenience to you. A man of sense would be much more pleased with your refusal, than your compliance; for in his cooler moments he must commend the motives of your conduct, and your virtue, in the end, would meet its reward.

That you may not think this account exaggerated or imaginary, I will give you an instance of its being recommended as the most probable means of success. In my more juvenile days I happened to mention to an intimate friend of mine, that I had just seen a very modest and worthy young girl, with whom I had formerly been acquainted; that she was much improved; and that I should have no objection to a little *tête-à-tête* with her now and then. My friend, who is otherwise a man of strict probity and honour, and universally esteemed, construed the term *tête-à-tête* in a sense very remote from virtuous,

tuous, and immediately replied, "If she is not to be gained by the common modes, *make a pretension of being her friend.*" The baseness of this proposal, I must confess, shocked me extremely, though I am certain my friend's honest heart did not mean so much as his tongue expressed. But it is thus, Maria, you see the sacred name of friendship too often prostituted to screen the most infamous purposes. Hence too you may learn how dangerous every connexion with our sex is, which is not entered into with the greatest caution, and continued with the most consummate prudence and resolution. The libertine fancies every girl in an inferior station his lawful game; that he may hunt her down at discretion, and prey on all that is dear to her with impunity. Yet that very profligate would stab the man that should dare affront *his* sister; but forgets that her whom he is labouring to cover with infamy and disgrace, may have an aged parent whose heart would bleed to see a daughter brought to shame, in whom, perhaps, he had fondly treasured up a store of future felicity; or that some affectionate brother's breast would glow with honest resentment at his sister's injury, without daring to let fall the just weight of his vengeance on the head of the dignified scoundrel, her seducer.

I shall now, as well as in my future letters, conclude with a little history, which may not be useless or unentertaining to you. I do this in deference to the celebrated Mr. Addison's opinion, which I think a very just one, concerning the utility of such tales as have a moral tendency. "It is observed," says he in one of the Spectators, "that a man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality. In the same manner, a representation of those calamities and misfortunes which a weak man suffers from wrong measures and ill-concerted schemes of life, is apt to make a deeper impression upon our minds, than the wisest maxims and instructions that can be given us, for avoiding the like follies and indiscretions in our own private concerns."

FELICIA is a young girl, the daughter of reputable people in the country; who, not having it in their power to give her a fortune, gave her an education more moral than polite. She is agreeable, but not handsome; for she possesses the beauties of the mind in an eminent degree, while the charms of her person are not sufficiently remarkable to distinguish her from the

generality of the sex. She has a clear conception, an exquisite sensibility, and a sound understanding, which is much improved by reading. She is modest in her behaviour, and mild in her disposition. At sixteen her father put her apprentice to a milliner in London, thinking that profession the most eligible for her future support, in a genteel manner, without that pecuniary assistance, he well knew he could not possibly afford her.

Amongst the idle young fellows who saunter away part of their time in her mistress's shop, to whisper soft nonsense, and pay unmeaning compliments to the young girls she employs, is Superbus, a man of fortune, of a genteel figure, and insinuating address. He no sooner observed the unaffected innocence, the modest diffidence, and gentle carriage of Felicia, than he marked her out as a proper object of his attention. He at first only addressed her in common with the rest; but the steady reserve she discovered on such occasions, and the coolness of her replies when he extorted answers to his flashes of wit, so damped the fire of his rhetoric, that he was obliged to make use of other expedients. This indifference to all the fine things he lavished on her, was attributed by him to rustic simplicity, a mixture of innocence and ignorance, which would amply recompence him for any pains he might be at in overcoming them. He was, indeed, charmed with her manners, though he was not captivated with her person; and was resolved, at all events, to have the brutal satisfaction of destroying that innocence he could not but admire. To effect this, he imagined, would be no difficult matter; and therefore watched every opportunity of her being alone to throw himself in her way, and, by the most artful dissimulations, to impose upon her credulity. In this, however, he was mistaken. Though her inexperience might have betrayed her into some indiscretions, her good sense always suggested to her the motives of his conduct, at the same time that it regulated her own. This unexpected difficulty served only to inflame his desires, and call forth the exertion of every specious appearance, every baneful artifice, he was master of. He now acted with greater caution, approached her with the utmost respect, begged her forgiveness of every thing that had the appearance of levity in him before, protested his detestation of every thing disrespectful to her, called heaven to witness the sincerity of his passion, took hold of her hand with the greatest

greatest deference and humility, trembled as he gently pressed it, and spoke with such a faltering accent, as could not fail to touch the sensibility of a person less susceptible of the tender passion than Felicia. She could not think it in nature to dissemble so effectually, and wished that true she yet feared to credit.

She now began to pay some attention to his discourse, and Superbus soon found himself of some consequence in her eyes. He accordingly endeavoured to throw off his restraint, in proportion as he insinuated himself into her affections; and did not doubt but he should, one time or other, work upon her passions, to the overthrow of her reason and virtue. He, however, was still as circumspect as possible, and contented himself with such little freedoms of speech, as he could, from their ambiguous signification, easily turn to his own account, whether they were noticed by Felicia, or not.

For some time this fond intercourse was perfectly innocent, and pleasing to both. If Superbus was elated with the anticipation of an infamous conquest, Felicia was no less delighted with the pleasing prospect of being one day united to a man, who was become not a little necessary to her happiness. However, for the present, both were deceived. When they were alone one evening, as usual, Superbus thought his Felicia behaved to him with less reserve than common, that her manner was more free and open, that her languid eyes and modest blushes were a certain presage of his success, and that now was his time to improve the happy moment. The looseness of his expressions, though larded with the fondest epithets, were now too plain an indication of his intentions for Felicia to be any longer deceived. She trembled and turned pale, which he misconstrued in his favour, and had the impudence, in a pretended transport of affection, to attempt to thrust his hand into her bosom. This roused her indignation, when breaking from his arms, she addressed herself to him, in a resolute tone, in this manner: "Sir, if your intentions were not to deceive me, your conduct has deceived yourself. While you behaved like a man of honour, I am not ashamed to confess I esteemed you. You have forfeited that title, and I detest you. If you saw any thing in my behaviour that might have encouraged you to insult me thus, I should detest myself. Your appearance is that of a gentleman, but you have thrown off the mask, and your actions have declared you a monster. I will

avoid you." Having said this, she left him abruptly, equally astonished at her resolution, and confounded at his own baseness; nor could all the stratagems he afterwards made use of ever gain him a private conference with her, though her public behaviour to him has been entirely consistent with the respect due to the friends of her mistress. He has written her several letters, which she has returned unopened. But it is reported, that he is so struck with the propriety of her behaviour, and so sensible of her worth, that he intends to solicit her father's approbation to make her the partner of his life and fortune. Felicia has been told this; but declares, that though Superbus is the only man that could make her happy, she will converse no more with him on that subject, but in the presence of her father; and that she will never again be alone with him, 'till the sacred rites of the church have authorized their union, and deprived him of the power of attempting to dishonour her.

FRATER.

The THEATRE, Numb. XXXI.

THE new Masque of *The Fairy Prince* was brought on at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden on Tuesday the 12th of November. This piece is taken from Ben Johnson, Shakespeare, West, and Dryden. The parts are cast as follow:

PERSONS of the DRAMA.

Silenus,	Mr. Rheinhold.
First Satyr,	Mr. Mattocks.
Second Satyr and Echo,	Mr. Du Bellamy.
Third Satyr,	Mr. Phillips
Fourth Satyr,	Mr. Baker.
Fifth Satyr,	Mr. Fox.
Silvan,	Mr. Owenfon.
Principal Fairies,	Two Children.
Nymphs,	{ Mrs. Baker, and a Gentlewoman.

The music, which is uncommonly fine, is composed by Dr. Arne; and the connoisseurs acknowledge no such harmony has been known since the composition of the Masque of Comus.

The first scene is a romantic country, with the moon rising, beautifully executed, and producing a happy effect. A satyr calls to his companions, and is answered by an echo, which comprizes a beautiful duet between Mr. Mattocks and Mr. Du Bellamy, who sings as an echo behind the scenes. The song is as follows:

Idle nymph, I pray thee be
Modest and not follow me;
I not love myself, nor thee.

This echo-song is very pleasingly executed, and has a singular good effect.

After some conversation between the satyrs and Silenus, it is agreed to bid farewell to Bacchus, in order to serve young Oberon, the fairy prince, and they enquire what the prince will do for them; they sing a chorus, "O, that he so long doth tarry!" After this, Silenus informs them, that the rock will quickly open, and discover what they wish to see.

The rock immediately opens, and discovers the west front of St. George's chapel at Windsor. This scene is decorated with a pleasing representation of a figure, intended for the Genius of England, enveloped with clouds, displaying the ensigns of the three orders, Garter, Thistle, and Bath. Before the gates lie two sylvans, armed with their clubs, and dressed in leaves, asleep. At this the satyrs wondering, Silenus says,

Mark, my satyrs, what a show!
Look! does not this temple glow
Like another sky of lights?
Yonder sit the crested knights,
Once the noblest of the earth,
Quickened by a second birth;
Who for prowess and for truth,
There are crown'd with lasting youth:
And now hold, by Fate's command,
Seats of bliss and fairy-land.
But their guards! strange watch they keep!
Rouze 'em, satyrs, from their sleep!

The scene opens, and discovers the inside of St. George's chapel at Windsor, with the original knights in their several stalls.

C H O R U S.

Hail, fair knighthood; let our lays
Vindicate thy ancient praise!
Thou too, Windsor, shalt be sung;
Mansion of princes, haunt of gods,
Who shall quit their bright abodes,
To view thy walls with trophies hung;
Walls by Arthur first renown'd,
Seat of chivalry and fame!
By Edward with new honours crown'd;
His *Birth*, his *Garter*, and his *Name*.

The second part opens with a view of the lower court of Windsor-castle, the Round-tower, and outside of St. George's chapel: the fairy king and queen enter with their train, and, after a musical eulogium on the prince and his brother, in-

troduce the procession of knights elect, knights companions, and the sovereign, to the chapel, which closes the second part.

In the third the fairies return, singing and dancing in honour of the day and advancement of their favourite, and his brother, to the companionship of the order.

DUET by the fairy prince and princess.

Seek you majesty to strike?
Bid the world produce their like!
Seek you glory to amaze!
Here let nations stand and gaze!
Seek you wisdom to inspire?
Touch them at no other fire!
Seek you piety to lead?
In their footsteps only tread!
Every grace of queen and king,
And of all in them we sing.

After a characteristic dance, affording infinite mirth, they vanish, and the inside of St. George's hall is disclosed. The entrance of the knights and sovereign, and the ceremonies at the dinner, accompanied with proper music, conclude the masque with the following

G R A N D C H O R U S.

Renown, assume thy trumpet,
From pole to pole resounding
Great GEORGE's name!
Great GEORGE's name
Shall be the theme of Fame.
Record the GARTER's glory!
A badge for heroes, and for kings to bear;
For kings to bear!
And swell th' immortal story
With songs of gods, and fit for gods to hear;
For gods to hear!

The fancy in the contrivance of the action, composition in the music, richness of the habits, mastership in the painting, and general regularity and excellence in the conduct and performance, afforded universal satisfaction and delight.

The transparent figure of St. George, finely executed by Cipriani, gave great satisfaction to the connoisseurs in painting.

The young gentlewoman, who made her appearance in the character of one of the nymphs, went through her part with great propriety; and from her agreeable voice and fine execution, we think she will soon compensate for the loss of some of the first-rate singers, who are no longer on the stage.

Besides

Besides this young lady, another new performer has appeared at the same theatre in the character of Tamerlane; and from this specimen of his theatrical abilities, does not seem to be a candidate to supply the loss of a Powell or a Holland. His figure is, however, genteel, and in second or third-rate parts, he may be an useful actor.

The patentees of Covent-garden theatre have come to an amicable termination of all their differences, and Mr. Colman continues acting manager. This reconciliation, it is assured, is owing to a misunderstanding which has arisen between Mr. H—s, and Mrs. L—ngham, occasioned by the discovery of some infidelities on the part of the lady. As the patentees differences derived its source from Mrs. L—ngham's theatrical abilities not being sufficiently brought into play by Mr. Colman, and her cause being espoused by Mr. H—s, as her friend and protector, which titles he has now relinquished, the cause has subsided, and the effect has naturally discontinued. One good consequence of this harmony has already appeared in Mr. Woodward's being again engaged, who has entertained the town with his truly comic powers.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Nothing is more apt to refine the understanding, to awaken and enlarge the human faculties, than an enquiry into antiquity. A careful attention to the customs, manners, laws, policy, arts and sciences of our forefathers, will enrich our minds with knowledge of a very estimable nature. As to the means of obtaining this, we are indebted to history, the most delightful school of wisdom. Its utility is so obvious, that to recommend it would be unnecessary. Every person must be sensible what imperfect notions and ideas we must have conceived of facts, especially those that lie at a remote distance, had we but oral tradition for our guide; but, blessed as we are with the light of letters, what invaluable advantages do we deduce from thence?

The noble art from Cadmus took its rise,
Of painting words, and speaking to the eyes:
He first, in wond'rous magic fetters, bound
The airy voice, and stopt the flying sound;
The various figures, by his pencil wrought,
Gave labour and a body to the thought.

NOVEMBER, 1771.

History helps us to judge of consequences from precedents, of the future from the past. It conducts us through life secure from those rubs and dilemmas to which we are continually obnoxious, without the suggestions of this instructor, or of one nearly allied to it, experience. But the former is ready to lend its assistance on any sudden emergency; whereas the latter is nurtured only with length of time, and ripens but by slow degrees. However, it must be owned that either is deficient without the aid of the other, and that the union of both constitutes the justest criterion for our conduct imaginable.

I propose, Mr. Printer, transmitting to you a cursory account of the ancient city of Palmyra, compiled from the best authors that have treated on this subject. And I the more readily undertake this, as I am apprehensive the story of this city is not so public, as the grandeur of its present remains seem to merit.

The silence of history, with regard to this superb place, is a most amazing circumstance. It is the common fate of cities to have their memory longer preserved than their ruins; yet here we have an instance of a considerable town outliving any account of it.

In the Old Testament Solomon is mentioned as the founder of Tadmor; but that Solomon ever beheld the present remains of Palmyra is very improbable; they appear to belong to a much more modern æra, though the contrary is the established opinion of the present aerial inhabitants, who point out many particulars on which they found their notion; such as his seraglio, his harem, the tomb of a favourite concubine, adding, "With the concurrence of spirits, Solomon, the son of king David, performed these mighty things."

We are left so much in the dark for many succeeding ages, that waving all vague hypotheses, and empty conjectures, I shall hurry into that period when Palmyra makes a principal figure in history, and experiences the greatest vicissitudes of good and ill fortune. But here it may be necessary to say something of its situation, which can be expressed by no one better than in the words of Pliny: "*Palmyra, urbs nobilis situ, divitiis soli atque aquis ardens vasto undique ambitu arenis includit agros, ac velut terris exempta a rerum natura, privata sorte inter duo summa imperia Romanorum Parthorumque: et prima in discordia semper utrimque cura; abest a Seleucia Parthorum quæ vocatur ad Tigrim*"

grim 337 millibus passuum a proximo vero litore Syriæ 203 millibus, & a Damasco 27 propius."

"Palmyra is remarkable for situation, a rich soil, and pleasant streams; it is surrounded on all sides by a vast sandy desert, which totally separates it from the rest of the world, and has preserved its independence between the two great empires of Rome and Parthia, whose first care when at war, is to engage it in their interest. It is distant from Seleucia ad Tigrim 337 miles, from the nearest part of the Mediterranean 203, and from Damascus 27."

It was under the reign of Odenathus, that Palmyra in effect emerged out of obscurity, and shone with an éclat almost unparalleled; but we may observe, that it seldom happens that any nation maintains long that height of power which fortune suddenly invests her with. No, the fickle goddess only exalts that she may enhance the severity of the fall, and embitter the poignancy of degradation: that empire longest continues, whose gradations are most regular. A sudden career of either prosperity or adversity is pernicious to its well-being. It is enervated by the former; it, perhaps, sinks under the latter. So it happened to Palmyra.

Odenathus, being a politic ruler, availed himself of the rupture between Persia and Rome, and conducted himself so artfully, as to get the balance of power into his own hands. Gallienus, the degenerate emperor of Rome, was reduced to the necessity of declaring Odenathus co-partner of the empire, and styling him Augustus, for his important services against the Persians. This able general, together with his son Herodes, was at last murdered by Mœonius, his kinsman, as he was pursuing the Goths, who had begun to make depredations upon some of the rich provinces of Asia Minor.

Upon his decease queen Zenobia was advanced to the supreme command. She was a miracle of female excellency, of uncommon beauty, whose magnanimity and virtue engrossed the attention and admiration of the world. Descended from the ancient race of Ptolemy and Cleopatra, she had all those qualifications which are the ornament of her own, and the glory of the other sex. In punishing the bad, inflexibly severe; in rewarding the good, or relieving the distressed, benevolent and active; splendid, but not profuse, and generous without prodigality. Superior to the toils and hardships of war, she was generally on horseback, and

would sometimes march on foot with her soldiers. She was skilled in several languages, and is said to have drawn up herself an epitome of the Alexandrian and Oriental history.

A continuance of the Roman alliance was a measure utterly irreconcilable with the views of Zenobia. Accordingly, prompted by interest and allured by the shew of conquest, she took advantage of the ruinous state of the Roman affairs, and, without the least notice or expostulation, commenced hostilities against the Romans; attacking their general Heracianus, who narrowly escaped after a sharp engagement, and left her in possession of Syria and Mesopotamia. About this time Gallienus was murdered at Milan.

He was succeeded by Claudius. The amiable qualities of this emperor would have been successfully exerted in the restoration of public peace and tranquility, had he lived long enough; but when he was only sowing the seeds of reformation, and had begun to correct the vices and abuses that reigned in the heart of the Roman empire, before he could extend his influence to its dependencies, death untimely snatched him from the stage. During this period Zenobia remained not in a state of inaction; but making a descent upon Egypt, she came to a decisive battle with the Egyptians, the success of which put her in possession of that region, where she left a body of 5000 men, and returned to Palmyra. The plea she urged in defence of this step, was the hereditary right she claimed as the descendant of the Ptolemys.

Claudius determined to take the field against Zenobia at the latter end of the second year of his reign, but the plague at Syrmium in Pannonia proved fatal to him.

Aurelian was unanimously elected emperor in his room: he was one of fortune's favourites, and from the lowest rank in the army advanced himself to be a general of the cavalry. To bodily strength and great courage he joined an unwearied attention to military discipline. These were the virtues to which he owed his rise: he was generous in rewarding, rigid in punishing. Cruelty was his dangerous foible; and the more so, because his credulity laid him open to accusation. However, his virtues proved more serviceable to Rome, than his vices baleful. There still wanted a man of Aurelian's active disposition to redress the grievances introduced by Gallienus, and not perfectly extirpated by Claudius. Whilst he successfully employed the two first years of his reign

reign in the reduction of the Goths, Germans, and Vandals, Zenobia added a great part of Asia Minor to her dominions.

Aurelian then turned his arms against Zenobia, being surprized as well at the rapidity of her conquests, as enraged that she had dared to assume the title of Queen of the East.

It may here be worth while to take a short view of Zenobia's present situation: she is arrived at the highest pitch of her glory, and furnishes an example of the rapid mutability of fortune.

A small territory in the desert, under the government of a woman, extends its conquests over many rich countries, and considerable states. The great kingdoms of the Ptolemys and the Seleucidæ are become part of the dominions of a single city, whose name we in vain looked for in their history; and Zenobia, lately confined to the barren plains of Palmyra, has now Egypt in her dominions to the South, and to the North commands as far as the Bosphorus and Black Sea. But to return to Aurelian.

He marched against her with the best of his forces, and met with no check in his expedition, till he was advanced as far as Antioch. Zenobia was there in readiness to oppose his farther progress; but the armies coming to an engagement at Daphne, near Antioch, she was defeated by the good conduct of Aurelian, and, leaving Antioch at his mercy, retired with her army to Emisa. The emperor marched immediately after, and found her ready to give him battle in the plains before the city. The dispute was sharp and bloody on both sides, till victory inclined a second time to Aurelian; and the unfortunate Zenobia, not daring to confide in the Emisemians, was again compelled to retire towards her capital, Palmyra. As the town was strongly fortified, and the inhabitants full of zeal for her service, and affection for her person, she made no doubt of defending herself here, in spite of the warmest efforts of Aurelian, till she could raise new forces, and venture again into the open field. Aurelian was not long behind: his activity impelled him forwards to crown his former success, by completing the conquest of Zenobia: his marches were frequently harrassed by the sudden attacks of the Syrian banditti; and when he came up he found Palmyra so strongly fortified, and so bravely defended, that though he invested it with his army, yet the siege was attended with a thousand difficulties. His army was

daily weakened and dispirited by the gallant resistance of the Palmyrenians, and his own life sometimes in the utmost danger. Tired at last with the obstinacy of the siege, and almost worn out by continual fatigues, he sent Zenobia a written summons to surrender, as if his words could strike terror into her, whom by force of arms he was unable to subdue.

The letter is preserved in Vopiscus.

Aurelianus, imperator Romanæ orbis, & receptor Orientis, Zenobiæ, cæterisque quos societas tenet bellica.

"Sponte facere debuistis id quod meis literis nunc jubetur? Deditionem præcipio, impunitate vitæ proposita, ita ut illic Zenobia, cum tuis agas vitam, ubi te ex senatus amplissimi sententia collocavero. Gemmas, argentum, aurum, sericum, equos, camelos in ærarium Romanum conferas. Palmyrenis jus suum servabitur."

"Aurelian, emperor of the Roman world, and recoverer of the East, to Zenobia and her adherents.

"Why am I forced to command what you ought voluntarily to have done already? I charge you to surrender, and thereby avoid the certain penalty of death, which otherwise attends you. You, Zenobia, shall spend the remainder of your life where I, by the advice of the most honourable senate, shall think proper to place you. Your jewels, your silver, your gold, your finest apparel, your horses, and your camels, you shall resign to the disposal of the Romans, in order to preserve the Palmyrenians from being divested of all their former privileges."

The subsequent answer was drawn up by Longinus, the critic, in a spirit peculiar to himself, and worthy of his mistress.

"Zenobia, regina Orientis, Aureliano Augusto.

"Nemo, adhuc præter te, quod poscis literis, petiit: virtute faciendum est quicquid in rebus bellicis est gerendum. Deditionem meam petis, quasi nescias Cleopatram reginam perire maluisse, quam in qualibet dignitate vivere: nobis Persarum auxilia non defunt, quæ jam speramus: pro nobis sunt Saraceni; pro nobis Armenii: latrones Syri exercitum tuum, Aureliane, vicerunt; quid igitur si illa venerit manus, quæ undique speratur; pones profecto supercilium, quæ nunc mihi deditionem quasi onnivariam victor, imperas."

“ Zenobia, queen of the East, to Aurelian Augustus.

“ Never was such an unreasonable demand proposed, or such rigorous terms offered by any but yourself. Remember, Aurelian, that in war whatever is done, should be done by valour. You imperiously command me to surrender, but can forget that Cleopatra chose rather to die with the title of queen, than live in any inferior dignity. We expect succours from Persia; the Saracens are arming in our cause: even the Syrian banditti have already defeated your army. Judge what you are to expect from a conjunction of these forces. You shall be compelled to abate that pride, with which, as if you was absolute lord of the universe, you command me to become your captive.”

Stung to the quick with this reply, and nettled that a woman should be able to baffle him in military arts, he ordered a general attack to be made with more fury than ever, resolving to leave no stone unturned that might tend to the reduction of the town. He next had recourse to corruption, and bought off the Saracens and Armenians to his cause, who were of singular service to him in intercepting the Persian auxiliaries.

The town, being thus entirely divested of all aid from without, provisions began to fail. No supplies could possibly gain access to the city, nor elude the vigilance of Aurelian.

Thus circumstanced, it was decreed in council to let the Persians know the desperate state of their affairs, and implore their assistance.

Zenobia under took this dangerous expedition in person: she accordingly set out upon a dromedary; but Aurelian, having notice of her escape, dispatched a party of horse in quest of her, who made her a captive as she was getting into a boat to cross the Euphrates. Upon this the citizens of Palmyra submitted at discretion; and Aurelian, having compassed his views, triumphantly took possession of the city.

Zenobia, seeing herself at the mercy of a cruel emperor, discarded all her former greatness and elevation of mind. The horrors of death were too potent to be overcome by female fortitude and resolution; and fondly tenacious of an ignoble life, she betrayed her counsellors, as the authors of every step that had been put in execution. The stubborn resistance that had so mortified Aurelian, was all imputed to their advice; they were accordingly, without delay, led to death. The first

that suffered was Longinus, whom the emperor singled out for being the author of the insulting letter that had so roused his resentment. The intrepid steadiness with which he met his fate, shewed that he was as brave as he was learned.

Thus ended the visionary greatness of Palmyra. With hasty steps she attained the summit of ambition, but thence descended with a flight far more rapid; an instance of the precariousness of human power, and the mutability of fortune.

Liverpool, Nov. 22.

U. K.

To the Editor of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Park-place, Nov. 23.

THE extraordinary occurrence that has happened this month has certainly reached your ears. The marriage of the D. of C. with Mrs. H——n, widow of the late Mr. H——n, member of parliament, daughter to lord I——m, and sister to the famous colonel L——ll, the present sitting m——r for Middlesex, is an event that nobody at present seems to doubt of. Whether he was married in England or at Calais, is a circumstance that has not been so clearly settled as the fact itself: but it is agreed on all hands, that the lady will not conceal her present rank and alliance; and this resolution may probably induce the nominal lady W——g——e to proclaim her title and marriage with the D. of G. which is now universally known to have taken place, though it has not been publicly announced.

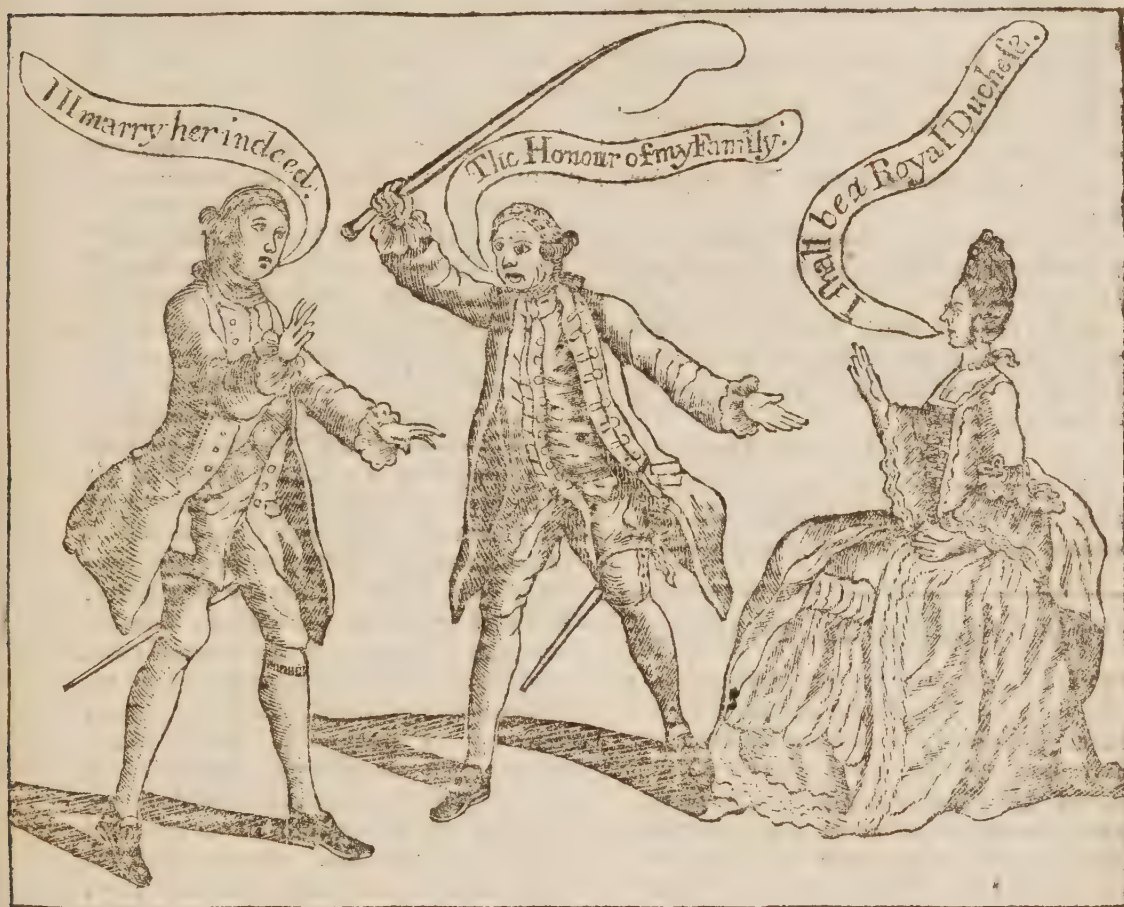
The D. of C.'s strange behaviour to lady G——r, in quitting her almost as soon as her disgrace was made public, displays his generosity and gratitude. His connexion with Mrs. B——y, the frivolity and caprice of his passion——; but what does his marriage with Mrs. H——n evince most, his c——dice or his folly? Terrified into this match by her brother, he has, it seems, a constant morning lecture from her H——s, upon his many virtues, genius, learning, gratitude, and good sense.

Does not such a ridiculous character merit to be hung up in effigy among your wooden worthies? Many of your readers are of this opinion; and if it coincides with your sentiments, I should, among the number, be glad to see him the first of December dissected by Mr. Davis.

Ha! ha! ha!

* * Agree-

* * Agreeable to the request of this and several other correspondents, we have procured a wooden-cut, from the drawing of a very ingenious gentleman, who has illustrated it with a dialogue that we think very characteristic.



The TRIO; or, a DIALOGUE
amongst three very respectable Personages, a
P——e without Brains, a Member with-
out Suffrages, and a Duchess without a
Title.

Colonel L——ll.

SIR, the honour of my family is con-
cerned---Your character is so general-
ly known to be that of a professed seducer,
that your visits here can no longer be ad-
mitted.

D. of C. I don't understand you, colo-
nel, do you recollect who I am?

C. L. I wish you always recollected
yourself so well---My sister's character,
Sir, great as you are, shall not be blemish-
ed by your vanity and indiscretion.

D. of C. This is a language I never
was used to.

C. L. It is a pity but what you had ; it
would have been of some service to you ;
saved your own reputation, as well as lady
G——'s, Mrs. B——y's, and a long
string of other ladies, whose ridiculous
ambition have been their ruin.

D. of C. If you think of treating me in
this manner I shall tell my brother, and
get you struck out of the army-list.

C. L. Your brother is too well ac-
quainted with your folly and indiscretion to
listen to any of your remonstrances. He
pities your foibles, and laments being so
nearly allied to a man, whose whole life is
one tissue of folly.

D. of C. Sir, I will not bear this treat-
ment---I insist upon knowing what you
mean.

C. L. I insist upon knowing what you
mean---What are your designs upon my
sister?

D. of C. Sir!

C. L. Sir---a peremptory answer, or
never set you foot again in this house.

D. of C. (aside) 'Egad I don't like him ;
he begins to warm---he's the Middlesex
champion.

C. L. Sir, why don't you answer?---
What is it you mean?

D. of C. Every thing that's honourable,
upon my honour.

C. L. What

C. L. What! to make my sister an honourable wh--e?

D. of C. No, I'll take my Bible-oath of that.

C. L. Of what? Zounds! explain yourself.

D. of C. Don't be so furious, colonel; you quite disconcert me.

C. L. Sir, the honour of my family is concerned!

D. of C. I know it is--I'll marry her, indeed!

Mrs. H-----n. I know his h-----s meant honourably all along; and I shall be a royal Duchess.

C. L. Oh! if that's the case I'll leave you together to settle it your own way; and shall now employ my horse-whip in another manner.

[Exit Colonel L-----ll.

A very tender scene now ensues between the lovers; they fondle, whisper, whine, and are married next morning.

MEMOIRS of the late Mr. LOOKUP.

THIS gentleman, who has made a very considerable figure in the republic of gamesters, was born in Scotland, and brought up an apothecary. He served his apprenticeship in the North, and afterwards acted as journeyman at Bath in the same profession. Soon after the death of his master, he paid his addresses to his mistress, the widow; and having none of that bashful modesty about him, which is very apt to be an obstacle to a man in such pursuits, and being a remarkable tall, stout man, and withal a tolerable good figure, he prevailed upon the Bath matron to give him her hand.

He had from his infancy a strong itch for play, and living constantly in that seat of gaiety and dissipation, he had frequent opportunities of gratifying this passion, which had demonstrated itself in his youth; and as he advanced towards maturity he gave a greater latitude to his inclination, and became very expert at many games, being endowed with a very good understanding, and a penetrating genius. But having never yet been possessed of any sum of money, with which, according to the gamester's phrase, he could make a push, he had not till now an opportunity of turning his skill and judgment to much advantage. Being now master of about five hundred pounds, by his connubial alliance, he soon shut up shop, and turned his application from pharmacy to calculation, which at that

time was not so generally understood as it is at present. He became a first-rate piquet player, a very good whist player, an excellent back-gammon player, and a tolerable billiard player. He did not, however, confine his pursuits entirely to those games, but ranged thro' all the variety of chance and judgment. In a short time, by his incessant industry, he greatly increased his capital; and he used frequently to say, after he had made a very considerable fortune, "that the only difficulty was to get the first five hundred."

Lord Ch-----d at this time particularly distinguished him, and from his patronage the first people of rank did not think Mr. Lookup's company beneath them; so true is the observation, that he who plays as deep as any man, is company for any man. Lord Ch-----d and Mr. Lookup were for a long time a constant match at piquet, his lordship playing the game very well; but Mr. Lookup's superior skill in the long run prevailed, and the latter was a very considerable gainer by this party. His lordship used also sometimes to amuse himself at billiards with Mr. Lookup; and it was upon one of these occasions that his lordship had the laugh against him from a finesse of his antagonist. Mr. Lookup had met with an accident, by which he was deprived of the sight of one of his eyes, though to any cursory observer it appeared as perfect as the other. Having been the conqueror even-handed against lord C---, Lookup asked how many his lordship would give and he would put a patch upon one eye. Lord C----- agreed to give five, and Lookup beat him several games successively. At length lord C----- threw down his mace, saying, "Egad, Lookup, I think you play as well with one eye as two." "I don't wonder at it, my lord," replied Lookup, "for I have seen only out of one for these ten years." With the money he won of lord C----- he built some houses at Bath, which he jocularly called *Chesterfield-row*.

After he had accumulated a considerable sum by play, he repaired to the capital; and having buried his first wife, married another widow with a very large fortune. His plan of operations were now much enlarged, and though he played occasionally for his amusement, or when he met with what is termed a *good thing*, he did not now pursue gaming as a regular profession. He struck out many schemes, some visionary, and others advantageous. Among the foremost of these was his project for making salt-petre. A foreigner having drawn up a specious plan, presented it to Lookup, and, from his superficial know-

knowledge of chemistry, he judged it practicable; so true is it that

“A little learning is a dang’rous thing.”

Buildings were erected at a great expence for carrying on these works near Chelsea, salaries were appointed for the directors and supervisors, and a great expence incurred to bring this favourite project to bear. So sanguine were his hopes of success, that he persuaded a particular friend of his, captain H-lt-n, to become a partner, and this gentleman sunk several thousand pounds in pursuing it. At length, tired with the fruitless expence, and repeated disappointments, this scheme was given up for others less delusive.

Mr. Lookup, at the breaking out of the last war, was concerned in several privateers, many of which were very successful: and it is thought he was a considerable gainer by the captures they made. At the close of the war he engaged in the African trade, and had considerable dealings in that commerce to the time of his death.

His darling passion would, however, at times predominate; and he has been known to sit up whole nights, playing for very considerable sums, within a few weeks of his death, though very infirm and paralytic. Nay, it is averred, that he died with a pack of cards in his hand, at his favourite game *Humbug*, or two-handed whist, which made Sam. F--- say, “That Lookup was *bugged out of the world at last*.”

His sentiments, his cunning, and his fate, nearly resembled the famous colonel Chartris. A Scotchman by birth, a gamester by profession, who had thereby accumulated a very considerable fortune, narrowly escaped condign punishment for a crime that was not among the foremost of those of which he probably might be accused.

As this affair has made a great noise in the world, as well as in our courts of justice, we shall set it forth with the greatest impartiality, that our readers may judge how far Mr. Lookup was, or was not, guilty of the charges that have been imputed to him. Meeting with Sir Thomas F---k, they agreed to repair to a tavern to play at cribbage. They played very deep, and each time put the money under the candle-stick. At length Mr. Lookup won between three and four hundred pounds, which he received; but some acquaintance of Sir Thomas hinting to him, that Lookup must have had a pull upon him, the baronet commenced an action to recover double damages, ac-

cording to the statute. In defending this action, by the blunder of Lookup’s attorney, he swore to a fact, which was proved to be false. Lookup was hereupon prosecuted for perjury, and imprisoned; and would have stood on the pillory for this offence, if a flaw had not been discovered in the indictment, whereby he escaped. In the course of these proceedings Lookup received some very severe sarcasms from lord M——d upon the bench. Among other remarks he said: “What an instance here is of the depravity of human nature in the culprit before us! Grown grey in infamy, he still perseveres in his infamous courses, &c.”

It may be expected that we should here give a sketch of the amorous history of this extraordinary adventurer. To suppose that Mr. Lookup was a Scipio for chastity, and was strictly tenacious of the fidelity of the marriage-bed, would be ascribing to him virtues which he never claimed. On the other hand, his very great lust of money prevented him ever engaging in any female connexion for a length of time. He used to be very merry upon those keepers who supported a female in all the luxury of Asiatic dissipation, for some other happy admirer to revel in her charms, and perhaps share the wages of her sin. Lookup ranged at large through all the field of comeatable beauties, and was acquainted with most of the fine women who flirted upon the town, and to whom two guineas procured a certain passport.

Upon the whole, Mr. Lookup was as extraordinary a character as we have met with for several years in this metropolis. He possessed a great share of good sense, cultivated by a long acquaintance with the world; had a smattering of learning, and a pretty retentive memory; was fluent in words, and of a ready imagination. We cannot add he was either generous, grateful, or courageous. He was fond of dramatic productions, and, upon an economical plan, was a renter of Covent-garden theatre.

It is generally believed, that Mr. Foote had him in his eye when he drew the character of Loader, in *The Minor*. There are, indeed, some very strong *traits* that resemble our hero, who has been heard to say, “he forgave *Sam*, as it was only supporting his character; for a professed wit, like a gamester, would not spare even his brother.”

He died the beginning of this month in Holland, whither he went to settle some commercial business. His age we cannot positively ascertain; but we think he must have been near seventy. To

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

A gentleman of my acquaintance found the following manuscript among the papers of a deceased relation; if you think it worth preserving from oblivion, your Magazine will do it the greatest honour, as it will there stand the chance of being perused by many thousands.

G**** O.

THOUGHTS ON PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy is the mother of all science; it disposes a man's mind to sustain with fortitude every event that can possibly happen; it prepares him for making a proficiency in every art, and to investigate every science. As philosophy may be considered as the general key to universal knowledge, a true philosopher displays his character by despising all terrestrial gratifications; for the unbounded latitude of the mind can never be confined to the cares and solitudes that constantly attend the vain pursuits of this world. The real wise man is he who is unacquainted with the follies of life, and who possesses a more intimate acquaintance with the revolution of the planets than the revolution of fashions, and who discovers more real information in comprehending the flux and reflux of the sea, than in poring over the squibs and reports of the day through half a dozen news papers.

The philosopher Anacharsis in a letter to Cræsus, tells him: "Know, Cræsus, that at the academy of Athens we do not learn to command, but to be commanded, and to obey; not to speak well, but to know when to be silent; not to dispute, but to execute properly what is prescribed for us; not to avenge an insult, but to pardon it; not to possess ourselves of the wealth of others, but to give away our own to proper objects; not to be honoured, but to attain the summit of virtue as far as human frailty will admit; not to acquire great possessions, but to learn to be contented with little!"

Here we have the general index of real philosophy, all the rest is counterfeit coin—shewy tinsel of no intrinsic value.

The first philosopher known to us was Thales, who, on account of his merit and virtue, was placed foremost among the sages of Greece, though he was not a Grecian, but born at Mileta in Asia. It is recorded of him, that he first asserted the immortality of the soul; that he gave

birth to astronomy, and discovered the causes of eclipses. Since Thales a number of philosophers have appeared, who have rather deserved the title of *buffoons of Parnassus*, than to have passed for the ornaments of that celebrated mount. They have rendered themselves ridiculous, by attempting to be extraordinary.

The following five, after Thales, are those who have made the greatest noise. Pythagoras, who was the founder of the sect, and called after him Pythagorians. His disciples performed a noviciate of five years, during which period they were obliged to remain in profound silence.

The second was Plato, surnamed the *Divine*, and chief of the Academicians. This sect took its name from the place in which he taught his disciples. He lived to the age of 81, which was ascribed to his philosophy. Many persons would, doubtless, chuse to be of this sect, if they were convinced longevity were the certain effect of it.

The third was Aristotle, chief of the Peripatetics. He was a disciple of Plato, and taught in walking, from whence they were called the walking philosophers. The lame and gouty could not therefore enjoy the good effects of his doctrine.

The fourth was Zeno. He taught in a place called the *Stoa*, from whence his sect was called Stoics. Among all the pagan philosophers, Zeno's moral is the purest, and approaches nearest to Christianity. Amongst his tenets we find that he taught we should be insensible to pain, or not to pay any attention to bodily sufferings: to despise riches, and to reserve all our affections and esteem for wisdom and virtue. It is handed down to us, that St. Paul, before his conversion to Christianity, was of this sect.

The fifth was Epicurus, the most violent antagonist the Stoics ever met with. His opponents set forth, that he taught that bodily content was allowable, and that the sovereign good consisted in voluptuousness. But his admirers interpret his doctrines very differently, saying, this voluptuousness was sentimental. Lucretius is of this opinion. His sect was called *Epicuri de grege Porci*.

From what has been said, we may conclude, that the metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls, according to Pythagoras, is amusing; the age of Plato charming; the walking of Aristotle diverting; the melancholy of Zeno dreadful; and the debauchery of Epicurus, if such was his doctrine, disgusting.

X.

PENI.



Penitence Rewarded.

PENITENCE REWARDED.

A MORAL TALE.

Illustrated with a beautiful Copper-plate.

BY numerous indiscretions, many of them not of a nature to be endured by a man of sense and spirit, Mrs. Gresham irritated her husband to such a degree, that he, at last, addressed himself to her in the following terms:

"After the provocations which I have received from you, Mrs. Gresham, I should be divested of sensibility, did I not feel myself considerably aggrieved by them; and I should be the tamest of human beings did I any longer co-habit with a woman who seems to prefer every man who flatters her person, or lavishes encomiums upon her understanding, to her husband. I do not attempt, indeed, to charge you with the commission of any criminal indiscretions; but as your behaviour is, on many occasions, extremely displeasing, and as you shew not the least desire to make those alterations in your conduct, which are, you well know, as I have often acquainted you with my secret wishes, absolutely necessary for the recovery of that domestic happiness which I, for some years enjoyed with you, we must be separated; for I cannot possibly remain under the same roof with a woman who acts as if my felicity was beneath her attention. In consequence of this resolution, I must insist upon your making preparations for your journey from London. My design is—I have no clandestine views, madam—to carry you down to your father's seat in Berkshire; to inform him of my domestic grievances, occasioned by your un-domestic behaviour; and to leave you under his protection. As I received a handsome fortune with you, that fortune shall be returned, that you may have no reason to accuse me of having been influenced by interested motives in the transaction of this affair."

Mrs. Gresham was so astonished during the delivery of the above speech, that she was not in a condition to give any interruption to it; but when it was finished, and when her husband halted towards the door, she stopped him, and earnestly begged him to hear her defence before he carried his design into execution. "You can say nothing in your defence, madam, I am very well assured," replied he, abruptly, "and therefore I again insist upon your making preparations for your journey to Berkshire."

Mrs. Gresham's carriage from that moment.

ment was so different from what it had been for some time, that her husband could not help being satisfied with it; but as he imagined that she was only playing a part in order to induce him to change his mind, and that her continuance in London with her gay friends would only be attended with new uneasinesses, he set off with her on the day appointed, in spite of the silent reluctance she discovered (for not a single word dictated by opposition escaped her lips) at her departure from George-street.

When they arrived at Tuft-park, Mr. Turton welcomed them with his accustomed heartiness, at their first appearance; but as they both looked exceedingly grave, and did not return his animated salutations as if they were glad to see him, he was puzzled to account for the coolness of their behaviour to him. His perplexity, however, arising from that behaviour, on either side, was shortly at an end: for soon after their entrance into the house, Mr. Gresham took him into a private room, while his wife went up stairs with one of the female servants; acquainted him with the cause of his unexpected visit to him; and gave him a minute detail of the domestic disquiets which had grown insupportable that he might exculpate himself from the imputation of caprice, by determining to separate himself from his daughter for the remainder of his life.

Mr. Turton heard his son-in-law with much attention, much surprise, and much concern; but, though he was extremely fond of his daughter, he could not say a syllable to justify the indiscretions of which her husband had, with regretting accents, complained; yes, with regretting accents, for Mr. Gresham had a sincere esteem for his wife, as she was possessed of many valuable qualities; he even loved her, in spite of her weaknesses, by the imprudent indulgence of which she had, for several years, gradually rendered his matrimonial connection painfully disagreeable to him.

Mr. Turton could not vindicate his daughter, but he endeavoured in the most persuasive manner to plead in her behalf; and, with a laudable warmth, excited by his paternal feelings, intreated Mr. Gresham to forgive his offending wife.

"Forgive her, Sir!—I sincerely forgive her," said Mr. Gresham; but is it reasonable that my future life should be made wretched by her future imprudences? No, Sir—to you I have brought her, as I received her from your hand, and with you I leave her, as I cannot expect that happiness with

her which I hoped to enjoy for ever with her when I gave her *maiden*. You are her father, I may safely add, her friend; and I think I shew no small regard for her by placing her under the protection of so exemplary a parent. The for one which I received with her I shall return."

Just when he had spoken these words Mrs. Gresham appeared.

"I have acquainted your father, madam, said he to her, with the cause of my journey to this place; and you may depend upon the kindest treatment in his house."

As soon as he had delivered that laconic speech, he quitted the room, hurried to the post-chaise which he had ordered to wait for him, and drove away.

The rapidity with which Mr. Gresham left Mr. Turton's house was occasioned by some releasing emotions which he felt at the appearance of his wife with her eyes red, and swelled as if she had been weeping. Afraid of being overpowered by the persuasions of the father, and the tears of the daughter, being thoroughly convinced that a *reconciliation* would only expose him to fresh disquiets, he hurried to his chaise.

Mrs. Gresham, instead of making any attempts to detain her husband, threw herself at her father's feet, and accosted him in the following terms. From the manner, Sir, in which Mr. Gresham left the room, and from the solemnity in *your* countenance, I have reason to fear that he has taken *some* pains to prejudice you against me; but I hope, Sir, you will not condemn your daughter—a daughter who ever behaved most dutifully to you while she was under your care—unheard: Mr. Gresham has, no doubt, endeavoured to vindicate himself at *my* expence; but you will not, I trust, think I have been deserving of this treatment from him when you have heard *my* vindication.

Mr. Turton raised his daughter from the ground with looks in which affection and concern seemed to be strongly blended, and after having desired her to sit down in the chair standing near him, told her that he was ready to listen to what she had to say for herself, in order to invalidate her husband's accusations.

Mrs. Gresham made a long defence, in which she chiefly dwelt on the chastity of her conduct; earnestly protesting that she never had been guilty of any criminal actions, and with much vehemence triumphed in the consciousness of having been a faithful wife. "No woman," concluded she, "was ever more constant to a man than I

have been to Mr. Gresham; but no woman, I imagine, is to shut herself up from the world to please a husband of a singular disposition. When I was married to Mr. Gresham, I little thought that he would expect me to be a slave to his will, and to be a prisoner for life. If *he* prefers retirement and books to company and conversation, am I, merely because I am his wife, obliged to exclude myself from the society of my friends? Had I been guilty of any criminal——"

"Hold, my dear," said Mr. Turton, eagerly interrupting her, "you are running on too fast: your husband has not accused you of any criminal transactions; but I hope I need not tell you, that a woman may make her husband very unhappy without giving him the least reason to call her virtue in question: and if *he* has delivered a just account of your behaviour to him, for some time past, I must, instead of censuring his present proceeding, freely confess that he has borne it with uncommon patience."

He then repeated to his daughter what her husband had urged against her, and added---"Now, my dear, if Mr. Gresham has deceived me by a false charge, I shall have a very bad opinion of *him*; but if *you* cannot lay your hand upon your heart, and declare that *it is* a false one, the good opinion which I have hitherto entertained of *you* will be considerably weakened."

Mrs. Gresham made no immediate reply: she was silent for some moments; she then burst into tears, and when she had wiped her eyes after the first shower, confessed that her husband had not uttered any untruths, but endeavoured to make him appear in an *unamiable*, tho' she could not make him appear in an *unjust* light.

Her endeavours served to render her father extremely sorry for what had passed between her and Mr. Gresham, but they were not sufficient to bring him over entirely to her side---"Daughter," said the old gentleman, rather sternly to her, "you have been, by your own confession, greatly to blame in this affair—you have not, I am very ready to believe, acted a criminal, but you have, certainly, acted a very indiscreet part. It is the duty of every woman to make herself as agreeable as possible to her husband, and to comply, cheerfully, with all his reasonable demands. A wife is, indeed, highly to be commended, who, in this licentious age, is not laughed out of her fidelity to her husband, but a wife, with the virtue of a vestal, may render the man to whom she is married, exceedingly unhappy: and as *you* have rendered

rendered a very sensible, good-natured, amiable man weary of his connection with you, I must so far divest myself of parental partiality as to tell you, that your behaviour to *him* cannot be defended. However, tho' I do not approve of *that* behaviour of your's, my house shall be an asylum for you, and I will do all in my power to bring about a reconciliation, on your promising to accommodate your carriage to Mr. Gresham's inclination, if my efforts should be effectual."

Mrs. Gresham, by this time, sensible of the errors she had committed, and willing to retrieve them, made a solemn promise, which gave her father no small satisfaction, because he thought he could rely upon her performance of it as soon as she was in a situation to evince the sincerity of her professions.

The next morning Mr. Turton finding that his daughter had slept very ill, and that her mind had been cruelly disturbed by the reflections which her provoking behaviour to Mr. Gresham had occasioned, set off for London, with a design to acquaint *him* with the state of his wife's mind, with the contrition she had discovered, and with the resolution she had made with regard to her future conduct.

When he arrived in George-street, the servant who opened the door started at the sight of him; and being asked if his master was at home, replied, with a look which strongly testified surprise, "At home, Sir! no, Lord bless you; he went yesterday to your country place yonder with my lady, and said as how he should not come to town again a good while."

Mr. Turton, not a little chagrined at his disappointment, returned to Tuft-park, and travelled in a very discontented humour, as he imagined, from the instructions Mr. Gresham had given his servant, that he intended to avoid any overtures—any immediate one at least—towards a reconciliation.

From Tuft-park Mr. Gresham proceeded to an intimate friend of his on the borders of a neighbouring county; and finding him on the point of setting out for the continent, with a great deal of pleasure accepted of an invitation to accompany him to Paris.

Without taking any steps to have an interview with his wife, Gresham left England in a few weeks after his separation from her, and made his approaches to the capital of France with Sir George Wimpey, with all that refined pleasure which a man of taste and sentiment naturally feels when he is going to enrich his mind

by *foreign travel*; but he could not help feeling, now and then, painful sensations, when he recollected the happiness which he once enjoyed with his Alicia.

When the news of Mr. Gresham's departure from England reached Tuft park, Alicia was much affected by it; for she found in herself an earnest desire to be restored to the favour of the man with whose society alone she was very well satisfied before she was debauched by keeping good company; and she received, in a short time afterwards, a great addition to her uneasiness. Her father having caught a violent cold by staying too long, in a damp day, to give orders to his workmen, fell ill, and was soon pronounced to be in a dangerous way by the physicians who attended him. When he found he was drawing near his end he sent for his daughter, who had been obliged to quit the chamber, not being able to bear the alteration which the swift approaches of death had made in his appearance, and upon her coming to his bed-side intreated her, laying his chilled hand upon her's, to pay the strictest regard to his dying words.

"Do not weep for me, my dear child," said he, tenderly pressing her hand, "I shall soon be at rest; but, when I am no more, continue to live in an exemplary manner, whether you chuse to live by yourself, or with any of your relations—Mr. Gresham, perhaps, when he hears of your having lived in that manner since his separation from you (and surely he will be urged by mere curiosity to make *some* enquiries after you) will feel his heart relent, and wish to be reunited to you—I am sufficiently encouraged to believe that your penitence is sincere; and I am equally encouraged to believe that you would, on your husband's receiving you with open arms, make ample atonement by your future conduct for all past indiscretion—I could wish—I could wish to live to see that day—but—I am not permitted—yet—I am—perfectly resigned to—the decrees—of——"

Here his voice failed him—he made several attempts to speak again, but he could not, with all his struggles, articulate a syllable. In a few moments afterwards he fainted in his daughter's arms, and in those arms expired.

Alicia was deeply afflicted by her father's death. Her heart was in mourning as well as her person, and she did not "carry about the mockery of woe;" her sorrow was sincere.

By the death of her father Mrs. Gresham

sham was under the necessity of removing from Tuft-park, which devolved to her uncle Turton, her father's younger brother, as he had no one to inherit his estate. That uncle, spirited up by a low-born woman, whom he had married without a shilling, treated her in so unkind a manner, that he would hardly allow her a decent time to transplant herself to a new spot. Happily Alicia was not distressed about a subsistence: the legacy which her father left her, added to the fortune returned by her husband, prevented her from experiencing any pecuniary embarrassments; but she was at a loss what course to steer, not chusing, for many reasons, to live by herself.

After having considered and reconsidered with whom she should reside, she thought of an old aunt by her mother's side, who lived not far from Brighthelmstone. Alicia had a great esteem for her aunt Lindsay, and would have proceeded directly to her rural retreat, had she not felt some repugnance to the Sussex journey, as her aunt, though indisputably a very worthy woman, was, by no means, a woman agreeable to *her* taste. Her life was, it is true, irreproachable; but there was an austerity in her manners which hindered her from appearing in an engaging light to those who had a less rigid way of thinking with regard to the performance of the duties of religion. However, prudential considerations triumphed over all others; and Alicia wrote a letter to Mrs. Lindsay, which produced a cordial invitation to her house.

Gresham, while he was in France, was acquainted with the whole behaviour of his wife from the moment he left her at her father's, by an agent, on whose vigilance and integrity he could depend, and was so much pleased with the accounts which he received from *him* of the change in her conduct, that he was just going to put things in a train towards a reconciliation, when the death of her father was communicated to him—That event made him suspend his projected operations.--“I will stay,” said he, “and see in what manner she will now behave, and what she will do with herself. While she lived under the eye of a father as remarkable for his prudence, as for his paternal affection, she might politically check the natural levity of her disposition, and express an aversion to the pleasures of which she is naturally fond, in hopes of my hearing, in some shape, of her reformation, and of re-placing her in the sphere of life in which she figured with too much splendor for my purse, and

with too great a disregard for my peace. She may now, perhaps, with the additional fortune in her possession, launch out again into the world of gaiety and flutter; and if she *does* so launch out, she will entirely preclude a coalition between us: if, on the contrary, her deportment continues to be under the correction of discretion, I shall, with the utmost satisfaction, celebrate my second wedding-day with her. In spite of all those failings by which my Alicia obliged me to detach myself from her, I still feel a secret passion for her not to be expressed, not to be eradicated.”

Such was Mr. Gresham's soliloquy when the news of Mr. Turton's death was transmitted to him by his active and faithful emissary.

Alicia met with the favourable reception from Mrs. Lindsay which she expected from the perusal of her letter of invitation, and behaved with so nice a propriety from the day she entered into her family, that if her husband had been concealed in a place in which he could have observed her motions unseen, he would, probably, have thought her reformed enough to encourage a re-union with her.

He was in a short time after her residence with her aunt so well satisfied with the intelligence he received, by every post, about her continuance in the paths of propriety, that he determined to make his appearance at Mrs. Lindsay's: but he determined, also, to be still more satisfied about her laudable propensities before he offered to rejoin the broken threads of conjugal friendship.

Alicia, though she was treated with the utmost kindness by her aunt, could not help falling into frequent dejections; and as often as Mrs. Lindsay found her oppressed with melancholy, she never failed to administer all the consolation she could think of to her, being no stranger to the cause of it. Her consolations, drawn chiefly from the sacred volumes, were not entirely thrown away, tho' they were not totally satisfactory. Conscious of having proved the sincerity of her penitence by the uniform consistency of her conduct from the time of Mr. Gresham's abrupt departure from her at Tuft-park, she felt not a few pleasing emotions; but wishing to have her justly offended husband made sensible of her reformation, these emotions were often accompanied with very painful ones.

As she was walking towards the dusk of a very fine evening in autumn in the garden, Mrs. Lindsay's servant came to inform her that an elderly man, dressed like a farmer, and with his face muffled up, desired

desired to give a letter into her own hands.

Alicia was a little surprised at so unexpected a message, but returned immediately to the house.

When she entered the passage the old man delivered a letter to her, telling her that the gentleman from whom he received it, ordered him to wait for an answer.

She asked him immediately the gentleman's name—he replied, Gresham.

Fondly flattering herself that the letter came from her husband, she called for candles, hurried into the parlour, bade the old man follow her, and sent up to beg the favour of her aunt's company all in a breath.

When she had read the letter, during the perusal of which the old man kept his eye fixed steadily on her, she cried to her aunt, "O madam, here's a letter from Mr. Gresham: he is at Brighthelmston; he tells me that he is perfectly convinced of my reformation; he tells me that he will be with me to-morrow: how rejoiced shall I be to see him to-morrow!"

"You shall see him to-night, my dear Alicia," said Mr. Gresham, throwing off his disguise, and advancing hastily to her: "excuse this innocent stratagem—Help—help—madam—the faints—the surprise is too much."

Mrs. Gresham was, indeed, overwhelmed with joy, but by the assiduities of her aunt and of her husband, she soon recovered. A reconciliation between the long separated pair commenced immediately, and their domestic felicity was never afterwards interrupted.

The PATRIOTIC WIFE.

A MORAL TALE.

MR. Burleigh, a gentleman of fortune in Hertfordshire, was a very amiable man in private life, but so fierce a republican, that he was very much dissatisfied with the government, and exerted all the influence he had in the county in opposing the measures of the ministry, which were not, he thought, calculated to promote the good of the public; but extremely well concerted to enrich a few rapacious individuals, who would sell their souls for the aggrandisement of themselves, and their families.

Mr. Burleigh was a widower; he had two children, a son and a daughter, and carefully instilled into their infant minds

those political principles to which he had, himself, from his cradle, strongly and steadily adhered.

When Charles came to be of an age fit for business, his father placed him with a New-England merchant in London, quite of his own way of thinking.

Mr. Selton, under whose care young Burleigh was placed, had a very agreeable wife, and a son possessed of many valuable qualities.

Soon after young Burleigh was settled with Mr. Selton, his sister, who was several years older than him, attracted the attention of a very pretty gentleman at Covent Garden theatre, one night, in the same box with her. He distinguished her, indeed, in so particular a manner, that her embarrassment, in consequence of his assiduities, was excessive. His behaviour was truly respectable, as well as in the highest degree polite; but she felt herself, several times, so much disconcerted by the speeches which he addressed to her, that she hardly knew how to return his civilities, without verging upon impropriety.

Mr. Burleigh never having seen his daughter's new admirer before, and being struck with the singularity of his behaviour to her, very naturally made enquiries about him, and he was not at all displeased to hear, that he was the only son of a considerable merchant at Boston, one of the most spirited advocates for liberty in that capital.

Pleased with the intelligence, he was still more so when, on mentioning the affair to his son the next day, he found that Mr. Bradton was not unknown to him, and that he bore an exceeding good character.

Bradton, having made enquiries, the same evening, concerning the lady who had raised violent emotions in his bosom, went to his friend Charles, the next morning, and without any circumlocution told him, that if he did not speak to his sister in his favour, he should be the most miserable fellow breathing.

Charles, after having laughed at him a little for the eagerness which he discovered upon the occasion, promised to recommend him to his sister when he saw her, and actually launched out in his praise at their next meeting.

Charles's recommendation of Mr. Bradton to Harriot was very well received by her, as she had, tho' embarrassed by his civilities to her at the play, thought his appearance, conversation, and carriage, quite agreeable; and it had so much weight

weight with his father, that when Mr. Bradton made him a visit, and begged his permission to be introduced to Miss Burleigh as a lover, he met with a most encouraging reception. Bradton, indeed, rendered his company so acceptable to Mr. Burleigh by the warmth with which he delivered his sentiments in the defence of freedom, that the old patriot was highly delighted with his manly effusions, and was, in a short time, full as eager to put his daughter into his possession, as he could possibly be to have her indissolubly united to him.

When every thing was settled to their mutual satisfaction, Mr. Bradton and his Harriot joined their hands in the most solemn manner; and during the performance of the binding ceremony, appeared to be reciprocally satisfied with it.

Few couples are *very* unhappy during their honeymoon; but many, too many, find themselves heartily sick of matrimony before they have been yoked together by *Hymen* a twelvemonth. The Bradtons, at their first setting off as man and wife, seemed to bid fair for the celebrated *Dunmow stitch* at the expiration of the time required for the demand of it; but men and women, married or unmarried, are human, and consequently imperfect creatures, strongly addicted to discontent, and prone to mutability.

Mr. and Mrs. Bradton unhappily grew disgusted with each other in about half a year after they were married, because they were not unanimous about the *American affairs*, which became interesting enough to occasion a violent ferment in the nation. About these affairs they debated with so much fierceness, being very lively people, that they threw out frequently the most stinging expressions, and exposed themselves with an unpardonable inconsiderateness, sometimes separately, sometimes at the same moment together, by appealing to their friends and acquaintance for their opinions. Their *real* friends heard their appeals to them with a sincere concern; their *pretended* ones enjoyed their political differences, and failed not to make themselves merry at their expence in all companies.

Mr. Burleigh was extremely disappointed and chagrined when he found that his son-in-law was not the staunch friend to liberty he had taken him to be; but he had sense enough to give his daughter the following advice on her complaining to him, with no small acrimony, of her husband's conversion to the ministry.---“ You are still my daughter, my dear, but you are

also Mr. Bradton's wife. As you are his wife it is your duty, and I hope it will be your inclination, to say and do nothing to make yourself disagreeable to him. By what I can draw from your complaints, you cannot, I think, charge him with having used you ill in any shape since he married you. His political sentiments, you say, are changed; but if his domestic behaviour is not exceptionable, you will act more discreetly to keep *your* sentiments to yourself, if they do not square with his, than to inflame him against you by opposition. I am sorry, I confess, to see him leaning so strongly towards the court, and I am disappointed; but while he behaves well to you as a husband, I shall have a proper esteem for him, and I hope you will, in consequence of this advice, give him no reason to wish his connection with you dissolved.”

Mrs. Bradton heard her father with more patience than pleasure---she could not, indeed, accuse her husband of any very censurable proceedings (for as to the severity of the language to which he sometimes had recourse, she was conscious of having irritated him to the use of it) but she could not bring herself to sit tamely by him, and, by silence, assent to any expressions uttered by him, against which her heart revolted. She promised, however, to endeavour to follow his kindly-intended admonitions.---“ But you know, Sir,” continued she, “ it is very provoking to a woman, who wishes well to her country, to see her husband misled by those who shew not the least regard for it.”

In less than a week after the above conversation between the patriotic father and his patriotic daughter, Mr. Bradton, while he was at dinner one day, received a note, which he was desired to read immediately. He read it with a visible satisfaction, and then clapping it into his pocket, without shewing it to his wife, turned to his servant, and asked him, if the messenger who brought it waited.

On being answered in the affirmative, he rose and went out of the room; but Mrs. Bradton had snatched the note out of his pocket before he quitted his chair.

As soon as he returned to her, she started up from her chair, tore the note in pieces, and threw them at him with the utmost contempt.---“ If you are mean enough to accept of the *place* offered to you, I shall look upon you in a very despicable light.”

She then, without waiting for an answer, flounced out of the room, and retired to her own apartment, extremely agitated:

agitated: more ruffled than she had yet been since her marriage.

Bradton was not a little astonished at his wife's behaviour; but not thinking that it ought to deter him from the acceptance of a very eligible post under the government, repaired to the office from which his note had been dispatched, and was nominated to succeed the gentleman whose sudden death had made a sudden vacancy in it.

When he returned, he found Mrs. Bradton in the worst humour imaginable. "Well, said she, in a sullen tone, have you accepted of the place?"

"I have, my dear, replied he, with mild accents, and I hope you will not be so absurd as to make your own life and mine uncomfortable, because I shall have it in my power to live in a more splendid style."

The few last words would have met with a favourable reception he thought, but he was mistaken: the monosyllable *abund* galled her exceedingly. Much altercation followed between them; and Mrs. Bradton at last positively declared, that she would go down to her father in the country, and stay with him till he had thrown up his place.

They slept that night in separate beds. In the morning Mrs. Bradton set out, uninterrupted by any remonstrances or petitions from her husband.

Her father was extremely displeased with her for her very silly proceedings: and after having with great propriety, as well as earnestness, pointed out the folly of her conduct, urged her, in the strongest terms, to return to Mr. Bradton, and to behave to him in a different manner for the future. His reproofs, admonitions, and incantations, made a proper impression upon her; but Bradton had suffered so much uneasiness from her *patriotic* spirit, that he was determined to enjoy his *post* without any matrimonial inquietudes.

The SPOUTING HUSBAND.

A MORAL TALE.

[A Companion to the *patriotic Wife*, p. 589.]

BILLY STRUTTON, the son of an eminent physician in the north of England, finding himself possessed of a few thousands by the death of his father, could not possibly endure any longer the fatigue and confinement which his *place* in one of the public offices, near the West end of the town, required, and, therefore, like a young fellow of spirit, *resigned*—he resign-

ed, in order to become a *gentleman at large*, but he was rather to be classed among the *gentlemen of leisure*; for his fortune, tho' fully sufficient to keep him in idleness, was not of importance enough to enable him to figure in the fashionable world. In *that* world, however, Billy was determined, with *that* fortune, to shine. He had no idea of oeconomy, he kept no account of his expences, he never baulked his fancy. A man of such a turn, with a small fortune, will soon get through it, and, indeed, with such a disposition, a *nabob* may run himself aground.

Billy spent his money freely, but in a very foolish manner; and he certainly did not shew any wisdom by marrying a pretty girl without a shilling, because she complimented him one day upon his repeating a speech in her favourite tragedy. By telling him that Garrick himself could not have spoken it with more propriety, she flattered his vanity to such a degree, that he made his addresses to her instantly, and met with no repulse, as she, having no fortune, wanted an immediate settlement; in an honourable way, for she was a good kind of a girl: she was only thoughtless, and made no calculation about *consequences*; had she taken an accurate survey of her lover's *head*, she would not have been so ready to accept of his *hand*.

As Billy had always a strong passion for dramatic performances, he visited the *town houses* dedicated to the *buskin* and the *sock*, as often as he could while he was a placeman: when he was totally master of his time, his visits to them were, it may be imagined, more frequent. Not contented, however, to see plays well performed at the regular, the royal theatres, he belonged to several *spouting-clubs*, in order to *act o'er each scene* which had given him particular pleasure. *Spouting* was his dear delight, and he was never so happy as when he was *heroically* exposing himself to the audience around him; and *expose* himself he constantly did, whenever he attempted to acquire theatrical fame, because his voice, his figure, and his talents were all insufficient to render his theatrical pretensions admissible: yet his self-sufficiency being excessive, he never suspected that the majority of those who saw him, and heard him in his tragic characters, for he never went out of the tragedy-walk, while they loudly encouraged him with their manual applause, laughed in their sleeves to think how dexterously they themselves *played upon* the coxcomb before them.

Billy's

Billy's theatrical companions proved very expensive to him; but he *sold away*, as often as he wanted a supply, without considering that he had not a perpetual fund at the Bank, and that the day of indigence, as he lived in the most imprudent life, could not be far off. Some of his friends who had a sincere regard for him, because they imputed his follies to the errors of his judgment, and not to the depravity of his heart, and who really wished to snatch him from the jaws of ruin, to which he was hastening with an unaccountable velocity; some of those friends went to him, with the most benevolent intentions, and, after having strongly pointed out to him the almost criminal impropriety of his conduct, earnestly intreated him, for his own sake, and for Mrs. Strutton's, to detach himself immediately from companions whose society was in the highest degree pernicious to him, and who would assuredly desert him when he ceased to be in a situation to entertain them.

Billy gave his correcting, his admonishing, his intreating friends a hearing; but he gave them no encouragement to believe that their corrections, admonitions, and intreaties, had made the wished-for impression upon his mind. He dismissed them with cold acknowledgments for their friendly visits, and delivered these acknowledgments in a manner which left them no room to expect any good consequences from their well-meant endeavours. Two of his friends who interested themselves more particularly in his affairs than the others, were not sufficiently disgusted with his behaviour to them to forsake him entirely. They were determined to return to the charge, in spite of all the apprehended opposition to their *manœuvres* in his favour.

In their way to his house they met him under the convoy of a couple of bailiffs, and upon enquiring into the cause of his appearance in *their* hands, they were informed by him, that he had been arrested by his impertinent taylor for the trifling sum of eighty-seven pounds, and that he was rejoiced to see them, as he hoped they would rescue him from the clutches of his catch-poles. The bailiffs, who very well knew how substantial and respectable the gentlemen applied to by their prisoner were, released him immediately on their assuring them they would go directly to Mr. R——, and discharge the debt. Billy thanked his friends for their kind behaviour, and eagerly promising to settle his accounts with them the moment it was

in his power, left them to carry their generous designs into execution, and went home to his wife.

When he had acquainted her with the interruption he had met with in his walks, and with the fortunate interposition of two of his friends, he told her plainly he was so confoundedly in debt, that he expected to be arrested again in a very short time. "Since then I am in this situation, Nancy, I think the best thing I can do is to steal a march upon my creditors, and give them the slip. I have cash enough to convey us out of the kingdom, and I'll tell you what my scheme is—I have often been pressed by several of my theatrical companions to go upon the stage, and I have a great notion that I shall pick up a genteel income as an actor; but as it is by no means prudent for me to make my public appearance here, I intend to set off to Ireland, and try to push my fortune under Mossop's management. Now as you, my dear Nancy, are quite made for the stage, and have acquitted yourself with great propriety in many characters in private, you will, I dare say, by mustering up a little courage, come to be a capital actress, and then"—

"Hold, hold, my dear Billy," cried she, interrupting him, "you run on too fast. I cannot possibly approve of your flying from your creditors: how can you think of so dishonourable a proceeding? As to your going upon the stage, you never shall expose yourself in that manner with my consent; and for my own part, I had rather get the common necessities of life with honest industry, than make a fortune at the expence of my reputation."

"Why then, child," replied he, "you may get your living how you can. I have made a fair offer; since you have refused it, I will take care of number one; and so farewell"—perhaps, added he, in a theatrical tone, "for ever."

With these words he left her.

Soon after his departure his house was filled with creditors, who began to be very clamorous, and greatly alarmed poor Mrs. Strutton, as she was not in a condition to bear the distresses with which she was threatened, philosophically. Luckily for her, while her husband's creditors were laying their heads together how to act, the two friends who had undertaken to satisfy Mr. R——'s demands returned, and by their arbitration a compromise was adjusted.

The worthy arbitrators, affected by Mrs. Strutton's situation, and pitying her for being united to a man so little deserving

ing of the affection which she felt for him, settled a decent annuity upon her; and the grateful acknowledgments which they received from her considerably increased the happiness they enjoyed by reflecting upon a transaction which did them no small honour.

While these affairs were adjusted in the house which Billy had shamefully deserted, he was himself hurrying away with the utmost expedition to Chester. On his arrival there, he heard, with much satisfaction, that a vessel was on the point of sailing to the spot he had in view. He secured a passage immediately, and in a short time embarked. In high spirits he embarked, and, by falling in with some young fellows who were also going to *strut their hour* upon the Dublin stage, he thought of nothing but the *drama*. On dramatic matters their conversation chiefly turned, till a storm rendered them inattentive to *felicitous* characters, and forced them to *feel* for themselves.

As the storm raged with increasing violence, they were all alarmed. The corresponding behaviour of the captain and his men filled them with terrifying apprehensions.

Mrs. Strutton, though she felt her heart bound with gratitude to heaven, and to her generous benefactors, whenever she reflected upon the annuity settled upon her, received no felicity from it, in a state of the most perplexing uncertainty about a husband, whom she could not help loving, in spite of all his follies and imprudences. On hearing that he was cast away on the Irish coast, the shock was so severe that she miscarried---In consequence of her miscarriage, she died.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Read the humorous will of lord Batti-
more, and like the vein that runs thro'
it, as I think it truly characteristic, from a
personal acquaintance with his lordship.
But, Sir, I can assure you, I have no
claim whatever to his beneficence from
any friendly office I performed with re-
spect to his amours. I never was present
when any ladies were in company with
him; our correspondence always related
to business, though I acknowledge he
would frequently give loose to a flight of
ribaldry in the midst of the most serious
conversation. I apprehend that the be-

NOVEMBER, 1771.

quest bestowed upon me would much better
suit Mr. S---h, who drew Miss Wood-
cock's picture, and who was a witness up-
on the trial: I therefore relinquish my claim
to it in this gentleman's behalf.

I wonder that Mrs. Hervey, who was
so very instrumental in promoting his af-
fair with Miss Woodcock, has not recei-
ved a legacy: she is truly deserving of one,
and sooner than she should be omitted, I
beg his lordship's box of *bijoux-indicrets*,
which was never introduced till a devotee
had served her noviciate, may devolve to
her, by prescription, as she so judiciously
procured this collection.

Temple, Nov 4.

I am, Sir,

Your constant reader, &c.

J. FISHER.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THO' I am an old fellow now, I have been
a *bon coq* in my time, and do not want
to be told that woman was made to be
kissed by man. I was always of opinion,
indeed, tho' strongly against the stream of
fashion, that *kissing* would only be deemed
a *natural pleasure* when the two sexes were
mutually concerned in it; and I am, at
this present moment, as highly offended,
as I ever was in my kissing days, when I
see a couple of beards brushing each other:
I must also beg leave to add, that two fe-
male chins in contact give almost equal
offence to my old eyes.

Whilst I was walking slowly home to
my lodgings yesterday morning from the
coffee-house, I was interrupted in my pro-
gress by an interview between two ladies
very genteelly dressed. When they had,
both at the same time, declared how ex-
cessively they were rejoiced to meet, after
such a *monstrous* long absence, they laid
their lips together in a manner which was,
I thought, unbecoming---they certainly
made me wish myself younger, and they
provoked me to say, "Plhaw, ladies, why
this is *cheese and cheese*."

I expected a smart reprimand for my
impertinence, for to be sure I had nothing
to do with their *polite proceedings*, but they
only laughed. However, I wish seriously
that women would cease to kiss women,
that men would cease to kiss men, and that
each sex would be contented to kiss in
character.

SAMUEL SENEX.

To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

PREVIOUS to the text of my author, and my comment on the original, I must beg the patience of the public for the perusal of a few lines, in order to make that part of my treatise inserted in your last in some degree intelligible; which, by the assistance of your printer, is rendered a *rudis indigestaque moles*.

By a few lines in my last, addressed to yourself, I informed you that the draught of the antique inscription was intended for the illustration of a story, to be introduced among the notes, which should be sent you as soon as the preface appeared; and my reason for sending it then was, that you might have time enough to get it cut in wood ready for this month, which your printer has in some manner mistaken; and, by an unaccountable force in mechanics, lugging in the draught of this unwieldy stone at the close of my letter, where it has not the least connexion, has made it appear an unintelligible piece of useless lumber. I hope, Sir, this will be a sufficient apology to my readers for once more introducing the stone, but in its proper part of the edifice, where it may serve to support the structure: in its present situation it is only a *stumbling-block*.

The trifling errors in the Brownæ, vindici, with several others equally trivial, will easily be rectified by the most common reader; but there are two, which are not so easily corrected. The first is in mistaking "half a dozen miles from Lynn" in my copy for "two dozen;" and, by that means, making eighteen miles difference in the latitude of the village of *Hillington*. The second is in the orthography of my own name, in which you have been guilty of a most egregious blunder; for, give me leave to tell you, Sir, that all our family, ever since their first *Grecian original*, have always made their signature precisely in the same manner, as

I have now the honour to subscribe
myself,

Sir, your's, &c.

EUROCLUDON.

Coronat Cælum

Perenni Gloria

M S

D. GULIELMI BROWNE, Militis
S. R. S.

Studium opusque qui valde persequens,
Medicinam, haud sine Deo, fecerat:
Die nocteque nitens, proviribus,
Salutem Hilaris Hominibus dare.
Labor tum ipse sibi Voluptas fuit!

Eheu! jam agendo haud spectatur amplius!

Beatum tamen vixisse se ad ferens,

Probe contentus exacto tempore,

Uti conviva cedit vita satur.

Homo humani a se alienum nil putans:

Die MDCCLX mortuus:

Die Ciceronis natali III Jan: MDCXCII editus:

Beatiorem his prefatis, adpetens.

Patria O! perpetua esto, et libera!

Sit anima mea cum Christofophis,

Prope Newtonum, Boyleum, Lockium!

Procul insanis a sapientibus!

Velim ediscas, lector, quanti est vivere:

Licet qua terris, noscere & agere.

Velim ediscas, quanto majus est mori:

Licet qua coelis, noscere & agere.

ΠΟΡΕΥΟΤ ΚΑΙ ΣΤ, ΓΝΩΘΙ, ΠΟΙΕΙ ΟΑΝΣ.
ΤΟΥ ΘΑΝΑΤΟΥ ΜΝΗΜΟΝ ΚΑΙ ΜΝΗΜΟΝ ΕΣΤΙ
ΒΙΟΙΟ.
ΤΟΥ ΔΕ ΒΙΟΥ ΜΝΗΜΟΝ ΜΙΣΘΟΝ ΕΧΕΙ
ΘΑΝΑΤΩ

Coronat Tellus

Inani Nomine!

Amor Famæ

Prospicit Virtutibus

Annorum plenus, præter spem plenus honorum,
Plenus voti omnis, defero gratus humum.

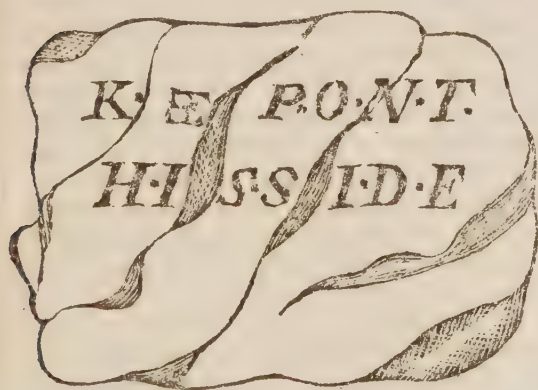
Miles Christi

Morte Triumpho!

Sir William Browne Architect.

BEFORE I proceed to the arduous task of criticism, and assume the dignity of the commentator, I shall take the liberty of introducing a trifling story, which, as it is not *universally known*, may be capable of entertaining some of my readers.

A few years ago, at L——n, a village in Northumberland, a stone with an antique inscription was dug up on the desolate part of a heath, which naturally fell into the hands of the squire of the parish; but as he was not versed in the more mysterious parts of recondite erudition, the parson was called in to his assistance: he too, as well as the squire, was incapable of decyphering the characters. In this dreadful dilemma, the divine took a copy of the inscription, and sent it up to the society of antiquaries, whilst all possible secrecy was observed, lest such an invaluable relique should by any means be conveyed away.—A meeting of the members of that learned body was summoned on this occasion, but it was impossible to form an absolute determination, at first view, to what this inscription might refer. Their opinions at that time amounted merely to conjecture; however, after some months spent in abstracted contemplation, the following are the explanations which it received from some of the more erudite members; which, together with an exact draught of the stone and its inscription, are inserted for the inspection of the curious. The original, with the debates at large upon it, may be seen in *the Journal* of that venerable society.



The first opinion was as follows:

“On the first examination of the stone, I was not able to form any satisfactory conjecture concerning the inscription; but, as the identity of the place where it was found ought to be materially considered, I wrote to the gentleman at L——n for information, if there were any *vestigia* of antiquity, as camps, fortifications, &c. in the vicinage. In answer to which enquiry I was informed, that there was no-

thing of this kind which he knew of, except the ruins of a priory about a *mile* distant. This is, indeed, *sufficient* for our purpose, and *clears up the matter* at once. *Clemens pontifex hic jacet, sanctus servus Dei.* The second letter being *evidently* an L, and the I. D. E. a transposition of *Dei*, from the ignorance of the sculptor: a stone erected to the memory of one *Clemens*, a dignified brother in the convent. Nothing can be *more plain and easy* than this.”

Signed X.

So much for the first opinion, now let us examine the merits of the second.

“I never was so much astonish’d in my life, as at the perusal of Mr. X’s solution of the inscription in question: what a forced construction! what a preposterous idea!—I will grant him that K is often found on monuments of antiquity in the place of C; but how, in the name of wonder, could he imagine the two following letters to be L. E. which are *plainly* Æ.—But, the cream of the jest, I. D. E. a transposition of *Dei*!—*Risum teneatis!*—Why! I cou’d have help’d him to a better exposition myself, if nothing but a monkish origin wou’d content him, S. S. I. D. E. *sanctissimus in Deo.*—But this inscription is *undoubtedly* more antient than the days of popery. I grant him that the *vestigia* of antiquity in a vicinage ought always to have great weight in determinations of this kind: but, if my researches into its locality had not been carried further than Mr. X’s, the world wou’d have been still at a loss in a point where *history is so materially concern’d*. On a personal survey of the place, I discovered that the stone was found near an old Roman military road, close by the side of which a large morass extends some miles to the eastward, and seems, by the situation of the country, to have covered as much ground formerly to the westward. Here, indeed, we have a light thrown on the subject, which will *clear up all manner of difficulty*. K often found in inscriptions for C, and C for *Cælius*—Æ. *ædilis*, an officer whose business it was to see the roads kept in proper order—P. O. N. T. *pontem*—H. *Hadriani*, the same who built the wall to prevent the inroads of the Picts, thence called Hadrian’s wall,—I. S. S. I. *jussu*, the first *u.* and the former part of the latter *u* being obliterated—D. E. *demoluit*—*Cælius ædilis, Hadrian jussu, pontem demoluit*, when by draining the morass, the bridge became unnecessary.”

Signed Y.

"N. B. The priory Mr. X. talks of, seems to have some of the stones of the old bridge about its foundation."

We have seen the positive, and the comparative, proceed we to the superlative degree.

"I am perfectly of Mr. Y's opinion, with regard to Mr. X's explanation of this invaluable inscription, in thinking it the most ridiculous idea that ever entered into the head of an antiquarian. His conjectures are ingenious, but all the *light* he boasts of will no more lead us to the truth, than a Will o'wisp will conduct the traveller safe homewards; —"

Fumum ex fulgore; non ex fumo dare lucem Cogitat. —

And I am sorry to inform him that he hath betrayed an egregious ignorance of the Roman state, and a want of being versed in the *monumenta veterum*. Every man knows that the office of ædile was confined merely to the city of Rome and its environs; and then, the most elegant of their inscriptions are always couched in initials. Where he says that history is materially concerned in researches of this nature, I heartily agree with him; and indeed it is the only point where the learned gentleman and myself can concur in opinion. The greatest lights have been thrown on the obscure passages of history, discoveries of the last importance to society have been made by those, whose study hath been the noble science of antiquity -- What a glorious opportunity then is here offer'd us of extending our knowledge into the *arcana* of past ages! What would a Camden or a Hollinshead have given to have traced the footsteps of *Augustus Caesar* so far as the northernmost parts of the *Brigantes*; or see him introducing the Roman temple into Britain! I have taken the most obvious and general received meaning of the initials, and find the solution to stand thus, *Cæsaris ex edicto per orbem nuntiatur templum hic inflauratum sacrum sibi ipsi dicatum esse.* — We find him here, after having, like Hercules, finished the greatest of his labours; after having extended his conquests over the *feros & indomitas Britannos*; erecting a temple on the limits of his ambition, and flushed with conquest assuming the honours of a God. This is the most *easy* and *natural* construction, and perfectly consonant with the concise terms in which their inscriptions were generally couched. We need no other proof to convince us of the *certainty of the fact*; but, as a corroborating

circumstance, if we look into Horace *Lib. 4. Ode 5*, we shall there find *Augustus* pleaded with the new assumed title of a Deity, after finishing the most glorious of all his victories. A passage which *evidently* refers to this very circumstance —

PRÆSENS DIVUS habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio; —

Signed Z.

"The stones which Mr. Y. mentions in the priory have a *much greater resemblance* of the remains of an old temple, than the trifling ruins of a bridge, especially one which has the uncouth figure of a sword upon it."

I must not here omit one circumstance, that Mr. Z. was not a member of that society when he wrote this; but, immediately on the appearance of this exposition, he was unanimously elected by the whole body, concluding that, from such amazing abilities, and so striking a mark of his genius, he would one day or other do honour to the chair.

Thus was the noble science of antiquity within one step of the possession of her long lost treasure, now rendered more valuable by the rust of ages. History had already snatched her pencil, and stood ready to record the great event: but, alas! *vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas!* how was this aerial structure, raised by the united learning of that venerable body, shaken to its foundation, by the oral tradition of an old grey-bearded schoolmaster of the village! whose memory unluckily informed him, when the affair became public, that this invaluable inscription was neither more nor less than — KEEP ON THIS SIDE — an instance of the benevolence of some good-hearted cottager, to warn the traveller of his danger, and prevent him from riding into the quagmire; all the jostling of the letters owing to the uncouth surface of the stone, and all the inelegance of the sculpture to the excentricity of the untutored hand which had engraved it.

The use I intend to make of this story, the moral of my tale is, only, this: from the most trivial circumstance we have seen the *wisest and most learned* of mankind lost and bewildered in the search of truth; if then we turn our eyes on the monument and see, the *grossest blunders in Latinity*, the *language of ancient Rome tortured on the rack of English grammar*, *sense flying before the face of sound*, and *harmony again frighted away at the approach of sense*; when we reflect, I say, that all this is signed with the

signet

signet of SIR WILLIAM BROWNE; who is there but must hurl the bolt of execration at the head of the * ignorant artist, who hath thus mangled the *finest original* in the universe! To rescue the *poor remains* from the merciless hands of some future copiest, shall be my business in the next Magazine.

[To be continued.]

ANECDOTES of the Marshal Duke of BOUFFLERS.

THIS general was born January 10, 1644, of an ancient and noble family of the province of Picardy. He distinguished himself amongst the illustrious captains who have done honour to the age of Lewis XIV. By his indefatigable courage, uncommon vigilance, and incessant application to the duties of his rank, he was one of the most accomplished generals of that reign. Add to these talents his unbounded zeal for his king and country, which was displayed in all his conduct, and he was a pattern even for Spartan virtue.

William III. had in 1695 taken Namur, and marshal Boufflers was made prisoner, contrary to the convention that had been stipulated. Astonished at this event, the marshal, who had obtained great honour in defending the place, enquired into the cause of this proceeding; when he was informed, "this was but by way of reprisal for the garrisons of Dixmude and Deuse, whom the French had made prisoners, notwithstanding the capitulations." "If that be the case," said Boufflers, "they should take my garrison and not me." "Sir," he was told, "we esteem you more than ten thousand men."

Marshal Boufflers acquired infinite hon-

* If there is any man who may yet think that I have exaggerated the injury which this inscription could possibly receive from the hand of the sculptor, or that I have carried my supposition beyond the line of probability, I refer him to a church-yard in *Lynn* for conviction; where he will find Mr. Prior treated with as much severity as Sir William can be in the two following lines on the death of an infant, and that by the interpolation of only *one single letter*.

"Thrice happy babes! *zuchors*, privileg'd by fate,

"To fewer sorrows, and a shorter date!"

our by his glorious defence of Lisle, which was besieged by prince Eugene in 1708. The marshal was shut up in the place, and seeing with much regret the misunderstanding that prevailed in the army without, relied solely upon his courage for his safety. He was constantly upon his feet night and day, visiting the works, providing for the wounded, and, in a word, seemed to be every where at once. "Gentlemen," he said to his officers, "I confide in you, but I answer for myself."

Lisle was obliged to capitulate, after having been defended by marshal Boufflers near four months. After the capitulation, when prince Eugene saw the marshal, he said to him, "I consider the taking of Lisle as a glorious enterprize, but I should have been still more happy in defending it like you."

Boufflers was raised to the dignity of a peer of France immediately after the siege, and he was accompanied at his reception in parliament by a number of officers, who had defended Lisle with him. "Gentlemen," said he, turning towards them, "all the favours I receive, all the honours that are bestowed upon me, I owe to you, and to you I confer them: it is you that are rewarded, and I can only congratulate myself for having been at the head of such brave men."

During this siege a French partizan having publicly said, that prince Eugene passed every day within musquet-shot, and that he could easily dispatch him; this declaration reached marshal Boufflers, when he sent for the partizan, and told him, "Your fortune is made if you can bring me that great general prisoner; but I declare to you, that you shall be punished with the utmost rigour if you attempt destroying him: nay, if I only suspected that you thought of such a thing, I would confine you for the rest of your days."

A few days before the battle of Malplaquet in 1709, it was publicly talked of at Versailles, that a very important action would soon take place between the French army commanded by marshal Villars, and the allied army under Eugene and Marlborough. Lewis XIV. who for some years had met with many mortifying repulses, seemed to be very uneasy about the event. Boufflers, in order to quiet in some degree the perturbation of his mind, offered, though a senior officer to Villars, to go and serve under him. His proposal was accepted, and he repaired to the camp. There was a very singular contest for modesty and greatness of soul between these

two commanders, Villars desired to have Boufflers for his leader, whilst the latter persisted in yielding him all the glory, and sharing only the danger. No event of Boufflers's life ever contributed more to render his name respectable.

Marshal Villars, who commanded the left wing at this battle, being obliged to retire on account of a wound he had received, marshal Boufflers charged the enemy six times after this accident; but finding they had made themselves masters of a wood, through which they penetrated into the center of the French army, he yielded them the field of battle, and made a retreat in such good order, that the allies did not judge proper to pursue them.

His magnificence and generosity kept pace with his courage and his patriotism. When Lewis XIV. formed a camp at Compiègne, by way of a military lesson for his grandson the duke of Burgundy, and as an amusement for the whole court, Boufflers kept such a splendid table, that the king said to the marquis de Livri his *maitre d'hôtel*, "There is no occasion for the duke of Burgundy to keep a table, we cannot surpass the marshal's: the duke may dine with him when he attends the camp."

This general died at Fontainebleau in August 1711, aged 67; upon which occasion madame de Maintenon has observed, "That his heart survived every other part about him."

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE satisfaction I have received in perusing your Man of Pleasure, has led me to reflect upon the folly and extravagance of our present race of young noblemen, who, in direct opposition to that character, hurry through life in one invariable round of irregularity and debauchery: they seem afraid of out-living their powers and their passions, and hasten their deaths by every possible means. When they are given over by their physicians here, they go abroad for the recovery of their health, and frequently give up their last breath immersed in the refinements of foreign luxury.

If they did but reflect a moment how much easier it is to preserve than to restore a constitution, and that the very best must, by repeated debaucheries, be destroyed, they would certainly forego some transient imaginary pleasures, to enjoy those sub-

stantial ones that health alone can communicate.

If we take a view of the circle at St. James's on a court-day, how few young noblemen do we see whose lives are worth ten year's purchase! Emaciated ere they have attained maturity, a succession to their fortunes does but enable them to revel on in their seductive course, till at length Italy is prescribed as their last hope; and there they most frequently pay the great debt of nature, many years anticipated by their juvenile follies.

If we look back to the days of Edward, and read the exploits of Agincourt and Poitiers, we may reasonably suppose our young noblemen then were as vigorous as they were brave; capable of enduring the fatigues of a military life, and attacking their foes in the very heart of their country: but modern refinements have unnerved us, every corner of the globe is ransacked for the destruction of our health, and every quack who has the art of killing in taste, by promoting the most destructive vices, is sure to make an Asiatic fortune.

It was the policy of the ministers of Lewis XIV. to make their language universal, in order to pave the way to universal monarchy: to the same end were their fashions and amusements propagated throughout Europe; and every country that has adopted them, has, in proportion, become effeminate and vicious. To our lot they have fallen most amply, as every Maccaroni daily evinces. Their external appearance strongly depicts their sentiments; and a rational being, who can take so much pains to resemble a monkey, must certainly have a great share of the natural disposition of that animal.

A sea officer, who had been on a long voyage, waiting upon the board of admiralty the other day, made a most egregious mistake, from the contrast of the present fashion to that which prevailed at his departure for the South-seas. He accosted my lord — at his own door, asking him if his matter was at home. "Who do you want, Sir?" "My lord —." "I am the person." "I beg your lordship's pardon, but really your going in your waistcoat this cold weather, made me think it was your valet de chambre." His lordship did not much approve of the bluntness of the sailor; but perceiving the force of the satire, he has worn a rational coat ever since.

Charing-Cross, Nov. 16. I am, &c.

OBSERVATOR

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WHEN an Englishman lands at Calais, if he does not speak the language of the country, he is usually surrounded with half a dozen porters to carry his trunk to the custom-house, who all insist upon being paid if they do but touch a handle: if he can make himself a little understood in French they probably diminish to four; and if he speaks it fluently, he may be only tormented with one.

This may serve as a general index of the opinion of the French nation respecting foreigners, whom they hold in contempt, in proportion as they differ from them; and in the same degree as we come near their standard, they allow us sense and abilities.

A Frenchman looks upon France as the only nation in the world for wit and politeness, and thinks it as much impossible for a German to utter a *bon mot*, as for an Englishman to pay a common compliment with a tolerable grace. A Parisian *petit-maitre* considers every man who lives out of the capital, little better than a barbarian; and when a provincial French gentleman first arrives at Versailles, he receives a hundred impertinences from these insignificant butterflies, who aim at being wasps, till he has pinned a few of them against the wall, to convince them he possesses as much courage as a Parisian, though he may not be so complete a master of the etiquette of a drawing-room.

A Norman gentleman, some time ago, went to Paris about a law-suit, and walking in the Thuilleries before dinner with a coat not quite the last new fashion, whilst three or four *petits-maitres* were drinking orgeat upon a seat; one among them laughed out loud, saying, *Les Normans ces sont des fiérs gens pour la longueur des habits et des procez*. "These Normans are doughty people, for the length of their coats and their law-suits." To which the Norman replied, *Monsieur, mon habit est plus long que le votre; mais mon épée ne l'est pas quoiqu'aussi bonne*. "Sir, my coat is longer than your's; but my sword is not, though as good."

They retired, and in a few thrusts the Parisian was mortally wounded. After which the victor turned about, and said, *Y'a-t-il quelqu'autre, qui veut couper mon habit à la mode?* "Is there any other who chuses to cut my coat according to the fashion?" but no one replied, and the Norman gentleman remained in Paris some weeks till his

business was finished, without any one squinting at the unfashionableness of his dress.

The Parisians rely upon their superior knowledge of the sword to foreigners and provincials, and therefore ridiculously imagine they have a right to be impertinent to them; but if the former were constantly to insist upon the choice of weapons, the *petits maitres* would probably decline the combat.

If you think, Sir, these observations worthy of a place in your Magazine, I should be glad to see them inserted as soon as possible.

An Englishman who has been at Paris.
Newman-street, Nov. 20.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

AS your various correspondents seem to endeavour to outvie each other in their picturesque descriptions of living characters, permit me to attempt the delineation of one who has hitherto escaped their attention.

Pomposo is a man of a very slender income, whose vanity prompts him to make the world believe he is possessed of a very considerable fortune; that he keeps the best company; and that his friends often let him into secrets of state, ere they have escaped out of the privy council. To this end his back makes a splendid appearance, whilst his belly has a very just right to complain of the partiality under which it frequently groans. Wrapt up in a great coat, over an embroidered suit, he often drops in at Young Pontac's in Newgate-street, and regales himself with a mess of broth and a chop; after which he repairs to the St. James's coffee-house, and talks largely of the flavour of the venison, or the tenderness of the partridges on which he has dined. If he picks up an article of intelligence worth relating, he flies to the Cocoa Tree, and assures the room, that having dined with one of the secretaries of state, he knows the precise state of affairs between us and the Spaniards, and throws out some hints that give him an air of importance.

Probably after this display of intelligence, he makes a retreat to an obscure porter-house, where a slice of bread and cheese, and a pint of beer, finish the luxuries of his table for the day. But meet him next day at noon, and he has supped the night before at the St. Alban's, or the

Star and Garter, and drank claret till four in the morning.

As Pomposo claims an acquaintance with all the nobility, he never sees a coach or a chariot pass with a coronet, without bowing to the nobles, and often obtains a return from the titled passenger. His companions, some of whose circumstances are as contracted as his own, are astonished at the extent of his great acquaintance, and ascribe to him parts and talents, which he does not in any degree possess, that recommend him to the attention of such respectable friends.

Pomposo has indeed imposed upon the world so long with regard to his noble connexions, that he himself begins to think them real: but, what is more to his advantage, he has persuaded a widow with nine thousand pounds in her own possession, that he is the very man of consequence he appears; and her vanity prompting her to figure among duchesses and countesses, she proposes in a few days giving her hand to Pomposo, that she may keep as good company as her husband.

The match will, probably, take place before this appears in print, otherwise I should not send it you for your next Number; as Pomposo with all his foibles and follies, has more good-nature and common sense, than generally fall to the lot of a coxcomb.

A WELLWISHER.

Piccadilly, Nov. 21.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THERE are few things in the ancient poetry more moving than the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. It has acquired new beauties by falling into the hands of the tender and passionate Virgil, and is told by him in so melting a strain, that some of the touches he has given it can hardly be read without tears. When we are wrought up to such a temper, it naturally leads us to pity the hard fate of the unhappy lovers, and we begin to feel some indignation at the captious condition upon which he was to possess his beauty, or lose her for ever: not to look at his loved Eurydice! arbitrary and capricious! unbefitting the just brother of Jove, and unlike the bounties of a divine, unenvious nature; unless, indeed, there is something else understood than appears: some truth in life or morals that lies latent under this circumstance of the tale.

The great and unhappy lord Verulam, who was sensible of the incongruity, has given an explanation of the fable, but seems not to have hit upon the real meaning. What he says is entertaining and beautiful; for he was a spirit of that high order who go ingeniously wrong, and who cannot err without instruction. But I incline to think, that the moral of the fiction is either to be learned at an ordinary music meeting, or an unmeaning opera, than, where his lordship directs us, in the recesses of abstruse philosophy.

Orpheus's mistress was music. The powers of it are enchanting. It lulls the reason, and raises the fancy in so agreeable a manner, that we forget ourselves while it lasts. The mind turns disjunct and gay, and hugs itself in all the deluding prospects, and fond wishes of a golden dream. Whilst every accent is warbled over by a charming voice, a silly song appears sound morality, and the very words of the opera pass for sense, in presence of their accompaniments: but no sooner does the music cease than the charm is undone, and the fancies disappear. The first sober look we take off it breaks the spell, and we are hurried back, with some regret, to the common dull road of life, when the florid illusion is vanished.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Aberdeen.

T. B.

To the LADIES of Great Britain.

The humble Petition of a discarded Servant,

Sherwell,

THAT she hath been a faithful and constant servant for a long succession of years; and that it would be the highest pitch of cruelty and ingratitude to banish her at this time, as there are so few countries in Europe now disposed to give her an asylum.

That your petitioner can with truth set forth many important services she has performed for you, when in the most imminent danger; without upbraiding you for indiscretion, or extorting a reward.

That she has often been the chief instrument of making your fortunes, and has invariably been the basis of your happiness.

That she has been more ornamental to you than all the parade of dresses, or the dazzling brilliance of the most costly jewels.

That

That beauty, without her attendance, is but deformity; and the greatest toaft never appeared with any *eclat*, unless she was in her train.

That she has ever been the most certain advocate for procuring good matches, and that every marriage, unless she is still retained, must only be productive of misery.

That now she is discarded, debauchery and confusion must ensue. Prudent men will never think of the connubial-state but with horror; and posterity will have reason to execrate you for their illegitimacy.

For these and many other cogent reasons, your petitioner humbly requests you will once more take her into your service, and your petitioner will, as in duty bound, for ever pray.

CHASTITY.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have attempted the character of the late Dr. Lucas, member of parliament for the city of Dublin. If you judge it deserving of a place in your Magazine, I should be glad to see it in your next Number. A. B.

DR. Lucas was brought up to the study of physic. His father left him but a small fortune, but by the aid of his profession he lived not only genteelly, but with a noble hospitality. His character in every department of life was unblemished; whether we consider him, as the senator, the father, the citizen, the physician, or the friend. He visited the poor, and gave his advice; but so far from taking a fee, he frequently bestowed alms. A venal and corrupt majority in the house of commons of Ireland, in the year 1749, voted him an enemy to his country, and he was obliged to abandon that kingdom, for which he exerted the honest endeavours of a true patriot, and became an exile. He came to England, where he remained some years; during which time he had many opportunities that he failed not to improve, of advancing his medical knowledge. He was here equally caressed by the learned and great, whose views were just and laudable. A *noli prosequi* being obtained, through the intercession of his friends, he returned to Ireland in the year 1761; soon after which he was elected member of parliament and representative for the city of Dublin. In the capacity of

NOVEMBER, 1771.

a senator he has ever since acted as a good citizen, and a firm friend to the liberties and interests of Ireland; displaying the most disinterested and patriotic principles, amidst glaring venality, and assailing corruption---too strong for many pretended patriots to withstand, who by their defection proved their opposition was founded in interest, and their pretended love for their country centered in false ambition. But Lucas's integrity never relaxed; his firmness rose superior to every temptation; his virtue was proof against every ministerial bait, however gilded, however attracting. Through all the revolutions of politics and administration, he remained immutable and unshaken,

As on a rock that neither power could soften,
Or the wrath of Jove could move
—— His resolution stood.

To the latest hour of his life he persisted in being a declared foe to tyranny and unconstitutional power; exerting all his abilities, and straining every nerve for securing the rights, privileges, and liberties of his constituents and fellow-citizens. Whilst he despised threats, and spurned bribes and pensions, he stemmed the tide of venality, the current of ministerial influence, and the torrent of pensioned oratory. He was the bulwark of Irish liberty, the pillar of free senatorial debate, and the palladium of virtue, justice, and honour. One striking proof of his singular disinterestedness, amidst every ministerial pecuniary temptation, was his poverty---he died insolvent.

Weep, Hibernia, for thy loss is great---
LUCAS is no more!

*** We do not, by inserting this character of Dr. Lucas, mean to preclude his Memoirs, which are promised us by another Correspondent.

An Apology for PORTRAIT PAINTING.

Whoever is delighted with his own picture must derive his pleasure from that of another. Every man is always present to himself, and has, therefore, little need of his own resemblance, nor can desire it, but for the sake of those whom he loves, and by whom he hopes to be remembered. This use of the art is a natural and reasonable consequence of affection; and though, like other human actions, it is often complicated with pride, yet even such pride is more laudable than that by which palaces are covered with pictures, which, however excellent, neither imply the owner's virtue, nor excite it.

4 H.

An

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS and
PAMPHLETS.

Travels through that Part of North America, formerly called Louisiana; by Mr. Boffu, Captain in the French Marines. Translated from the French, by J. R. Foster, &c. Two Vols. 8vo. Price 10s. Davies.

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For an account of these pieces, and their performance, see our last and present Number of the Theatre.

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An attempt to point out the errors in the administration of Asiatic affairs, in order to remedy the evils, and render our possessions in that part of the world of the greatest national advantage. In the course of this work, our author observes that "harmony ought carefully to be kept up between the gentlemen intrusted with the civil power, and those who command the military: the army must be under the controul of the civil power; except as to its manœuvres and arrangements, and in the course of execution: these particulars should be entirely under the direction of the superior military officer; for it is absurd in a civil governor to interfere in every little regulation, and in points it is morally impossible he can ever be properly acquainted with: why he should wish it, I know not, since, by meddling on every such occasion, he adds nothing to his own consequence, but diminishes that of the commander in chief of the troops, and gives general disgust: jealousy prevails too often between these two different departments, and is productive of feuds, that may at some time or other prove fatal to the general interest of the company."

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We may venture to pronounce that this man of honour, is neither a man of wit, humour, or sentiment.

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This is thought to be a genuine narrative of the misfortunes that have befallen the unhappy author, for whose relief this work is published. In this opinion we shall pass over any criticism, and wish him an extensive sale.

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A short Essay upon Republican Government, &c. 8vo. Bell.

A weak attempt to prove that a monarchic government is superior in advantage to that of a republican one.

therefore $z^n = \frac{b \frac{n}{m} \times y \frac{n^3}{m^2}}{a \frac{n^2}{m^2}}$, and by writing this for z_n in the third equation, and reducing,

we shall next have $y = \frac{c a \frac{n^2}{m^2}}{b \frac{n}{m}} \frac{\frac{m^2}{n^2}}{\frac{m^2}{n^2} + \frac{m^2}{n^2}}$ whence x and z may be determined.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. William Sedgwick.

Because the sum of the sides of a triangle multiplied by the radius r of the inscribed circle gives double the area, it is evident that the sum of the sides must be the least possible; and consequently the triangle is isosceles. Put $2x$ for the hypotenuse; then $2x \sqrt{r^2 + x^2} = 4xx \therefore x = \sqrt{2r^2 + 1} \times r$, $2x = \sqrt{2^2 + 1} \times 2r = 43.284$, and each leg equal to $\sqrt{2^2 + 1} \times 2 \times r = 34.142$.

Mr. William Castiau, D. W. of Monmouth, Mr. Michael Boyle, of St. Edmund's, in Suffolk, Mr. John Aspland, of Mildenhall, Mr. Benjamin Shelton, bookseller, at Tamworth in Staffordshire, Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wissett in Suffolk, Mr. W. Sedgwick, of Cottingham, Mr. William Smart, of Wicken in Cambridgeshire, and Mr. John Haycock, of Sedgeford in Norfolk, answered all the questions; Mr. Richard Skewes, teacher of mathematics at Exeter, and Mr. Gervase Cliff, of Ruddington, answered the first, second, and fourth questions; Mr. J. W. Langton, of Southwark, answered the first, second, and third; Mr. John Raven, of Pewsey, and Mr. William Sparks, of the same place, answered the first and second; Mr. Abraham Crocker, and Mr. Samuel Wells, junior, of Biggleswade in Bedfordshire, answered the first and fourth questions.

New MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. By D. W.

Given the area of an equilateral triangle equal to 96 statute acres: required the side of the triangle?

QUESTION II. By Mr. Goodwin.

The sides and difference of the diagonals of a trapezium inscribed in a circle being given, to find the angles themselves?

QUESTION III. By Mr. William Sedgwick.

Given $\sqrt{x} + \sqrt{y} = 5$
 $\sqrt{x} - \sqrt{y} = 1$ } to find x and y .

QUESTION IV.

Standing near the side of a pond I observed the reflected image of the top of an adjacent tower, whose base was farther distant from the reflecting point than my station was by 930 feet. Now admitting the incident ray to be the least possible, and the height of my eye $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet above the level surface, it is required to find the tower's height?

POETICAL

POETICAL PIECES.

HYMN for CHRISTMAS, in five
Parts, from the Psalms.

By W. WILLIAMS.

PART I.

A Wake my soul in solemn lays,
 Carol the great Jehova's praise. Pf. 104.
 Send up the homage that his name
 May loudly from his creatures claim. 29.
 Come to his temple, come away,
 The beauty of devotion pay. 96.
 What heav'nly pow'r can rival thine,
 What name among the names divine. 89.
 (a) "The worlds that roll above proclaim
 "The parent God from whence they came;
 "And day to day, and night to night,
 "Declare his wisdom and his might;
 "No clime remote of various speech
 "But learns th' important truths they teach;
 "From pole to pole th' instruction flies,
 "And tracks from east to west the skies." 19.
 'Ere mountains or their parent earth
 Were form'd, or worlds obtain'd their birth,
 Thou liv'st, O God; Time never knew
 Thy origin, or end shall view. 90.
 Enrob'd in light, with glory crown'd,
 Honour and pow'r the Lord surround;
 Heav'n like a curtain he displays,
 His chambers in the waters blaze:
 On wings of storms he walks on high,
 Clouds are his chariot thro' the sky. 104.
 'Twas the Lord's single voice that made
 The universe; the Almighty bade
 Th' extensive heav'n's revolve above,
 And all their hosts around us move. 33.
 (a) "There God the sun's pavilion spread,
 "Ordain'd his influence thence to shed,
 "With all a bridegroom's blushing grace
 "He quits the chamber for the race.
 "Exulting, swift in conscious strength
 "He eyes, with joy, th' amazing length,
 "His circuit wide as heav'n extends,
 "His heat to Nature's utmost ends," 19.
 Earth on its constant base he laid,
 And ocean o'er its bosom spread; 104.
 That instantly began to be
 Soon as he utter'd his decree: 148.
 Who lulls the main's tempestuous rage,
 And noisy billows can assuage; 65.
 Forbids them o'er their bounds to rise,
 O'erwhelm the earth, invade the skies: 104.
 God keeps the sea within its shore,
 And makes the dreadful thunder roar: 29.

(a) Gent. Mag. May 1762.

He bids the moon her seasons know,
 And tells the sun how far to go: 104.
 The everlasting mountains founds,
 Omnipotence the Lord surrounds. 65.

PART II.

Transcendent Excellence! what speech
 Can e'er thy wond'rous grandeur reach; 145.
 God's voice the wilderiness can make,
 And all its savage tenants quake: 29.
 The earth shall tremble at his look,
 And at his touch the mountains shook: 104.
 Earth shakes to see Jehova nigh,
 And heav'n dissolves beneath his eye: 68.
 In presence of their awful Lord
 The melting mountains seas afford.
 Earth startled saw his lightning fly,
 Reiterated thro' the sky. 97.
 His anger moves the mightiest hills,
 And with dismay creation fills;
 Before him issue smoke and fire,
 And coals are kindled at his ire.
 (b) "Incumbent on the bending sky
 "The Lord descended from on high,"
 Cast darkness underneath his feet,
 And on the cherubs took his seat;
 Down on the wings of winds he rode
 In royalty, a mighty God!
 Within the gloom of darkest clouds
 His awful Majesty he shrouds;
 The densest mists on ev'ry side
 The splendors of th' Almighty hide;
 Before their God the clouds retire,
 Hailstones succeed and coals of fire.
 Hailstones and coals of fire descend,
 While thunders heav'n incessant rend.
 Thy anger, Lord! earth open throws,
 And the round world's foundations shews;
 Discov'ring to our startled eyes
 The reservoirs whence fountains rise. 18.
 The waters, Lord! the waters see
 The terrors of their God, and flee.
 Thy dreadful thunders roar'd around,
 And all creation heard the sound. 77.

[The other Parts in our next.]

To ELIZA.

TELL, lovely nymph, ah! tell me why,
 My ardent vows, my prayers you fly;
 Why, when in raptures I draw near,
 You the soft tale refuse to hear.
 You say, that to an hundred more
 I the same oaths have sworn before;

(b) Merrick's Version.

Part

Part I confess, in part 'tis true,
 How far, my fair, I'll tell it you,
 That I may your compassion move,
 To let me live, I would say love:
 Life without love's a bitter pill,
 A nauseous draught, replete with ill;
 With it, it knows of no alloy,
 Productive of each pleasing joy.
 Each maid that roves the flow'ry plains,
 Or haunts the grove where silence reigns,
 Or in the dusky town abides,
 Where hate and noisy mirth presides,
 From nature has receiv'd some charm,
 Some art to please, some pow'r to warm,
 Some feature, or of form, or mind,
 In adamant chains to bind
 The hearts of men; make them by turns
 Hot as the fire which ever burns
 In *Ætna's* caves; or else to freeze,
 Hard as the icy *Greenland* seas.
 How have I gaz'd on *Mira's* face!
 'Till other charms made her's give place;
 The beauties that *Lucinda* deck,
 Her swelling bosom, ivory neck;
 Fair *Estifania's* sparkling eye,
 Whose blaze the brightest gems outvie;
 And *Laura's* brows so finely round,
 Have made my eager heart rebound:
 To *Celia's* wit I've been a slave,
Louisa's shape has made me rave;
 I *Chloe's* vocal pow'rs admir'd,
 Her swelling notes my soul have fir'd;
 And when *Maria's* snowy hand
 To the smooth keys has giv'n command,
 Amaz'd I've stood! her skill ador'd!
 Beyond the skies my thoughts have soar'd.
 But since that ever happy night,
 When you *Eliza* blest'd my sight,
 So like the queen of *Ida's* grove,
 So gay! so fair! so form'd for love!
 Adorn'd with every outward grace,
 Imagination's power can trace!
 Blest'd with a mind supremely great,
 That glow'd with friendship's sacred heat;
 Each former fear my heart had known
 Was quite eras'd, its smart was flown
 But in its place I quickly found
 One far more deep, more deadly wound;
 No healing pow'r its pain can kill,
 It baffles medicinal skill;
 From your bright eyes the dart was thrown,
 The cure is lodg'd with you alone:
 Consent, fair queen, bid *Hymen* blaze
 In all his pomp: then shall our days
 Be crown'd with joy, our ev'nings spent
 In heart-delighting merriment:
 Till after many happy years,
 Resign'd to fate, and void of fears,
 We sink to rest, again to rise
 In milder climes and brighter skies,
 In cooling shades and fragrant bow'rs,
 Ever to spend the glad some hours.

SONNET on GOD.

I.

A Rise, my soul, and spread thy eager wings,
 To heav'n fly, and there with angels
 join,
 To celebrate the holy king of kings,
 The God of gods, in harmony divine.

II.

'Tis he from whom all ruling virtue springs;
 In him all heav'nly qualities combine;
 He to our wounding griefs soft comfort brings,
 And cheers our souls with gifts from Wis-
 dom's mine.

III.

Eternal Lord! all justice, bounty, love!
 Ador'd beneath, belov'd and fear'd above!
 Oh! let thy angels round my steps attend;
 My inmost thoughts let reason govern still,
 Thy fortitude on all my actions send,
 And teach me to perform thy sacred will!

IMITATION of the 22d ODE of the
FIRST BOOK of HORACE.

By Mr. Alley, Author of The Summer-Day.

I.

THE blameless soul needs no defence!
 All heav'n is leagu'd with Innocence!
 Thy pallid spawn, O Guilt! is Fear,
 That ne'er can find asylum here.

II.

Secure Integrity may go
 O'er scorching lands, or Alps of snow,
 Or where the Ocean rolls his waves,
 Where Boreas like a fury raves.

III.

For, lost in blameless fancies sweet,
 My Anna* stray'd the lone retreat,
 When fiercely, as intent for blood,
 Rush'd forth the tyrant of the wood.

IV.

But, such the charm of Purity,
 Such force, O Virtue's caught from thee,
 Though famine fir'd the monster's eye,
 He fled, as trembling turtles fly.

V.

Nor where, with haggard looks that fright,
 Siberia mourns the ling'ring night;
 Nor yet where realms of Afric blaze,
 A fiercer through the desert strays.

VI.

Although my love alone were laid
 Where never twines the goodly shade,
 Where nature, lost to Phœbus' care,
 Shews all the horror of despair;

* For a character of the lady here alluded to, see the Summer-Day, p. 32, 33, 107.

VII.

Or where the dry and niggard soil
 Inflicts the wretched labourer's toil;
 Where ev'n the barb'rous tawny strain,
 Hold life but as a term for pain.

VIII.

Yet (such her fancy's lasting theme,
 As charms the faintest mortal's dream,
 Her cherub friend sweet Innocence)
 Nor joy she'd want, nor need defence.

* * In Mr. Alley's poem, *The Judgment of Venus*, p. 490, September Magazine, are the following errors. Stanza 2, line 2, for *dear* read *dear*. Stanza 4, line 4, for *dwelt* read *dwelt*. Stanza 6, line 1, for *water* read *water*. Stanza 19, line 4, for *year's* read *years*.

STREPHON and MOLLY.

M. AH! whither so fast does my dear Strephon stray?
 To court the young damsels? or spread the tann'd hay?
 Shall Molly no longer enraptur'd behold
 That heart in subjection, which now dares be bold?

S. Think not my sweet damsel I'll fall
 A victim enchanted by thee;
 I love you 'tis true above all,
 But now I'm resolv'd to be free.

M. Nay, sure my dear youth's but in joke,
 He cannot from Molly thus fly;
 'Tis only with fear to provoke
 This heart which for Strephon wou'd die
 You vow'd that my eyes wou'd eclipse
 The sun which illumines the day;
 That nought cou'd resist my ros'd lips,
 Which now prove as useless as they.

Alas! what a change do I find,
 Sure Cupid envenom'd his dart,
 Or shot the shaft into your mind,
 Which ought to have enter'd your heart.

S. The devil bewitches us men,
 I came with intention to rove,
 But now find myself bound again
 In all the strong shackles of love.

Then straight let us haste to the church,
 Our persons in wedlock unite,
 And then make a narrow research
 To find what our passions incite.

S. S.

A POEM, addressed to Miss Jenny Purier of Bristol.

'TIS not the outward graces I admire,
 Those transient beauties that must shortly die,
 The blushing form that will e'er long expire,
 And bury'd in oblivion ever lie.

'Tis the more noble beauties of the mind,
 Whose charms extatic time can ne'er decay;
 They leave a monument of worth behind,
 The friends of slander ne'er can take away.

They add allurements to the loveliest face,
 They sure attract the candid lover's eye,
 They render pleasing ev'ry seeming grace,
 The want of outward charms they oft supply.

But in fair Jenny ev'ry charm I find,
 The blooming beauties of the mind and face;
 All I can wish appears in her combin'd,
 The pleasing image, and the pleasing grace.

No haughty pride disturbs her quiet breast,
 Her bosom never mov'd by guilty fear,
 No dreaded dangers e'er her peace molest,
 Her actions upright, and her words sincere.

Serene and quiet pass her hours away,
 With rapt'rous pleasure the swift moments fly,
 While some new beauty each revolving day,
 Some new born charm in Jenny I descry.

London, Nov. 17.

J. FOWLER.

On an Urn (now erecting) to the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; in Hales-Owen Church-yard, Shropshire.

By Mr. GARRICK.

WHoe'er thou art, with reverence tread
 The sacred mansions of the dead.—
 Not that the monumental bust
 Or sumptuous tomb HERE guards the dust
 Of rich or great: (let wealth, rank, birth,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth;)
 This simple urn records a name,
 That shines with most exalted fame.
 Reader! if genius, taste refin'd,
 A native elegance of mind;
 If virtue, science, manly sense;
 If wit, that never gave offence;
 The clearest head, the tenderest heart,
 In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part;
 Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear;
 For, know, THY Shenstone's dust lies here.

Occasioned by hearing a Lady sing while playing upon a Spinnet.

WHEN lovely Phillis tunes the lyre,
 I stand with rapture and admire
 The nymph, who can such joy impart
 To cheer the dull and gloomy heart.
 Like Orpheus, who invites our ears,
 And lulls to rest our anxious fears,
 She gently strikes the trembling wires,
 And ev'ry breast with joy inspires;
 I hear with pleasure, and rejoice
 To hear her tune her lovely voice;

A thousand joys my bosom feels,
A thousand raptures strait reveals;
Melodious sounds—invite my ears,
And all a scene of mirth appears,

London, Nov. 18.

J. FOWLER.

The MYSTERY of the GOD HEAD.

IS there a man whose daring hand
Can number ev'ry grain of sand?
Can count the drops that fill the sea?
Or tell how many stars there be?
Who shall presume to comprehend
Infinity, that knows no end?
Who shall set bounds to boundless pow'r,
Restrain Omnipotence, or lower
Eternity to one poor hour?
Who shall disclose his Maker's plan,
Or dare his secret will to scan,
Shall feeble, short-liv'd, fordid man?
Believe me, man, thou can'st no more
The vast designs of God explore,
Than thy short arm can reach the sky,
Or turn the spacious ocean dry—
None, but perfection such as His,
Can know th' Almighty as he is:
His searchless glory can't be brought
Adapted to a mortal's thought;
His Majesty we can't discern,
His attributes we cannot learn,
'Till he removes the fleshy glass,
And shews his glory face to face.
Vain is the wisdom, vain the skill,
That strives to take away the veil,
That searches ev'ry mystery,
While clouded with mortality:
God is a theme too great for thought,
An awful something, who knows what?
Be silent, and submit to shew
Respect to what thou can'st not know:
Remember what thou art, and fear
His unknown witness always near:
Search not into his deep decree,
The subject! too refin'd for thee!
Thou must not ask, nor wish to see.
Cast each presumptuous thought away,
Consider, thou'rt at best but clay,
Whose only province is t' obey.

EXTEMPORE, on reading Trapp's Virgil.

I Mourn the hardships which Æneas bore
Before he reach'd Italia's fertile shore.
Was't not enough to see his friends expire,
And force his way thro' horrid floods of fire;
To be, in summer's heat, or winter's frost,
From clime to clime o'er raging billows tost?
But why must I, ye gods! for all his pains
Rewarded be with Trapp's reviling strains?

E N I G M A.

A Part of my dress from the dirt 'tis a cover,
The fruit we are told that did ruin our
mother;

A species of vermin, they're in water and land,
A very great person, who does us command;
The name of a people for blunders renown'd,
A species of slaves, in the West they abound:
These initials combine, then quickly is known
The name of a small, but populous town,
Where dwells a dear charmer, her name wou'd
you know,

I pray cast your eyes on the verses below.
The cause of great sorrow, much gladness and
sway,

A certain fam'd liquid our thoughts to convey;
A very fine fish in the Thames often found,
A method that's used to keep your meat sound;
The pride of the fair once lost ne'er regain'd,
A divine piece of painting for it churches are
fam'd;

A species of fraud that's hard on the poor,
A weapon oft used, tho' quite cruel I'm sure;
A noble large beast, in England 'tis bred,
A species of food on which squirrels are fed;
These initials combine, and justly you have
nam'd,

A maid fair and gentle, for virtue much fam'd.
She dwells in the town, the name is above,
Did she know but my thoughts!—ye gods ease
my love!

AMATOR.

The 23d Ode of the First Book of Horace.

Vitas himulco me, &c.

CHLOE thou fliest me like the fawn
That swiftly scuds along the lawn,
(Startling at every thing it sees,
And trembling at each fanning breeze)
To seek its anxious doe:
No cruel Afric lion I,
No tiger that thou need'st to fly;
Come, come away from mamma's arms,
Let me be happy in thy charms,
And no more coyneis show.

Qu'est ce que Dieu? "What is God?"

VAIN man, attempt not, with presumptuous
mind

Th' Almighty to explore, or how the world
Was at his fiat form'd, since 'twill surpass
All human measure ever to define
Thy God's existence, or his works to scan:
How this vast globe self-balanc'd hangs, or how
The lofty arch of heav'n unpropp'd remains
Immoveable!—this, this is far above
Thy grow'ling thought!—then silently adore
With awful reverence the Power supreme.

M. J. DAINTRY.

FOREIGN

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, September 17.

THEY write from Aleppo, that Neuman Pacha Seraskier has formed a design of marching into Egypt against Ali Bey, and that he has taken 18 pieces of cannon from thence for that expedition. All is now quiet in Syria.

A letter from Smyrna of the 9th inst. advises, that count Theodore Orlow and count Giovanni went to cannonade Rhodes with one man of war of the line, six frigates and a bomb vessel. The man of war was much damaged; the frigate, on board of which was count Giovanni, was dismasted, and obliged to retire, and the bomb vessel could not get near enough to do any thing. These advices add, that the Russian fleet has received seventeen ships laden with provisions and stores.

The last letters from Cairo advise, that Ali Bey continues to enjoy the power he has usurped there.

Warsaw, Oct. 2. The grand Russian army is encamped near Lake Kahul, four leagues from the Danube. A body of 30,000 Ottoman troops occupies a camp before Giurgewo, defended by four strong entrenchments. Count Romanzow has ordered generals Samayten and Igelfrom to go and attack that camp; and if they do not succeed, it is said, he is determined to march thither himself.

The Russians lately attempted to surprize Tyniec, and take it from the Confederates, but they did not succeed; on the contrary, they lost 450 men in the attempt.

Warsaw, Oct. 4. A process is carrying on, by order of the empress of Russia, against such officers as are accused of having contributed to the repulse at Giurgewo.

Lemberg, Oct. 6. It is certain that the Russians have not made any attempt for the retaking of Giurgewo; but it is confirmed, that col. Fabricius has passed the Oltus, and that with his hussars and hunters, he attacked and defeated a body of 3000 Turks in Upper Moldavia. A sickness reigns in the Russian army.

Petersburgh, Oct. 8. The malignant distemper which has broke out at Moscow, has caused great disturbance and confusion among the common people, which is the particular reason why the remedies and industry of the physicians to stop its progress have been ineffectual; and by the following account received from thence, the 4th instant, the populace have carried their excesses to the highest pitch. Ambrosius, archbishop of Moscow, perceiving that many abuses had crept in among the common people, through the artifice of some

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designing persons among them, thought it his duty to put a stop to their progress. These impostors found means to collect the major part of the people to one of the city gates, where there is an image of the Virgin Mary, and worked on their credulity, by a false appearance of religion, to gratify their own lucrative intentions. The people, even many of the sick, came in vast crowds to this place, and threw money into a chest put there for that purpose, by which means the distemper was spread surprizingly, and the crowd was even so great, that many people were trod to death. To put a stop to such villainous and impious practices, the archbishop sent proper officers to seal up the chest; but the blinded multitude, who looked upon this action as a disrespect to, and disturbance of their religion, immediately gathered themselves together, and plundered the archbishop's house; but not finding him there, they went to the convent, where this worthy archbishop was killed by them in the most cruel and barbarous manner. As soon as the government of Moscow heard that the people were in an uproar, they sent out the troops against them; by whose hands many of these wretches fell victims to their own credulity, and blind bigotry. A vast number of them were taken prisoners, who will be punished as the law directs for so great a trespass.

Warsaw, Oct. 9. All the confederacies in Lithuania are destroyed: count Oginski is, it is said, at Konigsberg: col. Drewitz, in returning from Grodno to this capital, totally defeated and dispersed the parties of Bielak, Korycki, and Paezkowski; the Pulk of Bielak suffered most, and was himself wounded in this action.

Warsaw, Oct. 10. The last letters from count Romanzow to Mr. Saldern, the Russian ambassador to this court, advise, that major Bielicz on the 26th of August made himself master of a little Ottoman fleet, consisting of four gallies, three saiques, and three small barks, going from Iaccia to Maczynow: the Turks had 150 men drowned in this affair, and lost ten pieces of cannon, and a great quantity of ammunition, sails, anchors, &c. Capt. Hadzi Azul and two other Turks were made prisoners.

Berlin, Oct. 15. The king has been troubled, for several days, with a fit of the gout. Though the attack was pretty violent, we have reason to hope it will not be attended with any ill consequences.

Leghorn, Oct. 16. The duke of Gloucester arrived here on Saturday, on board the Venus frigate. The governor had made preparations

4 I to

to receive him with the honours due to his rank, but he declined them, and went to the house of Mr. Dick, the English consul here, and being ill, keeps his chamber.

Warsaw, Oct. 19. General Bauer, on the 4th ult. gained a considerable advantage over 1600 Turks near the town of Dowicna. All the baggage, two pair of colours, and two boats, which were upon the Olta, were taken. The Turks lost above 100 men.

Warsaw, Oct. 21. In the late total defeat of count Oginski, several innocent persons lost their lives; for great numbers of the neighbouring nobility were unhappily come to pay their respects to the count, many of whom were killed in the confusion of the action.

Hague, Oct. 25. They write from Vienna, that a courier arrived there lately from Petersburg, with new proposals for peace, the court of Russia not having approved of those before made by the Porte: that the court of Vienna, though it does not perfectly relish some of the articles, sent a courier with them to Constantinople, and will detain the other courier till his return, in order to carry the answer of the Porte immediately to Petersburg. The contents of these articles are kept very secret.

Dantzick, Oct. 28. The tumult among the populace at Moscow, (mentioned before) was not suppressed till the 8000 men sent against the mob had made use of their artillery, and killed about 400 of them. Notwithstanding this loss, the rioters demanded that their associates, who were taken prisoners, should be set at liberty; but the commander of the troops told them they should all be hanged. Marshal Seltikow left Moscow two days after the above event, when every thing was very quiet.

Asia, Oct. 28. We have received a detail of an affair which happened a few days ago between the mountaineers and a large French detachment which had marched from hence for Ajaccio under the command of a lieutenant colonel and a major; by which it appears, the carnage was so great, that the French were almost entirely cut to pieces. The few left alive surrendered at discretion, whose arms, &c. were taken from them, and they were sent away. The officers of the state-major and some subalterns were detained prisoners, and the Corsicans demanded 6000 Louis-d'Ors for their ransom. The French government to regain the officers of distinction, some of whom were wounded, offered 2000 louis and the release of several Corsican fami-

lies who were in prison; but those banditti would not abate of their first demand. The latter have taken from the French 22 mules laden with baggage and provisions, and also the military chest which the above detachment was conducting.

Hague, Oct. 30. Prince Gallitzin, the Russian envoy at this place, has received a letter from Leghorn, dated Oct. 11, informing him that several Greeks arrived there from Zant, report, that the Russian fleet was besieging the Isle of Negrepont; that they had actually burnt 32 vessels from Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, in the port of Modon; and that the Russians had lost only one chebec and an English built frigate.

Paris, Nov. 4. They write from Rennes, that on the 23d of last month, the day on which the members of that parliament had received orders to come there, great numbers of them arrived, and, after mature deliberation, 48 of them signed a protest against whatever should be done against their body, and the next day 24 more joined in the same protest. In the afternoon of that day, the duke de Fitz-James, and Mr. Bastard, counsellor of state, arrived, and orders were given in the night for the parliament to meet the 25th. The gates of the palace were locked and guarded, that no person, except those who had a right, might go in. As soon as the parliament met, the duke de Fitz-James said, that he came there in obedience to the king's commands, and to execute some orders which Mr. Bastard would explain to them. This Mr. Bastard proceeded to do, and did not spare to tell them, that the behaviour of the parliament, and the disturbances in the province, which many of the members had contributed to, had brought upon them their disgrace. When he had finished his speech, some arrests of suppression were read, and the members would have entered into debate, but lettres de cachet were delivered to them, forbidding them so to do. Afterwards some erasements were made, and the above proceedings were registered, when the members went home; where other lettres de cachet were sent to them, ordering them not to stir out, nor see any body at home, till further orders. On the 26th the magistrates of the parliament received letters of exile, except 27 of them, who make part of the new parliament; the edict for the creation of which was registered the same day, in an assembly which met for that purpose, and consisted of 60 magistrates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

OUR politicians are very busy in preparing this nation for a war with Spain, if not also France. The insult the British flag has received

from the Spanish guarda costas, in seizing the Hawke sloop, searching the merchantmen in South America, and the firing at one of our men of war from Cadix, upon approaching within gun-shot of that

that fort, are thought sufficient reasons for insisting upon a categorical explanation from the court of Madrid, with respect to the designs of that nation. But as the parliament will not meet till towards the end of January, we cannot suppose so important a step will be taken, without their being previously made acquainted with the measure, at least, in order to obtain the necessary supplies for carrying on a war. A peace between the Turks and Russians appears to be as far distant as ever; the respective armies are, probably, by this time withdrawn into winter quarters, so that we cannot expect to hear much of their operations by land till next spring. As to the Russian fleet up the Mediterranean, it has lately made little or no progress; nor have the Turks been very forward in driving them from their coasts. The attempt made upon the life of the king of Poland by a party of the confederates, is very alarming to the security of crowned heads, and reminds us of a Ravillac, and a Damiens, whom we recollect with horror. Our domestic affairs have not undergone any great change: the principal topics that have employed us this month have been the marriage of the D— of C— with Mrs. H—ton, a fact that is not now even ministerially controverted, but palliated. The second is the refusal of alderman Townsend to pay the land-tax for his estate in Middlesex, on account of that county not being legally represented; in consequence of which a seizure has been made upon his goods, and he has commenced an action against the commissioners of the land-tax. The inundations of the Tyne and Wear, and the damage thereby occasioned, form another object of public attention, and indeed this appears to be the most interesting event of the month, as besides the great loss sustained by the inhabitants and proprietors of coal-mines and vessels in the vicinity of those rivers, the distress that this accident will inflict upon the poor of this metropolis, in particular, by the great rise in the price of coals, is at once alarming and lamentable.

Extract of a Letter from a gentleman in the suite of the duke of Gloucester, to his friend in London, dated Leghorn, Oct. 26.

"HIS royal highness the duke of Gloucester was attacked the night of his arrival here with a most violent dysentery, or bloody flux, and during twelve days received no benefit from any thing that was administered to him. The disorder increased to such a degree that his recovery appeared impossible; in this alarming crisis the bark was given with surprising success, and his royal highness from that moment grew better, and now recovers strength apace.

"As soon as his royal highness is perfectly recovered, which we hope will be in a few weeks, we shall proceed to Pisa, and from thence thro' Florence to Rome."

HOUSE of COMMONS of IRELAND.

Tuesday Oct. 29, 1771. This day the house was resolved into a committee on the supply, and when the speaker had resumed the chair, the report was ordered to be received the next day.

This and the order for such defaulters as should not appear on Friday Nov. 1. (or give

a special reason for their absence) should be taken into the custody of the serjeant at arms, was the whole business of Tuesday.

Oct. 30 and 31, were chiefly taken up in examining the report of the committee, in taking notice of the estimate, and in debating whether the paper entitled the Estimate was an estimate or not. In the course of the debate, Oct. 30, the list of pensions granted since 1761 was ordered to be read: it afforded both grief and mirth; grief to see it so extravagantly increased, and mirth at hearing some of the articles. Mr. O'Hara, when it was nearly read, objected to the reading any more of it, saying, that as it was ordered to lie on the table, any member might peruse it, and not have the time of the house taken up in unnecessary reading. This objection doubtless arose from his singular modesty, for when the clerk continued the reading, the name of the very next pensioner was Mr. O'Hara. Jeremiah Dyson (alias Mungo) appeared also in the list for a pension of 1000l. a year, and the survivor among his sons. The list was also graced with the name of Mr. Hely Hutchinson, and several other honourable men. In the debate on Oct 31, (which turned chiefly on the word *estimate*) the pension list was mentioned again, and the name of Mr. Schroder, remarked to be only a cover for a pension of 1000l. a year to a petty German prince. It was also urged that this Schroder was actually dead, therefore the pension should cease. This was opposed by the castle junto, who would infer that he could not be dead now, as they could produce a certificate that he was actually alive last Christmas. The house broke up early, after they had been informed that an account of the state—the wretched state of this nation, would be laid before them on Saturday the 2d day of November.

An account of the proceedings yesterday at the East-India House.

Oct. 31. At twelve o'clock the court was opened with a speech by Sir George Colebrooke: it was impossible to judge from the baronet's speechification, any one thing in the world, except that one Chillingham, whose name had never been heard before, was the most learned man that ever existed; and that this most learned man had once in his life-time changed his opinion merely out of vanity.—The next orator, in immediate succession, was Sir Henry Bankes, who, after speaking about ten minutes, informed the court that he was possessed of 19,000l. India stock.—All this while the real business of the day stood unagitated, when Mr. Manship rose, and gave the proprietors to understand his particular reasons for dissenting from the rest of the directors, touching the ability of the company's making good the dividend of 6½ to the proprietors, and also the 400,000l. payable to government. This gentleman clearly and uncontrovertibly proved, that the directors had given in a fallacious account at their last meeting; that their cash-account was carried down no farther

than March last, but their credit-account was carried down to August the 5th; that there were eight blanks in the state of their accounts, six of which had already been filled up, but that until the other two blanks were filled up, it would be impossible for the company to be certain whether they could or could not make good their respective payments to government and the proprietors. He enforced this clear position, with so many absolute, undeniable facts, that it was impossible to over-rule them. Sir J. H—— and Sir Thomas R—— attempted to speak, but the audience had too much good sense to give either the one or the other a hearing.—Mr. Sullivan flatly denied Mr. Manship's account to be any account at all; but the equivocating manner in which he addressed himself to the court, was soon silenced by Mr. Manship.—At length Mr. Purling, the chairman, with much *seeming candor*, gave in a state of the company's present abilities to make good the respective demands upon them, by shewing, *first*, that the company were now in a better condition than they were when they negotiated with government two years ago. For *then*, he said, the company had only 9 or 10,000*l.* in cash, and different merchandizes in their warehouses to the amount of 860,000*l.* but that *now*, the company, after paying their old debt due to the bank, after paying all their simple contract creditors, had in their warehouses in London, besides what they had already sold this year; they had, I say, to the amount of 2,900,000*l.* sterling. Mr. Creighton, who spoke with great propriety, and a thorough knowledge of the company's affairs, smartly replied, that this was a pompous account, that the like accounts had always fallen from the chair, but that *FACTS* had always belied these florid accounts, given by the chairman and directors for the time being; which assertions he proved in a very manly, clear, and spirited manner.

Governor Johnson then took up the cause, and proved, beyond any possible contradiction, from the chair, that although all was now *PEACE* in India, and the chairman had represented the state of the company's affairs in the most flourishing condition, yet all his accounts from Bengal perpetually contradicted their assertions, and that there never was known such an expenditure of money in Asia, even in the most flagrant times of war, as there now is in the profoundest times of peace. The chairman modestly replied, that several of the company's servants at Bengal had certainly deserved much censure on this account, but that some of them deserved praise. Sir George Colebrooke then made a motion, that the thanks of this court might be given to the chairman and the other directors, for their upright and prudent conduct of their public affairs, which is to be determined by ballot on Wednesday the 6th of November.

N. B. Mr. Chairman further informed the court, that the company had at this time in China 200,000*l.* in specie to buy goods there,

besides 600,000*l.* in specie at Bengal, for the like purpose in that country.

Yesterday the rev. Dr. Wetherall kissed his majesty's hand at St. James's, on being promoted to the deanery of Hereford.

Mr. Pownall's letter to the master of Lloyd's Coffee-house.

Whitehall, Nov. 1.

In order to prevent any unnecessary alarm amongst the merchants, and others of the City of London, trading to and interested in Jamaica, from any imperfect or false reports that may be spread relative to an earthquake, which happened at that island on the 3d of September, I am directed to acquaint you, for the information of the merchants in general, that it does not appear, by any advices which government has received of that event, that any considerable damage has been done, or that any lives have been lost, except a few Negroes killed by the fall of chimnies at Kingston and Port Royal.

JOHN POWNALL.

Extract of a letter from on board admiral Rodney's fleet at Port-Royal, Jamaica, to a friend in London, dated Sept. 4.

"We are now getting under sail to go down to Carthagea with a frigate and a sloop of war, to enquire into some insults the Spaniards have given us; they carried his majesty's armed sloop the Sir Edward Hawke into Carthagea by force, but have released her. On her arrival at Port Royal, Sir George Rodney ordered a court martial on an officer, and broke him, for suffering his majesty's colours to be degraded. The merchants have made great complaint of the ill treatment of the Spaniards. They have a great many English subjects working in irons on their fortifications, whom we are going to demand."

Another letter from Port Royal of the same date is more circumstantial, and as this affair is likely to make a great noise, we judge it necessary to lay it before our readers.

Lieut. Gibbs, in the Sir Edward Hawke schooner of eight guns and thirty men, in the government service, with the king's commission and colours, being near the mouth of Carthagea harbour, was taken by two guarda costas of twelve guns each, and sixty men or more, on the old pretence of being within limited distance of the shore.

The Carysfort frigate, being near, immediately made a demand of the schooner, which was delivered up, and returned to Port Royal; where Sir George Rodney called a court martial on the commander of the schooner, at which (though he had been known to have behaved courageously in action and esteemed an excellent officer, and though real resistance would have been fruitless) he was sentenced to be broke for having suffered himself to be carried in by the guarda costas without firing a gun. Had he fired a gun and struck he had been safe.

The Carysfort had demanded satisfaction; but, as ships in the king's commission are not liable to be searched, and for which reason the Spaniards have lately denied them access to their

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their ports, and this being the first insult of the nature, Sir George Rodney, as rear admiral of England, insisting on a national satisfaction, immediately sent down the Achilles of sixty guns, and a frigate, to join the Carysfort, and demanded satisfaction for the affront to the English colours, the result of which is daily expected by the Dunkirk, capt. Mackenzie, who waits the governor's answer.

7. John Eyre, Esq; who, though worth upwards of 20,000*l.* was convicted at the Old Bailey on Friday evening last, and sentenced to transportation for stealing 11 quires of common writing paper from Guildhall; he is since gone abroad

*Mr. Reynolds's Office, No. 39, Lime street,
November 7, 1771.*

Whereas complaints have been made unto us by divers of our fellow-citizens, freeholders of the county, and others, that the bailiffs or officers executing process against their persons or goods for debt, damage or the like, at the suit of the subject, do frequently *break open dwelling-houses*, and warehouses adjoining thereto, for the purpose of seizing the persons or goods of the owners or inhabitants thereof, in direct violation of the laws, and sacred privileges of Englishmen. These are to give notice to all such bailiffs or officers within our jurisdiction, that upon any charge brought before us, and proof made of such offences, the person or persons committing the same will be immediately discharged from the said office.

JOHN WILKES.
FREDERIC BULL.

8. Yesterday afternoon, at half an hour after two o'clock, Mr. Hunter, one of the domestics of his royal highness the duke of Gloucester, arrived at the queen's palace from Leghorn, which place he left the 27th ult. and brought the agreeable news that his royal highness was so well recovered of his late indisposition, that he was able to walk about his apartments, and is judged by his physicians to be entirely out of danger.

Mr. Townsend has refused to pay the land-tax for his estate in Middlesex, on account of that county not being legally represented in parliament.

9. The following reports having been circulated concerning a late marriage; we lay them before our readers to gratify their curiosity upon so very extraordinary an event.

A few days ago his R. H. the D. of C. was married at Calais, to the Hon. Mrs. Horton, widow of ——— Horton, Esq; a gentleman of a considerable estate in Derbyshire, and daughter to the right hon. Lord Irnham.

We are informed of the following fact from respectable authority: his royal highness the duke of Cumberland being on a visit some time ago where Mrs. Horton, sister to the member for Middlesex, was present, he fell so desperately in love with her, as to make a declaration of his passion that evening. For that time the lady passed it off as a piece of raillery; but the duke continuing his visits to her every day after, alarmed her so far

as to acquaint her brother with the particulars. The colonel immediately waited on his highness, and in the most respectful terms told him, "that though he could not expect the honour of an alliance, he hoped he had a hand and heart to protect his sister from dishonour, and therefore begged he would discontinue his visits." This resolute expostulation, for some time had the desired effect; but at last, finding all his happiness depended on possessing her, he sent for the colonel, and told him, he was ready to marry his sister directly. The colonel took him at his word.

A gentleman just arrived from Calais, asserts, that the D. of C. col. Luttrell, and Mr. Fettiplace, arrived there last Sunday from Dover, with Mrs. Horton, and lord Irnham's chaplain, and that the D. of C. and Mrs. Horton were married the same day. They resided, when this gentleman came away, at Grandfire's.

His royal highness the D. of C. was married to the hon. Mrs. Horton on the 4th day of Oct. last, at her house in Hertford-street, May-fair. When this matter could no longer be concealed, the married pair went to Calais (not with col. Luttrell, for he is in town) from whence his royal highness wrote a letter to the king, in which he acquainted his majesty, "That he was married to a most amiable and worthy lady; that indeed it was in his majesty's power to deprive him of several thousand pounds a year, but not of the inexpressible happiness he felt."

The following is his majesty's most gracious answer to the address of the house of Commons of Ireland.

"GEORGE R.

"His majesty receives with great satisfaction the loyal address of the house of commons, and thanks them for their affectionate congratulations on the increase of his royal family.

"His majesty accepts, as a new proof of their zeal and dutiful attachment to his person and government, their assurance of cheerfully granting the necessary supplies for the public service; and sees with pleasure that they are determined to use their utmost endeavours to put an effectual stop to such illegal outrages as have been lately committed in some parts of Ireland.

"Their attention to those two important objects, the linnen manufacture, and Protestant charter schools, will always be approved by his majesty, and they may depend on his concurrence in whatever shall tend to promote the prosperity of his kingdom of Ireland.

G. R."

10. A great personage is under the greatest anxiety for the situation of his royal brother, and dispatched Dr. Jebb, and Robert Adair, Esq; one of the surgeons general, for Leghorn, on Saturday last.

On Tuesday a Jew who lives in Shoe-maker-row, Aldgate, being taken ill, and touched with remorse of conscience (imagining he should die) sent for a friend, and acknowledged himself to be one of the nine Jews concerned in
the

the robbery and murder at Mrs. Hutchins's, at Chelsea, a few months ago. He desired his friend to inform some magistrate of the above; and having told him the names and places of abode of his accomplices, his friend went immediately to Sir John Fielding, who sent out his people after them, by which means four of the gang were taken, and after examination in the evening were committed to prison.

On the examination last Tuesday, before the magistrates in Bow-street, of the Jew who were apprehended in consequence of the oath of an accomplice (who surrendered himself) charged with being concerned in the late very extraordinary burglaries, as well as with the murder at Mrs. Hutchins's at Chelsea, it appeared that this gang was increasing to a dreadful degree; and that even fresh miscreants have been sent for from abroad, and arrived, and that they had formed some very daring and mischievous plans. Four of the offenders were committed by the above magistrates for further examination; two for being concerned in the above-mentioned robberies; the other two for receiving part of the plate, &c. knowing it to have been stolen; and search is making after six others, against whom informations are given.

St. James's, Nov. 13. This day their majesties came from Richmond to the queen's palace, to reside during the winter.

14. Yesterday the new resident from the republic of Venice, was presented to his majesty and delivered his credentials; the same day, the late resident M. Imberti took leave of his majesty, he being in a few days to return home.

St. James's, Nov. 16. His majesty has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the great seal of the kingdom of Ireland, containing a grant unto

The right hon. Charles William viscount Molyneux, of Maryborough, in the queen's county, and to his heir's male, of the dignity of an earl of the said kingdom, by the title of Earl of Sefton.

The right hon. Robert viscount Jocelyn, and to his heirs male, of the dignity of an earl of the said kingdom, by the title of the earl of Roden, of High Reding in the county of Tipperary.

The right hon. Henry viscount Loftus, and to his heirs male, of the dignity of an earl of the said kingdom, by the title of earl of Ely, in the county of Wicklow.

The right hon. Kenneth, viscount Fortrose, and to his heirs male, of the dignity of an earl of the said kingdom, by the title of earl of Seaforth.

The right hon. John viscount Westport, and to his heirs male, of the dignity of an earl of the said kingdom, by the title of earl of Altamont, in the county of Mayo.

The right hon. William, baron of Branden, and to his heirs male, of the dignity of a viscount of the said kingdom, by the title of viscount Crosbie, of Ardfort, in the county of Kerry.

Yesterday After Weil, Levi Weil, Jacob Lazarus, alias Hyam Dresden, alias Hyam Lazarus, Solomon Moses, alias Porter, and Marcus Hartogh, alias Afheburg, were by Sir John Fielding committed to Newgate on a charge against them of burglary in the house of Mrs. Deeton, at Wormley in Herts, and stealing a great quantity of silver.

The same day Ether Moses and Aaron Isaacs, alias Polock, were committed to Newgate by the said Magistrate, for receiving the above plate, knowing it to have been stolen.

Extract of a Letter from Newcastle, Nov. 13.

"By the incessant rains from Friday to Sunday, the large center arch of our bridge gave way, and fell into the river; and about the same time two other arches, near the south end of the bridge, fell down: eight or nine houses with shops, standing upon the latter arches, together with some of the inhabitants, were thereby overwhelmed in immediate destruction.

"The great damage done to the coal staiths and collieries on this river is inconceivable. In the adjacent parts of the country whole families have been drowned in their beds; and many were taken out of their houses from the windows, roofs, and chimney-tops. Many of the farmers have lost their whole stock of horses, black cattle, sheep, &c. with all the implements of husbandry.

"Eight or nine ships, close moored at Shields, were driven out of the harbour; some got upon the hard sand, others upon the Black Middens, and there went to pieces. The crews of some of them are buried in the waves. I should not exaggerate the damage, if I estimate the whole at 150,000l.

"P. S. I have just now heard that three more houses have fallen from the bridge into the river; and that the flood has been equally destructive in the river Wear, in the county of Durham."

18. This day came on before the barons of the exchequer at Westminster-hall, the great cause between Sir James Lowther, bart. plaintiff, and the duke of Portland defendant, in consequence of a grant made to Sir James Lowther, of the forest of Inglewood, in the year 1767, of lands being for upwards of seventy years in the possession of the family of the duke of Portland. Their lordships came into court about nine o'clock, and after waiting near an hour for baron Adams, the chief baron received a letter from his lordship, informing him of the impossibility of his attending the court that day, on account of the death of lady Adams. The court then entered into the business of the day, and recited all the records and prerogatives of the crown from Edward the First to the lease made to Sir James Lowther; when after a full, candid, and most impartial examination of the said lease, it was found invalid, agreeable to the statute made in the first year of Queen Ann, which recites, "*that upon every grant, lease, or assurance, there be reserved a reasonable rent, not being under the third part of the clear yearly value of such of the said manors, messuages,*

messuages, lands, &c. &c. as shall be contained in such lease or grant."---Sir James Lowther's grant from the crown being only a quit-rent of 13s. and 4d. for the whole forest of Inglewood, was immediately judged by the court an inadequate third proportion, and he was nonsuited accordingly.

The next day came on the second trial at bar, before the barons of the exchequer, and a special jury, of the county of Cumberland, in the great cause between Sir James Lowther and his grace the duke of Portland, concerning the grant of Carlisle castle, &c. which lasted till nine o'clock at night, when it was adjourned over to Friday morning, and after sitting again till ten that night, and the plaintiff's council not finishing their case, the parties agreed upon a special verdict, to be argued before the twelve judges.

The parliament which stood prorogued to the 26th of November, is now prorogued to Tuesday, Jan. 21, when it will meet for dispatch of business.

An express arrived on Wednesday night at St. James's from his royal highness the duke of Gloucester, who is perfectly recovered, and was setting out for Pisa when the express left him. His royal highness intends to spend the winter in Italy.

23. Last night orders were sent down to Portsmouth and Chatham, for the men to work double tides, that the ships at those places now sitting out there may be ready to put to sea as soon as possible. It is thought that some extraordinary intelligence from Jamaica is the occasion of it.

25. By a letter from Venice we are informed, that the Russians, to the amount of 4000 men, who debarqued at Syracovi, in the island of Negropont, did not meet with the success they promised themselves; on the contrary, letters from that place assure us that they were very roughly handled, that the greatest part of those that landed were cut in pieces by the natives, and that two of their vessels had been dismasted, and so greatly damaged as to be obliged to throw great part of their artillery into the sea.

28. From Warsaw, we are informed that on the 4th of November at night, his Polish majesty had a very narrow escape as he was returning to his palace, from the house of prince Czartorinski, grand chancellor. The king was not escorted as usual by his guards. His majesty was attacked by capt. Koczowski at the head of six confederates. After they had wounded the King's attendants, and himself in the head in two places (but not mortally) they conducted him into a wood, the captain having taken an oath to deliver the king dead or alive to the confederates; but meeting with some Russian piquets, Koczowski, seized with fear, or repentance, begged the king's pardon, and his majesty escaped into a cottage near Marimont, from whence he arrived here at four this morning.

On Saturday the 18th the lottery began drawing, since which the following numbers have come up prizes, viz,

No. 5353, 5000 l.

No. 44187, 26054, 30432, 2000 l. each.

No. 42167, 17363, 20 l. 41172, 13095, 6412, 44718, 1000 l. each, as being the first drawn the first six days, and 37978, 35221, 19542, 4008, 1466, 1000 l. each.

No. 30652, 9844, 11761, 6011, 19142, 36300, 45864, 22909, 4447, 27684, 500 l. each.

BIRTHS.

Nov. 8. The lady of Sir William Cunningham Bart. of Livingstone, in Scotland, was safely delivered of a son.

17. The Countess of Strathmore, of a son.

18. The lady of the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Ashbrooke, of a daughter, at Shellingford, in Berkshire.

MARRIAGES.

Oct. 30. Joseph Collings, Esq; merchant, in St. John's Square, Clerkenwell, to Mrs. Martha Clarke, of Bishopsgate-street.

31. Sir Charles Price, to Miss Child, of Richmond.

Nov. 2. George Field, Esq; of Hackney, to Miss Glover, in Goodman's-fields.

Thomas Fleetwood, Esq; of Red-lion-square, to Miss Bostock, of Queen-square.

4. James Mackenzie, Esq; of Cowes, to Miss Betsey Blachford, of Ashborn, in the Isle of Wight.

5. William Brander, Esq; of Esher, in Surry, to Miss Penelope Warren, of Cobham.

7. James Corbett, Esq; of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, to Miss Mariah Avery, of Mortimer Street.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Tankerville, to Miss Emma Colebrooke, youngest daughter of the late Sir James Colebrooke, Bart.

8. Thomas Saunders, Esq; of Bond-street, to Miss Mary Waters, of Hanover-square.

Henry Adams, Esq; of Hoxton-square, to Miss Jane Gray, of the same place.

The Rev. Mr. Mangey, vicar of Great Dunmore, Essex, to Miss Cooper, of Great George-street, Westminster.

William Wharton, Esq; to Miss Amelia Young, both of Bellericay, Essex.

10. William Glover, Esq; of Richmond, to Miss Barker, of Hanover-square.

11. Henry Robins, Esq; to Miss Rachael Berry, both of Bond-street.

12. William Evans, Esq; of Park-street, to Miss Conyers, of St. James's-square.

Jacob Talmage, Esq; Merchant, in Goodman's Fields, to Miss Elizabeth Bennett, of the same place.

William Griffin, Esq; to Miss Mary Willoughby, both of Clapham.

13. George Boddington, Esq; of Argyle Buildings, to Miss Frances Sheene, of Great Russell-street.

Jonathan Otter, Esq; of Hackney, to Miss Sutclands, a young lady lately arrived from Carolina.

14. Jonathan Thornton, Esq; of Bethnal-green, to Miss Andrews, in Goodman's-fields.

16. George Elliot, Esq; to Miss Hester Thompson, of Winchmore-hill.

17. Thomas Cooper, Esq; of Wellesquare, to Miss Haley, of Ratcliff-highway.

Thomas Bond, Esq; Merchant, to Miss Elizabeth Phillips, both of Limehouse.

18. Mr. Lane, Russia Merchant, at Hackney, to Miss Andrews, of Spitalfields.

21. John Payton, Esq; of Grandhome, in Aberdeenshire, to Miss Mary Lance, of Chatham.

22. Thomas Osborne, Esq; of Hatton-Garden, to Miss Groves, daughter of ——— Groves, Esq; of the same place.

D E A T H S.

Oct. 19. George Lookup, Esq; at Amsterdam, who went there about twelve months ago to demand and settle the payment due to the representatives of the late Jeronomy Clifford, merchant.

24. The duke of Beauvilliers, peer of France, in the 26th year of his age.

25. The duke of Bouillon, great chamberlain of France.

26. John Snodgrass, Esq; at Cunningham Head, in Scotland.

28. Christopher Snelgrove, Esq; at Highgate.

31. James Fordham, Esq; in Princes-street, Hanover-square.

Mr. Hodgson, Attorney, in Temple-lane, suddenly.

* John Grimes, Esq; in Northumberland-street, in the Strand.

Daniel Choice, Esq; in Titchfield-street.

William Douglas, Esq; merchant, at Garwalfoot, in Scotland.

The rev. Mr. Gapper, at Sherborne.

Nov. 2. ——— Matthewson, Esq; at Bombay, late chief of the factory at Mocha.

Edward Lambert, Esq; at Kensington.

The Hon. Thomas Gordon, at Kingston in Jamaica.

George Freeman Cunningham, Esq; at Northampton.

Samuel Horsy, Esq; Bath king at arms, at Bury in Suffolk.

Sir John Rous, bart. of an apoplectic fit, one of the representatives for the county of Suffolk.

3. Joseph Osman, Esq; at Flamsteadbury, Hertfordshire.

Matthew Reynolds, Esq; at Lambeth.

John Symmons, Esq; in George-street, Hanover-square.

5. Dr. Charles Lucas, member for the City of Dublin, in Ireland.

Sir Giles Payne, knt. planter, at St. Kitts.

Colonel William Foye, at Halifax.

John Smith, Esq; merchant, at Mile-End-Green.

Lady dowager Trimblestone, in Dublin.

The lady of George Munro, Esq; at Shipwash, near Morpeth.

7. John Porter, Esq; at Cambridge.

George Harris, Esq; at Bath.

8. John Fitzherbert, Esq; in Bolton-street. Samuel Dorker, Esq; at Egham, in Surry.

9. Thomas Tashmaker, Esq; at Winthmore-hill.

Thomas Ludwell, Esq; in Chesterfield-street, May-fair.

The hon. Mrs. Poyntz, mother of Lady Spencer.

Henry Adams, Esq; at Wintringham, in Lincolnshire.

Richard Lavington, Esq; at Milton-hall, near the city of Wells.

John Boswell, Esq; at Lambeth.

— Sewell, Esq; at Hadley, in Hertfordshire.

10. John Peter Chaumier, Esq; at Little-Chelsea.

Edmond Delaney, M. D. in York Buildings.

11. James Ord, Esq; in James-street, Bedford-row.

Lady viscountess Fitzwilliams, aged 90, in Old Burlington-street.

12. The right hon. the lady Elizabeth Bathurst, sister-in-law to the lord-chancellor, suddenly.

The right hon. Christina, countess of Traquair, at Traquair House.

Prince Egano Lambertini, nephew of the late Pope Benedict XIV. at Bologna.

The Oneida Chief, at Charles Town, South Carolina, well known to the British traders by the name of Thomas King.

14. The hon. Thomas Howe, youngest brother of Lord Howe, and one of the representatives for the town of Northampton, of an inflammation in his bowels.

William Jocelyn, Esq; at Richmond, in Surry.

The right hon. John lord viscount Glenorchy, only son of the earl of Breadalbane.

18. Jeffery Kinchman, Esq; formerly a Hamburg merchant, at Hackney.

John Tomlinson, Esq; at Putney, formerly a packer in Lothbury.

Lady Hotham, relict of the late Sir Beaumont Hotham, bart. in Stratton-street.

James Grame, Esq; one of the judges of the commissary court of Edinburgh.

19. George Crainer, Esq; in Bond-street.

21. James Bucknall, Esq; merchant, at Portsmouth.

22. Charles Duncombe, Esq; in South-Audley-street.

John Smallwood, Esq; merchant in King-street, Cheap-side.

Captain Thomas Pemberton, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

Miss Munro, aged 18, only daughter of Sir Harry Munro, bart. at Foulis Castle, in Ross-shire, Scotland.

26. John Pigott, Esq; at Woolwich.

T H E

Town and Country Magazine ;

O R,

UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY

O F

Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.

For D E C E M B E R, 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. A beautiful Portrait of Miss J——s. 2. A Profile of the MIDDLESEX CHAMPION; And, 3. A highly finished historical Piece, titled The Tragical Discovery.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

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L O N D O N, Printed for A. HAMILTON, Jun. near St. JOHN'S GATE;
Where Letters to the Authors are received.

And sold by ROBINSON and ROBERTS, No. 25, in Pater-noster-row; W. COOKE, at the Royal Exchange; I. TAYLOR, near the Top of Chancery-Lane, Holborn; A. CLARKE, at Manchester; T. SLACK, at Newcastle; J. WILLIAMS, in Dublin; T. WHITE, in Cork; R. FLEMING, Edinburgh; and all other Bookfellers in Great-Britain and Ireland.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.

Atticus's Favour is come to Hand. He will find we shall avail ourselves of his Letter, signed W. K. in our Magazine for January. We approve of his Design, and shall be glad of the Correspondence he promises.

A. D's. Thought is pretty, but requires a poetic Smoothness and Modulation, which he has not given it.

R. C's. Lines are inadmissible.

B. E's. Request will be complied with.

Y. Z's. Animadversions do not come within our Plan.

An Incorager of Merit's Piece, is by much too imperfect for Insertion.

The Letter, in Vindication of Lady Mary S——t, would have had a Place, if it had any Way tended to palliate her Error.

The Account of the Marriage of the late Duke of Y, is not sufficiently authenticated; and, indeed, we have Reason to believe the whole Story fabulous.

The Tête-à-Tête, from Berkley-Square, came too late for this Month; but will be inserted in our Magazine for January.

We shall insert the Mathematical Questions and Solutions in the Supplement, as some Letters came too late for Examination this Month.

The Bristolian Oddity, as desired, shall be exhibited in the Supplement with a proper Wooden Embellishment.

Our Readers would not think G. S's. Compliments of the Season, a Compliment to them.

Any Production Philalethes may send, proper for a Magazine, will be gladly received.

Several Rebusses and Enigmas are rejected.

Under Consideration, Letters signed Y. Z. Nt. Wm. Selim, C. A. Z. Observer, An old Correspondent, Lavinia, D. T. A Court Spy, Altamont, M. R. S. Dubious, M. J. Daintry, 'Tis well it's no worse, and several Letters without Signatures.

Among a great VARIETY of instructive and entertaining ARTICLES

IN THE

S U P P L E M E N T, for 1771,

Which will be published early in JANUARY,

The READER will find

A celebrated patriotic DOCTOR of DIVINITY, in a TETE-A-TETE,

And an authentic and particular ACCOUNT of the extraordinary PHENOMENON of the ERUPTION of SOLWAY MOSS, in CUMBERLAND, which has covered Five-Hundred ACRES of fine LAND.

Illustrated with beautiful COPPER-PLATES.



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For D E C E M B E R, 1771.



The State of Europe for December,
1771.

ACCOUNT of ENGLAND.

(Continued from page 568.)

HE great assembly of the clergy is a national synod or convocation, summoned to meet at a place assigned by the king's writ, directed to the archbishop of each province. In consequence of this address, the archbishop of Canterbury directs his mandate to the bishop of London, as his provincial, willing him to cite all the bishops, deans, archdeacons, and all the clergy of his province, to assemble at a certain time and place, and directing that one proctor may be sent for each cathedral and collegiate church, and two for the body of the inferior clergy of each diocese. The convocation is divided into two houses: the higher house in the province of Canterbury consisting of two and twenty prelates, of which the archbishop is president; and the lower house being composed of all the deans,

archdeacons, and proctors, to the number of one hundred and sixty-six, including twenty-two deans, twenty-four prebendaries, fifty-four archdeacons, and forty-four clerks, representing the diocesan clergy. The convocation was assembled at the beginning of every parliament, and continued sitting during the session of parliament. It was usually convoked in St. Paul's church, from whence the archbishop adjourned them to Westminster; the bishops, under their metropolitan, assembling in Henry VII's chapel, while the lower house, under a prolocutor of their own choosing, met in the Jerusalem chamber. The business of this assembly was to deliberate and consult about the concerns of the church, and superintended her legislative power. In a word, it was deemed a part of the English constitution; but is now set aside, for the convocation has not been allowed to sit and do business, except at one time, since the reign of queen Anne. The archbishop of York may hold a convocation of his province in the same manner, and, by means of a regular correspondence with the other, debate and determine

the same matters that are canvassed and concluded in this synod of Canterbury; not that the province of York is at all restricted by the transactions and determinations of the southern convocation.

The church of England is likewise possessed of civil jurisdiction, exerted in different tribunals; and in these all trials are conducted according to the civil and canon law, the judges having neither assessors nor jury, but pronouncing sentence by virtue of his own understanding and prerogative. The court of Delegates, though it takes cognizance of ecclesiastical affairs, can hardly be numbered among the jurisdictions of the church, as it is the resource of those who appeal from the decrees or sentences given in ecclesiastical causes; by the archbishop, or any of his officials. The judges are here delegated, and sit by virtue of the king's commission, under the great seal, to hear such appeals to his majesty as supreme head of the church. Each archbishop hath a vicar-general, and every bishop appoints a chancellor, by whom all episcopal power and jurisdiction are executed. These vicars-general and chancellors are created by letters patent, under the seals of the respective metropolitans and bishops, and confirmed by the dean and chapter of three several cathedrals. To every chapter a particular jurisdiction and ecclesiastical court belong. In these, the judge, who is usually a doctor of the civil law, tries before the vicars-general and chancellors, all ecclesiastical causes within their respective dioceses, except the bishop, or ordinary, should grant letters of request to the party, that he may sue in the court of Arches, which is the highest court of the archbishop of Canterbury. The court of Arches derives its name from the arched church and tower of St. Mary le Bow, in London, where it was usually held. The judge, distinguished by the name of dean of the arches, sits without any assessors, and determines causes without a jury. He takes cognizance of appeals, in ecclesiastical matters, within the province of Canterbury;

and all process is returnable before him, in the common-hall of Doctors Commons. The pleaders and solicitors of this court are known by the appellation of advocates and proctors; the first being doctors of the civil law, and, by the statutes of the court, the pleadings and petitions ought to be in the Latin tongue. The court of Audience is held, when the archbishop evokes a cause to his own hearing, interfering in any difference between parties, concerning elections and consecrations of bishops, admission and institution into benefices, and dispensing with bans of matrimony. The court of Prerogative, which likewise sits in the common-hall of Doctors Commons, is also held in the name of the archbishop, *jure prerogativæ suæ*, and takes cognizance of estates fallen by will, or by intestates. The judge is attended by the register and his deputy, who record all the decrees of the court, and all original wills of persons having *bona notabilia*. In the Prerogative-office, a man, for one shilling, may peruse every such will that has been registered since the insurrection of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, by whom many records were burned and destroyed in the reign of king Richard II. Certain parishes, in several dioceses, are exempt from the jurisdiction of their respective bishops, and ruled by a court of Peculiars, belonging to the archbishop of Canterbury. Besides these tribunals, constituted for the use of the whole province, every bishop holds his court in the cathedral of his own diocese, where his chancellor sits as judge, and decides by the canon and civil law. The dean and chapter also hold a court, in which cognizance is taken of causes happening in places belonging to the cathedral; and the archdeacon hath a court and jurisdiction, in which small differences are determined. Finally, there are certain peculiar jurisdictions belonging to some parishes, the inhabitants of which are exempt, sometimes from the bishop's, and sometimes from the archdeacon's jurisdiction: but subjected to their respective prebendaries. The punishments in-
flicted

flicted by ecclesiastical courts are various, according to the nature of the offence, including seclusion from the sacrament, public penance, which is generally commuted for a sum of money, denial of christian burial, and the sentence of excommunication, by which a man is disabled from being plaintiff in a process, and in a great measure deprived of the protection of the law. The punishments peculiar to the delinquents among the clergy are these, *suspensio ab officio*, when a minister is, for a certain time, declared unfit to perform the functions of an ecclesiastic; *suspensio a beneficio*, when, for a certain time, he is deprived of the profits of his benefice; *deprivatio a beneficio*, when, for a greater crime, he is deprived of his benefice for ever; and, lastly, *deprivatio ab officio*, when, for some capital crime, he is solemnly degraded by the bishop, who, with his own hands, strips him of his ecclesiastical vestments, and the ensigns of his order, and delivers him to the civil magistrate, to be punished as a layman, according to the nature of his offence.

The clergy of England enjoy certain privileges with which the laity are not indulged. An ecclesiastic pays no toll for his goods in fair or market; he is exempted from personal functions or services of the commonwealth, such as those of sheriff, constable, overseer of the poor, and other parish offices; his goods are likewise discharged from tolls and customs, unless he deals in traffic: he is not to be disturbed or molested in the execution of his function; he is not to be fined or amerced according to his spiritual, but according to his temporal means: he is not obliged to serve in war, nor in the leet, nor bound to follow the hue and cry*; nor be burned in the hand,

though convicted of a crime, for which he is allowed benefit of his clergy: and the privilege of clergy, which no layman has above once, he enjoys from time to time *ad infinitum*. If a hundred be sued for a robbery, and is taxed to make good the damage, the minister pays no part of the contribution; nor is he assessed for watching, or warding, or mending the highways.

The revenues of the church are not near so considerable as they were before the reformation; some of the bishopricks, however, are very wealthy, and all of them sufficient to maintain the dignity of the several incumbents. The annual revenues in several dioceses exceed five thousand pounds sterling. The English bishops are remarkable for their learning, piety, and charity; but they do not affect the splendour and hospitality by which their predecessors, in the prelacy, were distinguished. The benefices of England are altogether insufficient for the maintenance of the clergy; nearly one third of the best livings in the kingdom, having been antiently appropriated to monasteries by the pope's grant, were converted into lay fees, when those monasteries were dissolved by Henry VIII. Besides, there are many large estates, wholly exempted from the payment of tythes, either as lands which formerly belonged to monasteries, or through corrupt compositions, contracts, and customs. Moreover, one ecclesiastic is capable of holding two livings, besides a deanery or prebend; so that a few, who have interest, engross all the best benefices, and the rest of the clergy are but poorly accommodated. The ministers of England are generally sensible, moderate, and exemplary in their deportment. Their sermons are well

* The hue and cry, derived from the French words *luer* and *crier*, is the pursuit of a murderer or felon, conducted by the constable of the hundred, upon due information made to this officer, who calls upon the parish for aid; and if the criminal is not found in his district, gives warn-

ing to the constable of the next parish: in this manner search is made from hundred to hundred, beginning at the place where the crime was committed, and continuing to the sea-side, in the line which the criminal followed, unless the felon be taken before they proceed so far.

composed,

composed, and distinctly delivered, yet without that emphatic manner, and those strokes of popular oratory, which interest the passions of the audience. They pique themselves upon the sound reasoning, the elegance of style, and the correctness of composition, rather than the pathos of their discourses.

The clergy of the church of England have been very instrumental in forming divers religious societies for the reformation of manners, for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, and for promoting the christian knowledge. The endeavours of these societies have been crowned with such success, by the voluntary contributions of well-disposed people, that many missions are established in different parts of the world, for making converts to the protestant communion; many thousands of bibles, and other religious books, pamphlets, and sermons, have been distributed for the propagation of christianity, and the reformation of manners: and a great number of charity-schools have been erected in different parts of the kingdom. The number of these at present exceed fifteen hundred, in which above forty thousand children of both sexes are taught to read, write, and repeat the catechism. The first establishment of these schools at London was owing to the unwearied diligence of the society, in soliciting subscriptions, and voluntary contributions, to the plans which they formed, and the directions which they published. The charitable people of the country followed the example of the metropolis; so that schools were soon opened in all parts of the island. The society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, and that for promoting christian knowledge, were united in one corporation by a royal charter of king William III. It consists of above four hundred persons, distinguished by the names of the fitting and corresponding members. The former meet every week at St. Paul's chapter-house in London, and contribute annually to the expence of the undertaking: the corresponding

members are not obliged to contribute; but when they come to the metropolis, they have a right to assist at the weekly meetings of this society.

Among these public associations, we may likewise number that of the sons of the clergy, incorporated by king Charles II. for the relief of poor widows and children of ecclesiastics; and the corporation for an augmentation to poor livings, established by queen Anne, who, with unparalleled generosity, granted the whole revenue of first fruits and tenths towards this charitable institution.

Against the Roman catholics, which are pretty numerous in England, divers penal laws have been enacted, in consequence of frequent attempts which individuals of that communion have made to subvert the constitution: but these laws are seldom or never executed; and the papists of this kingdom enjoy greater liberty of conscience than is allowed to protestants in any catholic state of Europe, where no such practices can be laid to their charge.

England, since the reformation, has been famous for religious sects, that enjoy their fanaticism without molestation; of these the chief are the presbyterians, independents, anabaptists, and quakers. The independents and anabaptists differ not much, in point of doctrine and discipline, from the presbyterians, whom we shall describe in the account of Scotland; except in the article of infant baptism, which is rejected by the anabaptists, who baptise adults only, and thereby dipping the whole body; whence they derive the name of anabaptists. The quakers are, perhaps, the most extraordinary sect that ever any religion produced. They dissent from the established church in some of the fundamental doctrines of christianity; and, in their outward deportment, study to distinguish themselves from the rest of mankind. They reject the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's supper, the ordination of ministers, and, indeed, all the rites and ceremonies of the church. They do not acknowledge the mysteries of the trinity, incarnation,

tion, and hypostatical union; they doubt about the ascension of Christ in the body, with which he appeared to St. Thomas: they deny the resurrection of the flesh; and pretend to be conducted in all things by the spirit, a sort of inward light and illumination. About the year 1624, when the kingdom was overspread with fanaticism in all its wildness and extravagance, this sect was founded by one George Fox, a native of Lancashire, whom his father had bound apprentice to a shoemaker. This ignorant fellow feeling a greater propensity to spiritual contemplations, than to the employment in which he was engaged, deserted his master, and strolled about the country in a leathern doublet, with his bible in his pocket. He broke off all communication with his friends and family, and passed whole days in hollow trees, indulging the wildest reveries of ignorant enthusiasm. Having settled within himself his plan of reformation, he began to make proselytes, and was very successful in his endeavours. He, and his disciples, not only rejected all rites of religion; but carefully avoided the common forms of civility, as the inventions of carnal vanity and self-conceit. They refused to bestow any titles of distinction, or to accost any person by any other salutation than that of *friend*. They would neither bend their bodies, move their hats, nor express the least signs of reverence and respect. They reduced their language to the simplicity of *thou* and *thee*, *yea* and *nay*, terms which they used to all persons without distinction of rank or character. They laid aside every superfluity and ornament in dress, such as plaits to the coats, buttons to the sleeve or hat, lace, ruffles, and embroidery. Such violence of enthusiasm, founded on the opinion of a directing spirit within them, could not fail to produce strange effects upon the nerves of the body. Their bodies were agitated by convulsions, distortions, and tremblings of the limbs; and hence they derived the name of quakers. They considered these agitations as the motion of the holy spirit,

and uttered extemporaneous effusions, twanged through the nose, as the oracles of inspiration. They would admit no priest into their society, believing that each individual was already stamped with a much superior character, by means of divine illumination. At their meetings, every person who felt the inward motion was qualified to preach and to teach: even women were considered as proper vehicles to convey the dictates of the holy spirit: sometimes many persons were moved to speak at once: sometimes the whole congregation was silent. They refined likewise in their morals. They preached up universal peace and forbearance, and consequently inveighed against war and the arm of flesh. A quaker being asked for his cloak, gave his coat also; when smote upon the cheek, he held up the other: no consideration would induce him to swear, even to the truth, in any court of judicature: nor if he dealt in merchandize, would he demand for his wares more than the precise sum which he was resolved to have. The zeal of the quakers was often too hard for their discretion, and they played a thousand extravagant pranks that favoured more of lunacy than of religion. They broke into churches, and disturbed the public worship, by railing at the minister, and reproaching the congregation. The spirit moved them to revile all persons that did not adopt their doctrines and principles. They held forth in churches, streets, and courts of judicature, undervaluing worship, business, and proceedings at law: they uttered blasphemies, and seduced zealots from the army. A female quaker went stark naked into a church where Oliver Cromwell assisted at divine service, and said she was moved by the spirit to appear as a *sign* to the people. A great number of them fancied the revolution of all things was begun, and threw away their cloaths, with the rest of their superfluities. Such irregularities could not fail to attract the notice of the civil power. They were sometimes confined to mad-houses; sometimes sent to prison; many were scourged

in public, and a few set in the pillory. All these severities they bore with such patience, that they were believed to be supported by supernatural assistance. James Naylor fancied himself Christ, the Saviour of the world, and pretended to work miracles. He attempted to raise a person from the dead: he entered Bristol mounted on a horse, while his disciples spread their garments before him, crying Hosanna to the highest! holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God of Sabaoth: when apprehended as a blasphemer and impostor, and brought before the civil magistrate, he would make no other answer to the questions that were put to him, but "thou hast said it." The behaviour of this frantic enthusiast attracted the attention of the parliament, which, after ten days spent in debates and enquiries about him, condemned him to be set in the pillory, to be scourged, burned in the face, and have his tongue bored through with a red-hot iron. All these severities he bore with patience, and even a kind of triumph: but when he was committed to the house of correction, debarred all communication with his disciples, kept to hard labour, and fed with bread and water, his illusions dissipated: he found himself no more than an ordinary man, and, being set at liberty, retired quietly to his former occupation. The quakers of England have formed themselves into a body, governed by certain regulations, and are, perhaps, more united than any other society, whether civil or religious, in all christendom. They hold stated assemblies monthly and quarterly in London, and other great towns, where they likewise have meetings for their worship. All the different branches of this society in Great Britain, Ireland, and the plantations, correspond together by regular communications: they encourage and support one another in refusing the payment of tythes, which they account an abomination: they even censure and excommunicate the back-sliding brethren, and keep exact registers of all their transactions. This sect has not been embraced by any persons of distinction, except William

Penn, who settled the province of Pennsylvania, and founded the flourishing city of Philadelphia, in North America, and Robert Barclay, of Urie, a gentleman of North Britain, who not only espoused, but defended their principles, in a celebrated performance, called *Barclay's Apology*; which he dedicated to king Charles II. The quakers are generally employed in trade and manufacture, in which they have been found so quiet and inoffensive, and by their remarkable industry so beneficial to the commonwealth, that the government hath thought proper not only to indulge them with a toleration in point of religion; but likewise to accept of their simple affirmation, instead of oath, as sufficient evidence in any court of judicature.

[To be continued.]

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

WHAT is the reason why St. Paul in the 21st chapter and 39th verse, says, "I am a man which am a Jew, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city, &c."—And in the following chapter at the 3d verse, almost repeats the same words—And in the 11th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, and the 1st verse, he says, "For I also am an Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin"—And 2d of Corinthians, 11th chapter, and 22d verse, he says, "Are they Hebrews, so am I; are they Israelites, so am I; are they the seed of Abraham, so am I."

In the 22d chapter of the Acts, and the 25th verse, Paul said, "Is it lawful for you to scourge a Roman?" And the 7th verse following, "The chief captain came and said unto him, tell me, art thou a Roman? and he said, yea. And the chief captain said, with a great sum obtained I this freedom: and Paul said, but I was free born."

I should be glad if any of your numerous and ingenious correspondents would explain this seeming contradiction, which would oblige your's, &c.

J. B——ns——de.

HISTORIES

N^o XXIV



Miss J. S.

N^o XXV



The Middlesex Champion.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, Memoirs of the Middlesex Champion and Miss J.—nes. (No. 33, 34.)

THE title of the Middlesex champion is so justly due to colonel L.—ll, that our readers would certainly, without an initial, have ascertained our present hero. His father was, in the year 1768, created an Irish baron, by the title of lord L.—nh—m, and is possessed of an estate of at least 14,000 l. a year. Previous to this creation the champion was sent to Oxford to finish his studies, and was entered of Christ-church in January 1757. Here he remained about two years, in which time he was commemorated for many feats of buckism and gallantry. His affair with Miss Arabella B.—t.—n, is that, however, which made the most noise.

This beautiful young woman was the daughter of a gardener to Mr. M.—t.—n, at Tackley near Woodstock. Mr. L.—ll visited frequently in the family (Mr. M.—t.—n being the present lord L.—nh—m's particular acquaintance) and he had many opportunities of conversing with her. The youth and innocence of Arabella were not sufficient to secure her from the artifices of the collegiate, who, to his rank and an insinuating address, united such vows and promises, as kindled an ambition that trampled upon her virtue. This story has, however, we believe, been greatly exaggerated, to serve the purposes of party, in order to render the Colonel unpopular and obnoxious at the time of his election for Middlesex.

Soon after his intrigue with Miss B.—t.—n, he quitted Oxford, and repaired to the capital, where he remained some time, being much indisposed. After his recovery, he obtained a commission in the army, and went to America, where he served part of last war. Some of his amorous exploits in that part of the world have transpired. Among others, his adventure with Mrs. P——, at New-York, had nearly proved fatal to him. This lady was the wife of a merchant

of considerable eminence in that city, and having a letter of recommendation from a capital house in London to that gentleman, the captain received the greatest civilities from Mr. P——, who desired him to consider his house as Mr. L.—ll's own whilst he staid at New-York. Mrs. P—— was a very agreeable woman, had long resided in London, and was acquainted with polite life in this circle of gaiety. Mr. P—— having frequent business abroad, the captain passed his hours very happily with the lady, some times at piquet, sometimes at back-gammon. From this familiar intercourse, a more criminal one soon took place. A trusty servant found the parlour-door locked one evening, when Mr. L.—ll and Mrs. P—— were supposed to be at a tête-à-tête party at cards. He communicated this discovery to his master, whose jealousy was justly alarmed. He watched the captain's motions, and a few evenings after detected them in a situation that admitted of no doubt of his wife's infidelity. He called the captain to account as an injured gentleman: they fought, and Mr. P—— was wounded in the sword-arm. This was not sufficient satisfaction for Mr. P——, who only waited the recovery from his wound, to make the captain sensible once more of his courage; but in the mean while Mr. L.—ll was ordered to join the regiment, and this affair ended without any farther blood-shed.

Captain L.—ll returned to England in the year 1761, soon after which he was created a major in the army; and his father's parliamentary influence, (being member for W——y in Herefordshire, and having several boroughs at the M——r's command) procured him, in a very short time, the rank of colonel: he afterwards served with reputation in Portugal, and has since been appointed brigadier general in Ireland. He then represented one of his father's boroughs, for which place he continued his seat, till he vacated it for the Chiltern hundreds, in order to oppose Mr. W—s for the county of Middlesex.

We cannot suppose that the colonel thus conspicuously situated in life, and heir to so great an estate as his father possessed, entirely escaped the attention of the fair-sex. Many ladies of considerable rank and fortune had their eyes upon him for a match; but lord I—h—m had instilled into him such precepts upon this head, that his heart was callous to all the attacks of the firts and coquettes of fashion. Like Acasto in the Orphan, old L——ll frequently repeated, “Harry, I can forgive you a thousand youthful follies, I know what it was to be young myself, and I should think you no son of mine, if the women entirely escaped your notice; but remember, *of all the foolish things you do, let marriage be the last.*”

With this authority on his side, the gay young colonel ranged through the multitude of complying beauties; by turns a Miss H——n, a lady D——, a Mrs. G——n, a Lucy S——k, engaged his temporary wishes, and called forth his Cytherian worship. Nor were the nunneries entirely overlooked in his amorous follies; Charlotte Hayes, and Mrs. Goadby, have frequently administered to his fond desires, and shared the sweets of his generous gallantry.

The Middlesex election being an object of m——l attention, and Mr. W——s having been repeatedly returned, Mr. L——ll offered his service to oppose him, and thereby terminate the contest between the H—— of C——, and the patriot. This opposition was considered as a most perilous enterprize; the colonel, nevertheless, undertook it, and with a few select friends on horseback, he rode from his house in South Audley-street to Brentford. On the road near Hyde-park corner, they were attacked by the populace; but they repelled the attack, and suffered no other loss than colonel L——ll's hat. Though the colonel had but 293 suffrages against 1143, which Mr. W——s obtained, he was, nevertheless, voted the sitting member.

This step rendered the colonel one of the most unpopular men in Eng-

land: even the invectives against lord B——e were laid aside, in order to display him in the blackest colours. The event brought to light the affair of Miss B-l-t-n; and his letters to doctor K——, of Oxford, with those of the physician upon the occasion, were successively published in one of the evening papers. The colonel testified a proper indignation at this very singular attack by treating it with the contempt it deserved.

Whilst he was thus ranging through the wilds of love, his wandering heart, which had hitherto known no real attraction, was at length caught in its own toils. Being one evening at the play *incog.* in the gallery, he sat next to a young lady in mourning, with whom he fell into conversation concerning the piece; and from a particular dramatic production she launched out into a general criticism upon Shakespear, Otway, and other celebrated poets, with so much taste and judgment, as greatly surprized him. There was besides something quite easy and unaffected in her manner, delivered in a most musical tone of voice, that forced attention. She was about twenty, with very regular features, a fine soft complexion, rather inclined to pale, with beautiful blue eyes. Each time he caught a glance, he felt a throb, to which he had ever before been an entire stranger. He endeavoured to recommend himself to her, by every possible compliment he could suggest; but his imagination failed him. His attention was so compleatly occupied with the charming object, that all fancy was absorbed in contemplating her, and he was compelled to silence, lest he should utter an impropriety.

After the play, he handed his fair unknown with another lady to a hackney coach, and took his leave, but failed not to listen to the direction they gave. Upon enquiry he found the young lady lived with her mother, who was an officer's widow; that they had no other apparent support but the old lady's pension, though it was conjectured that they employed their needle in the service of their particular friends.

Finding this to be their situation, he judged Miss J—nes would be no difficult conquest. A lucky circumstance in his favour was their first floor was to let, as announced by a bill; he accordingly knocked at the door, and was shewn the apartments, by Mrs. J—nes, who had before never seen him; he agreed for them, and entered upon them the very next day.

Miss J—nes was greatly surprised to find, that her theatrical acquaintance had become their lodger: but he soon explained the mystery to her, and urged his suit with all the rhetoric he was master of; yet Miss J—nes's virtue was proof against his attacks, till he declared, "By heavens, my dear Miss, I would marry you this instant, if I should not bring upon me and yourself utter ruin; for my father has declared he will disinherit me if ever I marry without his consent: let me tell you such a fortune is worth sacrificing a ceremony for; and be assured by all that's just, the moment I have it in my power to act without control, you shall be the partner of my fortune, my rank, and my title, as you now are the sole possessor of my heart."

These and similar asseverations staggered her fortitude; the ambition of being a lady, with such a splendid fortune, got the better of those sentiments, which till now had ever actuated her conduct. In fine, Miss J—nes yielded to his fond intreaties, tho' the secret of their loves is as much concealed as possible; but servants have prying eyes, and a discarded domestic thinks it is no treachery to unfold the arcana of their former masters. Miss J—nes still lives with her mother in a street adjacent to Leicester-fields, and the colonel keeps the lodgings, which are so convenient to him. The young lady's prudence dictates to her not to expose her errors by the extravagance of her dress; and a general decency is preserved throughout the amour.

Should the colonel, through real affection, which he seems to entertain for Miss J—nes, fulfil his promise this young lady will be united far beyond

her most ambitious hopes, when she sacrificed so greatly for perspective honour. A late marriage has connected him with royal blood, and Miss J—nes will then have a sister in the d—s of C—. We may ascribe this elevated match of Mrs. H—n to the admonitions she constantly received from her father respecting matrimony: the advice which we find he gave his son, we may suppose, with some little variation, he invariably instilled into his daughter. Her first marriage was very prudential from pecuniary considerations, her second raised her to the summit of ambition: this was a bold stroke, worthy the judgment and address of Mrs. H—n. Whether lord I—h—m was consulted upon this occasion, we will not pretend to determine; but her brother certainly played a very capital part in this matrimonial drama, and which will hand his name down to posterity with still greater *éclat* than his feats at Oxford, his exploits in America, or his victory at Brentford.

An ESSAY on PROPRIETY.

[Continued from p. 539.]

THERE are so many ways of committing improprieties in conversation, that the number of them is almost out of the reach of arithmetic.

It is not in every body's power---it is indeed in the power of very few---to give general pleasure by their society in whatever circles they appear; but every body can be negatively agreeable, by not saying a syllable which can reasonably offend the most fastidious of his hearers of either sex.

It is for want of an attention to propriety, that we, in conversation, hear so many people expose themselves, and displease, if they do not absolutely disgust others.

In mixed companies, it is incumbent on us to be particularly on our guard, that we may not, if we happen to be of a loquacious disposition, bolt out, (a wise man sometimes shoots his bolt as well as a fool) in the hurry of utterance, words which we may wish, but in vain, to recall—"Volat irrevocabile verbum."

Politeness, supposing prudence out of the question, requires us to say nothing to oc-

casion any uneasy sensations in those with whom we converse; and if we never lose sight of propriety, we shall never torment our companions with our tongues.

There are but too many persons in the world who make themselves unwelcome in every room in which they shew their faces, by giving vent to every thought which darts into their heads. Now, it is very certain, that those who always speak what they think, must more frequently merit censure than praise.

If the various improprieties hourly committed in conversation were only productive of merry incidents and ridiculous scenes, they would hardly deserve a serious reprehension; but as the most trifling improprieties are sometimes attended with serious consequences, they are not beneath the regard of the profoundest philosopher; for even he, by being *absent* when his *mind* as well as his *body* should be *present*, may throw out a sentiment sufficiently improper to meet with a very unphilosophical reception.

[To be continued.]

THOUGHTS on LIBERTY of the PRESS.

AS many valuable works have been destroyed for want of the art of printing, we naturally wish that typography had been known in the earliest ages of the world. On the other hand, it must be owned, that the press is sometimes applied to an ill use, and is made the channel thro' which falsehood and scurrilities flow in too violent a torrent; yet, however injurious the unlimited licence of printing may prove to particular persons, the liberty itself is of too great a benefit to the public in general to be abolished or restrained. The dread of being exposed to the world may strike an awe into those breasts that are hardened and petrified against the impressions of conscience, morality, or honour.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

By J. BATES.

I. A BRAVE man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury; for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

II. To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is

in some measure doing the business of providence.

III. Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

IV. That character in conversation, which commonly passes for agreeable, is made up of civility and falsehood.

V. Many men have been capable of doing a wise thing; more a cunning thing; but very few a generous thing.

VI. The variety of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

VII. Contentment, though it does not immediately bring riches to mankind, does equally the same, by banishing the desire of them.—It dissipates care, melancholy, and anxiety from its possessor; enlivens his conversation, makes him fit for society, and gives a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

VIII. Nature is often eclipsed, sometimes conquered, but seldom extinguished. Force makes her more violent in the recoil: doctrine and precept check the natural affection; but custom alone is able perfectly to subdue and conquer our nature.

IX. A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse, is able to carry a pack saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

X. Speech was the immediate gift of God to the first man, to whom he gave a power to express his intentions by articulate sounds, leaving the arbitrary imposition of them to Adam himself.

“Kind nature, pow’r of framing sounds affords

“To man, and then convenience taught us words.”

XI. Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted; there would be as much generosity if he were a rich one.

XII. In regard to happiness, a private man who has a moderate income, just to answer his occasions, keeps company with some virtuous friends, whose temper he likes, and enjoys the charms of society in a kind of retirement from the gay, though noisy, busy world, is in the fairest way to be happy.

XIII. In conversation, bashfulness is a great hindrance to a man, both in uttering his sentiments, and understanding what is proposed to him; it is therefore good to press forwards, with discretion, both in discourse and company of the better sort.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

YOUR hunter of oddities having discontinued his correspondence for a month or more, give me leave to supply his place for once.

Peregrine Puzzle possesses about three hundred a-year in the funds, which he spends to the last farthing by the end of the year, and takes care not to run one farthing in debt. In this particular he may be similar to some few, but in every other respect there is scarce another being on earth that resembles him. Indeed, the sole object of his attention is to deviate in every thing from all the world. His dress is studiously unfashionable; you may always trace a retrospective mode of at least ten years in the cut of his coat and the cock of his hat. He wears a bob-wig, because every body now either wears their hair, or club their perukes. His shoes are square toed, his hose yellow, and his breeches come not below his knees. His bed is in his dining-room, and he receives his company in his bed-chamber. He was a staunch Buteite whilst Wilkes was popular; but now he has lost his popularity, he is a strenuous Wilkite. He never goes out in fine weather, but when it rains plentifully, and is constantly upon the tramp throughout London till it becomes fair. He eats beef-steaks for-breakfast, and drinks coffee for dinner. He goes to rest at five in the afternoon, and rises at three in the morning. He reads Moliere in English, and Milton in French. He never has his face completely shaved; at one time his upper-lip bespeaks him a Jew, at another his chin announces a Mussulman. He drinks wine to his meals, and porter to his pipe. He prefers mutton to venison, and a red herring to turbot. In conversation he never agrees with any man, and if his opponent should at length agree with him, he then takes the opposite side of the question to re-confute him. His chief food consists of vegetables in winter and high dishes in summer. Being at a coffee-house taken for another person a few days ago, he asked the gentleman who made the mistake, "If there was any one in London like himself?" and being answered there was, he immediately went home and changed his dress from top to toe; then returned and asked the same person, "If any one resembled him now?" "No really, Sir, that is impossible." This reply restored him to his former tranquillity of mind.

After this description it were almost

needless to say, that Mr. Puzzle is a bachelor, and that he probably will never prove a Benedick. Let it not, however, be supposed, that Peregrine has no *penchant* for the lovely sex; but then his amours are confined to fish women for the fragrance of their odour, and cinder wenches for the enchantment of their complexions.

The vanity of being singular is discernible in many strange fellows in this town: and perhaps the *literati* have produced more oddities than any other pursuit whatever; but I will defy all the poets and commentators in Europe to produce a Puzzle. He is, indeed, an oddity of the very first class, and merits a place, as such, in your valuable Repository. But lest any of your readers should think him a mere creature of my brain, he may be seen *alive* most days in the week, between the hours of twelve and three, at Brown's coffee-house, in Mitre-court, Fleet-street.

Nando's coffee-house, Dec. 13.

Another Hunter of Oddities.

ADVICE to a SISTER. LETTER III.

Dear Maria,

HAVING endeavoured to set before you the importance of that most amiable of female virtues, chastity, and having given you such an account of the artifices made use of for its destruction, as one in your situation may be concerned in, I shall now proceed to discover to you a destroyer of that virtue, more insinuating, though less artful, and equally pernicious in its tendency, tho' less vicious in its intention.

This enemy of the sex is that amazing infatuation and undefinable passion *love*. This is a passion as extravagant as extraordinary, and dangerous as endearing; it is at the same time violent and tender, painful and pleasing, torturing and extatic; it seems to divide the very soul of the possessor, so that at the same moment it shall be elevated and depressed; or one part, as it were, lifted up to the highest pinnacle of happiness, while the other is grovelling in agonies of the deepest despondency. It unmans the soul of the hero, while it inspires him with courage, and sinks him in all the downy softness of effeminacy, at the same time that he is frantic with all the rage of madness. The softer sex suffer more sensibly; for, if it deprives a man of his reason and discretion, the infatuation so bewilders the imagination of a woman, so eclipses the faculties of the soul, so combat:

bats the principles of virtue and honour in her breast, and so totally subverts the whole moral system, that though inevitable perdition be set before her eyes; nay, though she be already plunged into the dreadful abyss, and struggling with every calamity that a blind obedience to an ungovernable passion can bring on her, she will despise the counsel of her friends and the contempt of the world; and glory in her subservience to the wild and pernicious dictates of what she will term *a sincere passion and a faithful affection*.

I cannot better elucidate this, than by quoting Mr. Pope's celebrated epistle of *Eloisa to Abelard*. These two extraordinary lovers, after having given way to the violence of their passion, and indulged themselves in illicit pleasures, devoted the rest of their days to penitence and devotion in two separate convents. There they hoped to expiate their former crimes by repentance, and make some atonement to heaven for their sins, by the strictest adherence to the religious duties of the places: but by a letter of Abelard's falling into Eloisa's hands, the dormant flame again broke out in her breast, and she is supposed to write to Abelard in the following passionate terms, in which the conflict between religion and love, virtue and vice, is most admirably drawn.

" Assist me heav'n! but whence arose that
" pray'r?
" Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
" Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
" Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.
" I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
" I mourn the lover, not lament the fault;
" I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
" Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
" Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past of-
" fence,
" Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
" Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
" 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
" How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
" And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
" How the dear object from the crime remove,
" Or how distinguish penitence from love?
" Unequal task, a passion to resign,
" For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as
" mine!
" Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
" How often must it love, how often hate!
" How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
" Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget?
" But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
" Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but in-
" spir'd!
" Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
" Renounce my love, my life, myself—and
" you;

" Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
" Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
" How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
" The world forgetting, by the world forgot;
" Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind!
" Each pray'r accepted, and each with resign'd;
" Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
" Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep;
" Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
" Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to
" heav'n.
" Grace shines around her with sereneest beams,
" And whispering angels prompt her golden
" dreams.
" For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
" And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes;
" For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
" For her white virgins hymenæals sing;
" To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
" And melts in visions of eternal day.
" Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
" Far other raptures, of unholy joy:
" When at the close of each sad forrowing
" day,
" Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
" Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature
" free,
" All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
" O curst, dear horrors of all conscious night!
" How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
" Provoking dæmons all restraint remove,
" And stir within me ev'ry source of love."

The beauty of this quotation, and its appositeness to my subject, will be the best excuse for its length. The struggles between love and piety; the solicitation of the divine aid to second her endeavours in subduing a passion too violent to be virtuous; and the quick transitions from heaven to Abelard, and from Abelard to heaven; the mixture of hope and despair, devotion and passionate extravagance, discoverable in the former part, are too naturally beautiful to escape your notice, and too forcibly and pathetically expressed to be read without emotion. In the latter part, the calm serenity and native amiableness of a state of innocence, contrasted to Eloisa's tumultuous passions and obvious depravity, claim your most serious attention. The whole considered together, will give you a most lively picture of the unhappy effects of indulging to excess that most interesting of the human passions, and shew you how almost impossible it is to extinguish the fatal flame, even when immured in a cloister, shut out from the society of the world, and devoted entirely to the duties of religion.

To lay down rules for the conduct of a lover, would be an attempt to smooth the surface of a tempestuous sea by arguments, or divert the fury of a hurricane by entreaties.
But

But I will venture a precaution or two which may not be ineligible, or unnecessary.

The greatest requisite in love is fortitude; and to resist the temptation of indulging the object loving and beloved, no small share of it is necessary. A heart in love is so taken up with the transports of its darling passion, so impressed with the bewitching idea of its favourite, and so lost in the rapturous follies of obliging and being obliged, of mutual satisfactions and reciprocal delights, that at the very moment when all the powers of human resolution are requisite to shield it from immediate destruction, it flies the faint admonitions of reason, is carried down the impetuous tide of passion without one feeble effort to resist, and plunges without hesitation into the boisterous ocean of momentary pleasures; but at length the infatuating vision vanishes, the charm dissolves, the tumult subsides, reason resumes its sway, and the unfortunate female finds herself overwhelmed with shame and sorrow, and surrounded with all the glooms of guilt.

If, therefore, you should ever be so unhappy as to be violently in love, it will not be unprofitable to you to consider in your cool moments of reflection and absence, in what places, in what situations, you may have been most exposed to temptation with the object of your affections, and make it a point not to be dispensed with, never to trust your own fortitude so far, as to risque your reputation and repose, by venturing yourself with him again on the like dangerous occasions. If his affection be like your's, the greatest danger is in yourselves, and it will only endear you the more to him, when he observes the virtuous precautions you take to preserve that reputation, in which both he and you are so intimately concerned. For, as I have hinted before, no man can think well of a woman whose virtue he has overcome, though he may have all the reason in the world to imagine, that the violence of her affection for him was the sole motive of her misconduct. He will not easily be brought over to the opinion, that another person may not as easily make a second conquest of that honour he purchased at so cheap a rate; and will be too apt to think, that the woman who will grant improper favours to one man, will not very obstinately refuse them to another. Since, then, we cannot account for the extravagance of indulged passion, let us endeavour to avoid the indulgence by avoiding every occasion that may excite it as much as possible.

The unhappy consequences which attend a violent affection are, perhaps, no

where more strongly exemplified than in the fair Lavinia. An excessive mildness of disposition, complacency, and good-nature, not a little contributed to her undoing, though at present they administer to her all the calm comforts of studied philosophy. It was her misfortune to fall in love with Clodio, who, in the eye of the world, has not a single recommendation, except a tolerable person, and an easy fortune; while she possessed, in an eminent degree, every thing desirable in woman, except a fortune.

Clodio was not insensible of her worth, though he had too much pride to think of taking her to his bed upon honourable terms. Lavinia, from frequent interviews, and the most tender assiduities, discovered charms in him which were utterly imperceptible to every one else, and soon became too enamoured of him to think any sacrifice too great for the enjoyment of his company. In vain were the tenderest intreaties of her relations, and the most powerful arguments and dissuasions of her friends, who saw things in a very different light from the infatuated Lavinia. Wearied with their admonitions, and impatient of restraint, she resolved to risque her honour, her reputation, and repose, by eloping from her friends, and throwing herself into the arms of her admired Clodio. The scheme was safely executed, and she enjoyed him at large, with this poor consolation, "That before heaven they were united in the strictest bonds of mutual affection and plighted faith, and it was not material to them whatever the world might think, whether the formal part of their union was ever executed or not."

When Clodio had her in his power, he soon gave a loose to the natural bent of his disposition, and returned the sincerest marks of affection in her with the basest treatment of a principled villain. Though the madman adored her, and though that adoration had been heightened by several endearing pledges of their affection, he could not avoid discovering the depravity of his heart, and the brutality of his disposition, by his frequent infamous conduct to her. In the fury of his frantic rage, he has forced her out of doors, and exposed her to the sneers of the passers, and all the inclemencies of a winter's sky; yet she loved him. His ill usage has often obliged her to quit his house, and trust to capricious fortune for support, abandoned by her friends, and deserted by her relations; then has he flown to seek her, fallen on his knees, intreated her forgiveness, and begged her to return: the submission

mission was enough, she loved him, and could not fail to seal his pardon. The cowardly wretch has more than once been mean enough to strike her; but, like the faithful spaniel, still she loved him. Thus the unhappy Lavinia wasted the prime of her life in fruitless endeavours to please a hardened monster. But for her unhappy passion, so unfortunately misplaced, she might have lived a blessing to some happy man, and an ornament to the nuptial state, at the same time that she was struggling with distresses, and covered with infamy. At the latter part of her cohabiting with Clodio, when nature began to be wearied out, the pulse beat slower, and the violence of passion began to subside, a capital stroke of ill-treatment obliged Lavinia to quit him entirely. Her friends relented, pitied her misfortunes, and took her under their protection; till the outrageous lover, not knowing how to exist without her, begged, in the most penitent manner, the permission of her friends to make her all the restitution in his power, by an honourable marriage. This, to be sure, was complied with: but still she is Lavinia, still he is Clodio: nor will it ever be in her power to obliterate to the world the remembrance of the *mistress* by the most amiable deportment of the *wife*; nor is it in the nature of him to blend the soft blandishments of the *lover* with the authority of the *husband*, who could act the brutal tyrant, when he should have appeared the generous guardian and protector.

FRATER.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

I Think you have not yet given us a political adventurer; I have therefore attempted the character of one, who has been pretty conspicuous upon the horizon of public altercation.

Mr. Wiredraw was bred a Mercer, and with a tolerable good capital, made a shining figure in his shop near Covent-Garden: but horse-racing and the gaming table having pushed him for money, he was compelled to negotiate bills in the friendly way, to raise cash; and when they became due, being unable to pay, he became a bankrupt, and with much difficulty obtained his certificate.

His former creditors having a very indifferent opinion of his economy, and even

of his probity, he was unable to set up a gain in trade. Without money, and with few friends, he had a very melancholy prospect before him. Having, however, a distant relation who was a member of parliament, and in the court interest, he made application to his kinsman to recommend him to the duke of G--ft-n, to give him a place. The member's interest was insufficient to obtain the request, and after dangling at his grace's levee for near a twelvemonth, he found that promises were very empty provision, and that even hope and patience would not produce him a single dinner.

From a cringing suppliant to the minister, he became his declared foe. Having a tolerable knack at writing, he attacked him in the public papers, under various signatures; and was the foremost in abusing the Princess D-----r, Lord Bute, Mungo, and all the junto, as they are called. He was in expectation, that what he could not do by intreaty, he might operate by menaces. He threatened, from time to time, still severer and severer essays, till the severity of the season had almost froze him to death. However, by the aid of a great coat borrowed from a printer, which he took care not to return, and a chandler shop woman's faith, he found means to get through last winter; but having wrote away all his virulence, and the season affording scarce any new topics for animadversion, the printer's devil *remerci'd* him the beginning of the summer, and our politician was once more without small beer, bread, and cheese.

In this dilemma he engaged in a strolling party for the country, and set off without a portmanteau to carry his baggage. He ranted in Othello at Canterbury, and, by the help of burnt cork and Stentorian lungs, was judged a very good Moor by the crowded audience, who consisted of seven spectators. He shared nine-pence, and set off for Dover, where he picked up an existence for about two months.

He is now returned to the capital moneyless, shirtless, and coatless; he is not, however, without hopes of *Juniusing* the duke of Grafton out of a place, as he is once more in favour. At least he expects to be retained as a minor politician by the printers, having an excellent set of essays, ready made, that will suit any occasion or any paper whatever.

Gray's-Inn, Dec. 16. OBSERVATOR.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THANK heaven the month of November is over—that fatal, gloomy month, in which we Englishmen are so famous for cutting our throats, shooting, and hanging ourselves. I can now read a treatise upon suicide, or Cato's soliloquy, without fearing I shall be persuaded to follow the old Roman's example.

A plague on it, but this is a very foggy morning, though not in November. I'll leave off meditation for fear of consequences, and take a stroll to divert my thoughts. Let me see—I have it—the Spectator tells us of a set of peripatetic philosophers who constantly resort to Gray's-inn-gardens, and let the weather be ever so foggy, perform their perambulations, and deliver their doctrines with cheerfulness and serenity.

Upon this reflection, I repaired to Gray's-inn-gardens; but so far from finding any philosophers performing their morning exercises, I found the door locked, and even the porter absent. "Strange alterations in times, said I to myself. Well, what the gardens will not afford me, the coffee-houses shall." With this resolution I took the circuit of Holborn. At Abington's, two very able lawyers were pleading the cause of the Duke of Portland and Sir James Lowther: one was very loud and vociferous, and laid great stress upon the impropriety of such grants being perpetual; when the other coolly told him, that changing of hands did not abolish them, but only proved a partiality in favour of an individual. The boisterous orator became now so outrageous, that by enforcing his argument with action, he knocked down a tea-board upon the table with all its apparatus. As I had had a lucky escape from being scalded, I did not chuse to risk the downfall of a coffee-pot almost full, which was within the reach of his argument, and I made a precipitate retreat, after dropping my three-pence at the bar.

At Owen's, two theatrical critics were determining the comparative merits of the rival Installations; but as I found each of them to be partial to the different managers, and that prejudice, and not opinion, prompted their observations, I left them to confer with the agreeable lady at the bar, who very obligingly brought me a

DEC. 1771.

dish of chocolate herself. The dramatic disputants had not agreed in their verdict when I had drank my chocolate, and as there was no great likelihood of their coinciding in opinion, I buttoned my great coat, and beat a march.

I stepped into the London, where we have a fine large room, plenty of books and news papers, a civil landlord, and attentive waiters—but no orators. Silence reigns around. I entered into the spirit of the place for a quarter of an hour, run over the news papers, skimmed the surface of a Junius, eat a jelly, and retired.

At Anderton's, two limbs of pharmacy were in close consultation upon Dr. Cadogan: they heartily agreed in condemning him, and from a very judicious motive, that if his regimen were generally pursued, half the apothecaries might shut up their shops, and the other half lounge at a coffee-house six hours in a day more than they do.

The Temple Exchange was crowded with attornies, petty-foggers, and bailiffs. A buzz of briefs, subpoena's, writs, and bail, echoed through the room: one box sometimes predominated in high words and abuse, between a couple of *honest* attornies, who could not agree in fleecing plaintiff and defendant who had entrusted them with their suits; at length, however, silence took place, and a whisper ratified their agreement.

The young lady at Nando's, having retired from her throne of capillair, her suppliant subjects do not throng in such numbers as formerly about the regal seat; but the young queen, her sister, who succeeds her, will, it is believed, very soon have as many professed admirers as her predecessor.

The Templars at George's were in a circle round *Pomposo*, who was very dogmatically giving his opinion upon Junius, and the state of politics. As he is the oracle of the room, no one pretended to controvert his opinions; but a young student, who asked him a question, which the walking Lexicon judged abrupt, had a tart reply, in being told "He was a young man, and should read—such questions as those were quite superfluous."

It was now three o'clock, and finding my appetite a strong advocate for dining, I repaired to an adjacent chop-house. After having paid this tribute to nature, I called for pen, ink, and paper, and have written you this perambulating Journal of three hours. If I find, Sir, you make use

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of it, I may probably send you an evening's excursion towards St. James's.

Gray's-Inn,
Dec. 3.

I am,
Your constant reader,
AMBULATOR.

MEMOIRS of Madam DACIER.

THIS lady was the daughter of Tanne-gui le Fevre, Greek professor at Saumur, where she was born in the year 1651. Her father had no design of bringing her up to the study of the *belles lettres*; but her own happy disposition for learning, determined him to afford her all his attentions in this pursuit. This learned man educated a son, and was emulous of nothing so much as of seeing him a proficient in the study of languages. Whilst his father was giving him his lessons, Ann le Fevre, who was then only eleven years old, used to be sitting by at work upon tapestry. It happened one day that the pupil made an erroneous reply to a question put by his father, when his sister, who was at work, hit him a slap on the shoulder, and pointed out to him his mistake. Her father, observing this correction from his daughter, charmed with the discovery, resolved to train her up to the learned languages. She made such uncommon progress, that in a short time she was foremost upon the list of the literati of Europe. This lady has given the world several commentaries upon different Latin authors, and a translation of some of the comedies of Plautus. She has also translated the comedies of Terence, the Plutus, and the Clouds of Aristophanes; also, Anacreon, and the moral reflexions of Marcus Aurelius. But her translation of Homer, is the work that has established the reputation of this celebrated lady upon the firmest basis.

She was by the extent of her education, a kind of phenomenon of mount Parnassus. Her manners were gentle and affable, and her character easy and compliable; but this disposition did not prevail whenever she was disturbed in her superstitious worship of the antients. The warmth with which she defended Homer, in her dispute with Houdart de la Mothe, created her many enemies, amongst whom was the Abbe Carlaud de la Villette, who has endeavoured to ridicule her, in his *Critical Essays upon Taste*. "In the person of Madam Dacier, we found, said he, a contrast of the foibles of her own sex, blended with the ferocity of the sons of the North, from which union was produced the most whimsical and grotesque

character in nature. Nothing can surpass the astonishing effects of Grecian lore in the head of this woman. She was outrageous in defending the interests of antiquity—Whenever she talked of the glorious ages of Alexander and Augustus, she fainted with admiration. I have been informed, he adds, by a person who had lived with her for a considerable time, that this learned lady, holding a distaff by her side, recited to him the tender farewell between Andromache and Hector, with so much enthusiastic rapture, that she was absolutely bereft of her senses. Her external appearance had a certain bibliographic air, quite incompatible with ease and elegance: for, indeed, what an indecency must she have been guilty of, to fix a pom-poon with the same hand that could pen Greek! Notwithstanding these pleasantries, Madam Dacier has obtained an immortal reputation by her translations of Terence and Homer. We find, in general, more wit and taste, with less crowded erudition in her works, than in those of her husband. The only reproach she ever really merited, was her unbounded admiration for all that she wrote.

Madam Dacier was so greatly delighted with the Clouds of Aristophanes, which she translated, that she assures us she read it with pleasure at least two hundred times. This, indeed, may be considered as an additional proof of her partiality for the works of antiquity.

When Moliere produced his *Amphitruon*, she wrote a Dissertation to prove that Plautus's *Amphitruon*, was much superior to Moliere's; but hearing that this poet was writing a comedy, intitled, *The Learned Females*, she prudently suppressed the publication of her Dissertation.

She married in 1683 monsieur Dacier, who was a member of the academy of Inscriptions, and the French academy, and keeper of the king's cabinet-library at Paris; a post that no longer subsists. By this alliance she had a son, who was more advanced in his studies at ten years old, than others usually are at twenty. He often secretly pocketed books to read them in private. He read in this manner Herodotus and Polybius. A man of judgment one day asking his opinion of these historians, he replied, "Herodotus is very enchanting, but Polybius is a man of great sense."

Madam Dacier received the most flattering marks of esteem from the celebrated Christina, queen of Sweden, and the most illustrious personages of her time; yet the following anecdote will display a singular proof of her modesty. The literati

of the North who travel, are, it is well known, very careful of visiting in every country through which they pass those persons who are the most distinguished for their learning. They carry with them an *Album*, a kind of book, in which they desire these people of science to write their names, with a sentence. A German gentleman, well known in the republic of letters, paid madam Dacier a visit, and presented her his book, intreating her to inscribe her name, with a sentence. She took the book, but finding in it with surprise the names of the most illustrious men in Europe, she was going to return it to the traveler, saying, "She should blush to place herself by the side of such distinguished personages." The gentleman redoubled his intreaties, while she still excused herself. At length, however, being obliged to yield to his importunities, she took the pen, and wrote her name, with one line from Sophocles, signifying, "Silence is the ornament of Women."

Madame D'Acier died at Paris in 1720, aged sixty-eight years.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

He wants sense, who never wanted wit.

S I R,

INTO what a variety of extravagant situations will a man's vivacity lead him. Fond of his friends, admired by his acquaintance, he is incessantly caressed to be of every convivial party, that leads to pleasure and destruction.

I am forced into this reflexion from the fate of Hilario. Born to an easy fortune, he started in life with almost every advantage, an agreeable person, a lively imagination, a persuasive address, a tolerable share of classic learning; in fine, he was pronounced by all his numerous acquaintance a most agreeable fellow. What jollification could be complete without Hilario? Cards succeeded cards every morning to invite him to dinner, to routs, to plays, to masquerades: his only excuse was prior engagement, and he had not resolution to withstand the temptations. More admired by the ladies than revered by his friends, he seemed born solely for love and pleasure. Having the whole race of demi-reps at his devotion, many good matches that were proposed to him he rejected, basking in the sunshine of variegated beauty.

Incessant vigils, and repeated irregularities, anticipated those years that were still far distant. His gaiety and dissipation had long ere now mortgaged his estate, and his inattention had let the interest remain unpaid for several years: a fore-closure took place, and he was reduced to want and misery at a period he was the least able to parry misfortunes. The worst of those matches he had formerly rejected, he would now gladly have embraced, but they were otherwise disposed of; his distress, added to his debaucheries, had greatly transformed his person: age was already at thirty stamped upon his brow, and all his powers of pleasing were now vanished with his estate.

After trying his friends, he found them gradually relax in their assiduities for him, and the usual anti climax of fortune took place---the verge of the court, a spunging house, the King's bench. Here, alas! we must now leave Hilario, who might have still been the soul of mirth and gaiety, the rapture of the fair-sex, and an ornament to every department of society.

If the young men of the age, who emerge in life with such recommendations, and many, doubtless, there are, would but sequester themselves from the gay world, and its fatal blandishments, only for one month, to reflect upon the almost inevitable consequences of an invariable pursuit of pleasure, they might avoid the abyss into which Hilario has now plunged himself. Wit, pleasantry, comeliness, liberality, sincerity, ease, gentility, politeness, all, all lose their lustre when misfortunes assail. Your friends pity, your enemies laugh, your rivals rally---but who assists?

I do not want to sermonize, I leave that to the pulpit; but I would have the young men of the age reason in time, for experience is a very nauseous draught, when we are obliged to swallow it with every bitter that misery can infuse.

HORATIO.

*To the Editor of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

I Have met with a disappointment lately which has chagrined me the more because it has convinced me that though I am in my grand climacteric, I do not yet know the true meaning of many words in the English language.

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In

In consequence of an invitation from a niece of mine, lately married in this polite metropolis, I left my private dwelling in a retired part of the kingdom, where I have lived, almost like an Hermit, these five and twenty years, in order to pay her a visit upon her wedding. I came to town with additional pleasure, because she had informed me she was *settled* in the most agreeable way with a man, who not only had it in his power to maintain her in a genteel stile of life, but who made her very happy by the most affectionate and attentive behaviour.

I was heartily received, I must own, both by my niece and her husband: I was accommodated with a very good apartment, and everything was done to make me satisfied with my journey to London: I soon, however, wished myself in my own little cottage again. Home is home, though ever so homely. The life which my niece leads, is, indeed, so different from my quiet one in the country, that I find my residence in her house as disagreeable to me, as if I had taken up my quarters in a wind mill. I, therefore, plainly told her, for I am downright Dunstable, a few days after my arrival, that I could not stay any longer in so noisy and irregular a family. "Excuse me, my dear niece," said I to her, "for speaking so freely, but, to tell you the truth, you have greatly deceived me. You drew me up to town, by telling me that you was very happily settled. I hope you are happy, but I am sure you are not settled; for in the first place, you do not seem to know your own mind two minutes together, and in the second, you live in a perpetual dissipation from morning to night."

As she is a good natured girl, she was not offended with my freedom: she only smiled, and said, "I am sorry, Sir, that your accommodations here are not to your taste; I am vastly happy, and as to my way of life, it is quite *fashionable*, I assure you."

The word *fashionable* struck me dumb: I knew very well that all I could possibly urge against a fashionable life would have no weight, and therefore kept my thoughts upon that life in general, and upon her situation in particular, to myself. As the fashionable couple are very ready, and indeed take a great deal of pains, to make my time pass cheerfully away, I am pleased with their polite and friendly endeavours; but I shall set out to-morrow towards my peaceful retreat in the West, with a resolution not to make another visit

to London to see any of my relations or friends *settled* in it. I find I am not the man I was five and twenty years ago: I feel myself a BRAMBLE: but I am,

Your very humble servant,

Dec. 6.

D. D.

The UNEXPECTED LEGACY.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are hundreds in the world, of both sexes, who having small, perhaps no fortunes, will be mean enough to submit to all the caprices of their superiors, with the most abject servility, in hopes of being remembered by them in their wills; chusing rather to live under them, animated by such hopes, in a state of mortifying dependence, than to take any steps to acquire a decent subsistence by their own industry, by the employment of their heads, or the exercise of their hands.

Your mere legacy-hunters, who make themselves slaves to the rich, in order to receive posthumous wages for their voluntary servitude, are truly contemptible; and if they have recourse to any unfair measures to exclude the relations of those whom they cram with flattery from their rightful inheritance, they cannot but be looked upon in a very criminal light.

Mrs. Billingham having lost her husband, was so embarrassed by his death, as he had been a very imprudent man, that she could not disentangle his complicated affairs herself. The friend whom she applied to for his advice on so disagreeable an emergency, undertook the regulation of them with pleasure. He exerted himself with activity in her behalf, and he behaved with the strictest honour, but he could only save two hundred pounds out of the WRECK for her.

When he presented that sum to her, and declared that he would not take a farthing for his trouble, he addressed himself to her in the following manner.

"I am very glad, Mrs. Billingham, that I have been able to secure this small sum for you, trifling as it is. I am also very sorry that my old friend left his affairs in so much confusion. However, if you have a mind to improve it by going into some way of business, I will double it with all my heart, and do all in my power to make that business turn to account."

Mrs. Billingham having been born a gentlewoman, and accustomed to live in a genteel

genteel style, felt her pride considerably alarmed at the mention of the word business. All her family-blood mounted immediately into her face, and she could not help returning an answer to Mr. Marden sufficient to convince him that she had not deserved his friendship.

"Business, Sir!" replied she, bridleing, "I was never bred to business!" repeating the word with an emphasis which strongly proved how much she was galled by it. "I will never disgrace my family by any business---I will endure the greatest hardships rather than fix a blot in their scutcheon---No, Sir, I wonder how you came to think of such a thing---you know very well-----"

"Nay, madam," cried he, stopping her short---for being a man of business, he could not afford to sacrifice a great deal of his time to her volubility---"If you are not willing to do something in order to improve your little fortune-----"

"Little as it is, Sir," replied she tartly, "it will enable me to keep myself, without business at least, till I can find a friend more generous---certainly more polite---than you have been."

Mr. Marden might have, with the greatest propriety, as he was injuriously attacked, returned a very stinging answer to a speech so extremely ungrateful, as well as indiscreet: but he beheld the widow of his old friend rather with pity than resentment, and therefore retired, with a low bow, lest he might be tempted in a moment of intolerable provocation to utter some precipitate expressions.

Mrs. Billingham had been so much ruffled by Mr. Marden's affront to her family, that she remained a good while in a state of perturbation, without ever once reflecting upon the real friendship and generosity of his behaviour.

Mr. Marden's mind was in a very different situation. As soon as he got home he told his wife all that had passed between Mrs. Billingham and him verbatim.

Mrs. Marden flew out instantly, and loaded Mrs. Billingham with reproaches, many of which she had, indeed, merited---"My family is not at all inferior to *hers*," added she, eagerly, "and yet I should not be in the least ashamed to get my livelihood, if I was hard drove, in an honest way---*her* family!"

"Well, well, my dear," said Mr. Marden, with his usual mildness, "don't be too severe against the poor women; she is miserable enough in all conscience with the addition of her family-pride to her poverty. I have acted the part of a friend to

her. I have secured her as much money as I possibly could; and I hope she will, when she comes to reflect coolly upon the hint I dropped about the improvement of it, avail herself of it---Perhaps too, on reflection, she may repent of her behaviour to me."

"If she does not," replied Mrs. Marden briskly, "she will have no feeling." And thus ended the conversation between them.

Mrs. Billingham, when she recovered from the discomposure into which Mr. Marden had thrown her, by proposing to make her a shopkeeper, blamed herself for the asperity of her language to him, as he had behaved to her in so friendly a manner at a juncture when she stood particularly in need of his advice and assistance; but never having been of a disposition to atone for her faults by a free confession of them, and considering all condescensions as extremely degrading, she broke off all acquaintance with the Mardens---By so doing she proclaimed her ingratitude.

Mrs. Billingham, too proud as she was to go into business, did not think it beneath her to be a companion to a rich, old, maiden lady near St. James's, to whom she was recommended by a female friend. About the character and humours of that lady she made the strictest enquiries before she entered into her service (is not a companion a *servant*, tho' not a *hired* one?) and determined, from the moment she set her foot in her house, to employ all her arts to coax her out of a good legacy.

With Mrs. Dyfart she soon found herself most agreeably situated, because she enjoyed the confidence of a woman who, with a great deal of good-nature, had a very shallow understanding. Such a woman appeared to be a treasure in Mrs. Billingham's eyes, and she spared no pains, she lost no opportunities, to twist herself about her heart.

By a constant course of excessive adulation, by "saying aye and no to every thing she said," and by a series of the most pitiful servilities, Mrs. Billingham became so necessary to Mrs. Dyfart, that she could hardly *breathe* without her---*live* she could not with any pleasure when her *prodigious clever* companion was out of the way.

Mrs. Dyfart, while she was feasting one morning on the frothy compliments addressed to her by Mrs. Billingham, which were happily adapted to her taste, received a letter from a niece she had in the country, to acquaint her with her intended visit, according to annual custom, if she had no objection to it.

When

When she had read it, she turned to her companion, and said, with a smile, "I am glad to find that Miss Newton is coming to town; Mrs. Billingham, on *your* account as well as my own—To be sure you lead a very dull life with *me*; now, as my niece is a lively girl, she will make the house quite another thing."

"Indeed, madam, replied Mrs. Billingham, I assure you I don't want the house to be more agreeable to me than it is at present—I am entirely happy with your company alone; I shall, however, be vastly glad to see a young lady so nearly related to you, and will do all in my power to amuse her."

Mrs. Dyart's eyes glistened with satisfaction at the delivery of that speech, uttered with insinuating accents, and she immediately wrote an answer to her niece's letter, telling her that she should expect her to spend part of the winter with her, as usual.

When Miss Newton came to reside with her aunt, Mrs. Billingham studiously endeavoured to render herself as necessary to *her* as she was to Mrs. Dyart, and had recourse to the most refined delicacies of behaviour, in order to gain her point: but Alicia saw thro' her aunt's companion with half an eye, despised the little arts which she practised in the character of a toad-eater by profession, and resolved to make her aunt see, if possible, how grossly she was imposed upon by her favourite.

Mrs. Dyart had, frequently, before the arrival of her niece, told Mrs. Billingham in the openness of her heart, that she had remembered her in her *will*.

Miss Newton, having picked up an unsealed letter one day, written by Mrs. Billingham to a bosom-friend, which contained many passages not at all to her honour, as they served to prove her the most finished hypocrite of her sex, determined to make a proper use of them by trying, supported by *them*, to undeceive her aunt. She proceeded, however, with great caution, that Mrs. Billingham might not suspect the discovery of her secret thoughts with regard to her situation with Mrs. Dyart, and communicated her interesting intelligence to *her* in the most prudent manner imaginable.

Mrs. Dyart was extremely shocked at the intelligence communicated to her by her niece concerning Mrs. Billingham—"You don't say so!" cried she, lifting up the whites of her eyes. "You amaze me—I am all over in a wonder—good Lord!—Who can we trust in this world?—But I am glad I know what a hollow creature I have been cherishing. I must alter my

will directly, for I have left her a handsome legacy; and I am sure she does not deserve a shilling of it."

Miss Newton readily subscribed to her aunt's opinion of Mrs. Billingham's merit upon the occasion, but advised her to get rid of her genteelly, without giving her reason to imagine that she had done any thing to render the erasure of her name necessary.

In about two months after Mrs. Billingham's dismissal, Mrs. Dyart died.

Miss Newton dispatched a messenger to Mrs. Billingham, to request her to be present at the opening of her aunt's will.

Mr. Billingham, concluding that she should hear herself mentioned in a very eligible manner, hurried to the house.

The will was read before her—she was mentioned in the following terms.

"*Item*, I give and bequeath to Mrs. Billingham (who lived with me lately as a companion) in consideration of her singular behaviour to me, two shillings and sixpence lawful money of England."

It is needless, I suppose, to describe Mrs. Billingham's looks when those words saluted her ears.

THE DIAMOND PIN.

A MORAL TALE.

CONSTANCY in a husband does not always, the more's the pity, secure the fidelity of a wife; but it is highly probable that many married women would never have been vagrants from virtue, if those who had vowed a perpetual attachment to them at the altar had not, by their desertion, thrown them into the way of irresistible temptations.

In consequence of a pressing invitation from his friend Sir Charles Dewson, colonel Bedley left his apartments near St. James's, to spend a few weeks with him at Dewson-place: he was the more ready to accept of it, as he had not seen his old friend since his arrival from Ireland, where he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of an eminent merchant, and married her.

Sir Charles received him with his usual warmth of affection, having been long acquainted with him, and always found him as amiable in his manners, as he was entertaining in his conversation.

Lady Dewson received the colonel as her husband's friend in the politest manner; and, as she had never seen him before, was struck at his appearance: he was indeed a striking figure: he was extremely handsome, without being in the least

least effeminate, and had all the gracefulness of a man of the first fashion in his carriage.

The moment she was alone with Sir Charles, she could not help saying that the colonel was one of the most agreeable men she had ever seen in her life.

She spoke these words very innocently, and Sir Charles did not, as some husbands would have done, put any unfair constructions upon them. He told her, in reply, that Bedley was indeed an agreeable fellow, and as worthy a creature as ever existed.

Bedley was as much struck at lady Dewson's appearance as she could possibly have been at his, and his admiration increased every time she came in his sight. Her beauty, in short, operated so powerfully upon him, that he began to feel himself very uneasy, because he felt a passion swelling in his breast, which he could not, he knew, gratify, without being guilty of an action too atrocious to be thought of by a man who had the slightest ideas of morality. He was certainly in a trying situation; for Sir Charles, being of a roving disposition, and having affairs with all the pretty girls within several miles of him whom he could bribe to a compliance with his amorous wishes, frequently left his Harriot and the colonel together, not only for hours, but whole days, undisturbed with any suspicions about the continence of the one, or the honour of the other.

Bedley, finding lady Dewson one day, during the absence of Sir Charles from home, in tears, was so much affected by them that he could not refrain himself from intreating her with great earnestness to acquaint him with the cause of her sorrow, that he might do every thing in his power to alleviate it, at least, if its entire removal was not to be hoped for from his active endeavours in her service. He even ventured to press her hand, while he spoke, but in the most respectful manner, in order to convince her the more forcibly of the concern which her affliction had excited in his sympathizing bosom.

She made no answer to his repeated solicitations, repeated every time with additional energy, but having sat, for some moments, sobbing as if her heart would break, hastily withdrew her hand, and quitted the room.

In her hurry she dropped a letter: Bedley immediately seized it, imagining that the contents of it might give him the desired information, and greedily perused it.

The information which he received was pleasing, and it was painful. The letter was written by lady Dewson herself, to a favourite female friend, but unfinished: it contained many pathetic complaints of Sir Charles's declining affection, of his increasing indifference, of his frequent wanderings, and of his leaving her with a man who was but too agreeable to her. In fine, the colonel made discoveries which flattered his vanity exceedingly, but which gave him considerable disquiet. They raised a fierce contention in his breast between love and honour; and the conflicts which he endured from the violence of their opposition to each other, were hardly to be supported.

Lady Dewson, missing her letter soon after she got into her dressing-room, was not a little alarmed, fearing that it had fallen into his hands from whom she withheld particularly to have it concealed. Recollecting that she had been reading it just before the colonel surprized her in tears, she hastened instantly to the parlour.

At the sight of her letter in the colonel's hand she coloured like fire; covered her face with her handkerchief, and walked towards the door; but she could not make good her retreat.

Bedley, gently seizing her hand, begged her to sit down and hear him, and did not beg in vain. He then, presenting the letter to her, intreated her, upon his knees, and in the most persuasive accents, to pardon an impertinence of which he should not have been guilty, he solemnly swore, if he had not been anxiously desirous of knowing what had occasioned her sighs and tears, which pierced him to the soul.

His pleadings were successful; he was pardoned for the gratification of his curiosity: he was not only forgiven, but he received the most flattering encouragements. Intoxicated by those encouragements his sense of honour grew weaker and weaker every hour, and he was in a short time totally under the dominion of the most ungovernable of all the passions.

In the midst of his animating hopes, the colonel met with a severe repulse just when he thought himself on the point of being, in the language of poetry, "blest as the immortal gods." In a very tender *tête à tête* lady Dewson, almost overpowered by his insinuating approaches, suddenly broke from him, to her own, as well as to his astonishment. She could not help wondering at herself, as soon as she was alone in her own apartment, on having had resolution enough to preserve her

her marriage-vow inviolate, when she was so strongly prompted to infringe it.

The colonel, when he recovered from the surprize into which lady Dewson's abrupt departure had thrown him, was, by the instantaneous return of his reason, insensibly impelled to applaud her conduct, and to condemn his own.

Conscious of having acted an ungenerous, an unjustifiable part, by availing himself of her partiality in his favour, to seduce her from her fidelity to the man whom he called his friend, and afraid to trust himself again in her company, he ordered his servant to saddle his horse immediately, and determined to set off without risking the loss of his honour by another interview.

Lady Dewson was, at first, both piqued and concerned, at the colonel's precipitate retreat; but on a little recollection, rejoiced at her narrow escape when her virtue was in the most imminent danger.

In this situation a lady of her acquaintance found her, and easily prevailed on her to accompany her to a play at the next town, with an agreeable party of both sexes.

Soon after she was seated at the theatre at ———, a very handsome girl, sitting near her, attracted her attention: it was attracted by the brilliancy of her beauty; but as she was dressed in a shabbily genteel style throughout, the diamond pin which glittered upon her forehead seemed to be extremely misplaced.

It was quite natural for lady Dewson to make enquiries after a girl who made so singular an appearance; but the answers which she received to them rendered her unable to relish the entertainments of the evening. The girl was one of Sir Charles's mistresses. The intelligence was galling enough; but the diamond-pin was a sight particularly mortifying.

Lady Dewson, however, was destined to receive a still greater mortification before she left ———; for while the husband of the lady who had invited her to the play was handing her into his carriage, she saw Sir Charles putting the girl who had so much disturbed her into a post-chaise.

On her return to Dewson-place, she was not a little surprized to find colonel Bedley sitting in the parlour; but she was also not a little pleased: the remembrance of the last tender scene between them had operated powerfully upon her during her ride to the above-mentioned theatre; and the unexpected *rencontre* there had totally

extinguished the small remains of her regard for Sir Charles.

The return of the colonel was occasioned by the failure of his resolution before he had rode many miles. His passion for lady Dewson became so troublesome, so intolerable, that he could not proceed on his journey; and as she had, by tearing herself away from his arms at a very critical juncture, sufficiently induced him to believe that she would be hardly able to make resistance to another artful and spirited attack, he wheeled about, and pointed his horse's head towards his friend's house with the most unfriendly intentions---How weak is *honour* when opposed to *love*!

Lady Dewson could not help expressing in her countenance the pleasure which she felt at the sight of the man who was now the unrivalled possessor of her heart. Those must be slenderly acquainted with the female world, who are to be told that the conquest of a woman's heart is generally a decisive blow against her person.

The colonel, reading in lady Dewson's significant eyes a confirmation of his conjectures about the success of a second attack, was in too much haste to enjoy the completion of his wishes to hazard another disappointment by delay; he, therefore, immediately exerting all the address he was master of, and no man had more, promised himself a speedy surrender---His expectations were soon answered---

"The yielding fair-one gave him perfect happiness."

Let the husbands who find themselves inclined to censure the lady Dewsons of the age with asperity, pity, while they blame, and endeavour to secure the constancy of their own wives by a faithful attachment to them.

The TRAGICAL DISCOVERY.

An Authentic HISTORY.

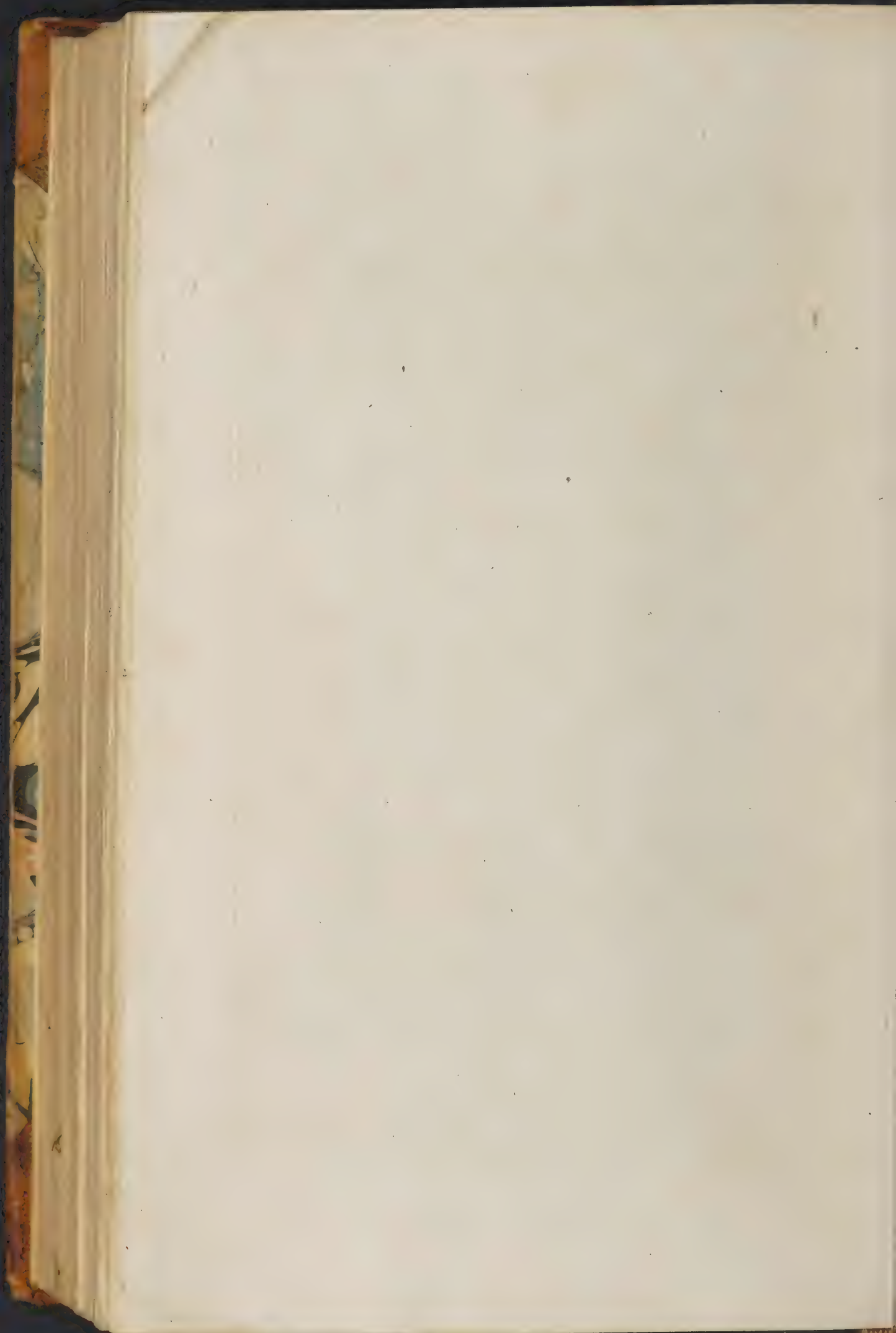
Illustrated with a fine Copper-Plate.

MR. Littleton was descended from an ancient family in Norfolk: his father having, however, but a small estate, thought it necessary he should be brought up to one of the genteel professions, and the young gentleman had his choice: he fixed upon the law, and was entered a student of Lincoln's inn. He made an uncommon progress in this study, and was after the usual

number



The Tragical Discovery.



number of terms called to the bar. The gaieties of youth he had been no stranger to, and even after he was admitted a barrister, he made his appearance at most public places; and possessing a genteel figure and an easy address, he was not unnoticed by the polite people of both sexes.

He was one night at Ranelagh in a party, among whom was a young lady who greatly attracted his attention. Her person alone might have been a sufficient apology for gazing with pleasure; but her behaviour and conversation so greatly heightened her charms, that Mr. Littleton found a secret rapture in all she said, in all she did: her handing him a dish of tea communicated an electric passion, the power of which he immediately felt; and an involuntary sigh proclaimed her conquest.

He returned home and went to bed, but rest was a stranger to his pillow; the image of dear Miss Williams was constantly before him; how to reveal his flame was the subject of his consideration; a thousand perplexities arose on every side—she might be pre-engaged, her affection might be placed on another, he might be an object of disgust, or perhaps indifference to her; she might coquet with his heart, and laugh at his folly: in fine, she might be a very woman—but then the lovely charmer appeared before him in all her attractive beauties, and it was impossible that such an angel could be deformed by the imperfections of human nature. He rose early, and walked about his room in his shirt, without knowing he was naked, till his servant hearing his master stir, came in, and reminded him that he was not dressed. “Do you chuse to have your breakfast now, Sir?” No reply. “Will you have the fire lighted, Sir, it is rather cold this morning?” Still silent. “A’nt you well, Sir?” “Do not plague me with your impertinent questions, leave me.” John obeyed, and he continued walking and meditating for near an hour. At length he went to his bureau, and began a letter to his lovely mistress. After writing two lines he tore it to pieces; began another, destroyed that; a third underwent the same fate. “I cannot write, I shall only expose myself, my mind is so agitated.” He rung for John, was shaved and dressed, had a coach called, and ordered it to the corner of the street in which Miss Williams resided. He got out, and patroled up and down for near two hours, keeping his eye constantly fixed upon the window. Miss Williams made her appearance, she was going to her milliner’s in an adjacent street; he flew to her, and

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after the usual compliments, hoping she had caught no cold the night before, he began to hint to her the real state of his mind. Miss Williams would not seem to understand him; but her repeated blushes plainly proved, she easily construed the language of his heart.

Having made this overture, he was somewhat easier, and he found himself in a state of tranquility sufficient to pen a letter to her, in which he unfolded all his sentiments. To this epistle she returned a short but flattering answer.

“SIR,

“Conscious of my own imperfections, I should imagine the letter you have been pleased to honour me with, was addressed to me by mistake, had not your conversation this morning bordered upon the same subject. If you mean this, Sir, as mere compliment and gallantry, I can smile at it and compliment in turn. If you are really serious, I pity you, and you will ever find me, at least, the compassionate

MARIA WILLIAMS.”

He read it over and over, construed and reconstructed the different significations each word could be taken in; then almost devoured it with kisses, then put it in his bosom, and hugged it with rapture. After these fond ceremonies were performed, he began to consider how he could have an opportunity of getting again into her company. She was the only daughter of a merchant, who was supposed to be very rich; and as he had given her a polite education, he judged that her personal and mental accomplishments, added to her fortune, entitled her to a coronet. In this ambitious opinion, though many proposals had been made to Miss Williams, she had been obliged to reject them, as her father would not consent to her being any thing less than a peeress, and no suitor was permitted to come to the house without a title for a passport. Mr. Littleton finding Miss Williams thus situated, to avoid occasioning her any uneasiness, laid aside all thoughts of visiting her at home. Calling on his friend who had introduced him to Miss Williams at Ranelagh, he found she was to drink tea at that gentleman’s the same afternoon. Mr. Littleton failed not being there, and arrived at the door just as Miss Williams’s coach stopt, which gave him an opportunity of handing her out, not without a very sentimental squeeze, that expressed more than volumes of modern novels.

After tea he found an opportunity of being alone with her, when he made such

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professions of the sincerity of his passion, as extorted a confession from Miss Williams, that he was very far from being disagreeable to her: but, she added, "to fan a flame that must only destroy us, is the height of imprudence; let my sentiments be what they may concerning you, they are of little consequence, as my father, whom I would not disobey upon any consideration, will listen to no proposals unless they come from a nobleman."

This declaration, though it carried with it an obstacle almost insurmountable, gave Mr. Littleton great consolation to find that he was far from being disagreeable to her, and that she even insinuated their passion was mutual.

From this time a constant correspondence was kept up between them, notwithstanding Miss Williams had pronounced it the height of imprudence to fan a flame that must only destroy them, so little are we the despots of our own affections, which will prevail against judgment and reason. They frequently met at his friend's, and parties were made as often as possible, in which the lovers were never separate. In fine, a strong and mutual passion had ere now been revealed, and all their consultations only tended how to dispose her father to approve the match. A hundred methods were proposed by him, and rejected by her as impracticable. They, however, agreed to remain single till his death, as then she would have an opportunity of disposing of her hand agreeable to her wishes, without offending her father.

In this resolution they were the most fond Platonic lovers that perhaps ever existed. They lived but for each other; and the distant hope of being one day united, gave them a glimmering of happiness that dispelled the gloom of present constraint.

In this pleasing expectation many months rolled on, till at the last a noble suitor came, and blasted all the fond hopes they had so long cherished. Lord Dumfries, a Scotch nobleman of small fortune, having some business with Mr. Williams, was one day introduced into the parlour where Miss Williams was reading. She observed his eyes constantly fixed upon her, and would have retired; but her father ordered her to stay. His lordship and Mr. Williams having retired into the counting-house, the Scotch peer declared he thought Miss Williams was one of the finest girls he had ever beheld, and that if her understanding was equal to her person, she must be a paragon of female excellence. "As to Maria's understanding, I think, my lord, I can venture to

pronounce there are few women who exceed her." "What a happy man," continued his lordship, "must he be to possess such a jewel!" "Why look you, my lord, I am of your opinion, and let me tell you that Maria with thirty thousand pounds, is not a contemptible object for any man." "Egad, Mr. Williams, I am quite of that sentiment—I wish I was ten years younger for her sake, I would tell her my mind." "Your age, my lord! I don't think that's against you; a man at forty is in his prime, if he has a good constitution, and has taken care of it." "As to constitution, Mr. Williams, I believe there are few better; and with regard to family, is there any one more ancient than the Dumfries's?" "You speak like a man of sense, my lord, and to tell you the truth, I should like to be allied to you." "But I must persuade the lady, perhaps she may have fixed her affections already." "What! fixed her affections without my consent—No, no, my lord, I've taught her better than that—leave the matter to me, I warrant you Maria will do as I please in so important an affair, especially when it is so much for her own good."

Thus was Miss Williams disposed of, without her knowledge or approbation, like a horse at Smithfield, or a Negro in the Plantations!

Mr. Williams acquainted Maria with the good fortune that awaited her, and told her to prepare herself for the marriage, adding, "I always thought, my dear, you would be a lady." Tears involuntarily flowed from the mirrors of the soul, whilst she endeavoured to utter a dutiful remonstrance; but words refused their utterance. "What's the fool a crying about—because she is going to be married, and to a lord; there is not another girl, in all Harley-street, but what would sing for joy." Saying this, he left her to her own meditations.

As soon as she had recovered a little from the first shock of this excruciating intelligence, she transmitted the sad tale in the effusions of her heart on paper, to her dear, her beloved Mr. Littleton. The receipt of this letter threw him into such agonies, that he behaved like a madman; he was at dinner at a tavern when his man brought him the letter. The first effects of his rage was destroying all the plates, dishes, bottles, and glasses, upon the table and in the room. He then flew to his chambers, and after execrating the tyranny of parents, and the folly of false ambition, at length, quite exhausted with passion and phrenzy, he flung himself upon

the bed, where a flood of tears gave vent to the violent emotions of his soul.

A short day was fixed upon for Maria's nuptials with lord Dumfries; and notwithstanding all her entreaties, her soothing, persuasive prayers, that might have melted a heart of adamant, her request, which was only to defer the marriage for a few weeks, was rejected, and her father remained inexorable, leaving her this short but severe exhortation: "If you do not obey, and marry lord Dumfries, I will turn you out of doors, and disinherit you."

Like a gay victim to the altar led, all her future happiness was there sacrificed in the conjugal ceremony. To become a lady, she was rendered the most miserable wretch on earth. Obedience to the despotism of an ambitious father, had swallowed all the sweets of this life, and left the cup replete with gall.

When Mr. Littleton heard of the marriage, a deep melancholy seized him; all his faculties were stagnated; even the power of speech deserted him; for several days he remained in a kind of stupor, that bordered upon melancholy madness. He refused all food, and his man was incapable of persuading him to swallow any aliment, till he was so extremely faint, that had he not forced him to take a glass of wine, and a crust of bread, he must have perished with hunger. After he had recovered his spirits a little, he resolved, let the event be ever so fatal, to see lady Dumfries. He communicated his design to his servant, who promised to exert his abilities to accomplish it. He wrote a short billet to her ladyship, in which he requested her to meet him in Gray's-inn-gardens, if she thought his life worth preserving, as on the sight of her alone it depended.

From the reluctance with which her ladyship gave her hand, her fixed melancholy since her marriage, and her visible coolness towards lord Dumfries, excited his natural jealousy, and made him suspect there was a rival in the case. He accordingly bid his valet de chambre be very circumspect with respect to what letters came to her ladyship, and to whom she wrote; and that whenever she went abroad, to have her watched.

Mr. Littleton's man found means to communicate his master's letter to lady Dumfries's own woman, who had lived with her from a child, and who was no stranger to her passion for that gentleman. By this means his lordship's Argus was frustrated in his design; but when she prepared to meet Mr. Littleton in Gray's-inn-gardens, he failed not to plant a spy to attend her.

The meeting of the lovers was a scene that exhibited to the most cursory observer, a strong and mutual passion, that neither place or discretion could stifle. They vowed inviolable affection for each other, and made another appointment for a few days.

This intelligence was communicated to his lordship, who no sooner found that he had a rival, than he resolved to execute a scheme of revenge. He pretended that the death of a near relation called him into Scotland, made preparations for his journey, which he informed her ladyship, would at least take him up three weeks, and begged of her to be careful of her health during his absence, hoping he should find her in better spirits upon his return.

Mr. Littleton hearing that his lordship was gone to Scotland, waited upon her ladyship at her own house, where he was soon introduced to the idol of his heart. Lord Dumfries was still in London, and not many streets distant. His valet de chambre soon informed him that his rival was at this instant with her ladyship alone, and that most probably he would detect them in a situation that would convince him of his wife's infidelity.

His lordship came home, and rushing into his wife's apartment, found her sitting upon Mr. Littleton's knee, with her arms round his neck. He required no farther conviction, but, drawing his sword, scarce gave his antagonist time to defend himself. Mr. Littleton also drew, and in a few minutes run him through the body.

Lady Dumfries was greatly afflicted at this shocking catastrophe, and whilst his lordship was upon the verge of eternity, she flung herself at his feet to implore his pardon with his dying breath.

The house was presently alarmed, and all possible assistance given his lordship; but in vain, he survived but a few minutes the fatal wound. Lady Margaret, his lordship's sister, who was at this time upon a visit at her brother's, was so extremely afflicted, that she fainted away, and all the family were in such consternation, that they forgot to secure Mr. Littleton, who made his escape, and set out post immediately for Dover.

From this tragic event, let parents learn the impossibility of a happy union, where hearts are not congenial; that it is not the glittering star, the pomp of title, or the pageantry of rank, that can communicate real felicity. They may gratify vanity and false ambition; but the pure streams of connubial bliss, must flow from sympathetic fondness.

Illustration of the Inscription on Sir W. BROWNE's Monument. (See p. 594.)

Continued from our last.

THE NOTES.

CORONAT *cælum perenni gloria.*] This, having a manifest reference to *Coronat tellus inani nomine*, shall be considered in its proper place.

M. S.] Some ignorant readers, I have been told, have imagined the interpretation of these two letters to be *Manu scriptum*; as St. Paul, in one of his epistles, "This is the salutation written with the hand of me, Paul"—but I see no occasion for carrying the interpretation farther than the common *Memoriæ sacrum*; and I really think it was intended as such. Sufficient care is taken, through the whole, to let us know to whom the glory should be ascribed. The features of the child have so strong a resemblance of the father, there need be no difficulty in the filiation—

D: GULIELMI BROWNE *Militis*] We have here the first of the blunders of this muddle-headed artist—It is impossible it could be thus in the manuscript—*Dominus Gulielmus Browne Miles!*—What a gross *Anglicism*! A justice of peace, nay an alderman, might as well stile himself Mr. ———, Esq;—What an imputation on the puissance of his knightship!—What a scandal to the name of chivalry!—*Dominus Miles*—it cannot be—and, if we suppose it *doctoris*, we are still worse—*Doctor Sir W. Browne*—ridiculous! In idea, now, I can look forward into futurity, and see some future Bentley giving us his sentiments on this passage in something like the following: "This D, &c. is an error in all the MSS. and was undoubtedly written M. D. at the beginning of the next line. M. D. S. R. S. EL. PR. COLL. MED. LOND. the transposition, and the omission of these latter titles (which I find under a copper plate of our author, done * *under his own inspection*) owing to the carelessness of transcribers, and the dull embarrassments of vulgar commentators."

Bentleius redivivus.

* The following anecdote may properly enough be introduced to elucidate this passage—When this copper-plate of the knight was first finished, he brought a whole cargo down with him from London, and made a present of one to almost every brandisher of a *spatula*, and *opifor-gue* in this part of the county. At his

Browne] Flat and insipid! a creeping contemptible monosyllable!—The nicer Latinist will scarce pardon the monkish barbarism of *Gulielmi*; but, I fear, all my intercession will not be sufficient to save even the author himself from some degree of censure, for not introducing the Roman *FUSCI*, which might have been done at so easy an expence, and which would have added an inimitable grace and dignity to the expression; at least, I see no reason why he should not have *elevated* his own name in the same manner as he has done those of Mr. Boyle and Mr. Locke. I am sorry to have occasion to blame my author himself, but my *impartiality* would not suffer me to omit a stricture on this passage where alone I think him culpable.

Studium opusque, qui valde persequens, Medicinam, haud sine Deo, fecerat.] There is a peculiar elegance in classical Latinity, a beautiful transposition of the members which compose the sentence, that is only to be relished by a reader of taste: the introduction of *valde persequens* between the two concomitant substantives is *very good*, but the *haud sine Deo* is *remarkably beautiful*: there is something new and striking in its present position, and in all the treatises of rhetoric I never met with an exemplification of it; its name I cannot properly determine; but we have a fine example of it in Whitefield's Journal, "I intend, *God willing*, to be at London, &c."—The intelligent reader will remark the propriety of *fecerat* instead of *fecit*.

Pro viribus.] Another striking instance of the same figure.

Salutem bilaris hominibus dare.] We have here a beautiful conclusion of the purport of the four preceding lines. Who is there that can view the speaking monument without an inspiration of the warmest gratitude to the memory of a man, who, with unremitting perseverance, *die nocteque nitens*, shuts himself up from the pleasures of the day, and wastes the midnight taper, to scatter health and blessings on the land. How greatly good! *Homines ad Deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando!* says the great Cicero;

next visit in the country, he had the pleasure of seeing that his generosity had met with the reward it merited. He had the singular satisfaction of contemplating one of his donations hung up in the most conspicuous part of a temple in the Chinese taste, erected at the bottom of a gentleman's garden with this inscription—CLOACINÆ SACRUM.

and

and Homer, when he speaks of the *Μαχάρονος* *Εγνα*, exhibits that esteem and veneration which mankind ought to pay to so distinguished a character. The passage is sublimely translated by Butler:

"A skilful leech is better far,
Than half a hundred men of war."

Labor tum ipse sibi voluptas fuit.] Tho' I shall confine myself to pointing out the beauties of the piece in general, yet I cannot help introducing, now and then, what, I imagine, may be the opinion of some future curious commentator with his explanations and his suppositions on particular passages---"If, says he, we can imagine this passage to be as the author gave it, we must have a strange idea of his knowledge of the language: *sibi*, being a reflexive pronoun, has an immediate reference to *labor*, and not to the author's name, which, in plain English, would be *yet even this labour was a pleasure to itself*---not one jot better than absolute nonsense: but, I am persuaded, the whole line was wanting in the original, as it is a down-right tautology on the adjective *bilaris* in the former line. Instances of this kind of industrious ignorance are very common in the inferior editions of our poets, I have therefore omitted it in my edition."-----

SLASH, Junior.

"Should the whole piece be thus castrated without mercy, and robbed of every *similar beauty*, in order to adapt it to the understanding of the family of the *Slashers*, the reliëts of this elaborate performance might be comprized within the limits of a nut-shell.

Eheu! jam agendo haud spectatur amplius!] I cannot describe the effect which this kind of pathetic exclamation has on the mind of the reader: there are many fine examples of it in the poets both ancient and modern; but, when we consider it in this kind of composition, as coming from the pen of a man who is *still alive*, it is *truly sublime*, and bears the genuine stamp of *originality*. I acknowledge myself an enemy to the capricious interpolations of commentators, but I cannot help expressing my wishes, that in some future age, this line may be repeated at the end of every sentence, by way of *chorus* to the whole; in the same manner as the following couplet is in Mrs. Behn's *Elegy* on the earl of Rochester, which, with a trifling alteration, may serve as a translation of the passage:

"Mourn, mourn, ye swains, the mighty loss deplore!

"The wise, the learned BROWNE is now no more!"

Beatum tamen vixisse se adserens, } The
Probe contentus exacto tempore. } reader
will here see two convincing proofs of the injury which this inscription has received from the ignorance of the sculptor: as the lines stand at present, 'tis *heavy* and *inharmonious*, and the last sinking almost into an Anglicism; it is but just, therefore, to restore that harmony to the lines, which the author gave them.

*Beatum tamen se vixisse adserens,
Exacto probe tempore contentus.*

Uti convivæ cedit vita satur.] (Reenter Bentley) "This line indeed may seem tolerably elegant to those who do not examine with precision; but it is capable of vast embellishment. As we find it here, the comparison is manifestly false. Let us try it in plain Latin---*Similis convivæ, moritur contentus*---cedere *vita* being only a poetical expression for *mori*, which will be in English---*he dies contented*, like a *guest*---ridiculous beyond expression! In short, I have *no manner of doubt* but the author wrote this *Uti convivæ discedit vita satur*, the two limbs of the sentence being there full and complete. I have consequently restored the text to its original purity"---Have you so, good doctor?---but, alas! you did not see the double reference which *vita* has to the preceding *cedit* and the following *satur*---you did not see the *pretiness* of the thought!

Homo humani a se alienum nil putans.] Patience, kind heavens!---Were this blundering stone-cutter within my reach, in spite of my moderation, I should hurl my *Gradus ad Parnassum* at his head. I beg pardon for my rashness; but I cannot see the flowing sentence of a Terence "*Homo humani sum, nihil a me alienum puto*" thus tortured with transpositions and syncopes; I cannot hear its *lamentable cries*, without shewing the honest indignation of my temper.

Die---MDCCLX---mortuus.] I have no objection to this, only to observe, that if Sir William should live to the year 1800, or only to the year 1790 (which, considering *his skill in physic*, is not more than *probable*) so great an alteration will be necessary in these numerical letters, that it will entirely destroy the finished elegance of the monument.

III JAN. MDCXCII *editus.*] According to the *natural course* of things, this line should

should have come first; but, let us proceed to the more material part—*Die Ciceronis nateli*—What pity, heaven! that my father and mother did not contrive matters in such a manner that I might have popped my head into the world, just in that nick of time, on that auspicious morn which on the world bestowed a Cicero--- Curse on the untoward stars! if they had not laid their heads together to thwart me in this, as they have done in every other circumstance of my life, I too might have been a poet by sympathy, and cropt the laurel-wreath from the same twig which adorns the head of Sir William---but, alas! 'twas only for a genius like him that such an honour was designed; to feel that genuine warmth which fired a Cicero, when he wrote,

O fortunatam, natam, me consule, Romam!

What an excellent imitator is Sir William!--This, indeed, is the only specimen left us of Cicero's poetry: there is enough, however, to convince us of his abilities that way. The best sermon which ever, probably, appeared in print, being the only one which the author's modesty would suffer him to publish, was honoured with the title of "Dr. Cradock's Works;" and I wonder no admirer of true genius should have had this celebrated piece, elegantly bound and gilt, with the inscription of *Ciceronis poetica*.

[III Jan. MDCXCII] The reader may think that I dwell too long in scrutinizing this line; but, really, from the unclassical manner in which this date is given us, I am apprehensive lest posterity, who may be versed in Latin, finding the classical name of Tully in the neighbourhood of these numerical letters, should fall into an error in chronology, and explain this into A. U. C. 1692; or, from the blunder in not writing it III Non. Jan. should mistake Tully for a Christian. He breathes sentiments which might do honour to Christianity, but I never heard he was anabaptized like Achilles.

Ad petens] This and some other antique words, such as *adferens*, &c. are inserted to shew the author's admiration of *antient* literature.

Patria! O! perpetua esto & libera!] How beautiful is this apostrophe! how admirably adapted to the deplorable situation of his country! Though with the fervour of a good Christian, his attention is fixed on the regions of eternal happiness, yet we see him with all the zeal of patriotism pouring out his last sighs for the preservation of the liberties of England. In an

obstinate perseverance against the mandates of arbitrary power, we have seen a Hambden sink under oppression---we have seen a Sidney bleed---Eternal honours cluster o'er their tomb;---Around their names eternal glories shine---The great reward of *suff'ring* Virtue---but Sir William hath struck out a new method---a shorter and a *surer* road to Fame---The devil must be in the dice if he be on the losing side, who in town espouses the cause of patriotism and Mr. Wilkes, and in the Guildhall at Lynn, in the late general election, with all the thunder of his eloquence, supported the ministerial candidate, till even the *aldermen* grew jealous of his abilities, and felt the palm of glory cropt in the flowery walk of oratory, in which *they* long had shone *without a rival*, wither on their brows---Though foreign to my present purpose, I cannot help producing one more instance of his regard for the constitution. During the course of last winter, when two magistrates of the city of London were imprisoned for their opposition to an illegal warrant, his chariot was one of the first that paraded to the Tower with compliments of condolence; when, throwing himself into a graceful attitude, with all the needful appendages of *cane, hat, eye-glass, sable-muff, embroidered-gloves*, and *orange-pel*, properly adjusted, he addressed the unhappy sufferers in the following *sublime*,

*"Vincit qui patitur; virtusque, sumillima ferro,
"Splendidius multo, quo mage trita nitet;"*

and lest posterity might injure him in translation, he repeated the following in English,

*"Who suffers, conquers; with steel virtue joins;
"The more you rub it, still the more it shines."*

"So cheer'd he the brave pair, and they were cheer'd," as Milton says; and, by the bye, they must be in the dumps indeed not to be merry at the repetition of poetry like this.

Sit anima mea cum Christofohis, prope Newtonum, Boyleum, Lockium, præcul insanis a sapientibus.] For the entertainment of my readers, I shall give up these lines and a few following, to the mercy of the critics.

"It is the greatest satisfaction of my life that I have been able to restore the most valuable passages in this author from the corruptions crept into the text. *Christofohis* is a barbarous composition, not to be met with in classical Latin; and the next line every tittle erroneous: it is impossible

possible it should be "*prope Newtonum, &c.*" for, after telling us where he would be, what signifies his telling us where he would not be? *procul infans, &c.* In short, I am persuaded the author delivered these three lines in the following manner:

*Sit anima mea cum Christo;
Procul a Newtono, Boylio, Lockio,
Procul infans a sapientibus.*

None of the writings of these three persons here mentioned are now to be met with; their names are only to be found in some *obsolet* authors, as the writers of some *chimerical disquisitions* on philosophy and government: the author, therefore, speaking of these as the *imani sapientes*, in spite of his *unconquerable modesty*, cannot be supposed to think *them fit company* for himself. The repetition of the word *procul* at the beginning of each line, being unspeakably elegant, and perfectly classical, convinces me in my opinion that this is the only just reading.

Bentleius redivivus.

*Velim ediscas, lector, quanti est vivere,
Licet qua terris, noscere & agere.
Velim ediscas quanto majus est mori,
Licet qua celis, noscere & agere.*

"Let any man read these four lines, and he need not long hesitate to determine whence they had their origin;—the *unlettered head* of some *sublimely ignorant pedagogue*, who attempted a distant imitation of the Greek which follows. The dull stupidity of the word *lector*, the unintelligible nonsense of *licet terris*, the gross Anglicism of *licet celis* for "permit to heaven," and the intolerably childish play on words that would disgrace even a school-boy, give such a disgust to the reader, that I have expunged them in my edition."

Slash, Jun.

From the clutches of such critics—good Lord deliver us!--when Mr. Slash's instrument was at work, I am amazed he should not find more passages, equally *perfect subjects*, to exercise his skill in anatomy upon: and when Bentley had his hand in, and had got so far as

Procul a Newtono, Boylio, Lockio,

he might as well have altered Horace's text, and with *equal propriety* have added,

Procul, infans, a sapientibus.

Let me tell him, however, that he had not eyes to discern the *greatest* beauty of the piece—the grandeur of the termination of those proper names in the next line.

Boyle and Locke are flat English appellatives; *Boylum* and *Lockum* would be very little better than *boyl 'em* and *roast 'em*; but *Boylium* and *Lockium* elevate the sound, add a dignity to the expression, and are only to be equalled by

Pittie, O *felix, Gulielme, salve!*

Πορευου και συ, γυναι, πορευεσθαι. I need not apologize for the injury which the Greek has received, when we find such havock in the Latin. This line was, I suppose, intended for some kind of *verse*; but it *limps most awkwardly*, and is neither *rhime* nor *reason*. I imagine there were some others in the MS. either to make a noun-substantive, or a noun-adjective of it; at present it is neither: and, to clear up our difficulties here, as well as in several passages, I wish Sir William would favour us with the original MS. before he dies. The next couplet has at present some reference to this, but, with a small alteration of *est* into *esse*, an easy mistake in a man not acquainted with Greek characters, we detach the sentence, and make something like a *memento mori* of it,

Του θανάτου μνημεν, και μνημεν εστις εως,
Του δε εως μνημεν μισρον εχει θανατον.

in a file, which bears as strong a resemblance to the original as possible. For the benefit of my English reader, I have attempted a translation.

Be mindful of thy death alwaies,
And eke thy life regard;
For he who doth remember life,
In death hath his reward.

It is recorded of a king of Macedon, that he had a boy to address him every morning with the admonition of—"Remember, Philip, thou art a man"—and a celebrated person in our own country, who laboured under an oppression at his stomach, used constantly, as soon as he awoke in a morning, to throw open the chamber window, and repeat a dozen or twenty lines out of Homer, with all the vociferation he was master of. I would therefore earnestly recommend this couplet to be applied in the same manner, as it will answer both purposes. It will perpetually remind us of mortality, and, from the energy which is necessary to the articulation of the Greek language, the chest will be opened, the action of the finer vessels of the stomach and heart preserved by the motion given to the lungs; and *abjque joco*, become no inconsiderable cir-

cumstance in the regimen of health. Thus shall Sir William still continue the instrument of bestowing health and blessings on mankind, and, though he dies, his action still shall live.

Coronat tellus inani nomine.] This, when considered in reference to *Coronat cælum perenni gloria*, is a glorious instance of that beautiful figure in rhetoric known by the name of the *antichimax*.

Annorum plenus, præter spem plenus honorum, Plenus voti omnis, desero gratus humum.

Whatever Mr. Slash's opinion may be with regard to what he calls the play on words, the Leonine verse has been always considered in *monasteries* as the most beautiful ornament on monuments; and from the *jingling* of the Greek couplet just before; and similar instances of his taste, I am persuaded Sir William intended these as Leonines perfect in their kind. There is only an alteration in one word requisite; *humum* into *hom'nes*, an easy blunder in the ignorant sculptor; besides, *desero humum* is not extraordinary good Latin.

Plenus annorum, præter spem plenus honorum, Plenus voti omnis desero gratus hom'nes.

to which give me leave to add——

Per totum townum defunctum plangite Brownum.

Miles Christi morte triumpho.] This and several other expressions, such as——*beatorem his præfatis ad petens*——*Sit anima mea cum Christofophis*, &c.——are the greatest ornaments of the author's understanding, breathing from his heart the warm effusions of a good Christian. These are admirably consistent with the character of the man, who hath told us, in his *inimitable* sublime, where he represents creation as breaking out in Hallelujahs to its God, that

——“*Fishes do frisk and leap,
“ They dance, and hold their balls within
the deep.*”

Sir William Browne architect.] As I have not had the good fortune to make *le grand tour*, I am not so far a *connoisseur* as to know the exact proportion which the height of a *pilaster* ought to bear to its diameter; I cannot measure the proportionate size of the *architrave*, *frize*, and *corniche* in the *entablature*; nor tell whether the *capital* is properly adapted to the *base*: consequently, I am no judge of Sir William Browne's skill in architecture: but, as I criticize with candour, I take this upon record. I believe it of a piece with the rest, and that

his skill in that science is as *exquisite* as his taste in composition.

As I cast my eye once more over this inscription, there is another beauty starts into my view, which I see I have not taken the least notice of to my reader. Between the *Coronat tellus inani nomine*, and the subsequent line, a magic circle of a considerable circumference attracts the eye of the beholder: I remember it struck me much at the first view, and I am yet rather at a loss to know the meaning of it. If it had been as near the capital as it is to the base of the monument, I should have imagined it had been intended to receive a *medallion* of the knight. In its present situation it certainly has some reference to “*inani nomine*,” to signify that “the whistling of a name” is as insignificant and empty as *that circle*; in the same manner as Saturn is represented holding a snake, whose tail is folded in its mouth, as an emblem of eternity. The thought is certainly borrowed from Quarles's admired *System of emblematical Morality*; or, what is more probable, from the fourth page of THE ROYAL PRIMER, written by the celebrated Giles Gingerbread, Esq; where the awful vestibule of learning is hung round with highly finished engravings, in order to awaken the curiosity, and amuse the fancy of the Tyro, as he ascends the arduous steps of literature; where great A is typeset by an apple-pye, and B***** is represented by the hieroglyphic of —— a blunderbuss.

After the conclusion of my commentary, I shall take leave of my reader with a short apology for its imperfect execution. Humanity is not infallible. If my head has been guilty of an error, let it not be an imputation on the *sincerity* of my heart. Where I have stepp'd out of the common road, and attempted an imitation of my original, I confess my follies, and acknowledge it to be the fruit of the same vanity which inspires me to fold up the contents of this elaborate performance in one single couplet.

“Great knight Browne wrote this Ep'taph,
who”

Was poet, physician, patriot, and architect
—— too.

Thus, gentle reader, with unremitting perseverance, *pro viribus*, and *baud sine Deo*, as Sir William says, I have investigated my subject, and step by step have traced the varied beauties of this inimitable piece. Let little wittlings boast their abilities in discovering the peccadillos in an author.

thor, and fix their glory in the name of critics. Be it mine to have made my text a topic of entertainment, and to leave my reader in good humour with his subject. My conscience tells me I have acted the part of benevolence. I have candour on my side.

EUROCLUDON.

The Reader is requested to correct the following material Errata in my last.

For MDCCXCII, p. 594, read MDCXCII; f. prefatis, ib. r. prefatis; f. demolisit, 595, r. demolivit; f. nuntictur, 596, r. nuntietur; f. indomitas, ib. r. indomitos.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS I was ruminating over my tea this morning, and casting up my yesterday's expences with a wet spoon upon the board, my servant announced the facetious Jack Allfire. He had scarce seated himself before he gave a very lively account of what passed last night at the quadrille-table in the Coterie, where he assisted; and as Jack is very communicative, I shall be able to amuse your readers now and then with what occurs in that august assembly. If you approve of my plan, I will call this

The COTERIE, Numb. I.

Lady Cut. Indeed, my lady duchess, he is quite insufferable.

Duchess of Shuffle. Horrid---the last time I saw him at Cornelys's, I believe he was intoxicated---he rattled and talked so much nonsense, he would have surfeited a puppet-show audience.

Viscountess Deal. What could induce the woman to be so rash---I vow if I had been a cinder-sifter I would not have had him---she will be the butt of the whole town, the News-papers and Magazines will be full of her.

Mrs. Knave. Then to think of passing all night with such a---

Duchess of Shuffle. Beast, madam.

Lady Cut. Sanisprende, I hope.

Duchess of Shuffle. Well, but it is a fine thing after all to be made a duchess---You don't know the sweets of it, ladies, I am the best judge of that.

Mrs. Knave. Aye, and duchess of C---, and take precedency before every female subject in the kingdom.

Lady Cut. There you are mistaken, madam, for the duchess of G--- will now certainly claim her rank.

DECEMBER, 1771.

Viscountess Deal. How does lady Grosvenor bear it?

Duchess of Shuffle. Like a woman of spirit. She heartily despises him, and almost herself, for ever having condescended to such a---

Mrs. Knave. Black ace, madam.

Lady Cut. As to Mrs. B---, she is not to be pitied, if he had used her ten times worse.

Duchess of Shuffle. No, not in the least, a presumptive hussy, to think of rivalling a peeress.

Mrs. Knave. I do not see much in that, my lady duchess: I think we commoners have as much right to conquest, as the first peeress in the land---Ponto.

Lady Cut. I differ with you there, Mrs. Knave, I am entirely of her grace's opinion, a peeress should doubtless take the pas in every thing before a commoner.

Viscountess Deal. Oh! certainly---I never knew Mrs. Knave so much out in my life---A flush, madam.

Duchess of Shuffle. Matadores! Mrs. Knave, you stand no chance whatever.

Mrs. Knave. I never held such cards in my life---I'll play no more than this pool, I vow---Fresh cards.

Viscountess Deal. The cards are very clean, Mrs. Knave, but you seem to be ruffled.

Mrs. Knave. Ruffled, forsooth! who was ruffled the night before last, when the colonel beat you at piquet?

Viscountess Deal. I think, madam, you need not to have mentioned that---the colonel knows I am always punctual in paying my debts of honour.

Mrs. Knave. There are many ways of paying debts.

Viscountess Deal. You are quite scurrilous, madam.

Duchess of Shuffle. For heavens, ladies, keep your temper.

Lady Cut. Pray, ladies, do not let your warmth carry you beyond prudence---Consider all eyes are upon you, and there are several visitors quite strangers.

Mrs. Knave. I shall say no more, if her ladyship has done.

Viscountess Deal. There are people that give themselves great airs; but I shall not interrupt the company.

Mrs. Knave. Orgeat, 'tis very warm.

Duchess of Shuffle. Well, ladies, I suppose you all subscribe to the Pantheon?

Viscountess Deal. Doubtless! Pray Mrs. Knave, do you want the recommendation of a peeress? my card is at your service.

Mrs. Knave. You are very obliging, my lady,

lady, I shall certainly accept of it; and if your ladyship should have a run of ill luck at the time of subscribing, my purse is quite at your service.

Duchess of Shuffe. Oh! monstrous, ladies. I thought you had done---this is positively the last hand I'll play---thank heaven the pool is out.

Lady Gut. Intolerable! My lord your humble, how does her ladyship?

Lord Slip. Very well---your ladyship need not be asked the question.

Duchess of Shuffe. Just four and twenty shill---it is very right, madam.

Lord Slip. Your grace plays with your usual good luck.

Duchess of Shuffe. I win generally at quadrille, but lose at every thing else.

Lord Slip. What do you break up so soon, it is but three o'clock? I never can sleep if I go to bed before five.

Duchess of Shuffe. Five is an excellent hour, but I was up late last night---I was not a-bed till seven this morning.

[*Exeunt.*]

To the Editor of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

IT is agreed by most men, that a fine woman is the loveliest object in the creation; no wonder then that every female endeavours to appear in this character, and that her chief study is to supply the defects of nature, by art, dress, and ornaments: but as the ladies have run into some very egregious mistakes, in order to obtain this appellation, I shall, after having studied the sex, and been a constant votary to them for thirty years, point out a few of their capital errors.

1st, No female can be a fine woman, who uses either carmine or pearl powder.

2^{dly}, No female can be a fine woman, who uses perfume of any kind, as it indicates that it is meant to predominate over some personal disagreeable odour.

3^{dly}, No female can be a fine woman, whose head is as big as a bushel, or whose cap is discomposed with the top of a coach.

4^{thly}, No female can be a fine woman, who wears artificial hair, artificial teeth, or artificial shoes.

5^{thly}, No female can be a fine woman, who plays the coquette, or the prude.

6^{thly}, No female can be a fine woman, who, through affected delicacy, pretends to despise that brutal part of the creation, MAN

7^{thly}, No female can be a fine woman,

who tattles at church, or disturbs an audience at a play.

8^{thly}, No female can be a fine woman who laughs, without a joke, to shew her teeth.

9^{thly} and lastly, No woman can be a fine woman unless she is born so; and all superfluous ornament is additional deformity where nature has refused her charms.

CENSOR.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

S I R,

If you think the inclosed extract worthy of a place in your Magazine for this month, it is at your service. I forgot to mention the letter was dated the 22^d of November, and was only received about ten days ago.

I am your's, &c.

Dec. 21.

W. W.

Extract of a LETTER from an English Gentleman in Italy to his Friend in London, lately come to hand.

"I Hope you have been as well and as happy as I these six months. I make the comparison, because I could not wish you better. Conceive the pleasure of travelling during the finest weather through the most beautiful country imaginable, for so the southern parts of Germany certainly are---the charming and sublime variety of the Alps, and the polite and classic ground of Italy---I write you this from Bologna, the most learned place in all Italy, and where I have been entertained with observing the greatest curiosities of art and nature, for nothing comes up to the cabinets of natural history, or the master-pieces of the Lombard school, which fill the churches and palaces of this city.

"In travelling thro' Holland and Germany, I have found considerable errors in most of the books of travels I had with me. It is astonishing, indeed, how imperfect the greatest part of travellers are in their accounts, and how little advantage is to be derived from them. I suppose this principally to arise from their ignorance in the foreign languages, and from their not mixing freely enough with the inhabitants.

"We set out from this place to-morrow for Florence; when, after seeing the statue that enchants the world, &c. we take up our residence at Pisa for the remainder of the winter. It is said that his royal highness the duke of Gloucester will be there, as the great duke has given him an invitation, which

which it is thought he will not refuse. If this be the case, Pifa will be doubly agreeable for the Anglois.

"You no doubt, long before this time, have heard of the death of Dr. Smollet. I sincerely regret the loss of this ingenious gentleman. I was in hopes of being honoured with his friendship during my residence in Italy, which would have been a valuable acquisition. He was much caressed by the princes and literati of this country, and whose death is no less generally lamented.

"For news, there is little good worth mentioning. The provisions all over the continent are double price of what they were five years ago. Servants wages, and other expences, have likewise of course doubled. This makes the expence to travellers enormous.

"I have been assured this evening by a gentleman from France, that the parliament of Dijon has undergone the same fate with that of Paris; but hitherto this is not publickly spoken of, tho' certainly true."

An Account of the Trial of the Jews, for a Robbery and Murder, at Mrs. Hutchins's, at Chelsea, which came on before Baron Perrot, at the Old-Bailey, the 6th Instant.

SOON after ten, the indictment was read, charging Asher Weil, Levi Weil, Hyam Lazarus, Solomon Porter, Marcus Hartough, and Lazarus Harry, (six Jews) with the wilful murder of Joseph Slew, and a robbery committed on the 11th of June last, in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Hutchins, at Chelsea.—Mrs. Hutchins was the first witness examined, she deposed, that on the 11th of June, about eleven at night, hearing her cook-maid shriek out, and a great noise, she went to assist her servant, and know what was the matter, when two men, whom, to the best of her knowledge, she believed to be Levi Weil (the doctor) and Hyam Lazarus, seized her, forced her into a chair, and turned her upper petticoat over her head, which she put down, when Hyam Lazarus clapped a pistol to her mouth, and swore he would blow her brains out if she did not sit still; the doctor put the pistol aside with his hand, and again put her coat up—they immediately began dragging her maid about, cursing and swearing to her, that if she would be quiet they would not hurt her; Mrs. Hutchins begged them to signify loudly to her maid that they would not hurt her,

as she was hard of hearing; they attempted to tie Mrs. Hutchins's feet, but on her promising not to move, they left her untied and went up stairs; in a few minutes after, she heard a pistol go off, and something lumbering thrown down stairs, and immediately another pistol was fired; upon which she ran to the back-door, hoping to get out, but there were two men guarding it, who cried out, "If you are not a friend, we will blow your brains out." Upon this she returned to her chair, and Levi Weil, Hyam Lazarus, and a man whom she described (but who is not yet taken) came down to her; Levi Weil took the buckles out of her shoes, and her watch, and they were about to search her pockets, which she begged them not to do, declaring she would give them something better worth their notice, when she went up stairs with them, and gave them a purse containing sixty-one guineas; they then came down, demanding where her plate was, she told them: they took it out of the cupboard, and on finding so little, a pistol was again clapped to her mouth, her lip cut with it, and her tooth loosened: when Levi Weil, a second time, put it aside, and thrust the person who presented it out of the room. Soon after they left the house, when Joseph Slew, the deceased, came down in his shirt to ask Mrs. Hutchins how she did, declaring himself a dead man; his shirt was on fire where the ball had entered, which was close to the shoulder bone, and the blood was gushing out and ran down to his legs in a continued stream. Mrs. Hutchins put out the fire on his shirt, and he in a few moments fell down on the floor. Upon her being asked what particular things she had lost, she said a piece of lemon coloured silk.—Being questioned from the bench, what were her doubts respecting the identity of the persons, she said, they were founded merely on the possibility of one human face resembling another, and the prisoners being three of them equally tall, and disguised in reddish-coloured great-coats, which reached to their heels, when they entered her house; she said they soon doused (or put out) her candle, and lit little brown wax candles: and what further induced her to think they were the men was, her observing, on the examination of Hyam Lazarus, some of the very same wax on his hat.—John Stone was next sworn, who deposed, that about eleven o'clock on the night abovementioned, five men entered the bed-room where he and the deceased lay, that they waked him with a stroke of a pistol on his breast, and

on his crying out, "What's that for?" they replied, "Damn your eyes, you son of a bitch, lie still, or we'll blow your brains out." On his fellow-servant's waking, and jumping up, they shot him through the back, and the deceased said, "Lord have mercy upon me, I'm a dead man." They then seized him, drew him out of bed, and dragged him to the staircase; in the meantime he, the deponent, jumped out of the window, and fell into the gutter (where they fired at him) from whence he got upon the ridge of the house, and thence got into the gutter on the opposite side, over the door; where, after staying about ten minutes, he saw them all come out, saying, "'Twas time for them to be gone." On being asked if he recollected whether any of the prisoners were among those who came into the bedroom, he went to the bar, and touched three, Levy Weil, Hyam Lazarus, and Solomon Porter. He was questioned by Hyam Lazarus whether he was not in doubt as to the identity of the persons who entered the room on the examination before the Rotation Bench in the Borough? and whether he had not been persuaded by the evidence to be positive in his swearing? the deponent replied, that he had not been persuaded or prompted by any one, and that in the Borough, and before Sir John Fielding, he gave the same evidence as he had then done.—Mary Hotchkins (Mrs. Hutchins's cook) deposed, that about eleven o'clock on the 11th of June, hearing the dog bark, and a noise without, her fellow-servant went to the door, that she, the deponent, distrusting something, ran after her to secure it; but that it was just opened, and the Doctor having thrust his stick about six inches in, soon rushed into the passage, seized her, and dragged her into the kitchen; that he there tied her hands and feet, and left her while he went to her mistress and the robbery was committed: immediately after the robbers had left the house, Joseph Slew, the deceased, came into the kitchen; at first she did not know him, but at length she recognized him, and at his desire she lifted him up, and raised him from the ground, he declaring "he was shot all to pieces;" she only swore that to the best of her knowledge Levi Weil was the person who rushed in, which she was further sure of from a sight of the stick produced on his examination, which she was certain was the same with that thrust in at the door.—Christian Adams, her fellow-servant, deposed, that on opening the door, she was frightened, and ran and locked herself

into a parlour, where it was some time before they came to her, and tied her hands and feet.—Daniel Isaacs gave his evidence in High Dutch, and was interpreted by Mr. Myers, warden of the Synagogue, (who kindly attended that the court might not be imposed upon;) he swore that he had been for some time acquainted with the prisoners at the bar; that they enlisted him into their gang, the captain, as he styled Asher Weil, swearing that he would cut him into thongs if he betrayed them; that he knew of the intended robbery at Mrs. Hutchins's, and was to have been of the party, Asher Weil declaring that they were to go to Chelsea to break the houses of a Lord and a Widow, and that the night's exploit would be worth better than 40,000*l.* to them, but that he was sick, and his wife would not let him go; that he had been in their company since the transaction, and had heard them mention the matter, declaring, that they had shot a man, and that if there were twenty, they should not have been afraid; on Mr. Myers's being asked by the counsel, if the evidence of this witness corresponded with what he told him when he first came to him to make the discovery, he replied, it tallied exactly; Isaacs was closely questioned by Asher Weil, who said that Mr. Myers gave a more illustrative construction to his words, than they ought to have; Mr. Myers informed the court, that it was morally impossible in some measure to avoid it, that he meant to be strictly impartial, and from that moment referred every interpretation he made, to the prisoners, to know if they thought what he said was right.—Solomon Lazarus deposed, that he had long known and had many dealings with the prisoners at the bar; that he had sent Sir John Fielding word what important evidence he could give against them as soon as he heard that the Synagogue, Mr. Myers, and the principal Jews, were determined to probe the matter; that in consequence he received a card from Sir John Fielding (which he produced in court) encouraging him to become an evidence, and that the reason he did not long since give an information of the affair, arose from scruples of conscience, whether a discovery would not make a great noise and disturbance in the nation; that in a day or two after the robbery at Chelsea, Asher Weil, and his brother the Doctor, met him with a bundle tied in a handkerchief, and desired him to return to his house with them. When they came there they begged him to go up stairs,

stairs, where they took out of the handkerchief a piece of lemon coloured silk, about fifteen yards and a quarter, the Doctor took also out of his pocket a gold watch with a green dog-skin outer case, and a steel chain, some table and tea spoons, a mug, and some other silver things, all which Solomon Lazarus bought for 14l. that he told them he heard a murder had been committed, when they replied, for want of a sufficient number, they were obliged to shoot a man; that in a few days afterwards, the Doctor, Hyam Lazarus, and Solomon Nineveh, (not yet taken) called on him, and talking of the Chelsea affair, the Doctor said, Nineveh shot the man, when Nineveh replied, "How could that be, when you know I stood centry, and you shot him;" which the Doctor confessed, and allowed that he knocked down the dog with his stick, and then shot him; Hyam Lazarus at this time complained to Solomon that some of the money was kept back, for that he had received only 5l. 5s. on account of the robbery. On being questioned to whom he sold the silk, he said to Mrs. Cavener, who was sworn, and deposed, that she had bought the silk of Lazarus, had had it made up into a sack, and was positive it was the same, on account of certain spots in it. On the silk's being produced, she could not immediately discover the spots, but — Eyre presently found them, and positively pronounced the silk to be the same he had sold originally to Mrs. Hutchins: he accounted for his so precise deposition respecting it, by informing the court, that on his first receiving it, his wife desired him to let her have a gown of it; that observing a part of it rather rumpled and lax, he attempted to make it stiff by ironing it with a hot iron, which drew up some grease that was accidentally on the ironing cloth, and created the spots which made it so remarkable.—William Wood deposed, that he keeps the Chequer ale-house, and one of the bars on the king's private road, by Chelsea; that two months previous to the robbery, a tall man and a short one came to his house for a pint of beer; that they enquired who kept the farm-house near his bar? whether they did not let lodgings? and whether a person (whose name he did not then recollect, but which was totally unknown to him) did not lodge there? how many men lay in the house? whether any carter's lay in the house, or in the barns or out-houses? what women there were? and on being informed it was kept by a widow, they said they had seen her, and

that she was a very likely, handsome woman; they soon after went away, and on quitting his house, the little man turned short round, and said, "Damn you, you are as knowing as ourselves." Wood, within half an hour, sent word to Mrs. Hutchins of the matter. On being questioned, whether he recollected if any of the prisoners at the bar were either or both of those who came to his house? he replied, his infirmities rendered him incapable of seeing them sufficiently to determine; and on being asked, said he did not remember that they talked at all as if they were outlandish men, but that — Squires (a neighbour) was in his house when they were there. — Squires was immediately sworn, and corroborated Wood's evidence; on being desired, he went to the bar, looked at the prisoners, and said, to the best of his knowledge and belief, Levi Weil and Hyam Lazarus were the two men he had seen at Wood's two months before the robbery.—On the judge separately asking all the prisoners, (except Lazarus Harry, against whom nothing personal was sworn) what they had to say in their defence; Asher Weil, in High Dutch, which Mr. Myers again interpreted, accused the two witnesses against them, (Daniel Isaacs and Solomon Lazarus) with being notorious cheats and rascals, whose evidence, in his opinion, ought not to have weight with any court: one of them, he said, had stole a diamond from Lord Baltimore; he protested his own innocence, and declared he always tried to procure himself an honest livelihood, and that he had some witnesses to prove his being free from guilt.—Levi Weil read to the court a paper expressing his innocence, and imputing many atrocious and heinous offences to one of the two abovementioned witnesses, particularly that he was turned out of the army in Germany for a common cheat, with a halter round his neck; that he had robbed the late Lord Granby, and had once been tried for his life; he said he had several witnesses to appear to his character.—The others all kept to the same story, declaring they never were at Chelsea, and that they were totally innocent.—The first witness called on the side of the prisoners, was a girl who lived at Bethnal-Green, who swore, that on the 11th of June, Levi Weil called at Mrs. Minifie's, where she chanced to be; that the doctor was particularly merry; that she told him he was merrier than usual; that he replied it was his birth-day, and he had been to keep it at the Mermaid at Hackney; that Mrs.

Mrs. Minifie paid him; and took a receipt, for 15s. 9d. which she owed him; that at eleven the doctor saw her to her father's door, which was about three hundred yards from Mrs. Minifie's: on being asked why she was so particular in deposing that this matter occurred on the 11th of June, and whether it might not be on the 9th 10th, or the 12th, she said that she and the doctor had the evening mentioned disputed about the day of the month, and that she had referred to an almanack to ascertain it; on the counsel's enquiring how it happened that she did not go and mention this matter when the doctor was first taken up; she said she knew nothing of it, and that she had since met him, when he told her, his innocence was so apparent, he would not trouble his friends; on their again asking her why she did not attend and give her evidence at Sir John Fielding's, she replied, she often read the papers, but she did not hear he ever was examined there. Asher Weil, from behind the bar, corroborated this evidence, and declared, that he and his brother were at the Mermaid on the 11th of June, and asked, if he had been guilty, whether any one could imagine he would have gone voluntarily to Sir John Fielding, and appear in behalf of his brother, when he was apprehended.-- John Hill, formerly a servant of the doctor's, and several other persons, deposed, that the doctor, before this matter, always bore the character of an honest, humane man, and very attentive to his profession.-- Mrs. Millic, who keeps a fruit-shop in Petticoat-lane, appeared in behalf of Solomon Porter, and swore that he was an old cloaths-man, and had lodged with her thirteen months; that on the 11th of June, he supped with her in her shop on bread and cheese, and did not leave it till ten o'clock---a young woman, a pawn-broker's daughter, also appeared, and gave him a good character.--The other prisoners called no witnesses.-- The judge punctually and precisely recapitulated the evidence to the jury, first premising, that as nothing positive had been sworn against Lazarus Harry, they must find him "not guilty." The baron observed, that Asher Weil, Levi Weil, Hyam Lazarus, and Solomon Porter, had been all sworn to by Mrs. Hutchins, her Cook, Stone, Isaacs, Solomon Lazarus, or Squires; begged they would form their verdict according to the evidence that had appeared in court; that the prisoners in their defence, had only abused and cast reflections on the witnesses and avowed

their own innocence, which unsupported with facts, amounted to no evidence; that the sole witness of any consequence in favour of Levi Weil, was the girl, who, if her evidence deserved credit, had most fortunately for the doctor, taken upon her to doubt whether he knew his own birthday or not; that this single point was all that was material in her deposition; that they would observe nothing appeared positively against Marcus Hartough but Isaac's evidence; he hoped they would not suffer themselves to be led astray by any prejudices arising from accounts of what had passed on their examination before the justices, which had been published in the papers, and which, in his opinion, were extremely improper, extremely cruel, and could only satisfy an idle curiosity.-- Exactly at six in the evening, the jury went out of court for about twenty minutes; when they returned, they found Asher Weil, Levi Weil, Hyam Lazarus, and Solomon Porter, *Guilty*, Marcus Hartough and Lazarus Harry, *Not Guilty*.

The THÉÂTRE, No. XXXII.

THE tragedy of Timon of Athens, written by Shakespeare, was revived on the 4th of December at Drury-lane. Mr. Cumberland has made many alterations and additions to this piece, whereby it is rendered more fit for the stage. Evvanthe, daughter of Timon, is entirely a new character, evidently introduced to reward the conspicuous merits of Alcibiades (in serving her father) by an union with that warrior. Mr. C. has put as much of Shakespeare's language into this part as he consistently could, and has given all the consequence the conduct of the story would allow him to bestow on it. The punishments of Lucius and Lucullus are admirably conceived, and very naturally produced; the scene of the soldier is extremely well written, and greatly enlivens the piece, which, in spite of all aid, is in some places heavy; Mr. Cumberland's *dénouement* is well wrought up, and as the play now stands, it terminates better than the original, though it is still defective. The managers have got it up with attention; the characters are most of them well filled; Mr. Barry was amazingly capital in Timon, particularly in the two last acts. The young gentleman who appeared, for the first time, in Alcibiades, is Mr. Crofts, the son of a clergyman, and served his time to a stationer in the Temple. He

is not a bad figure, but is too little for his part; his voice is strong and powerful, but a glaring deficiency of judgment and method is apparent in his delivery; his action and walk, as may be expected on a first attempt, were awkward and improper; a little practice, joined to the advice of Mr. Garrick, may render them easy, remove his present deficiencies, and make him an ornament to the stage. Mr. Baddely was excellent in the soldier, Mr. Palmer extremely well in Lucius, and the other performers were tolerably decent. Mrs. Barry perfectly conceived, and would have expressed the part of Evanthe with her accustomed excellence, but a most violent cold and hoarseness almost denied her utterance: indeed, we wonder the managers did not for a day or two defer the revival of the piece on this account. The dresses, decorations, and scenery, are grand and suitable; two views of Athens are particularly well painted, and do credit to the artist who executed them.

Mrs. Barry has since performed the part of Evanthe, being recovered from her cold, with her usual elegance and propriety.

On Saturday the 10th, a new tragedy, called Zobeide, was represented for the first time at Covent-Garden, and was received throughout with the highest applause. The author (Mr. Cradock, a gentleman of fortune in Leicestershire, and who has given up his right to the profits that may accrue from the representation, to Mrs. Yates) has been particularly happy in the choice of his story; the tale is interesting and pathetic; incidents singularly distressful naturally grow out of it, and fill the audience with every sensation the tragic muse should awaken and arouse; the situation of Zobeide is highly pitiable; the passions of grief, rage, and despair, are excited by circumstances well conceived, and highly pictured; the conduct of the piece is tolerably well managed, and the play, considered in a general point of view, tho' it reaches not to superior excellence, is infinitely beyond what we had any right to expect in a first attempt, and gives us reason to hope that its author will by some future more finished production, merit being enrolled in the number of our best dramatic writers. Mrs. Yates's abilities have been carefully consulted, and happily suited by the author; her Zobeide is one of her best performances, her theatrical powers are repeatedly called upon, and as repeatedly employed with judgment and success. Mr. Smith filled Attamont with merit, and Mr. Savigny, were he rather more easy in his manner, and not quite so

turgid in his delivery, would please us in his character.—We lament the situation of the Covent-garden company, which obliges Mr. Clarke to fill an old man's part, in one scene of which he talks of his decrepitude and infirmities; Mr. C's figure and voice very ill suit with such a character.

The Prologue, written by Doctor Goldsmith, and spoken by Mr. Quick, in the character of a sailor, was humorous and pleasing. The Epilogue is the production of Mr. Murphy's pen, and is as good a one as we remember to have lately heard; the subject is laughable and witty; it is delivered with great pleasantry by Mrs. Yates.

The scene lying, throughout, in groves, and occasionally among rocks, gave no opportunity to the painter to merit great applause; for the same reason the dresses are adequate to propriety, but reach not elegance.

EPITHALAMIUM,

In the Second Act of ZOBEIDE.

The Music composed by Mr. Fisher.

FROM Jmaus proud top, great Vesta
hear,

Propitious Goddess of the fruitful year.

For thee behold our purest victims bleed,

The spotless heifer and the milk-white
steed. (pray'r.

Hear, Vesta, hear thy humble suppliant's
And pour thy blessings on the plighted pair.

A I R. Mr. Reinhold.

Mild Goddess, hear their mutual vow,

And smile upon their nuptial hour;

Here all thy richest gifts bestow,

And strew their path with ev'ry flow'r.

CHORUS.

Hear, Vesta, hear thy humble suppliant's
pray'r, (pair.

And pour thy blessings on the plighted

CHORUS in the Third ACT.

(Returning from the Altar.)

Now the rites are all complete,

All their views, their actions pure,

Honour, truth, and reason meet,

Love created to endure.

The little comedy of Amelia, performed on the fourteenth at Drury-lane theatre, is an alteration of the first public dramatic essay Mr. Cumberland made; his want of experience at that time apologized, in some measure, for the defects of a piece with which nobody was pleased; altered by him at a period when his judgment may

may be supposed to be more mature, the errors and faults it now possesses carry with them a double weight, and deserve severer censure.—Amelia, as it stands at present, is the most dull, inconsistent, uninteresting performance we were ever spectators of. It is a rule laid down by the critics, that simplicity of plot is a beauty in all musical pieces; Mr. Cumberland seems to have mistaken this maxim, by giving us insipidity for nature. The story is improbable, the incidents unnatural and unnecessary, and the whole piece devoid of wit, humour, and every thing that can convey either instruction or entertainment: the performers did all they could with their parts, and deserve the pity of the audience for being so badly employed. The music of the airs, though selected from such capital masters as Piccini, Poterza, Cocchi, Bach, Richter, Stanley, and Arnold, with some new songs set by Mr. Dibdin, is by no means pleasing, but appears to be an injudicious collection of dull, disagreeable, spiritless tunes. The following air, the music of which is composed by Mr. Dibdin, seemed to give the greatest satisfaction, and was sung by Mrs. Fitzgerald, whom we congratulate on her return to the stage.

Hither, hither, haste away!
Gentle maid, make no delay.

I tremble, I sigh:

Ah where shall I fly?

She sees not my tears, nor attends to my cry.

Hark, the curfew's solemn knell
Bids the parting fun farewell;
At whose melancholy sound,
Echoing heavily around,
Darkling elves and fays advance,
Here to tread their mazy dance.

But see she appears;

Vanish hence, my vain fears;

Her looks cheer my eyes, and her voice
glads my ears.

AN ACCOUNT OF NEW BOOKS and PAMPHLETS.

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Very free we acknowledge; but we also think to very little purpose.

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This is on the plan of Mr. Churchill's *Rosciad*, and Mr. Kelly's *Thespis*: but we think it falls short in the poetry of the first, and the satire of the last. There is, indeed, such a vein of partiality runs through the whole, that we cannot think it flows from the writer's sentiments; but written to gratify the pique and resentment he entertains against some of the most celebrated performers; and we are the more inclined to this opinion, as we are informed that it is written by an actor, who is much inferior to almost every one he has so severely condemned.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE custom of giving Christmas-boxes has long been complained of, and yet it prevails. If the money obtained upon this occasion were to be disposed of for cloaths or necessities, it might go unnoticed; but when it is considered that apprentices, and even journeymen, for the greatest part, not only spend this money in

dissipation and debauchery, but that they thereby get a habit of idleness for several weeks, and are frequently led by it into infamous and dangerous company, the evil should surely be remedied. To be intoxicated all day in an alehouse, and at night associate with abandoned street-walkers, are the too visible effects of this custom. Hence a disgust for work, a taste for riot and dissipation, accompanied with loathsome diseases, mark the road to every species of villainy; and many a young fellow who has suffered for his crimes, has been indebted for his punishment to this baneful practice.

House-breaking, and every kind of robbery, is arrived at such a pitch, as strikes terror into the inhabitants of this metropolis and its environs: therefore every measure that in the least conduces to the increase of these evils should be abolished. If it be necessary to encourage merit, by an annual recompence, in order to stimulate industry, let every master reward his own servants, in such a manner as cannot be injurious to them: the methods are obvious, and hereby much idleness and debauchery would be prevented, with all their attendant fatal consequences.

I am, S I R,

Your constant Reader,

A C I T I Z E N.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH the Lottery is now finished drawing, it may not be improper to take notice of some impositions that have been practised during the course of it. A certain genius, who arrogates to himself the gift of calculation, pretended by his advertisements and letters in the papers, to have discovered those numbers which were more likely to obtain prizes than any others; and being called upon to produce them, published a long letter and a numerous list, which he declared to be among his favourite numbers. This imposition took so far, that ignorant people crowded from all quarters to the office where these numbers were to be obtained; and GOODLUCK being inscribed over the door, they thought their fortunes were made as soon as they entered the shop. Thus Mr. Calculator being in league with Mr. Office-keeper, the public were imposed upon, and fleeced by this barefaced deception. The modesty

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and

DEC. 1771.

and disinterestedness of these co-partners must needs be admired; when it is considered that for the good of their fellow-citizens, they so arduously endeavoured to serve and enrich them, even at the price of depriving themselves of such sums as ten and twenty thousand pounds! But mark the sequel: not a prize of any consequence was drawn against any one of Mr. Calculator's fortunate numbers; tho' he had constantly the audacity the day after any great prize was drawn, to assure the public, in the papers, that the number of this favourite ticket was among the numbers calculated—but which he had very judiciously not published.

—*Nimis uncis
Naribus indulges.*

Perf.

Next to these worthy public-spirited men we may consider the insurers, who, having always a considerable pull in their favour, fleece the ignorant and unwary, under pretence of securing their property. A set of gentlemen, indeed, who had the good of the public more at heart than the common-insurers, proposed underwriting tickets at a more moderate premium; but these gentlemen were anonymous and invisible, and the insurer had no other security for his money than a paper lanthorn and a long entry.

The small fry of office-keepers, who have extorted from the unwary passenger his little all for an eighth or a sixteenth, deserve equal censure, as by this method of splitting and splicing tickets, and the enormous drawback for their trouble, they reduced a 20l. prize to beneath 10l.; so that if a person purchased a share, when tickets were at a high price, he was considerably out of pocket by getting a prize; which might induce him to say with the Irishman, upon a similar occasion, "By J—s, it is very well it is not the 20000l. or I should have been ruined."

I cannot conclude this letter without cautioning such adventurers as have registered their tickets at different offices, and who have received advice that they are blanks, not to destroy them in a pet, as many instances might be produced, even in the present lottery, of errors being committed by the office-keepers in this respect. Let them therefore either wait till the numerical book is published by the commissioners, or examine them at the office at Whitehall.

A Well-wisher to Lottery Adventurers.

On CURIOSITY.

TO be curious is to forsake innocence. To desire to know what Providence would have hidden, is ever paid with the ignorance of one's-self. Curiosity is an irregular appetite to know things either vain, unprofitable, or evil. The over-curious will ask more questions in an instant, than the seven sages of Greece could resolve in ten years. They are of the nature of those stars, which raise tempests, but cannot calm them. They are men sick in health, and living dead men; who neither know what they would, what they do, nor what they are.

Spirits infected with this disease are seldom, or very late, cured. They spend whole nights to find how many knots there were in Hercules's club, and of what colour Achilles's beard was; and the end of their curiosity is always ignorance. I wish they would study the anatomy of flies, or the art to count the atoms of the air; and to punish their body, as well as mind, let them live only on shrimps, in which there is more business than meat.

Curiosity never agreed well with silence; and censure infallibly disperseth what indiscretion collects. The wits of curious women are like the vessels of the Danaëds, that emptied as fast as they went to fill them. Curiosity for trifles and ill things, is a mark of the looseness of conscience, and a defect of wit. Such as busy themselves with tales of their neighbours, and entertain company with them, furnish their heads, as the Chinese do their cabinets, with old strange rags and gew-gaws.

Ladies that are pleased to hear all kind of censures, occasion an ill opinion of their virtue; because that easiness they shew to believe ill, is a clear proof that they would have the same to act it.

How can we be assured, that she who was to-day given to pleasure, shall not to-morrow shut herself up to austerity. But suppose our judgments be not false, we must needs offend against charity, if not against truth. For indeed there is no certainty to speak of the illness of any one, without the endangering of a lie; since a moment, or a thought, are enough to change perdition into penitence.

Rt. M—m.

ANECDOTE of the great Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

THE immortal author of *Telemachus* has certainly proved how much virtue, united to great talents, has a sway over the

the human heart; it knows how to conquer those national prejudices that have taken the deepest hold, and reconcile the most barbarous enemies. Marlborough and Eugene, in the wars of Queen Anne, whilst they ravaged all before them, gave strict orders to spare the lands and estates depending on the illustrious archbishop of Cambray: that name alone, so dear to humanity, was a safe-guard to whosoever pronounced it; and what is still more astonishing, even the soldiers had no need of the examples and orders of their officers, to take in favour of Fenelon those sentiments of mildness and veneration, a sight very delightful to a truly philosophic mind. While a third part of Europe were embroiled in war, there was a little spot in France, which under the sole guardianship of genius and candour, felt the advantages of an unalterable peace. O reward of merit! preferable to all those frivolous marks of honour, which are so little real in the eyes of the judicious! and how Fenelon must have been touched by such a flattering reward; the only one, it is certain, which could recompence what human acknowledgments owed him.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Cannot but lament that the generality of mankind so wantonly throw away health, without which life is not life, when it is so much in their power to preserve it. If every virtue in its consequence is its own reward, temperance is eminently so; and every one immediately feels its good effect. I am persuaded that many might arrive at Cornaro's age, if they did but follow his example. On thinking upon this subject I have adopted many maxims, which to the world will seem paradoxes, as certain true geographical theorems do to those who are unacquainted with the globe. I hold as articles of faith, but which may be condemned as heresies in many a general council assembled about a large table, that the smallest liquors are best; that there never was a good bowl of punch, nor a good bottle of champagne, burgundy, or claret; that the best dinner is one dish; that an entertainment grows worse in proportion as the number of dishes increase; that a fast is better than a lord mayor's feast; that no epicure ever understood good eating, &c. &c. Being inspired with such sentiments, I sometimes break out into such ejaculations as the following ones:

"O temperance! thou goddess most worthy to be adored! thou patroness of health! thou protector of beauty! thou prolonger of life! thou insurer of pleasure! thou promoter of business! the only guardian of the person! thou preserver of the understanding! thou parent of every intellectual improvement, and of every moral virtue!"

I am, Sir, your humble servant,
CADOGANUS.

THOUGHTS on DEATH.

MAN's better being is by dying; for when man hath made himself miserable by sinning, mercy made him mortal.

Death is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at first by breath cast upon it. It is but a point of time interjected betwixt two extremes; a parenthesis, which interposed, breaks no sense when the words meet again. Fear of death kills us often, when death itself can do it but once; to fear death much, argues an evil man, at best, a man that is weak. It were a shame, being a christian, and believing heaven, to be afraid of being removed from earth. Fear death, but be not afraid of death; to fear it is the way to live long, to be afraid of it is the way to be long a dying. If thou expectest death as a friend, prepare to entertain it; if as an enemy, prepare to overcome it: death hath no advantage but when it comes as a stranger. How full of death is the miserable life of momentary man! with how many deaths is his poor life patched up! The birds of the air die to sustain him. The beasts of the field die to nourish him. The fishes of the sea die to feed him. Death only hath cast out of the world those whom all the world have flattered; and covered the swelling ambition of the most insolent monarchs with these two narrow words, *bic jacet*. Though I cannot entertain death with joy, as being but flesh, yet I will, without sorrow, as having a soul. He that dies daily, seldom dies dejectedly. The death of a good man, is like the putting out of a wax perfumed candle; he recompenseth the loss of light, with the sweet odour he leaves behind. Though death be a remedy for him that is afflicted, yet it is a crime in him that inflicts it. Cicero collecteth it the younger brother of sleep, which being a thing that cannot be avoided, it therefore ought the less to be feared. It is by some termed the law of nature, the tribute of the flesh, the remedy of evils, and the path

either to heavenly felicity or eternal misery. The very necessity of death, and common equality of all mankind, ought to make it tolerable. First, before thou diest, let all thy vices die in thee; and next, make a consummation of thy life before thy death; then, that day which thou now fearest as thy last, shall appear to thee thy birth-day to eternity. We daily die, for every day a part of our life is taken from us; and even at that time, when we increase, our life decreaseth. Yesterday's life is this day wanting; and to-morrow this day's being will have ceased to be. Nay, even this day in which we breathe, we divide with death; for it is the very moment and point of time in which we can be said to live; yea, less, if less can be imagined; neither of that little or less space can we answer ourselves. Why dost thou mourn, O wretch! why dost thou fear and tremble? since all men are tied to that strict necessity, and thou art but to go where all things before thee are gone; to this law thou art born, the same thing happened to thy father, thy mother, and all thy predecessors; to all before, and shall to all that succeed thee. There is scarce any thing which hath not killed somebody: a hair, a feather, hath done it; nay, that which is our best antidote against it hath done it; the best cordials have been deadly poison. Men have died of joy; and almost forbidden their friends to weep for them, when they have seen them die laughing. No man dieth more willingly, than he that hath lived most religiously; the more fearfully we fly death, the more earnestly we follow it. By living to die, men die to live. If we must die, it is but a moment of adversity, to enter into a perpetual repose; evil taketh up all the parts of our life, but death hath only one instant of time. It is so solacing to most parts of the world, oppressed with so many afflictions, "that," as Zaleucus the law-maker said, "an edict should fitly have been made to die, if God had not imposed a necessity upon it." To be born, maketh us tributaries to all miseries, but death alone freeth us from all impostors. Yet when death comes to look on the nice ones of this world, he must have a gilded masque on, and be cloathed with a garment of white sattin embroidered with pearls, and a little scythe of crystal put into his hands, or a silver dunt; for they extremely fear the stroke. To smell to a turf of earth, is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul. Earth thou art, to earth thou shalt return. What can death

take from me, but a miserable carcase, subject to a thousand deaths; but a life of pismires and flies? and what can it bring me, but a cessation from so many relapsed actions, and from a wretched embroilment which every day enderth not but to begin again? O how little are all things mortal, with him who looks on God immortal. To die, is to finish life, and to be born, is to begin to die. The truest image of death, is a man's own self, and not a breathless trunk, or bare anatomy; for that is only the remainder of the living. I grow sick through excess and superfluity of humours, but die by the means of him that administers relief. Sleep to the life represents the death of a living man; and life itself is maintained by the death of beasts. He that is grieved at death, is grieved that he is mortal, and his grief comes too late; for he should grieve at his birth, which makes him mortal, and not at his death, which makes him immortal.

Since we must all once die, grant, O Lord! that we may so live, that we die but once, and so die, that we may live for ever.

To die for virtue is a glorious life,
'Tis better die, than live to live unjust.

TITUS VESPASIAN.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

THOUGH every good novel-writer will confine himself within the bounds of probability, it is by no means necessary that his characters, or his incidents, should be trite, common, or vulgar; such as happen in every street, or in every house, or which may be met with in the home articles of a news-paper. Nor must he be excluded from the privilege of shewing personal things, which may possibly have never fallen within the knowledge of a great part of his readers. For want of a proper portion of critical faith, I remember the character of a young lady of quality, which was condemned on the stage for being unnatural, by the unanimous voice of a very large assembly of clerks and apprentices, though it had had the previous suffrages of many ladies of the first rank; one of whom, very eminent for her understanding, declared, that it was the picture of half the young people of her acquaintance.

I am, Sir,
Your's, H. E.
POETICAL.

POETICAL PIECES.

WINTER. A PASTORAL.

Addressed to Miss Conniah Gillmore of Marlborough.

Farewell to flow'ry meads and groves,
To rural shades and gay alcoves;
No more the violet or the rose
Their blooming beauties now disclose;
The fragrant pink, carnation gay,
No more their gaudy leaves display;
These pleasing scenes cease to appear,
And scent with od'rous sweets the air:
Stern Winter's come in horror dress'd,
Of ev'ry fable scene possest;
The streams, bound fast in icy chains,
Forget to glide along the plains;
The lark, as if afraid to rise,
Hid in the grass, his song denies;
The little warblers of the grove
Cease now to chaunt soft tales of love;
No more the lambskins sport and play,
And frisk the fleeting hours away,
But bleating to their dams they cry,
And to the hedge for shelter fly;
No more the nymphs and swains are seen
To trip along the verdant green;
But, when their daily labours done,
With eager haste they hie them home;
There, seated round a wooden fire,
While cyder does their mirth inspire,
Strange wonders and odd tales relate,
Mysterious messengers of fate,
Thus slide the moments swift along
With fairy tales, or jovial song;
While calm Content deigns to reside,
And in the rural cot abide.
Thus, fair Conniah, rolls the year,
And these the scenes that now appear:
Thro' Spring's delight, and Summer's heat,
Thro' Autumn's showers, and Winter's bleet,
May you, protected from above,
An ample share of pleasures prove,
And, while that in this scene you live,
Taste ev'ry joy the gods can give.

London, Dec. 4.

J. FOWLER.

HYMN for CHRISTMAS, in five
Parts, from the Psalms.

By W. WILLIAMS.

[Continued from p. 605.]

PART III.

LET's join our God to magnify,
Who rides upon the lofty sky;
Tho' so sublime, th' all gracious Lord
Can on the world a look afford.

68.

O! what is man's contemptuous rage,
That he shou'd such a shadow grace!
Scarce than the angels less renown'd,
With majesty and glory crown'd.

3.

O! that mankind wou'd praise his name,
And God's beneficence proclaim.

107.

Come taste the gifts his hands afford,
Happy are those who fear the Lord.
Look up from earth, and see how high
The Lord has spread the vaulted sky;

So great his mercy and his love
To those who fear his anger, prove;
The patient bosom of the Lord
With kindness and compassion stor'd,
Who fear their God his love will know,
Such as to children fathers shew.

103.

Once young, tho' hoary now my head,
I ne'er saw virtue beg its bread.

37-

Lions of hunger oft complain,
And roam in quest of food in vain;
But he who seeks th' Almighty's aid
May never be of want afraid.

34-

His bounty years of plenty sends,
And fatness from the clouds descends.

(b) "The hills now exulting stand
And own the blessings of his hand;

"The loaded vale assumes a tongue,
And bursts triumphant into song."

65

As mighty hills encompass round
Jerusalem's protected ground;
The pow'rful weapons of the Lord
Defence eternally afford.

125.

Tho' hills remove into the sea,
And the world tremble, fear not ye!
Tho' ocean roar till empires shake,
And mountains at the tempest quake,

46.

O! that mankind wou'd praise his name,
And God's beneficence proclaim.

107.

PART IV.

What pow'r, O Lord! can rival thine,
Whose truth we see around us shine!

189.

(b) "Thy mercy, Lord, to heav'n extends,
"Thy truth the lofty clouds transcends;

Firm as the hills is thy decree,
Thy wisdom deeper than the sea,

36.

The Lord his great salvation told,
His great salvation all behold.

98.

Redemption from the Lord descends,
His promise in performance ends.

111.

Let earth exult, and heav'n rejoice,
And ocean raise its thund'ring voice:

Let all who occupy the sea,
Or people earth, triumphant be.

96.

98.

(b) Merrick's Version,

Let

Let ev'ry green or golden field
 To God their grateful homage yield.
 Let ev'ry forest, ev'ry grove,
 Triumphant sing th' Almighty's love.
 Let floods applaud, and hills exult;
 And praise from Nature's voice result.
 He comes, he comes, our judge to be,
 And justice graces his decree.
 Let loudest acclamations rise
 To the Great Regent of the skies :
 His mercies boundless and secure
 Will thro' eternity endure :
 To him who reigns of kings the King
 Let universal nature sing,
 His mercies boundless, &c.
 (c) " Halleluia, kneel and sing
 " Praises to the heav'nly King ;
 " To our God supremely great,
 " Hallelujah in the height.

PART V.

" Praise him archangelic band,
 " Ye that in his presence stand ;
 " Praise him ye that watch and pray,
 " Michael's myriads in array.
 " Praise him sun at each extreme,
 " Orient streak and western beam,
 " Moon and stars in mystic dance
 " Silv'ring in the blue expanse.
 " Praise him, O ! ye heights that soar
 " Heav'n and heav'n for evermore ;
 " And ye streams of living rill,
 " Higher yet, and purer still.
 " Praise the Lord on earth's domains,
 " Praise ye mutes that sea contains ;
 " They that on the surface leap,
 " And ye dragons of the deep.
 " Batt'ring hail and fires that glow,
 " Steaming vapours, plummy snow ;
 " Wind and storm, his wrath incur'd,
 " Wing'd and pointed at his word.
 " Mountains of enormous scale,
 " Ev'ry hill and ev'ry vale ;
 " Fruit trees of a thousand dyes,
 " Cedars that perfume the skies.
 " Beasts that haunt the woodland maze,
 " Nibbling flocks, and droves that graze,
 " Reptiles of amphibious breed,
 " Feather'd millions form'd for speed.
 " Kings who crowns vicegerent wear,
 " Peopled regions far and near,
 " Heroes of their country's cause,
 " Princes, judges of the laws.
 " Age and childhood, youth and maid,
 " To his name your praise be paid." 148.
 What new hours thou giv'st to me,
 Lord, I'll spend in praise of Thee. 104.
 From the dawn to coming night,
 Praise to God be our delight. 113.
 To the monarch of the skies,
 Let eternal praises rise. 115.

(c) Smart's Version

ALEXIS and AMANDA.

An ELEGY.

96. YE silver streams ! ye murm'ring rills !
 98. Attend the love-lorn sound ;
 96. Ye verdant vales, and upland hills,
 98. Proclaim my woes around.

Thro' all the groves let warbling birds
 Chant melancholy strains ;
 While over all the flocks and herds
 The soft contagion reigns.

136. Let sportive Echo, from her cell,
 Reply from hill to dale ;
 And let all Nature pensive dwell
 Upon the plaintive tale.

Near Dart's clear stream, in yonder vale,
 That winding rolls along,
 Or lightly o'er the pebbles steal
 His silver waves among ;

There, on the flowery margin stray'd,
 To shun the noon-tide ray,
 Where twining jess' mines form a shade,
 The fair Amanda lay.

(Amanda, deck'd with ev'ry charm
 That Nature could bestow ;
 A breast, with love of virtue warm,
 Where social feelings glow.)

Foaming with rage, from yonder wood,
 A wrathful bull had stole,
 And swift with vengeful steps pursu'd
 The idol of my soul !

She flying, urg'd th' unequal course,
 While shrieking o'er the plain ;
 Then quickly sought her last resource,
 To plunge amid the stream.

The parted flood her form receiv'd,
 But, oh ! the fatal ground,
 Her artless feet, alas ! deceiv'd,
 She sunk immediate down.

Emerging thrice, the lovely maid
 Strove for the distant shore,
 And, panting, look'd around for aid,
 But, oh ! no aid was near.

A lifeless corse ! her roses fled,
 She's carry'd o'er the plain ;
 And, like a lilly, droop'd her head,
 When wet with vernal rain.

When shall I cease to taste deep woe,
 For time no balm can bring ;
 Yon stream will to its fountain flow,
 And larks will cease to sing.

Remembrance oft will wake each care,
 I ne'er shall find repose ;
 Thus ! thus ! I fly to meet my fair,
 Thus ! thus ! I end my woes.

Swift, as the roe-buck scours the plain,
The sad Alexis fled;
Then plung'd beneath the fatal stream,
Which clos'd around his head.

LEANDER *****

The FAIR SCHOLAR.

Address'd to Miss Peggy B—.

THE goddess of wisdom had sought
Long time for a virgin in vain,
Whose wisdom and beauty were wrought
Together in one blended chain.

Both prudes and coquets oft apply'd,
Who thought the perfection their own;
The goddess their wishes deny'd,
And gave approbation to none.

At length of the Paphian queen
Minerva requested to know,
What nymph so engaging was seen,
For beauty and learning fam'd too.

With a smile Cytherea reply'd,
"What nymph so engaging can be;
"Of beauty, of learning, the pride,
"And is not fair B— she?"

J. P.

PROLOGUE to the new Tragedy of ZOBEBIDE.

Written by Dr. GOLDSMITH.

Spoken by Mr. QUICK.

IN these bold times, when learning's sons
explore

The distant climate, and the savage shore;
When wise *astronomers* to India steer,
And quit for Venus, many a brighter here;
While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forfake the fair, and patiently—go simpling,
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures:
With *Scythian stores*, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of
trading—

Yet ere he lands, he's order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? Our reck'ning sure is
lost!

This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord what sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill-foreboding cloud seems big with thun-
der.

[Upper Gallery.

There mangroves spread and larger than I've
seen 'em—

[Pit.

Here trees of stately size—and billing turtles in
'em—

[Balconies.

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound— [Stage.
And apples (*takes one up and tastes it*) bitter ap-
ples strew the ground.

The inhabitants are cannibals I fear,
I heard a hissing—there are serpents here!
O there the people are—best keep my distance,
Our captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;

4

Our ship's well stor'd;—in yonder creek we've
laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure, lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods he hopes are prime, and brought
from far,

Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What no reply to promises so ample?
I'd best step back—and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE. *By Mr. MURPHY.*

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

WELL fare the man, peace to his gentle
shade,

The bard who first made Epilogues a trade;
Else what a life an actress must pursue,
To weep and rave is all she'd have to do;
Upon the stage with warring passions sore,
"To fret her hour, and then be heard no
more."

Now after poison, daggers, rage, and death,
We come again to take a little breath,
Banter the pit, set belles and beaux at odds,
And be a mere free-thinker to the gods;
Chat in familiar strains; the boxes maul;
An Epilogue, like gaming, levels all.
Not e'en poor Bayes within must hope to be
Free from the lash:—his play he writ for me }
'Tis true, and now my gratitude you'll see. }
Why ramble with Voltaire to Eastern climes,
To Scythian laws, and antiquated times?
Change but the names, his tragedy at best,
Slides into comedy, and turns to jest.

Asthus--A statesman, old, and out of place, }
Sour, discontented, malice in his face, }
In these blest days, we but suppose the case, }
Flies from St. James's to his own estate,
To chew the wisdom of each past debate.
How in the house he made a glorious stir,
With Sir, I move--and, Mr. Speaker, Sir!
Zobeide's his daughter Sophy:—Oh! farewell
For her each haunt that charms a modern belle;
Adieu Almack's! Cornellys'! masquerade!
Sweet Ranelagh! Vauxhall's enchanting shade!
'Squire Groom makes love? Rich; Yes; a
vast domain;

Well bred;—the savage Scythian of the plain!
The match is fix'd; deeds sign'd; the knot is
ty'd,

Down comes my lord in all his glitt'ring pride.
And will my angel chuse this rustic plan?
"Oh! cuckold him by all means; I'm your
man."

Now mark our author's ignorance of life!
What not elope? Is that a modish wife?
Poor fool! she doubts; says no; the husband
dies;

Now stab yourself, says Bayes; but nature cries
How! sacrifice myself for vain renown!
John put the horses to, and drive to town.

Yet, after all, excuse him, ladies, pray,
For sure there is some nature in his play.
A first attempt let no keen censure blight,
Hereafter he may fear a nobler flight;

Drop

Drop one kind tear; give him that slender
token;
And hither come—till the Pantheon open.

*An occasional PROLOGUE spoken, Dec. 20,
at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, before
the Play of Othello, for the Benefit of the
Westminster New Lying-in Hospital, by Mr.
Hull, written by Mr. Boyce.*

WHEN Jove from chaos call'd this wond'rous
ball,
Link'd each to each, connecting all with all;
'Twas his decree—ineffable behest!
Those crown'd with affluence should relieve
the rest,
Wipe off the tear, hush mis'ry's plaintive
moan,

And make the griefs of others all their own;
For this are Britons fam'd the world around,
Nor less for arms than *charity* renown'd.

Joy to the soul, and pleasure to the eye,
Flow from the sanction of the nuptial tie;
If fortune smile, and hearts in union glow,
Then wedlock forms a little heav'n below:
Yet tho' the sacred torch of Hymen burn,
Tho' breast to breast connubial warmth return,
Tho' for the *future* industry take care,
Malignant fate may mark the happy pair;
And poverty her gloomy curtain spread,
With meagre hand, around the genial bed:
What ills wou'd then their progeny pursue,
Were God-like pity not enthron'd in you?

Is there a virtue which adorns the mind
Bright as benevolence to human kind?
Is there a vice which taints th' ignoble part
Sable as that of being—hard-of-heart?

Too oft seduction tries her baneful snare,
Too oft the libertine betrays the fair;
By vows and wiles her easy heart is won,
Nor sees the danger till, alas, undone!
Expell'd her friends, devoted to distress,
From heav'n and you alone she seeks redress:
Virtue like yours forgives the first offence,
And mercy opens the gate to penitence:
Thus as the sun exhilarates the bow'r,
Like him, you cherish many a drooping flow'r.

To shield the babe, and lull the marron's
sighs,

Your bounty bids a sanctuary rise:
From thence, as Time exerts his rapid wing,
May future heroes for their country spring;
As genius prompts to plough the raging main,
Or form the phalanx on th' imbattled plain;
Fir'd with a Briton's native pride, to be
Born in this land of—glorious LIBERTY.

ANSWER to the ENIGMA in our last, p. 608.

YOUR * Enigma, Amator, I'm sure I can
tell,
Tho' it puzzl'd at first—'tis now clear as a bell.

* 'Tis rather a Rebus.

Your *Boots* are the dress that from dirtiness
cover,

An *Apple's* the fruit that did ruin our mother;
The *Rat* is the vermin found in water and land,
And the *King* is the person that does us com-
mand;

The *Irish* are people for blunders renown'd,
The *Negroes* are slaves—in the West they are
bound.

The initials conjoin, then quickly is known,
That † *Barkin's* your small, but populous town:
Her name, let me see—O I have it quite hol-
low—

And to prove what I say, read the verses that
follow.

Money causes great sorrow, much gladness and
sway,

And *Ink's* the fam'd liquid our thoughts to
convey;

A *Salmon's* a fish in the Thames often found,
And *Salt* is apply'd to keep our meat sound;
The fair's *Reputation* once lost is ne'er gain'd,
An *Angel's* a painting for which churches are
fam'd;

Heavy *Taxes* are frauds that are hard on the
poor,

A *Sword's* often us'd, tho' quite cruel I'm sure;
An *Ox* is your beast which in England is bred,
And *Nuts* are the food on which squirrels are
fed.

These initials combine, and I think I have
nam'd

Your maid, fair and gentle, for virtue much
fam'd.

May you make her your wife, be your loves
ever fervent,

Is the wish of your humble obsequious ser-
vant.

EPITHALAMIUM.

*On the Marriage of John Ham — e, Esq; of
Guildford, with Miss Nancy Poole — l of Ep-
som.*

Hymen, great mysterious power,
Now thy smiles propitious wear;
Deck the Hymenean bower,
To receive this blooming pair.

Here no fordid vows are plighted,
Fortune's fleeting gifts to share;
But two faithful hearts united,
Form'd to make a happy pair.

Wedded love adorns his grotto,
Hymen takes them to his care;
Constancy he names their motto,
And records the happy pair.

S — — — d.

† Where by the bye g is wanting.

F 67

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Constantinople, Oct. 17.

ACCORDING to the advices from the Danube, it appears, that the operations of the campaign are at an end, and that the respective armies, diminished and weakened by a contagious disease, will soon go into winter quarters.

Petersbourg, Oct. 18. According to the last advices from count Orlov at Moscow, the mortality diminishes daily at that place, and the sedition is entirely appeased. The empress has given orders to the senate to form a process against the principal authors of the above disorders, and several senators are preparing to set out for Moscow to try them.

Warsaw, Nov. 6. The following are some further particulars relative to the late attempt on the life of the king of Poland.

"Lukaski, chief of the assassins, and who tore from the king the order of Prussia, ordered Kosinski to give the king the *coup de grace*.

"Kosinski led the king into the wood of Marmont, to make an end of him there, but hearing the noise of horsemen, who, indeed, were people in quest of his majesty, he was terrified at the peril he was in; and here it is that providence was visibly remarkable. The villain, perplexed and agitated with the sense of his crime, was staggered and delayed the execution of it: the king observed his resolution altered, and availed himself of it. Kosinski said to him, 'I know that to kill the king is a great sin, but I have taken an oath to kill you.' His majesty, answered him, 'I see thou art not yet grown grey in thy iniquity; if thou knowest that it is a great sin to kill the king, how didst thou dare to take an oath to commit a sin?' Kosinski replied, 'But I have, however, taken that oath; and at last, if I do not kill you, I shall lose my own head;' upon which the king answered: 'If thou believest me to be a king, thou oughtest to believe that I have power to spare thy life.'

"At last Kosinski, giving way to remorse of conscience, confessed that he shuddered at the thoughts of killing his sovereign, and knew not what to do. His majesty proposed to him to go to Warsaw with him; but Kosinski still strongly expressed his fears; for, said he, 'it is common to promise many things in a case of necessity, which cannot afterwards be granted.' The king then proposed to him, that, 'If he would not trust to his word, he might leave him alone, and make his escape.' Kosinski, convinced then of his majesty's sincerity, declared that, 'he would go with the king to Warsaw, although he de-

served to lose his head; but that he was unacquainted with the road.' In consequence he consented that the King should conduct him.

"When prince Adam Czartoriski, general of Podolia, and chief of the regiment of the guards of Lithuania, arrived at the cottage to which the king had retreated, with thirty attendants, he found his majesty fast asleep upon a very homely bed; and his intended assassin metamorphosed into a faithful sentinel to guard him.

"His majesty was suffered to sleep till gen. Cocceji arrived with a coach and two hundred men; he then awoke, entered the coach, and placed the assassin at the side of him. His majesty arrived at Warsaw about three in the morning, amidst the acclamations of the people. Nothing was heard from every quarter but 'Long live the King!'

"The king in two days time was in a condition to give audience, when all the colleges of justices attended to congratulate him on his safe return."

Leghorn, Nov. 8. His royal highness the Duke of Gloucester is so far recovered as to be able to bear the motion of the coach without affecting his breath, and to dine with his company as usual.

Warsaw, Nov. 9. The billet, which was written by the king, when in the miller's cottage to general count Cocceji, was conceived in the following terms: "I am delivered from the hands of my assassins, by an immediate act of providence. Hasten to me with 40 soldiers, I am wounded; but not dangerously."

Signed STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS."

The day after his majesty's return, he wrote a letter to the empress of Russia, giving the particulars of his seizure, and his happy escape. And though it is astonishing, yet it is true, some of the monsters now in prison for the attempt to murder his majesty, console themselves with having received a previous formal absolution for a crime which is shocking to nature.

Warsaw, Nov. 9. Several letters received here from the armies advise, that two actions have lately happened to the advantage of the Russians; the one between Giurgevo and Bucharest, and the other in the environs of Krajowa.

His majesty, thanks to heaven, finds himself pretty well since the horrible attempt against his sacred person. The wound he received in the head with a sabre, and which was the worst, is not dangerous. All those who have seen his coach and the cloaths he wore, on the day of that dreadful event, must agree that the hand of the Almighty visibly protected him.

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The Heyduck who lost his life in making a courageous resistance to save that of the King, was interred the 6th instant in the churchyard of the Dissidents with very great pomp, attended by above 1000 persons, among whom were three Knights of the King's orders. The mother of this faithful servant will be richly provided for as long as she lives. The miller and his wife, to whose cottage the King retired that night, have received 100 ducats of his majesty, who hath besides ordered a new mill to be built for them at his expence, to be possessed by them and their descendants without paying any duties or taxes. The assassins of the king had concealed themselves in the convent of Dominicans of the Ville Neuve, and from that asylum, which those monks had afforded them, they watched the opportunity of executing their barbarous design.

Warsaw, Nov. 11. Eight of the assassins who attempted the King's life, have already been taken and committed to prison. Lukawski and his wife are among the number. Koczinski is still treated with lenity; he answers interrogatories from morning to night. The king continues pretty well, but the second Heyduck is very ill of his wounds.

We have this moment received advice that the Russians have at length made themselves masters of Tiniec.

Extract of a letter from the Frontiers of Poland, Nov. 16.

"Kofinski, who is continually undergoing examinations, has confessed, that he was sent by Pulawski, with the other Conspirators, to take the king alive or dead; and that he engaged them to the execution of their design by the following oath, before the miraculous image of the Holy Virgin:

"We, being excited by a holy and religious zeal, have taken a firm and unshaken resolution to revenge the cause of the Divinity, religion, and our country, which has been injured by the tyrant Stanislaus Augustus, Despoiler of laws divine and human, Usurper of the throne of Poland, Promoter of Atheists and Heretics, Traitor to his country, Oppressor of the nation, and a vile instrument of foreign ambition and injustice, do swear and promise, before the sacred and miraculous image of the Mother of God, to sacrifice our fortunes, lives, and families, in order to extirpate from the earth one who dishonours it, by trampling under foot the respect due to the Divinity, religion, and the privileges of the nation. So help us God."

Warsaw, Nov. 16. This moment a courier arrived from the Russian army, under Count Romanzow, with the important news that the general had obtained a complete victory over the Grand Vizir. All that we can yet learn of this affair is, that Count Romanzow had sent part of his army over the Danube to attack that of the Turks, and prevent the garrison of Giurgewo from being relieved: That the action began as soon as the Russians were

in sight of the Turks; that the latter were driven from their camp, and obliged to fly with their Grand Vizir towards Adrianople; and that after the battle the Russians carried the fortrefs of Giurgewo by storm. The Russians took a great number of prisoners, among whom was the Seraskier Aga; and found 100 pieces of cannon on the field of battle.

Warsaw, Nov. 18. The king continues in a very safe way from the wound in his head.

Paris, Nov. 26. The king is going to resume the possession of the estates that have been alienated from the crown. The law by which these estates are to be restored has passed in council, and will soon be presented to parliament. The deputies of the farmers general and receivers general of the finances have been sent for to court, where the comptroller demanded of the former 100,000 livres each, and of the others a certain sum by way of loan; the whole amount of which, it is said, will be six millions from the former, and three millions from the latter.

Hague, Nov. 29. They write from Petersburg that the empress of Russia having received accounts that her armies have lost great numbers of men in the last campaign by their engagements with the Turks, and still more by sickness, her imperial majesty, in order to make up that deficiency, has demanded of the senate 80,000 recruits; but the senate represented to her that so large a number at once would too much depopulate her dominions, which in many places are at present too sparingly inhabited; in consequence of which her imperial majesty has accepted of 50,000 recruits, which have been granted her, in case a peace cannot be brought about this winter. These letters add that the Russian government, perceiving that the Court of Vienna is desirous to protract their making a peace with the Turks, in order to gain time to forward her own designs, may possibly relinquish some points, which seem hard upon the Turks in the last proposals made to them, in order to encourage them to a reconciliation with Russia, without the concurrence of the court of Vienna.

Hamb. Nov. 29. Mr. Grose, who resides here as minister from the empress of Russia, has received from Baron de Saldern, the Russian ambassador at Warsaw, the copy of a letter which Gen. Kreczernichoff wrote to his excellency, dated the 13th Nov. giving the following account of the success of the Russian arms upon the Danube:

"Major Gen. Wiffman having passed the Danube at the head of a considerable body of troops, the Turks who composed the garrisons of Tuleza, Babadagh, Isaccia, Tefchin, Koffoff, and Basbin, being seized with a panic upon his approach, ran away and left those fortresses to our troops, who immediately took possession of them. The booty which our troops took upon this occasion was immense; and Gen. Wiffman thought proper to block up the fortifications of all those places. At the same time Lieut. Gen. Essen attacked

a body

a body of Ottoman troops posted in the neighbourhood of Giurgewo, and routed them; and General Prince Dolgorucki was detached to attack Giurgewo, which he took without much loss."

Paris, Nov. 29. The Duke de Choiseul has obtained leave of the King to return from his exile, and has been here some days. We begin to hope that the Princes of the Blood and Peers will soon be restored to the King's favour. It is said, that they only wait for the return of the parliaments, to submit to the King's orders.

Marseilles, Nov. 30. By advices from Constantinople, dated the 3d instant, we are informed, that a fire broke out in that capital on the 18th, and another on the 24th of last month, which have reduced to ashes a great number of houses, among which is the magnificent palace of the Aga of the Janizaries.

According to the above advices, Count Orlov, commander in Chief of the Russian forces in

the Archipelago, came with his whole fleet on the 12th of October before the Dardanelles, and cannonaded the castle situated in Europe with some ships of war, but did not greatly damage it. The Russian Squadron afterwards retired, having left four frigates cruising at the entrance of the Dardanelles.

A few days after the above enterprize a brisk cannonading was heard on the side of Tenedos, and it is thought that the design of Count Orlov is to render himself master of Lemnos. These advices add, that the Chan of the Tartars is dead, through vexation, at Constantinople; and that the Sultan Bagti Guery continues there still.

Copenhagen, Dec. 3. By a late order, the importation of English salt into Denmark has been again permitted. The duty laid upon it amounts to eight rixdollars per last, containing twelve barrels, besides the usual excise upon consumption.



DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

L O N D O N.

THE marriage of the Duke of Cumberland having made a nine days wonder, and the arrival of Capt. Stott from Falkland Island, having silenced the politicians, it was necessary in order to support the spirit of opposition, and to keep alive the curiosity of the public, to frame an imaginary new ministry; but their existence even in idea did not continue above a day, and they were obliged to have recourse to a sister kingdom for its patriotism and oratory to sustain their cause. The debates in the Irish house of commons, concerning pensions upon that establishment, and new commissioners in the revenue, are, indeed, very extraordinary and interesting: we have therefore reserved them for our Supplement, in order to bring them into one point of view. The state of affairs upon the continent have undergone little or no variation since our last. The intestine broils in Poland still afford a melancholy view of the turbulent disposition of the Poles; and the discoveries made concerning the attempt upon the king's life, evince the dangerous sentiments and dispositions of the Confederates. The quarrel between Russia and the Porte yet prevails; nor is there much reason to believe a peace will soon happen between those two powers, unless the latter submits to such concessions as it does not at present seem the least inclined to make. The report of the Duke de Choiseul being restored to favour, flatters the French that the misunderstanding between the king, his parliament and peers, will soon subside, and that they will all unite in advancing the happiness of the people. As to a rupture between us and the house of Bourbon, it now seems very distant; and the rumours of armaments being preparing in the ports of France

and Spain, appear to have been greatly exaggerated.

December 2.

THE ball at St. James's on Saturday night, in honour of the Princess of Wales's birthday, was very numerous; their Majesties entered the room about nine o'clock; when the ball was opened by Prince Ernest of Mecklenburgh and Lady Hamilton; minuets were danced till about eleven o'clock, when their Majesties withdrew, and all the Nobility departed before 12.

On Saturday some dispatches were received from his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester at Leghorn, which bring an account that his Royal Highness being greatly recovered, was preparing to proceed on his intended tour.

Saturday his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and his new-married Dutchess arrived at his seat at Windsor Lodge from France, but have not yet made their appearance at Court.

4. Dudley, now in the King's Bench prison, who formerly pretended he could make many discoveries relating to Portsmouth fire, declared that he knows nothing whatever of that terrible conflagration; and treats the whole affair as an imposition upon the public.

5. John Church, Esq; of Gray's Inn, is appointed Clerk of the Hanaper by the Earl of Northington. He is the same gentleman that officiated under the late Duke of Charlotte. The master of the Hanaper is an officer in Chancery, whose business is to receive all money due to the King for the seals of charters, letters patent, commissions, and writs;

also the fees due to the officers for enrolling and examining them.

Yesterday a Cause was tried at Westminster, before Lord Chief Justice De Grey, and a special Jury of Middlesex, wherein John Schutz, Esq; eldest son of Col. Schutz of Sion-hill, was Plaintiff, and Francis Schutz, Esq; the Colonel's younger son, was defendant. The action was brought against the defendant for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife; when, after a hearing of five hours, a verdict was given for the defendant, without examining a single witness. A number of respectable persons were subpoenaed as witnesses for the defendant, and amongst others were the Bishop of Norwich, Sir John Shaw, and Mr. Bacon, the member for Norwich, who were all in Court.

By a letter from York, dated Dec. 3. "We learn from Carlisle, that the breaking of the Solway Moss is looked on as the greatest incident that ever happened in that country; the quantity of arable land covered by it belonging to the Rev. Mr. Graham, of Netherby, is said to be near 600 acres, and in different places lies from two to twenty feet deep of entire moss; so that a person, who had never known that country before, would have taken it for a moss since the creation. There are about 30 what they call villages, consisting of four or five houses together, destroyed; happily no person was lost, but great numbers of cattle and sheep were suffocated. It began to move on Saturday night, and continued in motion till Wednesday. Great numbers of people are daily flocking from all parts of the country to see this surprising phenomenon.

"Another account says, that it is greatly feared one family is buried in the moss, not having since been heard of; and that it still continued moving. The rent of the lands already destroyed is about 500l. per annum; and what is very remarkable there is no running water near it."

A circumstantial account of this extraordinary accident, illustrated with a fine copper-plate representing the present state of the Solway Moss, will be inserted in our Supplement, which will be published in a few days.

We are assured that the proprietors of the Leeds canal have purchased the Douglas navigation from Mr. Lee. This it is thought, will effectually settle all differences between the two gentlemen who proposed carrying a canal from Wigan to supply Liverpool with coals, as by the means of Mr. Lee's Cut, which will immediately communicate with the Leeds Canal, and be the joint property of the same persons, every possible advantage proposed in either scheme will be effected.

6. On Wednesday there was a smart altercation at the Sessions-house in the Old Bailey between a Right Hon. Alderman and a patriotic Sheriff, in which, as we hear, the former gentleman had greatly the advantage. The altercation was grounded on a charge of the patriotic Sheriff's having been seen within a fort-

night to have come out of the French Ambassador's house at seven in the morning, which the Right Hon. Alderman assured the company he would prove to their satisfaction. It was kept up with great spirit, and the Sheriff's head servant, finding the laugh as well as the argument to be going greatly against his master, was about to introduce a different subject, in order to draw away his master's opponent from the point in dispute: It being however signified to him by the Alderman, that he should not submit to the insolent treatment he had seen that servant make use of to one of the brethren of the Court, and further, that he should not deign to enter into a conversation with him, he drew in his horns and slunk off.

On Thursday last a cause was tried at Westminster hall, before Lord Mansfield and a Special Jury, at the suit of Mr. Godfrey, in Southampton-street, Covent-garden, against Mr. George Lamberton, for criminal conversation with the Plaintiff's wife. It appeared in proof upon the trial, that the defendant had lived several years with Mr. Godfrey, and about fourteen months since had been admitted into partnership with him. The Jury upon the fullest evidence gave a verdict for the Plaintiff and 500l. damages, with costs of suit. This event necessarily dissolves the partnership.

The number of English children now educated at the four following Convents in France, we are told, is, at Calais 50, at Boulogne 60, at Montreal 96, and at St. Omer 69.

7. Yesterday came on at Doctors Commons, before the Worshipful Dr. Bettesworth, the admissibility of Lord G.'s exceptive allegation, touching Lady G.'s witnesses. The principal charge brought against them was their being guilty of bribery and subornation of perjury, and not any to their general character.

Caveats were this week entered in Doctors Commons against proving the will of the late Lord Baltimore; and also against proving that of the late Duke of Chandos.

10. Yesterday, and not before, the cause brought by Lord L—r against Lady L—r for adultery with Count A—, a Piedmontese Nobleman, came on at Doctors Commons, when, after a full hearing, and the clearest case made out by his Lordship, the Judge pronounced a definitive sentence of divorce from bed, board, and mutual cohabitation, by reason of the said adultery.

Yesterday Levi Weil, Asher Weil, Jacob Lazarus, alias Hyam Dresden, alias Hyam Lazarus, and Solomon Porter, alias Solomon Moses, were executed at Tyburn for the robbery and murder at Mrs. Hutchins's at Chelsea. Their wives and children were admitted into the press-yard to take their leave of them before they set out. The priest did not attend at the gallows, but gave each of them a book in the press-yard. When they came to the place of execution, they prayed and sung about a quarter of an hour amongst themselves, and were turned off about half past ten. After they had hung the usual time their bodies were taken

taken down, and carried to Surgeons hall for dissection. Levy Weil, (the Physician) is to be anatomized, and hung up in Surgeons hall. They all denied the fact, but particularly Porter, who persisted in his innocence to the last.

The same day Marcus Hartough and Lazarus Harry (accomplices with the four Jews above) were tried for a burglary in the house of Mrs. Sarah Barclay, and acquitted. — Hartough is to be removed to Hertford, to take his trial at the next assizes, for a robbery in the house of Mrs. Deighton, of Wormley. See p. 651.

12. Yesterday the sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when nine prisoners received sentence of death; among whom were Robert Powel, for defrauding the East-India company of 500 l. stock, by counterfeiting the handwriting of Mr. Taylor Barrow; Edw. Burch, and Matthew Martin, for forging the will of Sir Andrew Chadwick, who were formerly capitally convicted, but whose sentence had been reprieved on a point of law, which the Judges have determined against them. Forty-four received sentence of transportation for seven years.

We hear from Dublin, That the House of Commons having voted that several sums which were charged in the public accounts to debt of the Nation were merely nominal, and ought to be struck out of the said accounts for the future, they resolved that 782,320 l. one half-penny, was the debt of the Nation at Lady day 1771.

The said House, among a great number of other grants, have resolved to give 10,000 l. to the Dublin Society for the improvement of husbandry and other useful Arts, &c. in Ireland.

On Thursday came on before Doctor Bettesworth, at Doctors Commons, a cause brought by Mr. B. a Surgeon in the Borough, against his wife, for separation from bed, board, and mutual cohabitation, by reason of adultery. Mrs. B. endeavoured to exculpate herself from the charge, by denying the marriage; when, after a hearing of four hours, the Judge was pleased to pronounce for the marriage, and likewise the divorce sued for by Mr. B.

St. James's, Dec. 12. Yesterday was received from capt. Stott, commander of his majesty's ship Juno, who arrived at Plymouth the 9th instant, in seventy days from Port Egmont, the following account of the execution of his commission to receive the possession of Falkland's island, in his majesty's name. On the evening of the 13th of September last, captain Stott arrived at Port Egmont, with his majesty's frigate Juno, the Hound sloop, and Florida storeship, under his command. The next morning, seeing Spanish colours flying, and troops on shore at the settlement formerly held by the English, he sent a lieutenant to know if any officer was there on behalf of his Catholic Majesty, empowered to make restitution of possession to him, agreeable to the orders of his court for that purpose,

duplicates of which he had to deliver to such officer. He was answered, that Don Francisco de Orduna, a lieutenant of the royal artillery of Spain, was furnished with full powers, and ready to effect the restitution. Don Francisco soon after came on board the Juno; when capt. Stott delivered to him his catholic majesty's orders. They then examined, together, into the situation of the settlement and stores; adjusted the forms of the restitution and reception of the possession; instruments for which were settled, and reciprocally delivered. On Monday, the 16th of September, captain Stott landed, followed by a party of marines, and was received by the Spanish officer, who formerly restored him Falkland's Island, Port Egmont, its fort, and other dependencies, giving him the same possession as his majesty had before the 10th of June 1770: on which he caused his majesty's colours to be hoisted, and took possession accordingly. The next day Don Francisco, with all the troops and subjects of the king of Spain, departed in a schooner which they had with them.

St. James's, Dec. 13. This day Robert Gunning, Esq; had the honour to kiss the king's hand, on being appointed his majesty's envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to her imperial majesty the Empress of Russia.

St. James's, Dec. 14. His majesty has been pleased to grant the office of a king of arms and principal herald of the parts of Wales, by the name of Gloucester, unto Thomas Gery Cullum, esq; Bath king of Arms, in the room of Samuel Horsey, esq; deceased.

His majesty has been pleased to grant and confirm the office of clerk of the letters patent in the court of Chancery unto Joseph Cocks and Valentine Henry Wilmot, esqrs.

14. A separation during life has taken place betwixt — G —, Esq; of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, and his Lady, excluding each other from bed, board, and mutual cohabitation.

Mr. Reynolds's Office, Dec. 16.

The sheriffs of London and Middlesex give notice, that the new lists of all persons duly qualified to serve on juries within the said county of Middlesex, commonly called the *Freeholders Book*, and likewise the book containing the lists of all persons duly qualified to serve on juries for the city, borough, and town of Westminster, within the said county, are both nearly compleated, pursuant to the directions of the several acts of parliament in that behalf made and provided: and that from and after the 1st day of January 1772, during the sheriffalty, the panels of all juries which shall be struck for the said county of Middlesex and city of Westminster are to be taken out of the said books, which will be deposited before that day in the usual offices.

JOHN WILKES.

FREDERICK BULL.

St. James's, Dec. 17. Her Royal Highness, the Hereditary Princess of Brunswick arrived

a town on Saturday night last, in perfect health.

19. Yesterday, at their house in Leadenhall-street, met the general quarterly court of East India proprietors, when, after the minutes of the preceding day were read, Mr. Creighton informed the court that a very strong report had gone abroad that a director (Sir James Cockburne, whom he did not name,) had been largely concerned with another baronet (Sir George Colebrooke) in stock-jobbing transactions; that, not satisfied with what money they could procure in England, they had even exerted their credit in Holland, and conducted the affair upon the footing of a Dutch purchase. He owned that there was nothing illegal in all this, but yet that its legality only aggravated the crime; that it was indecent and ungenerous in a director to take advantage of his official knowledge to appropriate to himself the stock of his constituents, and to thrive upon their ruin; that every man present must see matters in this light, and acknowledge the propriety and even necessity of fixing a stigma upon such conduct, if there was any foundation for the report, which, however, he could not believe. Accordingly he moved, that it should be recommended to the direction to make a bye-law to prevent the directors from stock-jobbing in the alley.

Sir George Colebrooke declared, that it was unfair, without a previous intimation, thus to introduce a motion that reflected an implied censure upon a director, who was necessarily absent, and whose conduct, to his knowledge, was perfectly blameless; that as to himself he had in every shape a right to buy and sell as he pleased; that he had, before the proprietors, declared his opinion of the stock previous to his buying; and that he bought with an intention to prevent injury to the proprietors by unnatural depression of stock below its proper level.

Gov. Johnston was clearly of opinion that the motion was salutary, but that at present it ought to be withdrawn, for fear of casting a reflection upon the character of a man, who, for aught that appeared, might be praise-worthy, instead of deserving censure.

Mr. Maclean, after declaring that he had not for some years been directly or indirectly concerned in the Alley, and that he would not be concerned, till he was in a very different situation from what he was in at that moment, said, that he was present in a house in Arundel-street with a considerable company of gentlemen, when the scheme of counteracting the iniquitous combination of lowering the company's stock was projected; that Sir James Cockburne meant only to watch over the property of his constituents; that he declared he would give up his share of the profit for a bottle of wine; that he said his power was but small; that a body of men must unite, &c. upon which all but himself took a part in the project; that, as a necessary requisite, the assis-

tance of Sir George Colebrooke's credit was requested; and that hence arose the whole story of the Dutch transaction, which was founded on the same public basis.

Hints having been thrown out that Mr. Creighton was himself a stock-jobber, and a dealer in policies upon East India stock, Mr. Dempster, with his usual judgment and precision, begged him to declare whether there was any truth in these insinuations. He answered in the negative *so help me God*. Then Mr. Dempster expatiated upon his integrity and public spirit, of which his answer to these two questions had sufficiently convinced the court.

Mr. Dempster afterwards entered into the state of their affairs in Bengal, and lamented that they had not laid before the proprietors the plan of legislation which they had been framing for that country, &c. He said that he had heard it strongly reported, that a noble lord (Lord Clive) intended to give it as his opinion in Parliament, that government ought to take the management of that country into their hands; that this circumstance called upon the direction to be speedy; that such a revolution would annihilate all liberty; that the nation expected an immediate reform, &c.

Governor Johnston coincided in sentiment with him, declaring that it would be necessary for them to apply to parliament for more ample powers.

Mr. Purling, the chairman, then said, that the difficulty of the operation would plead their excuse for being so slow; that, however, they had waited upon the fages of the law, to have their opinion of a newly-constructed charter of justice; that Lord North, far from any intention to throw the management of the East-Indies into the hands of the crown, declared that he never wished to see it in the power of any minister in this country, to appoint even a writer.

This piece of information gave universal satisfaction. A few words were then delivered upon the subject of the supervision, which is in agitation. General Smith gave it as his opinion that the religion of the Indians would be an insuperable obstacle to the introduction of our criminal and civil laws among them. Mr. Creighton entered his protest against all supervisors. This is the substance of what passed. The debate was conducted with great candour and decorum, if we except a few angry expressions that dropped from Sir George Colebrooke, Mr. Maclean, and Mr. Stuart, whose words coinciding with those of others, we have not set down.

20. The Duke of Cumberland has already entered upon a plan of domestic life at Windsor, and last Sunday heard divine service at the private chapel of his Lodge, with the Dukes, and the various domestics of his household, who could be spared from the family-avocations.

Polite excuses have been sent from many of the neighbouring nobility to the Duke, apologizing for not paying their respects to him;

to which his Highness's constant answer has been, that he greatly approved their conduct, and would be infinitely unhappy to give the least additional uneasiness to his Majesty.

Extract of a letter from an English officer in the service of the Emperors of Russia, dated Lazaretto, Leghorn, Nov. 11, 1771.

"His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester is so well recovered from his late dangerous illness, as to be able to take the air every day. As soon as we arrived here, on the 30th of last month, in a man of war from the Levant, his Highness sent immediately to compliment our Lieutenant-general, Count Theodore Orlov, on his arrival, and on Sunday last honoured his Excellency with a visit. His Highness came in a chariot with Lady Dick, attended by Col. Rainsford, Major Haywood, Sir John Dick, the Captains Balfour and Jarvis, and Mr. Rutterford, the Russian agent in this port. Their excellencies Count Orlov, Count Boutterline, and General Darragon, received his Highness in the Lazaretto; all the Russian officers, who wore new uniforms on this occasion, were presented to his Royal Highness, and several private foldiers of the Russian guards were drawn up in form, as a compliment to the English Prince. His Highness conversed a considerable time with his Excellency Count Orlov, and seemed greatly delighted with the appearance of the Russian officers. Several antiquities, brought from different islands in the Archipelago, were shown to his Highness, which he seemed pleased at the sight of. Afterwards Count Orlov caused a fine Barbary horse to be exercised before his Highness, which he greatly admired. This creature was designed by a Captain Pacha, as a present for the Grand Seigneur, and taken by one of the Russian ships in a vessel bound for Constantinople. After his Royal Highness was gone, his Excellency Count Orlov sent him a letter, desiring his acceptance of the horse, which his Highness graciously received. At dinner a general toast by all the officers was given to the health of his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and the Count was exceedingly charmed at the mark of condescension the Duke shewed, in paying him this polite visit."

By a letter from New-York, by last Monday's mail, dated Oct. 29, there is advice, that a Spanish frigate of 36 guns, which for some weeks hovered about the coast, had taken the Fly sloop, Capt. Johnson, bound from thence to Cape-Breton, under pretence of her carrying on an illicit trade; and had carried her off with them to some of their settlements. The letter further says, that the Spaniards have lately made very free in stopping all vessels they meet with in that part of the world, under the same false pretences, examining their papers, and talking out such part of the cargo as they liked, without paying for it; that complaints of these violences done to his Britannick Majesty's subjects in that part of the world have been sent

to England, but that the ministry had hitherto taken no steps to procure them a reparation for their injuries, and that therefore they were determined, that if the Spaniards acted any longer in the same piratical manner, they would fit out some armed vessels to protect their trading ships from being taken for the future.

The Earl of Chatham, and Earl Temple, it is said, have absolutely agreed to the terms proposed them. It has been often the custom of the Great, such as Lord Chatham, to demand from administration a *carte blanche* for themselves, to fill with the conditions. This negotiation has been very different; for it is a fact, that Lord Chatham voluntarily agreed to sign a *carte blanche* for his Sovereign to fill up the covenants, which was accepted on the part of the King; and by this political manœuvre of his Lordship, he has procured himself and brother such terms, that nothing but such a tax on the generosity of his master could ever have possibly acquired.

Lord North, by the new measures with the two noble brothers (if the report of those measures are really to be depended upon) is not to remove from his present department, nor is Lord Sandwich; in the rest of the ministerial arrangements, it is said, there will be a very considerable change.

21. Yesterday Lazarus Moses, Philips, and David, three Jews who were taken up in Petticoat-lane, a few days ago, were brought before Sir John Fielding for examination: Isaac, the king's evidence, and Zelic, the receiver of the goods, were the only witnesses present.—They declared that the prisoners were sent for from Amsterdam by Dr. Levi Weil, to join the gang; that they left Amsterdam three days before Isaacs, and lodged with Zelic on their arrival in London. It is imagined they were concerned in the Woodford and Bush-hill robberies, but it does not as yet appear that sufficient evidence can be adduced to touch their lives; they are to be brought up again next week for further examination, when Mrs. Barclay's and Mr. Shepherd's people will have notice. Sir John asked them, if they got clear of this matter, whether they would go out of the kingdom? They replied, most willingly. They cannot speak a word of English, and Zelic was obliged to interpret for them.

His majesty has been pleased to order letters patent to be passed under the great seal of the kingdom of Ireland, containing a grant unto the Right Hon. Ralph viscount Belleisle, and to his heirs male, the dignity of an Earl of the said kingdom by the name, stile, and title of the earl of Ross in the county of Fermanagh.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant unto George Rous, Esq; the office or place of protonotary and clerk of the crown in the counties of Carmarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, and town of Haverford-West, and borough of Carmarthen.

The

The victory of General Essen over the body of Turkish troops, which was posted over against the fortress of Giurgewo, and the defeat of the Grand Vizir by Major-General Weismann, are now fully confirmed, and the advantages, it appears, are greater than were at first known. The consequences of these important events are, the loss of the whole camp and baggage, and more than 165 pieces of artillery: the iron cannon were burst or sunk in the river, and the 165 pieces of brass cannon were carried off by the victors. To these successes we may add the retaking of the fortress of Giurgewo, and the demolishing the fortresses of Isakexia, Babadag, Tulcezi, Medzin, and Hirskowa. And what is still better, these events have obtained for the Russian troops safe and quiet winter-quarters, especially as the whole Turkish army is now at a great distance from the banks of the Danube.

We have been favoured with the following particulars of the late Lord Baltimore's will: Lord Baltimore, by his will, hath left the province of Maryland, in tail-male, to Henry Harford esq; a child now under the care of the rev. Dr. Lorton, at Richmond school; remainder in fee to his younger sister, the hon. Mrs. Eden; 30,000l. to miss Harford; 20000l. to the hon. Mrs. Browning, and the hon. Mrs. Eden, upon condition of their acquiescence in this will; 4000l. to Sophia and Elizabeth Hales; 10000l. to Mrs. Elizabeth Dawson; to Charlotte Hope, an infant, 2000l. to Mr. Hester Rhelan, mother to Henry Harford, esq; and Miss Harford 200l. annuity for life; 1500l. each to Robert Eden Esq; Hugh Hammerfly, Esq; Peter Prevost, Esq; and Robert Morris, Esq; and also an annuity to each for their lives of 100l. The said four gentlemen are appointed the executors of his Lordship's will. The residuary property, which is supposed to be very large, is left to the executors, as trustees to pay the same to Mr. Harford and his sister, if either of them shall attain the age of 21, and in failure thereof, to the hon. Mrs. Eden.—His Lordship is to be buried among his ancestors at Epsom.

23. A private board of Admiralty was held on Friday, at which Commodore Hervey presided. Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks attended, to receive some instructions for their intended voyage. The above gentlemen are to sail the beginning of next March. They are to have one ship of fifty guns, two frigates, and three smaller sail. They are particularly charged with making discoveries on the coast of New Holland and New Zealand, which are at present almost unknown.

24. *List of Alterations in the Common Council this Year.*

Aldersgate Ward, Messrs. Fisher, Maud, and Manning, in the room of Mr. Deputy Reed, Mr. Charles Rivington, and Mr. Stanfield.

Farringdon Within. Mr. Vanhagen and Mr. Upton, in the room of Mr. Deputy Patterson and Mr. Jones.

Farringdon Without. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Beeton, *vice* Mr. Deputy Salter and Mr. Sharp.

Queenhithe. Mr. Turner, *vice* Mr. Smith. Walbrook. Mr. Turner, *vice* Mr. Shove.

Bridge Ward. Mr. Rowiet and Mr. Anderson, *vice* Mr. Veek and Mr. Jackson.

Langborne Ward. Mr. Potts and Mr. Anderson, *vice* Mr. Chaffon and Mr. Reynolds.

25. Yesterday a patent passed the Great Seal, appointing Henry Talbot and Joshua Churchill, Esqrs. Sir John Gresham, Bart. Oiver Tilson and Milward Rowe, Esqrs. in the room of Henry Fane, Esq; commissioners for the receipt, management, and government of the duties on Salt, with salaries of 500l. per annum.

The same day a grant of pardon passed the Great Seal to Sir James Stewart, Bart. who was concerned in the late rebellion, and against whom a bill of indictment was found for high treason, by the Grand Jury, in the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, in October 1748.

26. Notwithstanding the various reports about a Duchess of York, his late Royal Highness the Duke of that title never was married. Being once in company with some ladies who were rallying him on a declaration which he made of determined celibacy, one of them laughingly resolved to marry him that instant, and accordingly, getting a prayer-book, read some part of the ceremonial between Miss Flood and him. This is the sole foundation on which the report of marriage is founded; and at St. James's the matter is treated wholly as a jocular circumstance.

27. We hear from Charlestown, South Carolina, that on Saturday, at the Court of General Sessions, the trial of Dr. John Haly came on, who was arraigned for the murder of Peter de Lancey, Esq; in a duel; when the Jury, after having been out only a few minutes, convinced (we may presume) that there was not the least degree of malice on his part, brought in their verdict guilty of manslaughter.

Tuesday last a general navy commission passed the Great Seal, appointing Hugh Palliser, Esq; Sir John Williams, Knt. Edmund Mason, Timothy Brett, Thomas Hanway, and William Bateman, Esqrs. Sir Richard Temple, Bart. Frederic Rogers, Richard Hughes, and Charles Proby, Esqrs. principal officers and commissioners of the navy with salaries of 500l. per ann. each, payable quarterly by the treasurer of the navy.

The same time, commissions appointing Hugh Palliser, Esq; comptroller of the navy; Sir John Williams, surveyor of the navy; Edmund Mason, Esq; clerk of the acts of the navy; Timothy Brett, Esq; comptroller of treasurers accounts; Thomas Hanway, Esq; comptroller of victuallers accounts; William Bateman, Esq; comptroller of store-keepers accounts; Frederick Rogers, Esq; surveyor of Plymouth-yard; Richard Hughes, Esq; surveyor of Portsmouth yard; and Charles Proby, Esq; of Chatham and Sheerness.

T H E
Town and Country Magazine;
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UNIVERSAL REPOSITORY
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Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainment.
S U P P L E M E N T to the Year 1771.

Embellished and illustrated with the following elegant Engravings: 1. The Head of the REVEREND JOINER. 2. A fine Likeness of Mrs. L——n. 3. A Sketch of the Land covered by Solway Moss: And, 4. A Bristol Oddity, cut in Wood.

Containing, among a great Variety of original and important Articles,

- | | | | |
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| 2. Power and Dignity of the Great Officers of the Crown of England | 678 | 20. A Character | 702 |
| 3. Anecdote of Ronfard, the French Poet | 670 | 21. Description of Cerne Abbey | 703 |
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| 16. A British Oddity | 698 | 34. Copious Index. | |
| 17. The Bristol Duel | 700 | 35. Different Tables. | |
| 18. A Female Oddity | 701 | | |

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The LONDON GENERAL BILL of
CHRISTENINGS and BURIALS, from Dec. 11, 1770, to Dec. 10, 1771.

Died under 2 Years of Age	7617	20 and 30	1671	60 and 70	1469	100	-	1
Between 2 and 5	1830	30 and 40	1945	70 and 80	1210	101	-	2
5 and 10	818	40 and 50	2094	80 and 90	460	103	-	1
10 and 20	844	50 and 60	1751	90 and 100	67	107	-	1

DISEASES.		CASUALTIES.	
Abortive and still-born	696	Broken Limbs	2
Aged	1512	Bruised	3
Ague	1	Burnt	9
Apoplexy and suddenly	223	Drowned	138
Asthma & Phthisic	590	Excessive Drinking	11
Bedridden	9	Executed	8
Bleeding	6	Found Dead	10
Bursten & Rupture	12	Killed by Falls and other Accidents	76
Cancer	42	Killed themselves	34
Canker	1	Murdered	5
Chicken Pox	1	Overlaid	8
Childbed	172	Poisoned	2
Cholic, Gripes, and Twisting of the Guts	48	Scalded	3
Cold	7	Starved	5
Consumption	4809	Suffocated	6
Convulsions	6156		
Cough, and Hooping Cough	249		
Diabetes	1		
Dropfy	1024		
Evil	15		
Fever, Malignant Fever, Scarlet Fever, Spotted Fever, and Purples	2273		
Fistula	9		
Flux	8		
French Pox	65		
Gout	91		
Gravel, Stone, and Strangury	34		
Grief	3		
Head-Ach	2		
Headmouldshot, Horseshoehead, and Water in the Head	22		
Jaundice	156		
Imposthume	5		
Inflammation	79		
Leprosy	2		
Lethargy	6		
Livergrown	2		
Lunatic	90		
Measles	115		
Miscarriage	6		
Mortification	199		
Palsy	69		
Plurisy	13		
Quinsy	6		
Rash	2		
Rheumatism	4		
Rickets	4		
Scurvy	3		
Small-Pox	1660		
Sores and Ulcers	24		
Sore Throat	22		
Stoppage in the Stomach	14		
Swelling	1		
Teeth	809		
Thrush	69		
Tympany	1		
Vomiting and Looseness	10		
Worms	8		
		Total	320

Christened	Males — 8839	Buried	Males — 10921	Decreased in the Burials this Year 654.
	Females — 8233		Females — 10859	
	In all 17072		In all 21780	

Prices of GOLD per Ounce.

	l.	s.	d.
Gold in coin, - - -	4	1	2
Ditto in bars, - - -	4	1	0

Prices of SILVER per Ounce.

Pil. pes. eight, - - -	5	6
Ditto small, - - -	5	6
Mexico - - -	5	6
Mexico small, - - -	5	6
Silver in bars stand. - - -	5	7½

PRICE of BREAD.

	s.	d.	f.
The peck loaf { Wheaten	2	5	0
{ Household,	1	9	0

Prices of Stocks, Saturday, Jan. 28.

Bank Stock, 158	1-half
India ditto, 272	1-half
South Sea ditto, shut.	
Ditto old annuit. 86	7-8ths
Ditto new annuit.	
3 per cent. bank red. 88	3-4ths a 7-8th
3 per cent. consol. 88	1-4th a 3-ths
3 per cent. ditto, 1726, shut	
Ditto 1751	
India ann. 86	1-half
3 1-half bank ann. 1756	
Ditto 1758, 91	1-half
4 per cent. consol. 95	
India bonds 48s pr.	
Navy and vict. bills	



The Town and Country Magazine;

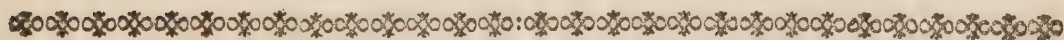
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Knowledge, Instruction, and Entertainement,

SUPPLEMENT to the Year 1771.



*Continuation of the State of Europe for
December, 1771.*

ACCOUNT of ENGLAND.

HAVING in our former Numbers described England in general, the nature of its government, laws, and religion, we now proceed to an account of the prerogative of the king, and the power of the great officers of the crown.

The monarch of England is distinguished by the Titles of George, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, king, defender of the faith. He stiles himself king of France from an antient claim which his predecessors had to that kingdom, of which he possesses nothing at present but three or four inconsiderable islands on the coast of Normandy. The title, defender of the faith, was an antient appellation given to the kings of England; but more particularly confirmed by Leo X. to Henry VIII. in consequence of a book written by this prince against Luther, in defence of the seven

sacraments. The title was afterwards continued by act of parliament. The king of England is supreme head of the church, and chief magistrate of the kingdom. He has the supreme right of patronage, paramount over all the ecclesiastical benefices in England: he is the supreme civil judge, and the fountain from which all justice is derived. His person is accounted so sacred, that the laws of England have fixed the penalty of high treason even upon those who imagine or intend only the death of their sovereign; though, in all other capital cases, an Englishman cannot be punished with death, unless an act follows the intention. Nay, an idiot or lunatic, whom as a person *non compos mentis*, the law holds incapable of committing felony, or any other species of treason, is punished with death as a traitor, if he either kills, or attempts to kill the king of England. The same penalty is inflicted upon those who kill certain officers of the crown, or any of the king's judges executing their office, as well as upon those who counterfeit the king's seal or his monies, because by all these his person is represented.

The king of England promises on oath, at his coronation, to preserve the rights and privilege of the church and clergy, the royal prerogatives belonging to the crown, the laws and customs of the realm; to do justice, love mercy, maintain peace and unity. The chief articles of prerogative enjoyed by the kings of England, we have enumerated in our account of the parliament; but, there are many others of less consequence, which the confined nature of our plan will not allow us to particularize. It may suffice to say, that in point of dignity, pomp, and revenue, he rivals the greatest monarchs in Christendom; and though he is restricted by the laws of the kingdom, and the privileges of the subject, from exercising any open acts of oppression, he is supplied with all the power and means which a good prince could wish to enjoy, for making himself great, and his people happy. His civil list, or private revenue, amounts to 800000*l.* sterling yearly: he possesses many castles, palaces, parks, and forests for residence and diversion: he is personally treated with the utmost reverence and respect by his subjects, who kneel when they present their addresses to him; at all times he is served upon the knee, and all persons, whatever, stand waiting with heads uncovered in his presence.

The royal state of his Britannic majesty is supported by a great number of extraordinary ceremonies and appointments. Over and above the economy of his household, which is in all respects suitable to the grandeur of a great monarch, the provision made for the immediate defence of his person is equally magnificent and effectual. The palace and its precincts are defended by detachments from a body of foot guards, consisting of seven battalions quartered in the neighbourhood, who take their turns in this honourable department of duty. They are fine shewy troops, always fresh in their cloathing, neat and clean in every article of dress, arms, and accoutrements; and every regiment is provided with an excellent band of music, which plays every morning when the guard

is relieved at the palace. The horse-guards, otherwise known by the name of the life-guards, consist of seven hundred and twenty-four horsemen, divided into two troops, and each of these subdivided into four squadrons. They are well mounted and accoutred, and cloathed in scarlet, adorned with gold lace. Two squadrons with trumpets mount guard one day in six, and are relieved in their turns. They attend the king in detachments where-soever he goes, and parties are detached from the guard to give their attendance on the prince of Wales. When his majesty walks on foot, one of the captains attends next to his person, carrying in his hand an ebony staff or trucheon, headed with gold, and engraved with his majesty's cypher and crown. Another commissioned officer follows the captain, that he may relieve him occasionally, with an ebony staff, having a silver head; and two inferior brigadiers likewise attend with ebony staves, at a greater distance. There are also two troops of grenadier horse-guards, who have their own distinct officers, and are cloathed in a different manner from the life-guards, with which, however, they mount guard by divisions. They perform duty on foot, in attending the king when he walks abroad, and always march with great detachments.

Over and above these external guards of horse and foot, there is a military government maintained within the king's house, above as well as below. There is a band of forty gentlemen pensioners, one half of whom are always upon duty in the presence chamber, where they receive the king when he comes forth from his privy-lodgings. They attend his person to and from the chapel royal, as well as at all great solemnities, coronations, St. George's feast, when he goes to parliament, and when he gives public audience to ambassadors. They are richly cloathed in scarlet trimmed with broad gold lace, are commanded by a captain, who is generally a nobleman of the first rank, under whom there is a lieutenant and standard-bearer. This pension was originally intended for a maintenance

maintenance to decayed gentlemen; but now it is sold like any other fine-cure to the best bidder. Their arms were gilt pole-axes, except in time of war, when they appeared on horse-back, armed like cuirassiers, with swords and pistols. At present, they wear swords only.

Besides the pensioners, there is another guard of one hundred yeomen, who attend in the first room above stairs, called the guard-chamber. They are chosen for their large and portly stature, clothed in long scarlet coats, richly guarded with black velvet, and adorned with badges of embroidery, both before and behind. Instead of hats, they wear broad crowned caps of black velvet, decked with ribbons of the king's colour. Their arms are long partisans and swords: they are commanded by exempts. They have an allowance of wages and diet; and their duty is to attend the king's person at home and abroad, thirty-six waiting by day, and eighteen watching by night. These places can hardly be called military, as they are generally sold to persons who never carried arms in the service; so that they are kept, not so much for use, as for state and pageantry.

The royal achievement, borne by the reigning family, is thus marshalled, quarterly, in the first grand quarter Mars, three lions passant-guardant in pale. Sol, the imperial ensigns of England: these are impaled with the royal arms of Scotland, consisting of Sol, a lion rampant within a double tressure flowered and counterflowered, with fleurs de lis, Mars. The second quarter contains the arms of France, namely, Jupiter, three fleurs de lis, Sol. The third, for Ireland, exhibits Jupiter, an harp, Sol, stringed, Luna. In the fourth grand quarter is represented his present majesty's own coat of arms, being Mars, two lions passant-guardant, Sol, for Brunswick, impaled with Lunenburgh, giving Sol, semée of hearts, proper, a lion rampant, Jupiter, having for antient Saxony, Mars, an horse current, Luna grafted in base; and in a shield surmount, Mars,

the diadem, or, a crown of Charlemagne; the whole surrounded with a garter, as sovereign of that order. Above the helmet, as the emblem of sovereign jurisdiction, is an imperial crown; the crest, a lion passant-guardant crowned with the like: the supporters, a lion rampant-guardant, Sol, crowned as the former; and an unicorn, Luna, gorged with a crown, and chained. The royal motto is, *Dieu et mon droit*, implying that the king of England holds his crown of God only. The table of the compartment is adorned with the rose and thistle intermingled, as the emblem of the union of England and Scotland.

The eldest son of the king of England is born duke of Cornwall, and afterwards created prince of Wales, with letters-patent, by which the said principality is granted to him and his heirs, kings of England. He bears the king's arms, with the addition of a label of three points, charged with nine torteaux; his device being a coronet beautified with three ostrich feathers, inscribed *Ich dien*, signifying in the German language, I serve: this device was borne at the battle of Cresci by John, the blind king of Bohemia, who served as a volunteer in the French army, and was slain fighting hand to hand with Edward the Black Prince. The prince of Wales enjoys certain privileges that no other subject can claim. The person who imagines his death, or violates his wife, is deemed guilty of high treason. The prince is presumed to be of age as soon as born, and may, on the day of his birth, sue for the livery of the dukedom of Cornwall; and he may qualify any number of chaplains. What he receives annually from the duchy of Cornwall, does not exceed fourteen thousand pounds: but the revenue of the late prince of Wales, as established by act of parliament, amounted to one hundred thousand pounds, clear of all deductions. The younger sons of the king are not born, but created dukes or earls; yet they are by birth counsellors of state: and all the children of the king are addressed with the title of
royal

royal highness. The daughters are styled princesses, and it is deemed high treason to violate the eldest unmarried.

Next to the king and princes of the blood, we shall describe the great officers of the crown, of whom there are nine ranks, the high-steward, lord high chancellor, lord treasurer, lord president, lord privy-seal, lord chamberlain, constable, earl marshal, and lord high admiral. Antiently the highest office in England, under the king, was that of lord high-steward, so called from the Saxon words *stede* and *ward locum tenens*, properly speaking, a viceroy. The law styled him, *Magnus Angliæ Seneschallus*, and his power was so exorbitant, that it is not now trusted in the hands of any subject. A steward, however, is created occasionally, *pro hac vice*, to officiate at a coronation, and preside at the trial of peers for treason or felony. During his stewardship, he bears in his hand a white staff, which, when the trial is determined, he breaks, and so his office ends. The office of the lord chancellor we have already described in our account of the courts of judicature; the name *cancellarius* is derived from one part of his office, that is the power he has to cancel what he thinks amiss, in any patent, commission, or warrant, sent from the king to be sealed with the great seal. The words to be cancelled, he expunges by drawing cross lines over them, like lattices, called in Latin, *cancelli*; or else he acquired this appellation by sitting antiently *intra cancellas*, within such a partition as now separates the church from the chancel. The salary of this great post amounts to above seven thousand pounds a year; but of late, it has been customary for persons who accept the office, to receive a large sum from the crown when first appointed, together with the settlement of a yearly pension of four or five thousand pounds, to commence when they are dismissed from this high station. The lord chancellor and the lord keeper are the same in authority, power, and precedence: yet there is a difference be-

tween them in the creation. The keeper is created by the king's delivering the great seal into his hands, and his taking the oath; but the lord chancellor hath a patent besides. A lord keeper is created only during the vacation of the chancellorship, to perform the functions of this office. The lord treasurer was vested with his office by receiving a white staff from the king, and held it *durante bene placito regis*; but since the accession of the present royal family, the office hath been put in commission, and the business of the revenue managed by commissioners, called lords of the treasury. The fourth great officer of state is the lord president of the king's privy council, created by letters patent under the great seal, during his majesty's pleasure. He attends upon the king, to propose matters at the council table; and to report the transactions of the council to his majesty. Next to the president is the lord privy-seal, a privy counsellor, *ex officio*, through whose hands all charters, grants, and pardons signed by the king, are passed before they are confirmed by the great seal of England; he likewise seals warrants for pensions, and the payment of money in other matters, which do not require the confirmation of the great seal. His salary does not exceed fifteen hundred pounds a year: but, in dignity, he is ranked among the chief personages of the realm. The lord chamberlain of England is an officer of great power, and enjoys a great number of perquisites. He takes care to provide all things in the house of lords in time of parliament; and to him belongs the government of the whole palace. He issues warrants for preparing and furnishing Westminster-hall for coronations and trials of peers; and the gentlemen usher of the black rod, with his deputies, are under the chamberlain's command. Upon all solemn occasions, the keys of Westminster hall, the court of Wards, and court of Requests, are delivered to this officer. He is intitled to livery and lodging in the king's court, to certain fees from the prelates, when

when they do homage or fealty to the king, as well as from all the peers of the realm, at their creation. At the ceremony of a coronation he receives forty ells of crimson velvet for his own robes, and after he hath appalled the king for this occasion, he takes for his fees, the bed and furniture of the bed chamber, together with all his majesty's night apparel. He carries at the ceremony the coat, gloves, and linen, the sword and scabbard, the gold to be offered by the king, with the robe royal and crown: he attires his majesty in the royal robes, and serves him that day, before and after dinner, with water, taking the bason and towel for his fees. The lord chamberlain superintends all the officers of the king's household, above stairs, except the precinct of the king's bed-chamber; as also all the officers of the wardrobe at all his majesty's houses, the serjeants at arms, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, and chaplains: all, or most of these places, and many others, are in his gift, and he enjoys a salary of twelve hundred pounds. The office of lord high constable of England has been thought too powerful for any subject; and therefore dropped, except upon certain occasions, when a lord high constable is created *pro illa vice*. He assisted at the coronation, presided at all solemn tournaments by combat, which are now disused, shared the power and jurisdiction of the earl-marshal, of whom he took place. The post of earl-marshal is a military office, like that of the constable, and has been long hereditary in the house of Norfolk. He took cognizance of all matters of war and arms, assisted by the kings at arms and heralds, who sit in their proper habits, in the college of Heralds, which is called a court of chivalry. He marshals the ceremony at the proclamation and coronation of kings, their marriages, funerals, interviews, and festivals, &c. He held the court of the Marshalsea, to take cognizance of all offences committed within the verge of his majesty's palace: but now it is kept in the name of the lord

steward of the king's household; and his power, in other respects, is almost abrogated. The last great officer of the crown of England is the lord-high-admiral, commander in chief of the British navy, to whom was committed the whole government of the marine, vested with a power to appoint sea-officers, as well as commissioners or judges for exercising justice in the court of admiralty: the office is now put into commission, and the commissioners are stiled lords of the admiralty. They take cognizance of every thing relating to the sea, and to them is subservient the navy board, victualling office, and all the commissioners of the dock-yards in England.

Exclusive of the great officers of state, are those appointed for the civil government of the king's court. The chief of these is lord steward of the king's household, who carries a white staff in the king's presence; attends his majesty's person; at the beginning of parliament administers the oaths of allegiance and supremacy to all the members of the house of commons; adjusts the parliamentary expences; and is vested with authority over all the officers and servants of the king's house, except those belonging to the chapel, bedchamber, and stable. The next is the lord chamberlain, whose office both in the state and in the household we have already explained. The third great officer of the king's court, is the master of the horse, antiently known by the name of *comes stabuli*, or constable. He superintends the king's stable and studs; takes charge of all the revenues and lands appropriated for the maintenance of the king's horses; exercises authority over all equeuries and pages, footmen, grooms, farriers, and all servants and tradesmen belonging to the king's stables; at any solemn cavalcade, he rides behind the king, leading a led horse of state, and generally accompanies his majesty in the coach of state, when he goes to the upper house of parliament. All the servants of his majesty's household are subordinate to these three principal officers.

The

The civil government of England is regulated, and every new measure of the administration, proposed and planned in the privy-council, consisting of those noblemen and others, whom the king pleases to choose for their rank and fortune, wisdom, knowledge, and integrity, in order to consult and deliberate with them, upon all affairs of consequence relating to the government: they likewise sit as a court of judicature, to determine appeals from Ireland and the plantations. They continue in this honourable office during the king's pleasure: when summoned, they attend his majesty at council-board, and sit in their order bareheaded when the king presides. At all debates, the lowest delivers his opinion first; and the sovereign at last, by declaring his judgment, determines the matter of debate. A privy-counsellor, though a gentleman only, takes precedence of all knights and younger sons of barons, and his person is held sacred. He takes an oath to advise the king truly, justly, and evenly, to the best of his power and discretion, and to keep secret his majesty's counsel.

A council is seldom or never held, except when one of the secretaries of state is present. These two * officers, styled principal secretaries of state, are in effect the prime ministers of England. They present petitions and requests to the crown, and make dispatches according to his majesty's answers and directions. They manage a correspondence with all parts of the British dominions, in order to carry on the administration of the interior government. They dispatch instructions to ambassadors resident in foreign countries, as well as to generals employed in expeditions abroad; and all the returns of negotiations and intelligence are made to the secretaries of state, one of whom is generally the person chosen by the king to manage and direct the machine of government. With respect to the business transacted,

each has his own separate office and department: with respect to their appointments, each secretary enjoys a salary of two thousand pounds, together with board wages, and lodgings in the king's palace, for the accommodation of him and his attendants.

Every regulation, with respect to the army, is managed by the secretary at war, who is an officer of great trust, enjoys considerable appointments, and keeps his office at Whitehall. Independent of this, however, are the board of ordnance, and the office of paymaster-general, who receives and issues money for the payment of the forces.

All commercial matters, together with matters relating to the improvement of the colonies, are examined and discussed at the board of trade, consisting of lords commissioners for trade and plantations, appointed by the king. There are, besides, a variety of inferior boards, established for the management of the revenue and other articles of national oeconomy, of which we cannot pretend to give a minute detail: such are the post office, excise, customs, and stamp-offices.

ANECDOTE OF RONSARD, the celebrated French poet.

RONSARD, says an historian, strung his lyre to celebrate the resplendent charms which he fancied he saw in Mademoiselle De Surgeres, one of the maids of honour to the queen. Intending afterwards, to publish a collection of love-poems, he begged Dupenon to make a preface, and in that preface to let the world know that his love for the young lady had been strictly virtuous.

Dupenon replied, "there is no sort of need of a preface, my dear friend; by only putting the picture of your charmer as the frontispiece of your book, you will sufficiently convince the world that your passion has ever been perfectly innocent."

HISTORIES

* There is a third secretary lately appointed for the affairs of the colonies.

HISTORIES of the Tête-à-Tête annexed; or, *Memoirs of the Reverend Joiner, and Mrs. L——n*, (No. 37, 38.)

WE have reserved this extraordinary character for an extraordinary Number, as we may with great propriety introduce him as a supplement to all our *Têtes-à-Têtes* for last year. Dr. W—— is at once a priest, a patriot, and a politician; and though he seems in a great measure to have taken the late Mr. Churchill for his example in many parts of his conduct, he is, nevertheless, in one particular quite opposite to him. That clerical genius threw off the gown, and clapt on the sword; but our hero, not contented with one gown, has obtained another to cover it. Some indeed pretend he is ashamed of his profession, and considering it as quite inconsistent with his behaviour, was desirous of concealing the Parson under the appearance of the Joiner.

After having received an university education, taken up his degrees, and also taken orders, he constantly attended the late duke of Newcastle's levee, in order to obtain preferment; but after a series of years spent in this fruitless pursuit, the duke dying, and all hopes of lawn-sleeves vanishing, from an obsequious courtier he changed his opinion with his circumstances, being now in possession of an affluent fortune, and is at present as vociferous a patriot, as he was before a ministerial advocate.

Upon the death of the late Mr. Churchill, he saw a favourable opportunity of becoming popular; and though the author of the *Essay on Woman* might stand in need of the advice of two clergymen, equally orthodox as both these pious gentlemen; Dr. W——'s pride would not let him submit to be the subordinate spiritual guide to the great champion of liberty.

He did not, however, declare himself till after Mr. W——'s return from the continent, as it could not be determined whether that gentleman would

ever be able to make his appearance here again, as he was at that time outlawed. But the timidity with which the m——y acted upon his return; his bold attempt to be one of the city representatives, and his success at Brentford, made him once more formidable; renovated his party that had languished during his absence almost to a non-existence; created him fresh advocates and supporters, and gave birth to the society of the Bill of Rights.

W——'s close alliance with H——ne gave the doctor some umbrage, and it was not till the former assured Dr. W——, that he considered H——ne only as a cat's paw—an useful bustling man, with talents that might be serviceable to him, but a doubtful friend, and a dangerous confidant. This declaration removed the doctor's jealousy, and he almost immediately became a member of the Bill of Rights.

Here our hero made his first public appearance as a patriot and a champion for liberty. General warrants, the Middlesex election, the massacre in St. George's-fields, the freedom of the press, magna charta, and the bill of rights, were so many great resources of his oratory and elocution. Nor was his patriotism confined solely to harangues, he convinced the idol of his political worship of the sincerity of his professions, by dilating his purses, and generously contributing to the support of the injured deity. His visits were as frequent as his presents; he was consulted in all the great manoeuvres against administration, and constantly approved of every measure that could annoy them the most essentially. With this christian and priestly zeal, he persevered in the support of the great patriot, till he obtained his liberty; and as he had been admitted a freeman of the Joiners company, in order to pave the way for the alderman's gown, this sincere adherent thought it an honour to gain the first rank in so respectable a corps, and with much intrigue, under the influence of the alderman, he was admitted master of that worshipful company.

It is now we see united the parson, the patriot, the politician, and the joiner—a happy assemblage of titles, which most characteristically denote the sentiments and dispositions of our hero.

Though the defection of the majority of the supporters of the Bill of Rights has left scarce another member who can essentially assist the patriot (except his *roaring* colleague, who has already had a complete surfeit of popularity, and the *brazen* magistrate, who thought it a glory to be lodged with the lions, in order to be handed down to posterity as a patriot citizen, and the bulwark of the liberty of the press) yet the reverend Joiner still perseveres in defending the private, as well as the public conduct of the sh—ff; declaring that all Jewish evidence should now be set aside, and that Sylva's depositions are no more to be credited than the Jew doctor's alibi at the Old Bailey; that the Paris jeweller is a Roman-catholic, and thinks it a pious deed to distrust and injure heretics; that the Foundling-hospital is of no kind of utility upon its present foundation, and the money appropriated to it entirely lost to the public; whereas, that with which Mr. W—kes was entrusted for its use, was spent nobly, and was of service to many: in fine, that there is no part of Mr. W—kes's conduct that will not admit of great palliation, when seen through the just medium of *party impartiality*.

Notwithstanding the sh—ff has such a doughty advocate in the doctor, and though every nerve of *civic liberty* was strained to re-elect the *brazen* magistrate, and set aside the present I—d m—r, W—n, B—ll, and C—by, have had the mortification to see that W—kes's popularity had, like an *ignis fatuus*, bewildered them into a labyrinth, from which they will find great difficulty to extricate themselves.

The piously Joiner, nevertheless, maintains his political creed with as much apparent firmness as ever; and having routed H—ne, as he calls it, he is now convinced the field of cleri-

cal influence over the sh—ff is all his own. Though he does not greatly exert his ministerial function to reform the libertine sh—ff, who still pursues his wonted course of dissipated pleasures, we are indebted to the friendly priest for the hints occasionally thrown out in the papers, that Mr. W—kes views with regret his former juvenile errors; and that being conscious of his past faults, in the upright magistrate we shall find the virtuous citizen: it being an invariable maxim with Dr. W—n, that it is not the commission, but the detection of vice that gives scandal to the world. Upon this principle our hero has constantly acted, and to this we may ascribe the secrecy with which his amours have hitherto been conducted—for even the reverend liveryman, though now approaching his grand climacteric, is not without his tender alliances.

Lady G—nt—n, well known in the republic of gallantry, was among the number of the doctor's female favourites, when in her prime, and in the decline of life she has administered to those passions which she could no longer personally gratify. Mrs. A—ms, once famous in the purlieus of Covent-garden, who after realizing an easy competence in the profession of a *gouvernante*, retired to repent of her follies and sins, and called in the assistance of the doctor to remove some scruples which still burthened her conscience. Mrs. Y—g, sister to the late beautiful and honourable Mrs. F-zp-k, was not unknown to our hero, with whom he has frequently relaxed from the severe duty of his function, in Nassau-street. Here this lady resided many years, and may still be found the easy, good-natured, chatty woman, in Leicester-street.

These are amongst the number of our liveryman's female favourites: they had their attractions in their conversation, as well as in the voluptuous hour of love; but the moment he became a patriot, and the good of his country so intimately affected him, he relished no society that had not the same great object constantly in view. He sought every where for a female patriot, in whose company

company he could at once give a loose to all his fond, all his political ideas ; but he was informed there was but one in England, and she was Mrs. Macaulay. Thus frustrated, he was upon the point of giving up all intercourse with the fair sex, when he fortunately fell in company with Mrs. L——n.

She was a woman perfectly to his mind ; she had not only read the History of England, but the History of Europe, and understood the inestimable value of the great charter as perfectly as she could trim the balance of power. She could reason upon the Bill of Rights with as much precision, as she could descant upon the golden bull. Machiavel and Puffendorf were quite familiar to her, and Locke on Government was at her fingers ends. In a word, she was a paragon of female politics, a woman entirely after his own heart, and, to complete her character, a public writer.

Such a treasure being once gained, he cherished it to his heart—whole days, whole nights, has he passed in contemplating the beauties of her mind, and the charms of her person. Still enraptured with both, he appears literally to doat upon her, which is no way irreconcilable with his age. Mrs. L——n is a widow about forty, and all her powers, mental and corporeal, in their full vigour, supported by a good constitution, which inclines her towards the *embonpoint*. The political Joiner, verging upon seventy, finds some difficulty in keeping pace with her in all her operations and researches, and is frequently obliged to have recourse to his library, through a failure of memory, when some constitutional intricacies are started. The only danger, indeed, of the doctor's being ever cloyed with his beautiful and erudite political mistress, is her being too deeply versed in those sciences for which he so greatly esteems her ; and the doctor's vanity, it must be acknowledged, is among the number of his prevailing, passions. But as Mrs. L——n is a lady who has seen the world, and is not quite ignorant how to turn most occurrences to her own

advantage, she probably may dissemble so far as to leave the doctor master of the field of reasoning, though she might easily have retorted his arguments.

Upon the whole, this is a connexion scarce to be paralleled, whether we view it through the medium of politics or gallantry ; and we may, with Ovid, say upon the occasion,

*Nec duo sunt, at forma duplex, nec fœmina dici,
Nec puer ut possint, nutrumque & utrumque videntur.*

DEBATES in the IRISH PARLIAMENT

ON Monday, Nov. 25, the House of Commons formed themselves into a committee of supplies, in which the most material passage was the debate on the pension of Jeremiah Dyson, Esq; (one of the Buckingham-house junto, and known in England by the name of Mungo.) It was urged, that this pension was very *burthenfome*, as it was one thousand pounds a year ; and it was *unnecessary*, as it was bestowed on one who had never been of any service to Ireland, whose chief merit consisted in a pliability to every administration that existed in his time. The Provost expatiated very largely in Jerry's praise, and said, that whenever any motion was made in the British House of Commons, relative to Ireland, he always took that side of the question which was for the advantage of it, and particularly in regard to the linen manufactory. This eulogium was replied to by Sir William Mayne, and taken to pieces in so ludicrous a manner, as to excite the laughter of the whole house. It was remarked, that this very pension was an actual breach of the royal word, and for that reason, if for no other, ought not to be provided for. At length the question was put, and, on a division, it was carried against the pension by a majority of *one*: the numbers being,

For the pension - - - 105

Against it - - - 106

Resolved, That the pension granted to Jeremiah Dyson, Esq; and his three sons, is an unnecessary charge upon the establishment of Ireland, and ought not to be provided for.

On Wednesday, Nov. 27, the house received the report of the committee of supplies, which consisted of a great number

and variety of grants, and the house agreed to the greatest part of them without debate. Some, at the first reading, were postponed to be considered more maturely after the less important were agreed to: and when the Speaker had gone through the whole, the postponed articles were read.

When the house was desired to agree to the debt of the nation being as reported from the committee, 9000 l. were struck off on a motion of Mr. Flood, who informed the house, that in the year 1745, a vote of credit passed to permit the borrowing of 70,000 l. and some taxes were appointed to pay the interest and principal. But that no more than 61,000 l. being borrowed on that vote, and the whole being paid off in the year 1753, the remaining 9000 l. ought to be struck off from the alledged sum total of the national debt. This was agreed to.

Mr. Flood then moved, that the house would not allow the sum of 5306 l. 13 s. 2 d. which had been paid in consequence of the king's letters, as a reimbursement to certain pensioners of the four shillings in the pound, which were detained on their pensions, by authority of an act of parliament, for taxing absentees. This motion produced a warm debate: Mr. Solicitor-general endeavoured to shew that that measure was both legal and expedient. That the crown being willing to give to certain persons, who had deserved well of the government, the full sum which he had allotted to each, did, in that case, suffer the law to take its course in withholding the tax, and then did order a reimbursement, by his letters, of the sum so withheld; by these means both were satisfied: the crown by reciting the law in his letters, allowed its full force; and thereby ordering a reimbursement, kept his royal word with the pensioners, by giving them their full pensions.

Colonel Brown endeavoured to shew the expediency of the measure from the merits of the persons concerned. Prince Ferdinand had done such services, that his reward ought not to be diminished; so had also admiral Hawke. That in regard to the duke and duchess of Athol, they certainly ought to have the full of their pensions, as it was part of the bargain for his allowing the Isle of Man, which was his legal property, to be annexed to the crown, from whence this country had derived many great advantages. The colonel, indeed, was a little unfortunate in regard to one of these reimbursed pensioners, George Charles, Esq; (the ficti-

ous name under which the count Viri, ambassador from Sardinia, holds his one thousand a year) since no service could be hinted at from that quarter.

Mr. Brownlow opposed the above gentleman, and shewed that the giving back a tax levied by authority of parliament, and then making that money a part of the national debt, was an absolute defeat of that act, and a raising of money without authority of parliament. That if the crown had resolved to reimburse these pensioners, it might have been done without an infringement of an established law, by a new pension of equal value.

Counsellor Hellen replied, that such reimbursement was not dispensing with the law, since it was allowed its full force; nor was it a repeal of it, as it operated upon all the other pensioners. That had the king granted a new pension, that must have continued, and been provided for, for the time for which it was granted; whereas this reimbursement related only to time past; and that the king's letters reciting the act, was an acknowledgment of it.

Mr. Hussey very learnedly and eloquently shewed the futility of these arguments: he said, the reciting the act in the king's letters was no more an acknowledgment of its force, than his reciting the arguments of the gentlemen on the other side of the way was a proof of their validity. That in these recitals the crown and he both acted alike; he recited the arguments only to confute them, and the crown recited the act only to shew that it would destroy its effect, defeat its design, and, by an unwarrantable stretch of prerogative, dispense with a law to which it had assented. That the ministry had advised the crown to a fraudulent measure, take it in which light we would: if the crown designed that these particular pensioners should be exempt from the law, it was a fraud on the parliament of Ireland, to assent to an act which he was determined should not have its due power on such persons as he chose to exempt; and if he designed, at assenting to this act, that it should equally bind every pensioner, it was a fraud on the duke of Athol, &c. to whom the nation was engaged by way of bargain, to have the full of the stipulated price.

Mr. Charles O'Hara spoke by way of reply, but was not attended to.

Sir William Mayne urged the illegality of this pretended power of dispensing with an act, and the fatal consequence of establishing such a precedent. He said, some un-

Unexceptionable persons were pitched upon in the pension list, to be reimbursed, only to feel our pulses, how such an arbitrary step would be relished. The ministry hoped the respectable names would make the measures go down; and then if it was once passed over, it would be a standing precedent for the crown to dispense, if it pleased, with every act of parliament, and with the levying and appropriation of every tax.

The matter was debated till near ten o'clock, in which debate Mr. Flood and Mr. Fitzgibbon on one side, and Sir George Macartney, Mr. Attorney-general, and Mr. Scot, on the other, were the principal speakers, (except those above-mentioned). At length the question being put, the house divided, and the numbers were, for not allowing the reimbursement, *one hundred and six*, and on the contrary, *one hundred and eighteen*.

The speaker then read the report from the committee of the striking off the pension of Jeremiah Dyson. When the question was put, whether the house should agree with that resolution, counsellor Power re-echoed what had been said in the committee by the Provost, in regard to the vast merits of Mr. Dyson, and wanted the house not to agree with the resolve. Mr. Connolly answered the counsellor, and with much candour acknowledged that, being deceived by the machinations of ill-designing men, he had brought in the augmentation bill, for the expence of which, the four-shilling tax on absentees was appropriated; but since he had seen such perversions of the liberality of Ireland, and such breaches of promises, he asked pardon of the house for what he had been cajoled into, and was resolved to put his negative on every additional expence to this kingdom. The Provost spoke in favour of Mr. Dyson, and observed, that that gentleman had the misfortune to have a name with which many people were disgusted; that his Jewish name was to many so offensive, that it clouded his merits, and might make him sing the lamentations of Jeremiah Dyson. Mr. Hussey in a fine stile of raillery, replied to the Provost, that indeed it was very unhappy for any person to get an offensive name, and that was the case here as well as in England; for he believed some gentlemen on the other side of the house had names which were not quite so pleasing to the public as they might wish. Mr. Barry and counsellor Wood, Sir William Mayne, Mr. Malone, counsellor Helen, and the attorney-general, with some others, spoke on this question; and at eleven it being put,

there were *ninety-three* for disagreeing with the resolution, and *one hundred and five* for agreeing with it.

Tuesday, Dec. 3. Doctor Clement being returned for the city of Dublin, he took the oaths and his seat in the house. The house being resolved into a committee, the heads of the money and loan bills were read and agreed to; and the speaker having taken the chair, the house received the report. The marquis of Kildare presented a petition against the erecting any new bridge over the Liffey below Essex-bridge, &c.

Wednesday, Dec. 4. The money and loan bills being gone through, the house ordered Mr. Malone to carry them to the castle, to be laid before the privy-council, in order to their being transmitted to England. Sir Lucius O'Brien then observed, that as the administration had been disappointed in their favourite scheme, of the augmentation of commissioners of the revenue, they had hit upon a new scheme, of making a board of accounts under certain commissioners, and the house was moved to resolve that such a measure was *useless* and *unnecessary*: instead of arguing it, a motion was made for adjournment. Mr. Malone declared that as he was ordered by the house to go up with the bills, he was for the adjournment of the debate on that motion till next day, that the bills might not be delayed. Sir William Mayne urged, that the delay of one night might permit the last hand to be put to that measure, as he was well informed the king's letters for that purpose were come over, and actually in the secretary's office. Mr. Flood, Sir Lucius O'Brien, Mr. Hamilton, Sir Edw. Newenham, and Mr. Hussey, all called upon Sir George Macartney to declare whether such letters were or were not come over; but he, and the whole ministerial bench, sat sullenly silent, and would not give any satisfaction on that head. Mr. Flood, to shew that it was not the intention of the gentlemen in the opposition to impede the progress of the money bill, moved to adjourn for one hour, to give Mr. Malone time to carry up the bills and return; but on a division on the question for adjournment till the next day, the *ayes* for the adjournment were 96, and the *noes* 86; and the house adjourned a quarter before six.

On Wednesday, December 11, when the Speaker had taken the chair, the order of Thursday, December 5th, was read, for the House to resolve itself into a committee of the whole House, to take into consideration a motion for a resolution concerning the new board of accounts; and the

the Speaker having left the chair, there was a great dispute who should be chairman of the committee: the courtiers were very strenuous to have Sir Lucius O'Brien in the chair, hoping by that means to deprive the patriotic party not only of a vote, but of one of its most forcible speakers and best supports. The artifice was seen thro' and retaliated by an endeavour to place Mr. Malone there; the contention was great for some time, but at last it was quieted on both sides, by voting Mr. Connolly to be chairman.

The committee now opened, and the *expediency* of creating a new board of commissioners, for settling the national accounts, was thoroughly canvassed and bolted even to the bran. Sir George Macartney, Mr. Malone, Mr. Prime Serjeant, Mr. Attorney-General, Mr. Solicitor-General, Mr. Fortescue, Mr. O'Hara, and Mr. Foster, were the principal speakers in behalf of the expediency, and even the absolute necessity of such a measure.

The debate lasted till near three o'clock in the morning, when the question being put, the House divided, and the numbers were against the resolution *one hundred and twenty-four*; for the resolution *one hundred and nineteen*. Thus the court-party carried their point by a majority of only *five*, which majority does not shew the sense of the nation to be for the new board, or that the courtiers have cause to exult, since the majority would not have appeared, had not Mr. Barry, Mr. French, Mr. Pool, and several others, been absent by reason of sickness, and counsellor Fitzgibbons being taken ill in the House. After he had spoken against the measure for near an hour, he was obliged to retire.

On the 20th of December great debates arose in the House of Commons upon the return of the money bill from England, on account of three alterations in it, viz.

"First, That the tax of one shilling, which, as an aid and encouragement to our herring fishery here, had been laid on every barrel of herrings imported here, had an exception in favour of British herrings. This is a new tax, and can scarcely be said to interfere with the English fishery, as we certainly receive at least twenty barrels of Dutch herrings, for every one that we receive from England.

"The second alteration was relative to damask linen. Our bill specified that no damask linen should be imported into Ireland without a stipulated tax: in England they were pleased to except such as were sent from thence. This exception manifestly tended to injure that part of our linen

trade, as all the Silesia and Hamburgh damasks that we have, come directly to us from England, and must be consequently exempt from this duty. Had it been expressed—"excepting those of the manufacture of Great Britain," no objection would have been made.

"But the third alteration appeared still of more consequence; in our bill a tax was imposed on *all imported cottons, or cotton and linen mixed*; but this, whether by design, or by mistake in the copying clerk, was changed to all cottons, and linens mixed; by the thus wording of the sentence, cotton and linen mixed might have been imported duty free. This would have given the India Company, and the Manchester manufactories, an opportunity of pouring in their commodities, to the manifest and great detriment of our revenue, and the trade of our printed linens.

It was proposed to adjourn the house, which was rejected 95 against 77, and heads of a new bill immediately proposed, in which the two first alterations were admitted, and the third rejected, it appearing to be an error of the copying clerk in England. It passed both houses in this form, and being transmitted to England, it passed the great seal, and was sent back to Ireland, Sunday, December 29.

HOUSE of LORDS of IRELAND.

Die Mercurii 18^o die Decembris, 1771.

A motion was made by the lord viscount Mountmorres, that an humble address be presented to his majesty, representing, that it is the opinion of this House, that the appointment which his majesty has been advised to make, of five members of parliament, to examine and pass certain of the accounts of this kingdom, with the powers specified in his majesty's letters, dated the 31st of October, 1771, the present circumstances of this country being considered, is unnecessary and inexpedient, and praying that his majesty will be graciously pleased to direct his attorney-general to cause the legality of the said appointment to be tried according to due course of law.

It passed in the negative.

Dissentient.

Leintter	Sydney
Westmeath	Longford
Shannon	Knapton
Laneborough	Powerscourt
Louth (<i>per proxy</i>)	Bellamont
Moir	Mornington
Mount Cashell	Wandestord
Charlemont	Moleworth
Lisfe	Bedtve
Baltinglass	Mountmorres

And

And the said lords entered their protest thereupon.

MEMOIRS of CHARLEMAGNE.

CHARLEMAGNE was emperor of the West, and king of France, son of Pepin, born in 742, at Salsbourg, a castle in Upper Bavaria. He endeavoured to keep the power of the nobles within proper limits, and to prevent the oppression of the clergy. He poised with great judgment the different orders of the state, and remained master of them all. Every part was united by the force of his genius. He incessantly conducted the nobility from expedition to expedition: he left no time to form designs to his prejudice, but engaged them entirely in his service. The empire was supported by the greatness of the chief—as a prince he was magnanimous, as a man he was still more so.

The kings, his children, were the first of his subjects, the instruments of his power, and the models of obedience. He made admirable regulations; he did more, he saw them executed. His genius extended over all parts of the empire. We may observe in the laws enforced by this prince, a spirit of foresight which comprehends all objects, and a certain strength that carries them with it. All pretences for evading his ordinances are prevented; abuses are reformed, or removed. He knew how to punish, he knew still better how to pardon. Vast in his designs, he was simple in their execution, none knowing better how to perform the greatest things with coolness and ease. He was continually traversing his vast empire, attending to every minutia of government in these peregrinations. No prince ever braved dangers with more heroism, or avoided them with more prudence. He seemed to sport with perils, and particularly those which constantly await great conquerors, conspiracies. This extraordinary monarch was extremely moderate; he was of an easy, gentle disposition, his manners were simple, and he was fond of associating with his courtiers. He was, perhaps, too great an admirer of the fair-sex, yet they never interfered with the government of the state. His expences were regulated with judicious economy; the value of his revenues were exactly estimated, and his disbursements proportioned to his income: he was a great example to every father of a family in the regulation of his household. He is represented by the historians of his time as tall, majestic, with a

noble mien, and a free open countenance, an agreeable physiognomy, a nose inclined to the aquiline, and large and expressive eyes.

This emperor, notwithstanding his economy, knew when to display the splendor of majesty. Nicephorus, emperor of the East, sought his friendship, and sent him in 803 some ambassadors to ratify the peace between the two empires. These ambassadors found Charlemagne in Alsace, at his palace of Seltz. This prince, in order to give them an idea of the magnificence of his empire, and to diminish the arrogance of the Greeks, ordered them to be introduced to him in a manner so as to surprize and embarrass them. They were conducted through four large halls, splendidly furnished, in which the officers of the household were stationed, richly dressed, standing before the lords of the court. In the first apartment the constable was seated upon a kind of throne, and the ambassadors were going to prostrate themselves before him; but they were prevented by being told, he was only an officer of the crown. They were upon the point of being guilty of a like mistake in the second apartment, where they found the count of the palace with a still more brilliant train. In the third, in which was the master of the king's table, and in the fourth, where the great chamberlain presided, their perplexity was increased, and they were again ready to fall into their first error, the magnificence of the apartments increasing with their number. At length two lords appeared to conduct them into the presence of the emperor. The monarch, glittering with gold and gems, was standing in the middle of the kings, his children, the princesses, his daughters, with a great number of dukes and prelates, with whom he was familiarly conversing, leaning with one hand upon the shoulder of the bishop of Herron, for whom he seemed to entertain the greatest respect, this prelate having met with much disgust in his embassy to Constantinople. The ambassadors, struck with awe and veneration, prostrated themselves at his feet. Perceiving their embarrassment, he graciously raised them, and gave them confidence, by assuring them that Herron pardoned them, and that he himself was prevailed upon by the intreaties of the prelate to forgive what was passed. The negotiation did not meet with any obstacles, and the treaty was soon concluded.

Charlemagne was the patron of arts and sciences. He had in his own palace an academy of men of letters, and considered it

as an honour to be a member of it. He assisted at their assemblies, and gave his opinion upon the objects under consideration.

France revered Charlemagne not only as its hero, but also as its law-giver. His Capitularies form the basis of their civil rights. When he sealed his orders he did it with the pommel of his sword, saying, "These are my orders, and this (meaning his sword) will make them respected by my enemies." But what secured him still more the veneration of his people, was the justice that constantly accompanied all his actions.

Paschal III. has placed him amongst the number of saints, and his festival is still celebrated in several churches in Germany. This prince had erected in that empire a great number of bishoprics, to which he had annexed very considerable livings. He died Jan. 8, 814, in the seventy-first year of his age, the forty-sixth of his reign, and the fourteenth of his empire. He was buried at Aix-la-Chapelle, where he died.

To the Printer of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I Believe I may venture to assert, that I do not pretend to advance any *inco periculo* positions, that opposite ideas are often raised in the mind by the articulation of the same words. With an opposition of this sort I was forcibly struck a few days ago.

Finding myself in a visiting humour after breakfast, I set out in the *peripatetic style* to enjoy some sociable interviews with half a dozen intimate friends.

My first visit was to a gentleman whom I was pretty sure of meeting at home, as he was of a sedentary disposition, and generally spent his mornings among his books. I was somewhat surprised to hear that he was abroad; but my astonishment was immediately removed, when his lady informed me, that he was gone to administer all the consolation in his power to an old friend who had just buried a wife, of whom he was extravagantly fond. As soon as she had given me that information, she added, while the tears of sympathy started into her eyes, "I am particularly concerned at Mrs. L's death, because she has left three boys almost infants—*poor little rogues*—but they are not sensible of their loss."

When I had chatted about half an hour

with Mrs. D——, I went to her sister, who lived near a quarter of a mile from her, in consequence of her saying that she wished very much to see her upon an affair of some importance, but had no body to send to her, one of her servants being gone to make a holiday, and the other too much wanted to be spared.

I found Mrs. C—— sitting by her fire-side, reading a Newspaper.

Hardly had I paid my first compliments to her, when she exclaimed, tossing down her paper upon the table, with no small agitation, "What a monstrous deal of robbing is going forward, Mr. Ambler? and then half these villains are such shabby fellows, such *poor little rogues*, that I have no patience with them."

Leaving you and your readers, Sir, to imagine what answer I made to Mrs. C---'s violent effusions against the daring disturbers of the public peace, I shall only say that the two sisters, by their three words, "*Poor little rogues*," raised ideas in my mind as opposite to each other, as a lawless house-breaker is to helpless infants, or guilt is to innocence.

I am your's, &c.

GEORGE AMBLER.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THE noble spirit of liberty, so natural to this nation, misleads many into a spirit of contradiction: they look upon all tame and quiet submission to the direction of others, as the mark of an abject and slavish disposition: they arraign the proceedings of a government, to shew they dare speak their minds: they are fond of attacking persons in the highest stations, to convince the world they are afraid of no man.

Others are affected with the gloominess of our climate, which too frequently makes us restless and dissatisfied with all about us. A man of this melancholy temperament is always in the opposition: it is impossible for any ministry to please, or find excuse with him; for if any alterations should happen, the very persons who were high in his esteem before, would be lowered in it when they come into play,

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

MODERATUS.

The

THE HAPPY PAIR.

A TALE.

MANY and learned are the dissertations on happiness and contentment; but of all the writers who have said a great deal upon the premises, there has been very little said to the purpose. Contentment is like a man's hobby-horse; undefineable; the simile holds good farther; content is a perfect hobby-horse, which carries every different possessor a different way, and whether you ride backward or forward, with a saddle or without one, with one foot in the stirrup or both, you are still in the road to contentment on your own hobby-horse. Pray, Mr. Reader, do me the honour to take a step with me to the grand road of contentment, and take a view of all the by-ways which lead to it. See yonder! clish, clish; dash, dash; through thick and thin comes a curate riding on a bishoprick. What a sacerdotal face he has! look at him again. By my grandmother's tobacco pipe, it is the religious W——n! what divinity sits on his haughty brow! how prettily he kicks the mud and filth without daubing his lawn-sleeves in the least: well, heaven preserve him, there is never a tythe priest in canonicals can excommunicate with half his charity. He is on the high road to contentment, but he will never reach his journey's end, though he obtains a primacy—unless he tickles his conscience asleep. What piece of solemnity is that riding on a ten-headed beast through the dark wood there? O! pardon me Revelation, it is the infallible Newton, founding a half-penny rattle, which he mistakes for the trumpet of fame. He is now posting through the bog of literary reputation, where he will find as much filth, as Wheel's authors can throw on him: I pity him; he has no internal merit which might oil his sacerdotal habiliments, so as to make the filth slip off again. He spurs his mysterious steed like a bishop, but he will never reach the cottage of content, until the destruction of the whore of Babylon is accomplished. Look on the other side; here comes a Patriot; he is riding on a black rod; let him ride on; I believe he begins to find he rides backwards. Behind him comes a Cit, jolting on an immoderately large country house; but, at the same time, casting many retrograde looks at his little pitiful compter. See an amorous widow, riding on her seventh cuckold, a lawyer on the bench; and but just turn yourself round and you will see me, the identical writer of this galloping

SUP. 1771.

to the highway of content, on a monument in Westminster-Abbey. Now, Mr. Reader, if you please, we will walk back again, and proceed soberly in the relation. Happiness is, perhaps, (in so nice a point it were presumption to be positive) a kind of something sympathetic, where two somethings exactly tally; like, my dear Polly, like thy scissars and its sheath, or like any other simile which the warmth of a love-sick imagination may suggest. Let us illustrate precept by example. Lady Tempest, a woman of fortune, of quality, of spirit, the three best qualifications for a woman in the highest of all possible worlds, condescended to let counsellor Latitat, a lawyer of great tongue, great wig, and great practice, the three best qualifications in the first of all possible courts, supply the place of the departed lord Tempest. The counsellor had liked lady Tempest very well, her fortune better, and her title best of all: so you see, gentle or ungente Reader, there were more provocatives than one on his side of the question. Lady Tempest, from a whim, common enough to women in the spring and autumn of their days, had overlooked the counsellor's inferior quality, and yielded up an easy conquest to his arms. But before we let them jump post haste into matrimony, it would be necessary to make a duplicate of the counsellor's first amorous epistle, which was regularly executed by a notary public.

Thursday, the — of —, between the hours of twelve and one at noon,

On which day, and at which time, appeared personally before me, Abraham Affidavit, notary public, by &c. &c. &c. John Latitat, Esq; who did declare, affirm, and say, that on Friday last past, the eyes of lady Tempest did, as this affirmant verily believes, perforate his heart, lungs, and liver. And forasmuch, as he has not been able since Friday aforesaid, either to receive a fee or quote a statute, I, the said notary, do hereby protest against the said lady Tempest, for all damages by him, the said John Latitar, suffered, and to be suffered, by such perforation as aforesaid. In testimony, &c.

This epistle wrought the wished for effect, and the counsellor and lady Tempest were made one. To say they lived happy, would be speaking paradoxically. They were continually exercising the muscles of the tongue: the counsellor would plead from morning to night, and the lady was

4 T

not

not behind hand in asserting the freedom of an English wife; yet they were far from being miserable: their lingual disputes were become matters of course, and if ever my lady's temper flamed a little more than ordinary, a gentle compliance verified the wise remark, that the failing out of lovers is the renewing of love. My lady had as much vanity as was necessary for her title, and was passionately fond of every thing of quality. It will be charity to except here the vices of quality, which differ from those taken cognizance of at the Old Bailey only in one point, that they are above the law. The counsellor, being fond of company, was not much displeased at my lady's fashionable routs. This contented couple had been united about twenty years, when they thought it expedient to look about for a husband for their only daughter, Maria. Many had made their addresses, as the charms of Maria were sufficient to attract the notice of an anchorite; but not one had qualifications enough to be perfect, in the different ideas of perfection in the counsellor and his lady. At last a young fellow, a Dick Silver-tongue, lately called to the bar, offered his service, and was greatly encouraged by the counsellor, whose experience in the litigious profession, had marked Dick down for a future lord chancellor. Lady Tempest had no objection to him, as he was the nephew of lord Whitt, to whom her ladyship was indebted in a considerable sum, by a bad run at the Coterie. This sum his lordship had promised to forgive, provided his nephew married Maria. But however easy the conquest might appear to the dying lover, Maria's heart, the principal fort, held out against all his attacks. In vain the young barrister sent in his brief; it was never opened; in every prosecution of his amorous suit he was non-suited. There is a strange fatality in love, though no passion unmans and enfeebles us so much, no passion is so fond of difficulties. The young lady was in love with a young gentleman, whose sole merits were beauty, good sense, and a mutual return of affection; accomplishments of little account in the ideas of the counsellor and his lady. The counsellor was enraged at Maria's demurring so long, and insisted on her regarding Dick Silver-tongue more favourably, on the penalty of incurring his displeasure, and being saddled with the title of disobedient wretch. Lady Tempest was in pain for her debt of honour; she did not chuse to acquaint the counsellor with it, and lord Whitt was very urgent to see

his nephew married. Dick was amorously impatient, and so loquacious, that had not Maria's heart been previously engaged, his tongue would have found the way to it. Thus pressed on all sides, what could the unfortunate young lady do? Had she married the Barrister after the dream of love was over, she would have found as much pleasure in the union as any couple who marry for convenience might expect. But her sentiments were more refined, she looked for the raptures of love; which you and I, my dear Polly, have often experienced, in the orange grove and the adjoining grotto. Mr. Worthy, Maria's lover, was distracted at her situation; he thought it impossible but that she must surrender, and gave himself up to despair. He resolved to have one more conference with her before she was lost for ever; and, in compliance to his pressing desire, she met him in the Park. His looks were eloquent with the rhetoric of love; and the filtering accents of his trembling tongue spoke more to the purpose than Tully or Mansfield could have done. To be brief, he husbanded his time so well, that Maria agreed to accompany him to Scotland, if her parents should push the matrimonial affair so vigorously on as they had done. This made the young lover perfectly happy; he deserved happiness: to a solid judgment he united an unaffected politeness: whilst wisdom took charge of his brains and upper-works, humanity and every gentler passion angelized his bosom. Had he been superstitious, his name would grace the kalendar in red letters; but, like me, he thought universal charity and benevolence the religion of man. The counsellor and Dick, still carrying on the amorous prosecution with effect, and lady Tempest continually plying her battery, Maria made use of her last expedient, and flew with Mr. Worthy to the kingdom of matrimony. The indissoluble knot being tied, the happy pair returned, and waiting on the counsellor, were denied admittance. This was the cause of much trouble to Maria, and soured, for a time, the happiness which would otherwise have attended their union. But lord Whitt dying suddenly, without divulging the secret of the debt of honour, Lady Tempest, and consequently the counsellor, began to be reconciled to the match, and Maria had five thousand pounds given her for her portion, with the reversion of the counsellor's considerable estate. This absolutely completed the happiness of Mr. Worthy and his lovely bride.—Look, my dear Polly, don't you see a young fel-

low walking by himself yonder, his stockings lax, and out of place; his queue out of its usual position, and descending over his shoulder; and the gold loop of his hat behind. Every thing speaks him in love; he sighs as often as he perspires, and, by the profundity of his countenance, seems to be buried in thought, but he thinks of nothing at all; he is dying for Miss Carolina Tenfitch, a milliner in Cheapside; and yet, my dear Polly, if he marries her, his happiness won't last above a month: no, she has no money; and where the arrow of Cupid is not tipped with gold, it makes a slight wound, which, however tormenting before, heals immediately upon applying the balsam of matrimony—But we will finish the matter as soon as possible.

Mr. Worthy and Maria were a happy pair, as happiness goes in this sublunary globe: jealousy would now and then shake his goaty locks at them; but jealousy, you know, Mr. Moral Philosopher, is the natural effect of love; and without some pain we should have no pleasure. When they came to the estate, upon the demise of the counsellor and his lady, a pair of lovely cherub-faced boys had been the effects of their united endeavours. My they still find happiness the attendant on love.

Z. A.

THE BROAD HINT. A DRAMATIC TALE.

RICH widows, especially if they are young and unencumbered with children, are pretty sure of having a train of lovers. There are ready, English men enough (the Irish are certainly not the only fortune-hunters) ready even to rush into matrimony, in order to repair their shattered finances.

Mrs. Charwell was in her twenty-second year, when she lost her husband; a husband whom she never loved, and by whom she had never been in a breeding condition. He was near thirty years older than herself, and had a sufficient number of infirmities to make him think rather of a winding than a wedding-sheet: it cannot therefore be supposed, that she gave her hand to such a lover with her own free will. Her will, indeed, was not in the least consulted upon the occasion; she acted a merely prudential part, by taking her distempered paramour to her youthful arms, in obedience to a very unreasonable mercenary parent, who, influenced by the most sordid motives, felt no ma-

ternal checks, no conscientious scruples, at the thoughts of seeing her blooming daughter, in all the prime, the pride of life, sacrificed at the altar of avarice.

Mrs. Charwell, on the death of her detested husband, behaved with a propriety which did honour to her understanding. Had she wept at his decease her hypocrisy would have been too glaring. She dropped not a single tear when she saw him lifeless before her; but neither did she suffer the joy which gladdened her heart to fly up into her face: she wept not; she smiled not; a decent composure, suitable to her situation, plainly convinced every body who saw her in her mourning—and very becoming—ladies, that she was a perfect mistress of decorum.

Long before the time prescribed by fashion for a widow's appearance in character, the beautiful relict was surrounded by admirers. They all pretended to be attracted by her *personal charms*; but the majority of them were, probably, allured by her *personal estate*, which was considerable enough to render a connection with her extremely desirable.

After having deliberately weighed the merits and pretensions of her numerous lovers, she at last gave a decisive answer in favour of a Mr. Langley, whose grounds joined to hers, and whose whole behaviour induced her to believe, that a marriage with him would be attended with felicity.

Mr. Langley was so transported to think of his triumph over all his rivals, among whom there was a baronet, whom he looked upon as a formidable competitor, that he could not contain his joy within the bounds of moderation. He almost overwhelmed his lovely widow, as he always called her, with exulting expressions, and the levity of his carriage would have made her, perhaps, ascribe it to the lightness of his head, had she not received many powerful proofs of the strength of his intellects: she, therefore, naturally imputed it to the instantaneous raptures of his heart.

The approaching union between Mr. Langley and Mrs. Charwell afforded a great deal of conversation to their neighbours; and those of both sexes, who were not incommoded by the corrosions of envy, heard of their preparing to enter into the marriage-state with pleasure.

While the lawyers on both sides were employed in the usual manner, Mr. Langley, on a sudden, by a stroke of exquisite absurdity in his behaviour, verified the old proverb, which archly tells us, that *no body is wise at all times*.

Walking one day with his promised bride (with whom, however, he did not, conversing with her on *that* day,

“ ———forget all time,
“ All seasons, and their change,”)

he made some additional stipulations of so extraordinary a nature, that she was astonished at them; and her astonishment was the greater, as he talked to her in a tone of authority, and even went so far as to insist upon her compliance with his demands: she felt also resentment rising in her breast, but she had address enough to conceal both the one and the other; and while he proceeded in an authoritative style, schemed a disappointment for him, which would (she imagined) mortify him exceedingly.

When he had finished his very unexpected speech, she, instead of returning a serious answer, burst into a loud laugh.

That mode of proceeding, coming upon him by surprise, disconcerted him: he was not prepared for it.

“ Have I said any thing ridiculous, madam?” added he, gravely: “ are not my demands very reasonable?”

“ To be sure, sir; I only laugh at you for supposing it necessary to insist upon my giving my assent to your additional stipulations, when you ought to be sufficiently convinced of your power over me, to know that I can refuse you nothing. You will be satisfied, I suppose,” added she, smiling, “ with a promise to conform to your supplements, and not insist upon their being specified in black and white.”

Contriving, or rather mis-construing, the conclusion of that answer into a ready and cheerful acquiescence with his supplemental desires, because unable to penetrate into the recesses of her heart, he folded her with eagerness in his arms, and told her, in spirited accents, that he should think every moment an hour till the lawyers had finished their business.

He then took his leave, declaring that he would write immediately to his attorney, in order to spur him.

Mrs. Charwell, as soon as her extraordinary lover was out of sight, went to her dressing-room, and wrote a few lines to her attorney in London, not to accelerate matters, but to put an entire stop to them.

Just when she was going to dispatch her letter to the post-house, she, on second thoughts, ordered one of her servants to get himself ready to carry it to the Temple himself.

Before John mounted, the arrival of a young gentleman from London made his journey thither needless.

This young gentleman, on being admitted to Mrs. Charwell, delivered the following letter to her:

“ Madam,

“ I AM very sorry that I am prevented, by a rheumatic complaint, from waiting on you in person with the writings which accompany this letter. I believe you will find your commands faithfully executed, by,

“ Madam,

“ Your much obliged

“ Humble Servant,

“ *George Gulston.*”

“ P. S. Mr. Weston, the bearer, in whom I have the greatest confidence, will pay a particular attention to any new orders with which you may please to honour him.”

Mrs. Charwell, having received the writings which Mr. Weston brought, laid them upon the table by her, and immediately entered into conversation with him; they having been formerly very well acquainted; she knew he was Mr. Gulston's favourite clerk, and she always thought him sensible, agreeable, and polite. He happened at that time to be remarkably entertaining to her, by giving her a judicious account of some late transactions, not far from St. James's, with which she very much wished to be informed.

Harry Weston was a young fellow sufficiently admired by the women to be infected by vanity; but he had too much sense to be intoxicated with the favourable reception which he met with in every female circle. He was as modest as he was handsome; he was sober, diligent, and discreet.

It was in the afternoon Harry arrived. The approach of evening made him think of finishing his visit.

“ You do not think of returning to London to night, sir, I imagine,” said Mrs. Charwell.

“ No, madam, replied he, bowing respectfully; I have a friend at the next town, at whose house I shall sleep.”

“ You may then stay supper, answered she, with a smile; I shall be very glad of your company.”

With

With a still more respectful bow, Harry accepted of an invitation, by which he was too much flattered to feel it in his power to articulate a refusal.

They supped, and were cheerful; their cheerfulness was increased when the cloth was removed, and when the servants retired.

Mrs. Charwell, finding her companion grow more and more agreeable, was insensibly led to communicate to him what had passed in the morning between her and Mr. Langley. She concluded her little narrative with saying, "Now would *you*, Mr. Weston, have behaved in such a manner, in such a situation?"

Harry was never dull of apprehension; he would have discovered, indeed, a *Bæotian* stupidity, if so broad a hint had been thrown away upon him.

Mrs. Charwell, before the delivery of that significant question, had determined to discard her insulting lover. Harry's reply to it fixed him for her husband.

THE FINE LADY. A MORAL TALE.

WHEN people, after having lived the greatest part of their lives in privacy, (not to say obscurity) confined to a small style of life by the narrowness of their circumstances, think, upon a large addition to their fortune, that they can no longer appear in a genteel light without extending their plans, and striking into the high fashionable road, they commonly exhibit themselves in very ridiculous attitudes, and frequently render themselves the unhappiest of human beings.

Mr. Blandon, a gentleman possessed of a considerable estate in a fine sporting county, which suited his taste extremely, as he was never happy but when he was with his horses and his dogs, being killed one day, on the spot, by a fall from his favourite hunter, left a son and a daughter in very different situations.—Tom Blandon, of course, came into the possession of the family-estate: poor Patty found herself possessed only of two thousand pounds at her father's death. She was greatly mortified by so slender a provision for her; doubly so, when a gentleman who had made his addresses to her a few weeks before Mr. Blandon's unexpected decease, and whose proposals met with no opposition, deserted her as soon as he heard of the striking inequality between her circumstances and her brother's. Deeply dis-

appointed by the death of her father, and the desertion of her lover, and having no reason to expect any addition to her income from Tom's benevolence, (whose warm attachment to his dear self hardened his heart against any fraternal emotions, and prevented him, indeed, from having the least spark of generosity to any of his fellow-creatures) she retired to the house of an elderly maiden-lady, who had a particular regard for her mother while she lived, in a distant part of the county, intending to live with her, in the most frugal manner possible, if she gave her an encouraging reception.

Mrs. Tryton (that was the lady's name) received her as the daughter of her friend, with a cordiality which flattered her exceedingly.

Encouraged by that cordiality, she unbosomed herself with the utmost freedom, and acquainted her with her several disappointments.

Mrs. Tryton, being of a very humane and generous disposition, was moved at her young friend's recital, sincerely sympathized with her, and pressing her to live with her in her little cottage.

"I came, Madam, said Patty, with a design to reside with you, if you were willing to accommodate me, and had room for me in your house; and you have given me inexpressible pleasure by making a proposal so agreeable to my inclination."

With Mrs. Tryton Patty lived very happily, got over all her disappointments, and felt new satisfactions every day, by keeping her wishes in the bounds of reason. When she had lived with her respectable friend near ten years, during which her behaviour had been in every shape exemplary, an event happened which threw her into quite a new way of thinking and acting.

This event was the death of her brother, with whom she had not corresponded since her retreat from him, and of whom she had never heard any desirable account. She had only heard that his avarice increased with his sordid savings, and that he was universally hated for a complication of as bad qualities as can possibly disgrace human nature.

At the death of her brother, who having no wife, no children to provide for, and who, preferring his sister to all his other relations, had empowered himself to leave his whole fortune according to his own fancy, Patty became mistress of all his possessions.

The moment she was acquainted with the brilliant alteration in her circumstances, she

she was transformed into a new creature: and the transformation was as rapid, as any recorded in the *Metamorphoses*. New ideas crowded into her mind: new prospects presented themselves to her imagination, and a new style of life was very soon projected.

Seized with the Tæge of shining in the gay world, Miss Blandon emerged from her private station, (which is, perhaps, more commonly than a public one, the post of female honour) and rushed into all the pleasures of a public life. To the capital, the center of gaiety, she hurried, with the filly elation of a boarding-school girl on the day of her breaking up, took superb apartments in the most fashionable quarter of the town, and was indefatigably studious to appear the fine lady wherever she went. Unluckily for her, she only exposed herself by the exhibition of her person, and by her efforts to figure in a walk in which a long residence in obscurity had totally disqualified her. Her cloaths, indeed, were made according to the court-standard, but she never appeared graceful in them: all her motions were awkward, and her conversation had nothing of the *ton* in it: she was, in short, to adopt a strong modern expression, a female *boar* in her language and her manners, though not in her appearance.

Miss Blandon (many people, of her own sex particularly, thought that she should have called herself Mrs. Blandon, though she was but two and thirty) had never any pretensions to beauty, and she did not grow handsomer as she advanced in life. She was certainly a very plain woman; her features were inelegantly disposed, and her complexion was of a dingy brown. It was not in her power to alter the arrangement of her features, but she found it easy enough to give herself a blooming complexion; and so eager was she to get the better of the natural hue of her skin, that she not only had recourse to art for the embellishment of her face, but her neck too considerably engaged her attention: she painted them both; yet she could not, with all her attempts to improve her person, put herself off for a Venus: her features were so much against her, that her rouge only rendered the vulgarity of them more conspicuous.

When Miss Blandon had been a few months in London—it was the winter season—flying from one place of entertainment to another, and staring about in a manner which afforded much diversion to those to whom the scenes (new to her)

were familiar, she met with a little adventure which filled her head with high notions, and flattered her with the hopes of being a fine lady indeed.

While she was coming out of the Opera-house one night, with her companion, a very handsome young fellow, and very richly dressed, perceiving her embarrassed, as there was a scuffle in the passage between some chairmen and footmen, begged to have the honour of conducting her to her carriage. When he had seated her in it, for she gave him her hand without the least hesitation, he bowed respectfully, and returned to the house.

The moment her conductor had taken his leave, she asked Miss Adams who the sweet fellow was.

“Lord B——, said she, a sweet fellow, indeed; he is the best natured creature in the world, and has an immense fortune in Ireland.”

Miss Blandon’s eyes sparkled at that intelligence——“I thought he was a man of quality, replied she, and I am sure he was uncommonly polite to me.”

During the remainder of the ride, the conversation turned entirely on lord B——’s beauty, rank, and fortune.

The next day Miss Blandon, while she was looking at something in the street, saw a prodigious smart carriage stop at the door of the house where she lodged, and the very man in it whose behaviour to her, the evening before, had thrown her mind into a violent agitation.

“Adams, Adams! cried she, running from the window, here’s lord B——, I declare.”

Lord B—— was soon announced, and as soon admitted. His visit was short, but extremely satisfactory.

Miss Adams, when he was gone, launched out in his praise, and spoke of him in the most extravagant terms.——“How happy are you, my dear madam, said she, to attract the attention of so charming a man?”

Every syllable in praise of lord B—— delighted Miss Blandon’s ear, and sunk into her heart. She grew more and more charmed with his company, for he had sufficient encouragement to repeat his visits, and in about six weeks thought herself completely blest in being married to an Irish peer. To her severe disappointment, she had only, by the connivance of Miss Adams, united herself to an Irish pimp.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.*

Walton, Dec. 13.

S I R,

TIS no less true than surprising, that most of the great and wise men of antiquity suffered either by the inveterate malice of some of the lower class, envious and jealous of their merit, or received their death as a reward for their innumerable services to their country. However, it very seldom happens but their persecutors, by some means, are made sensible of their loss, and repent, when too late, being the unhappy occasion of depriving their country of its most valuable members, if they have the good of it at heart; if not, its friends are more deeply affected. So it befel the Athenians after the death of Phocion, some anecdotes of whom I have here collected:—He was a pupil of Plato's, and afterwards under the instruction of Zenocrates; was addicted from his youth to such studies as tended to the most valuable accomplishments; easy in his conversation, and of very great humanity, but had somewhat morose in his countenance: his discourse was grave and pithy, replete with just remarks and sententious brevity, awful and austere, though unpleasing. Demosthenes was reckoned the better orator, but Phocion the more powerful speaker. Being at a time taken notice of walking behind the scenes, very thoughtful, when the theatre was filled with spectators, he was asked what he was so intent upon; to which he replied, "I am considering how to retrench something in a speech I am to make to the Athenians." In military knowledge he was instructed by Chabrias, a very worthy general, but rather of a choleric and fiery temper, too apt to run precipitately into danger, which indeed at last cost him his life: Phocion helped much to correct his temper, by sometimes warming his phlegm, and at other times cooling the impetuosity of his unreasonable fury. Chabrias was by no means ignorant of his merit, and preferred him accordingly: the first time he distinguished himself in this station was at the memorable battle of Naxos, where he had the command of the left squadron of the Athenian fleet, which entirely routed the enemy, and gained a complete victory. After this, he was sent by Chabrias to demand the quotas of the charges of the war from their allies, and being offered twenty *tal.* of ships, he said, If he intended going against them as enemies,

that force would be insignificant; but if as friends, one vessel would be sufficient. He embarked with one vessel only, and returned with all the arrears due from the allies. He was of a peaceable temper, yet almost always engaged in wars, for he would not decline military employments, when called thereto by the necessity of his country: he was forty-five times chosen general of the Athenians by the voice of the people, and not once present at his election. In peaceable times the Athenians, who entertained themselves with spruce speakers and trim orators, would often insult Phocion; but when it came to the field of action, he was chosen as the ablest general and wisest politician.

This great man was remarkable for his firmness; for when the oracle of Delphi was read, which informed them, that the rest of the citizens being unanimous, there was one person amongst them so presumptuous, as to dissent from the general opinion. Whereupon Phocion arose, and said he was the person pointed at by the oracle; that they need look no farther; that, in short, he disliked all their proceedings. Upon another occasion, giving his opinion in a debate, it was received with such general applause of the assembly, that he turned about to a friend, and asked him, If any thing silly or impertinent had dropped from him unawares?

The Athenians urging him at an unreasonable time to fall upon the enemy, he peremptorily refused; and being upbraided with pusillanimity, he replied, "Gentlemen, we understand one another very well; you cannot make me valiant at this time, nor I you wise." When they had declared war against Philip, and in his absence chosen other generals, upon his return he advised them to accept of such conditions as were offered, since Philip desired to be at peace with them, and he himself was very apprehensive of the event of a war with that prince. One of the sycophants asked him, "Darest thou, Phocion, think of dissuading the Athenians from the war, when the sword is drawn?" "Yes, said he, I dare: notwithstanding I am satisfied I shall be thy master in time of war, but thou (perhaps) mine in time of peace." When he found he could not prevail, but that Demosthenes's advice was taken, to engage Philip as far from Attica as possible, Phocion said, "Let us not be so careful about the place where we are to engage, as how to get the victory: that is the only way to keep the war at a distance: whereas, if we are overcome, the worst of calamities will soon be at our doors."

Upon

Upon the news of Philip's death, he would not suffer the people to sacrifice or give any other demonstrations of joy; "For nothing, said he, can be a greater mark of a mean spirit, than to rejoice at the misfortunes of others: besides, you are to remember, the army you fought against at Chironæa is lessened only one man." His fame soon reached Alexander's ears, who was so pleased with his conversation, that he contracted an intimate friendship with him, though an enemy. He sent him a present at one time of an hundred talents; when being brought to Athens, Phocion asked the messengers, how alone of all the Athenians he should be indebted to Alexander's bounty? Being answered, that Alexander esteemed him alone a person of honour and worth: "May it please him then," said he, "to let me continue such, and be still so repaid." However, they followed him to his house, and earnestly pressed him to accept it: "We are ashamed," said they, "that one man so high favoured with so great a prince should live so meanly." A poor old fellow in tattered cloaths passing by, he asked them, if they thought him worse than that poor wretch? They were amazed at the comparison. "Yet," said he, "the man has less than I, and is content; and, in short, I must tell you, if this sum be more than I can use, 'tis altogether superfluous. If I live up to it, I shall give cause of jealousy, both of your master and myself, to the rest of the citizens." Thus he dismissed them.

Alexander was displeased with his answer, and said he could not esteem those his friends who thought much of receiving favours from him: but he made a nobler use of his favour, by interceding for two persons who were convicted of certain crimes, and were in custody at Sardis.

Phocion at length fell a sacrifice to the injustice of his fellow-citizens. 'Tis true he gave them some colour for what they did, by the fault he committed, in not arresting Nicanor, who afterwards betrayed the city. But this, if it were a fault, was not only pardonable, but commendable. No doubt if he had known what Nicanor designed, he would have preferred the preservation of his country to the interest and safety of his friend: but he was ignorant of it; and to betray a friend in whom one has an entire confidence, without any suspicion of him, is a thing so mean and base, as no man of honour would be guilty of. After his death, a lady of Megara deposited his bones secretly,

for he was not allowed the sepulchral rites. The Athenians, made wise by their calamities, lamented what a watchful magistrate, what an upright guardian of temperance and justice, they had put to death; and, stung with remorse, they conducted his ashes back to Athens, interred them honourably at the public expence, raised a statue of brass to his memory, and punished his accusers with death.

J. H.

Genuine Copy of a Letter from the Earl of C——d to the Hon. Mr. C——.

A H! Harry, Harry, let me tell you that you are in love. You may ask, with whom? for it is possible, very possible, that you do not know yourself. With the hon. Miss Henrietta B——ll. Nay, never deny it; a denial in your case is a stronger confirmation. The girl has many external and internal attractions: it would be injustice to deny her what is really her due; and had I ever thought constancy a lover's virtue, I should have been just in your condition. A multiplicity of mistresses is a sure defence against the injuries of the eyes of one: a general love never hurts any person; it is a constant, fighting, dying, whining love that teems with halters, daggers, and poisoned bowls. I was in love once myself, with whom, think ye? with the famous Miss H——l——r. Three days, three anxious days, I wore my chain; and as the tuneful laureat would have added, to make a rhyme, and on the fourth I bursted it in twain. Your chain will, as I perceive by your symptomatic complaint, break in time. Take my advice, when the wound is cicatrised, make love to all, and adore none. The following piece of poetry is, in my opinion, the most easy and sentimental L——n's muse ever produced. It is a juvenile performance, which he addressed to Jack R——m, when he paid his addresses to his sister Charlotte, where he had not the success he deserved.

Dear Arr——n, now prepare the smiles,
Be friendly; read and laugh awhile;
With comely lassitude of air,
Reposing in thy bending chair:
With me an equal measure keep,
And laugh, and read thyself asleep.

Convey this letter. Gods! dost start!
Zounds, 'tis the dictates of my heart:
I am not constant, you reply;
The charge I never will deny.

What

What is this constancy at best,
 A solemn cov'ring for a jest;
 A painted fool's cap for the wife;
 A blind to hide a lover's eyes.
 The ladies have this gen'ral rule,
 The man that's constant is a fool;
 And he that is to none a slave,
 Is little better than a knave.
 This is the sense of woman-kind,
 Women but seldom speak the mind.
 What if I think Miss Betty fair,
 And happy in a lovely air,
 Must I no other game pursue,
 Pray is not Charlotte lovely too?
 Charlotte, whose repartee adds grace
 To the soft language of her face—
 Charlotte! who affable and free,
 Is all I'd wish a nymph to be.
 If pretty Charlotte glorious shines
 In beauty's richest, strongest lines,
 Must I, e'en was the prize my own,
 Be to all other forms unknown,
 For ever sigh for one alone,
 And but to her a thing of stone.
 No, Arr—n, no, tho' I adore,
 As never mortal did before;
 Yet when another greets my view,
 I whine, and talk'd of dying too.
 Indeed, Miss Charlotte's wit will rest
 A long impression in my breast:
 For mental and immortal parts
 Must conquer sentimental hearts.
 Then, Arr—n, let us roam at large,
 If call'd inconstant, own the charge:
 Each pretty youthful nymph pursue,
 And give to beauty, beauty's due;
 Proclaim your passion, sigh your flame,
 And melt the girl and am'rous dame.
 But, ah! my friend, the danger shun,
 And never set your heart on one;
 Else will your blinded reason stray,
 Just where a woman leads the way;
 And, led in triumph by the nose,
 Endure the vilest human woes:
 But roving you will never fall,
 Be conquer'd by, and conquer all;
 Be ever welcome to the tea,
 And find the rigid goddess free;
 'Till tir'd of rambling, rapture, love,
 You think of happiness above;
 And, stepping from this glorious life,
 Seek out damnation in a wife.

*To the Printer of the Town and Country
 MAGAZINE.*

S I R,

BY an inviolable attachment to every
 thing that is elegant and polite, and
 by an abhorrence of coarseness and inelegance,
 SUP. 1771.

gance, a man must necessarily deprive himself of that great satisfaction in life, the frequency of social enjoyment. Scarcely will he be able to find company adapted to his taste; his expectations run high, and the fund to supply them is extremely scanty. Few ever aim at such refinement, fewer attain it. The generality of men must, therefore, be disagreeable and irksome to him; and he will very rarely meet with one, from whose society he can receive any tolerable degree of entertainment.

What then has he gained by this fastidious niceness? He has refined himself into a disinclination to be pleased with the intercourses of almost all around him, and the ordinary satisfactions of his being. Forsaking, therefore, his own kind, he resolves, in a fit of spleen, to sequester himself from the world, as feeling himself too delicate to live among such uncultivated mortals. In vain, however, does he seek redress from solitude; for by this estrangement from human commerce, he contracts by degrees so inveterate a peevishness and severity, that his whole life is embittered, and he degenerates, at last, into a gloomy, sour, snarling misanthropist.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

COSMOPHILUS.

*To the Editors of the Town and Country
 MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

AS Bristol is universally allowed to be the second city in England, it is natural to conclude it cannot be barren of oddities: in this particular indeed I think it scarce inferior to the metropolis; for a certain jumble of inconsistencies seems the characteristic of those sons of commerce, with whom ignorance and vanity, pride and meanness, eternally go hand in hand.

Here you may see an uptart alderman one hour despising his superiors, and boasting of his wealth; and the next you may behold him at a second-hand shop prudently cheapening a suit of tinzeled finery, the cast-off covering of a quack, in value infinitely beneath the frippery of Monmouth-street; or a trebly-tap'd pair of shoes, the thickness of whose soles would be no disgrace to modern architecture, or the solidity of a common-council-man's scull.

scull. Here you may see a *prentice boy*, who dreads the despotic frown of his *unfeeling* master, as much as Dr. Sh——s does the silver-sounding music vibrating on his wife's tongue, heroically despising life, and challenging another to fight with PISTOLS. Here you may see *sheriffs* arm in arm with common prostitutes; physicians, divested of their gravity and their wigs, playing at tennis with butchers; blind men turned portrait-painters, and *judiciously* delivering lectures on perspective; whilst the deaf are *modestly* endeavouring to rival Mr. Smith in his knowledge of harmonics. Here you may see a surgeon, by the inspiration of vanity, metamorphosed into a *wooden* antiquarian and writer of epitaphs, which would unimmortalize the poetical pen of Stephen Duck. Political *Quintines* paying off the national debt without money; and providing *ways and means* to do every thing, but getting their names expunged from their creditors books. Stammering oratorical publicans amusing their customers by railing at the government, and attributing every unavoidable misfortune to the unpardonable ignorance of a Tory administration, or the gross errors of a Scotch cabinet-council. Mock patriots persuading the people they are slaves, though even the *hospitable* doors of Newgate, as if to give the lie to their assertions, are emblazon'd with the venerable, though worn-out names, of Wilkes and Liberty. Here you may see an enthusiastical journeyman of Mr. Whitfield in the open street, proudly elevated on the summit of a tar-barrel, screaming himself into an asthma in praise of Calvin and predestination. Here you may see braziers turned musicians; lighter-men turned casuists and authors; booksellers, philosophers; excisemen patriots; and, to crown all, a tradesman turned pickpocket!

This complication of characters is but an infinitely small part of the variety observable in Bristol, as every day new ones "Start up like monsters, and amaze the town."

Therefore it would be no small charity in you, Gentlemen, to appropriate a page or two, once a year in your Supplement, for the correction of those odd Bristolians, who behave as though they had his majesty's patent to authorize them to act ridiculously; by which means their fellow-citizens may in time get rid of their impertinence, and *they* be brought to demean themselves as rational creatures.

I shall begin by delineating a character, which as yet has remained untouched in

your inimitable group, and who richly deserves a niche amongst his brethren.

Will Hell-Hot is nearly related to a deceased theatrical mistress of a certain unpopular uxorious prince, of whose consanguinity he is not a little vain. His father moved in the humble station of a labourer in a brick-yard, whilst his mother enjoyed many years the *honourable* vocation of hawking about "Smoaking hot mutton-pies!" till death, in the shape of a bottle of geneva, put a period to her existence. Will by turns assisted at both these employments; but whether it was owing to want of taste or genius, he never made any great proficiency in these *arts*; for like Smollet's Jolter, between whom and our hero there seemed a perfect similarity,

"When oblig'd to his own understanding to trust,
His pies seem'd like bricks, and his houses like crust."

Fortune at length raised him up a friend, who placed him as an apprentice to a saddler and bridle-cutter, for the usual term of seven years. Notwithstanding Will was *saddled* with servitude, the impetuosity of his passions, like an *unmanaged horse*, often hurried him beyond the bounds of decorum, maugre the *reins* of his reason; nor could the severity of his master sufficiently curb him from breaking almost every article of his indentures before the expiration of his time. This happy æra being at length arrived, he shook off every thing in his power, which might prove a bar to his pleasures, and immediately commenced a blood, a politician, and a free-thinker; in short, he was *quite the thing*: Bolingbroke, Shaftesbury, Hobbs, Toland, Tindal, and Woolston, were his inseparable companions; as a casuist he was inferior to none—in *his own opinion*. Like Sawney Dixon, he would argue, though even reason and common sense were his opposers; nor could demonstration convince him he was mistaken, or persuade him to give up a tittle of his cause. As a politician, he was universally admired; like that unfathomable genius and prodigy of *sleepy* politics Tommy Underwood, of *leaden* imagination, he was *never* in the wrong: he was the oracle of every barber's shop, and, like an oracle, he ever gave his opinion, accompanied with divers significant shrugs, ænigmatical winks, and mystical hum's and ha's! No member of the Robinhood speechified more intelligibly. He was looked upon as a second Demosthenes by the members of a three-penny club, of which

which he was perpetual chairman, and where his lingual abilities were held in great estimation. Here his Stentorian lungs were continually exerted, tropes and figures flowed from his tongue in native colours, which could never fail to put to the blush the false drapery of Burkean eloquence. Bribery and corruption were his eternal themes, which he illustrated with amazing clearness. "Why, lord! it is as plain as a pike-staff, as the man says, it is all owing to that there feller lord Bute, that's what it is now! d'ye think themme there shabaroons Spaniards wou'd ha took'n the kingdom of Falkland from us, if so be, as how, that there blackguard dog had'n't set 'em on by bribing on 'em? Ha! besides, don't Mr. Junius say as much? Ha! why, lord, every one knows that there! I wishes as how his head were once clapt on what d'ye call it bar there, that's what I does; and egad he that do'n't isn't a friend to his country, that's what he han't. Come, gentlemen, my humble service t'ye. Shall us club t'other penny?" These curious speeches were generally ended with, "'tis very true! Aye, aye, it must be so!" which exclamations were plentifully dropt from the mouths of his auditors with visible marks of admiration.

As a blood Will shone with inimitable lustre, and distanced all his competitors for fame; no one could break a lamp, or kick a waiter with such a grace; he was the champion of every demi-rep in town, from Miss Jones the milliner, to Miss Jenny the retailer of oysters, who plies at the door of the American. Bryan's and Wood's eternally rang with his exploits, and the broken heads of his vanquished opponents continually evinced the superiority of his prowess. Add to this, Will possessed a thorough knowledge in the art of gambling: not general Scott himself could shuffle a pack of cards with greater dexterity, nor could any other disciple of Hoyle more exactly calculate the odds at a game of whist. These qualifications, with the addition of being able to sing a good song, made his company ever desirable to his brother bucks, who never thought their party complete without Will Hell-Hot was one, as he would burn his shoes, dance on a table, stand on his head, eat fire, or commit any other buffoonery for their diversion; and they, in him, unanimously allowed he was a *devil of a buck*.

Notwithstanding Will's proficiency in the athletic exercises, he sometimes met with his match, of which the following

may serve as an instance. Having solely by the dint of *merit* arrived at the superlative high dignity of a *petty constable*, he late one evening, near his own house, met a soldier of the 35th regiment, of whom he demanded, somewhat peremptorily, the reason he was not at his quarters; which the other refusing to give, our *patriotic* constable disarmed him, and with the *despotic* hand of authority dragged him to his captain's quarters, to whom he told a very palpable tale, replete with what poet's call fiction, in which art he is unrivaled, and concluded with, "I believes *as how* he intended to break open my house." The officer having heard the other side of the tale, thought fit to discharge the prisoner, and then turning to our *orator*, exclaimed, "Sir, I am sorry you have put it in my power to tell you you are a pitiful scoundrel to seize a man in so arbitrary, so unprecedented a manner." "Damme, Sir, what do you mean by scoundrel! I'll box ye for what you will." "Boxing, Sir," rejoined the officer, "is not my profession." "Well, let it be swords then," cried our hero. Swords were immediately produced, and our *devil of a buck* too late wished himself dumb; his lips quivered, his cheeks grew pale, his knees smote one against the other, and twice the sword dropt from his palsied hand. Pray, Gentlemen, did you ever see Snip the taylor in Harlequin's Invasion? Such appeared Will when the captain bid him defend himself. The great Sir Isaac Newton remarks, that all bodies, more or less, are subject to an elastic power. This assertion was here verified, for the moment the officer advanced, all the constable's courage forsook him, and he instantly dwindled into that nothingness of character nature had designed him for; he fell on his knee in all the agony of horror, asked pardon of his antagonist, and exclaimed like beau Tinfell, "What the devil had I to do with a sword!" After a liberal application of the officer's foot to that part of his person whose motion is what astronomers term retrograde, he was permitted to depart, and enjoy once more his *brief authority*, as Shakespeare calls it. O for the immortal pen of Mr. Cumberland, to work the above *tragical* scene into a *regular comedy*; then might I, secure in my own strength, despise the malevolence of critical misanthropy, and my *dull dialogues* would be held up as the perfection of human wit.



I doubt not but the reader will by this time be ready to cry out, "Where is the oddity of all this? Why it is no more than has been done by ensign H——, in St. James's-park, and many others." But pray, gentle reader, don't be so impatient, but take matters as they occur, though I acknowledge I have introduced more of his history than I at first intended; but to proceed. Will's oddity consisted in being an uncommon proficient in the art of *legerdemain*; this is the most *dexterous* of all his *manœuvres*, in this he outdoes all his former out-doings; compared to him, Jonas and Breslaw are but novices; no one can convey pocket-books, or handkerchiefs so *cleanly* from their owners. In short, Will is an arrant *pick-pocket*; which art he has brought to amazing perfection, and yet there is no ill intended; but it is a trick he possesses. He can't for the soul of him leave it off: when he thinks his hand is in his own bosom, he often finds it in another person's pocket; and when he comes to pay his reckoning, he always *inadvertently* makes free with another's purse. It is confidently reported, that being once playing at billiards with a gentleman who was a great adept in that science, he lost every game, and the gentleman put the money which he won loose in his waistcoat pocket. Their play being over, the winner naturally examined his pocket to see how much he had gained, when, to his un-

speakable surprize, he could not find a *doit*; he searched all his other pockets in turn, but found them all as *empty* as Sir Abraham's scull. As he was conscious no one had been in the room but Will, he taxed him with the theft, which he strenuously denied; but being searched, several things, the gentleman's property, were found in his possession. Will pleaded it was but a joke, and upon asking pardon, it was forgotten.

A short time since Will met a gentleman, formerly celebrated in your Magazine by the name of Mat Mixum, (whose character see vol. II. page 701.) Mat had the end of his handkerchief hanging out of his pocket, (a trick, I have frequently observed, in great repute with *jennys* and *smart fellows*) which Will espying, he drew it out *en passant*; yet this *dirty* trick was not done so *clean* but Mat observed it, and immediately charged him with the theft. He, being detected, threw it down a cellar, and upon examination was declared *innocent*, upon which he immediately threatened Mat with a prosecution for *defamation*; but unfortunately for him a young unlucky cub of a *friseur* observed him throw it down the cellar, which appearing to be true, Mat bound himself before a magistrate to prosecute him. Will was admitted to bail, and still shines a *devil of a buck*; though it is imagined he will shortly pay a visit to Mr. Eyre, the paper-

paper-stealer, when the world may expect to hear of wonders from the conjunction of two such unparalleled *geniuses*. I am an exposé of rogues and fools, and

A Hunter of Bristolian Oddities.

A FEMALE ODDITY.

MRS. Gillmore now borders upon forty-five. She lost her first husband about ten years ago by a surfeit at a city feast. He was a common-councilman. It was a match of interest, and she was resolved to please herself, if ever she should be a widow. She has accordingly attended all public places in town and country ever since the first month of wearing her weeds, but has never yet been able to pick up a man to her mind, or rather to own the truth, which she is not fond of doing upon this occasion, she has never had the question put to her. This has gradually increased a turn of temper to which she is but too much addicted, *being displeased with every thing about her*. She rails at the men for their perfidy and inconstancy, and frequently hints at their being entirely blind to beauty and merit: the infidelity of the ladies to the marriage-bed is another object of her censure, and the Gro—rs, the Lig—rs, the B—y—s, &c. &c. fail not to undergo a daily chastisement at her hands; whilst she plumes herself upon her chastity and discretion, which having never been attacked, she has most certainly constantly preserved and supported.

In proportion as her hopes of any future alliance with the male-sex subside, her spleen and disgust increase; and there is great reason to believe that by that time she has compleated her forty-fifth year, she will be scarce able to endure herself. At present her milliner cannot make a cap to please her, or her mantua-maker a gown to fit right: six different hair-dressers have successively been disgraced in as many weeks; some for want of taste, and others for want of attention to the disposition of her features; which in proportion as she is displeased, have the less concordance with her elevated *Tête de Mouton*.

Her servants must be extremely well tutored, if a regular morning lecture upon propriety can have a due effect upon their conduct. Indeed, most of them are apt scholars, and seldom take more than a week to be compleated in their duty, and prepared for any other scolding mistress in England.

A female relation lives with her, who being entirely dependent upon Mrs. Gillmore, is obliged to bear the torrent of her rhetoric in this strain without complaining; and when she has banished all her servants, which is frequently the case, her kinswoman has the satisfaction of enjoying all her instruction, as well as the amusement of performing the different vocations of the domestics.

This conduct of Mrs. Gillmore would not in the least affect me, tho' I am also a maledistant relation (but no way dependent upon her) if her kind invitations to take a dinner frequently with her, were not likely to reduce me to a skeleton. I shall, Mr. Printer, to illustrate this assertion give you one specimen, among many, of her behaviour upon these occasions.

I met her accidentally upon New Year's Eve, walking with her footman behind her up the Haymarket. She stooped me, and upbraided me with not having yet been to take a Christmas dinner with her, and made me promise to dine with her on New Year's Day. I took a ride in the forenoon, and returned to town with a very keen appetite. I waited upon Mrs. Gillmore according to appointment. Dinner was served, and I prepared myself for making a very comfortable meal, when her spirit of disgust broke forth—The turkey was raw, the chine was boiled to rags, the minced-pies were baked to cinders—"Take it all away, there's no touching a bit—how provoking!" *Provoking indeed!* the table was cleared in two seconds. I took my hat and French leave, and got a beef-steak at an adjacent coffee-house.

T. U.

A DIALOGUE in the Shades between the Duke of N—le, and Arthur O—w, Speaker of the House of C—.

A. O. I Own, my lord, I am quite ashamed both of my son and nephew.

D. of N. They do not consult their own interest—what will become of them at a general election, they will certainly be thrown out. They are detested by the whole county of Surrey, where you was so long held in just esteem.

A. O. It grieves me, even now, to think of their folly, which could answer no purpose but to make them odious; after my successor so strongly hinted to them the impropriety of the measure.

Duke of N. I studied long enough the genius and disposition of the people—it is dangerous to rouse them too much, especially

cially upon their favourite bulwark, the liberty of the press. I have issued warrants against printers and printers devils; but I was very careful how I involved either house in these proceedings, as their debates are made public, and become general subjects of investigation.

A. O. The times are very different from those of your administration: nobody disputed the legality of general warrants, and your messenger of the press made the printers quake at the sight of their greyhound; but now that these warrants are pronounced illegal, and the juries will judge both of the fact and the law, they must carry every thing before them.

D. of N. Even in those times I was prudent enough never to do an unpopular thing at the approach of a general election, or even a single election, or any favourite point to carry in Suffex; by that means I always secured my boroughs, and my influence.

A. O. It is true they have three years yet to make their peace with their constituents, and the thing may blow over, if that head-strong Sir Joseph, with his landed and his commercial influence, does not keep fanning the flame of opposition, in order to slip in for the county.

D. of N. Those over-grown traders are very dangerous people in a county, they have the insolence to oppose nobility, and think themselves superior to a poor lord.

A. O. There is but one method of turning them to advantage; that is by flattering their personal vanity, and making them believe you have a very high opinion of their understanding as well as their influence.

D. of N. True; but you must take care not to touch upon their family.

A. O. If this W—kes were out of the way, and I am told he is going down very fast, all things would be right enough.

D. of N. Here's Fitzh—t, we shall have some fresh intelligence from him. What news above stairs?

F—t. I am quite sick of their politics, and have left them to wrangle among themselves. Now that they have made Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights thread-bare, they are squabbling about marriages.

D. of N. How is this! pray let's hear?

F—t. Well, let's take a walk that way, and I'll inform you, for I see Churchill coming this way; and that family would be very severe upon my late conduct, and my last foolish step, as he would call it, if I were to meet him, and

I am not in a humour to be laughed at.

A. O. I guess what you mean, you astonish me; I always thought you philosopher sufficient to laugh at the follies and ridicule of statesmen and politicians: but I find I was mistaken. [Exit.

A CHARACTER.

Jemmy Goosequill was born in the west-riding of Yorkshire. He was sent up to an attorney in Chancery-lane, and articulated for the usual term. Jemmy found more pleasure in reading Shakespeare, than in ingrossing deeds, and had more satisfaction in hearing Garrick at Drury-lane, than Mansfield in Westminster-hall. He entered himself a member of a spouting-club in Smithfield, and was thought by himself to make some happy advances towards the stage. He last summer quitted his master's service, and engaged in a strolling party at Guilford; but the little manager*, being literally put to death in the third act of a tragedy by one of his buskined troop, and the whole company was routed. He set off for Bath, where he had the misfortune to be hissed the first night of his appearance, which so highly disgusted him, that he has since directed his course to Dublin, in hopes of dramatic employment and applause.

Neither Jemmy's voice, figure, or action promises much in his favour; yet impelled by the dramatic passion, and blinded by his vanity, he rests assured that he shall one day be the Roscius of the age. Though his matter was willing to forgive his past errors, and replace him once more at the desk, with permission to wear a brown coat, and a white cape, his darling frock, he has rather chosen to deposit this piece of fashionable folly in Monmouth-street, and walk down to Chester, in pursuit of theatrical fame, among those connoisseurs of merit, the Dublin critics. What will be poor Jemmy's fate may easily be foretold; how to rescue him at present is difficult to point out: if he should chance to see this, and it should impress him with a just notion of his errors, is the only hope of the writer to save him from destruction. Z.

* Mr. Pereira (the great Jew merchant's son) who after having dissipated a considerable fortune in the follies and extravagances of the age, was at length reduced to head a strolling company, and actually died by a blow he received from one of his actors.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
MAGAZINE.

S I R,

Curiosus, desirous of casting his mite into that fund of delightful entertainment, the Town and Country Magazine, presents the Editor with the following abstract relative to Cerne-abbey, in the county of Dorset, the property of George Pitt, Esq; a small part of which beautiful building remains at this time entire, and really deserves the attention of its owner.

CERNE MONASTERY, in
Dorsetshire.

AUGUSTIN, the first teacher of the English, having brought Kent under the subjection of Christ, travelled through the other dominions of king Ethelbert; for all that part of Britain which the English inhabited, except Northumberland, was subject to him. Augustin coming into this part of Dorsetshire, was first expelled by the inhabitants; but they soon repented, and called him again; and there being no water at hand to baptize them, a miraculous spring * broke out to serve for that purpose. There afterwards Edwold, brother to Edmund the king and martyr, led an hermitical life; and dying with the reputation of sanctity, gave occasion, in process of time, to Egelwald, a very rich man, to build a monastery there in honour of St. Peter, plentifully enough endowed it, if those whom it concerned had given those things to the servants of God, which they bestowed on their own knaves.

The grant of Ethelmer, the son of Ethelwerd, a nobleman of king Ethelred's court, gives the place called Cernel, with the possessions annexed, to God, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, the apostle, and St. Benedict; as also the town of Aescere, with all its appurtenances; likewise six families at Minterne, ten manors at Winceburnan, six at Bridian, twelve in the Farther Bridian, three at Hremnescumb; to which the priest Leofrick added Porse-

* This spring, out of which issues a considerable stream of the most crytalline water, is situated near the abbey, and is both in itself and its environs replete with confirmations of its having once been an object of considerable consequence. It is to this day called St. Austin, or Augustin's well.

wille, Elfrith, four families at Pydelan, &c.

An ESSAY on PROPRIETY.

(Continued from Page 628.)

F E W men commit more provoking improprieties in conversation than Ned Parker. Ned has a prodigious flow of spirits, and is a young fellow of infinite loquacity; but he is too apt to say what comes uppermost in his head (and that head not a very strong one) without paying a proper regard to his company: he is, therefore, perpetually, though one of the best natured creatures in the world, giving offence by the unrestrained indulgence of his ruling passion—his passion for *talking*. Those who have a real esteem for him take a great deal of pains to make him discreet with his tongue; and he not only gives them a patient hearing, but promises to *think* before he *speaks*; he forgets, however, all his promises of that kind, as soon as he is out of the sight of his friendly monitors, and excites painful emotions in the bosom of half the people with whom he converses, at the very time that he thinks he is making himself extremely agreeable by the sprightliness of his humour, or the poignancy of his wit. Ned is a good-natured fellow, but he is not a Foote: he is no fool indeed, but he is a coxcomb.

So regardless is Ned of *colloquial propriety*, and so little attention does he pay to the various persons whom he happens to meet with in his rambles through life, that he is generally the rudest man in the room, while he fancies that he is 'the politeest. When a man with a moderate understanding, naturally addicted to garrulity, imagines that his powers of entertaining are equal to his propensity to entertain, he must necessarily prove oftener a troublesome, than a delightful companion; especially if he, with such a quantity of self-conceit in his constitution, discovers an eagerness to take the lead upon every subject which is started, and no desire to let others enjoy a decent share of the conversation. Ned is sufficiently offensive in *this manner*, but he is doubly so, when, for want of distinguishing characters, he runs on, with a careless rapidity, upon topics before people who are totally unacquainted with them, or to whom they are particularly disgusting.

[To be continued.]

Reflections

Reflections on the Value of Scarce Things.

ALL things in this world are imperfect, the possession of them diminishes their price, and the hope of acquiring has something in it more exciting to enjoy them than when we are the masters of them. The value we set upon things on account of their scarcity, appears to me absurd; for I am of opinion, the real estimation of any thing should be in proportion to its use. It is so far from being a proof of our judgment, that it only proclaims our folly to esteem things that have no other merit than coming from a distant country, or growing in a foreign soil.

Reason tells us, that any object, whose utility is universally allowed, though produced in our own country, is of more intrinsic value, than an useless commodity that comes from China or Adrianople. Some critics may tell me, that pearls are of little or no value in the East, gold of as little estimation in Peru, and that odours and perfumes are scarce smelt with pleasure in Arabia, and that nevertheless they are very precious and dear with us, merely because they are scarce. To this I reply, that our imagination determines their price, and, to speak the truth, I think our Europeans much more ridiculous in holding gold and pearls in such high esteem, (when the first is nothing more than a yellowish earth, and the latter mere shells) than the Indians, when they paid the Dutch a very extravagant price for the first cat that was brought them, since this animal was of much more utility to them in destroying rats and mice, than all the gold and pearls of the East.

I will at the same time acknowledge, that gold can at present do a great deal, indeed, almost every thing, with respect to our avarice and vanity; but as gold in itself cannot destroy rats or banish mice, a cat in Asia was certainly of more value than a ton of that yellow metal.

It may be thought singular, when I declare, that I give the preference to a magpie in its half mourning-fur-tout, before a parrot, with all its beautiful and variegated plumage, when the first can chatter, and the last is dumb. Nature has been so just in her distributions, that she has given each country what is necessary for it, provided its inhabitants have sense enough to know when they ought to be contented, without going to distant parts for useless lumber. All superfluities are intrinsically without any real value; wherefore those commodities, though scarce, but which serve only to gratify our vanity and gluttony, appear to me of no worth, though they come from

the Antipodes. A good furloin of beef is preterable, in my eye, to a ragout of Indian swallows; and a draught of good liquor in an earthen pot, quenches my thirst as well as if I had drank it out of a vase of the most expensive porcelain.

A. L. R.

* * We have inserted this correspondent's Reflections, to shew our impartiality where any subject is treated with a tolerable degree of elegance; but we must observe, that he has entirely lost sight of commerce and its advantages in these philosophical strictures.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

S I R,

AS a maritime people our curiosity is naturally excited to see every thing that can be said upon navigation; in this opinion I have sent you the following manuscript found amongst some old papers, and which I have the greatest reason to believe have never yet been printed. If you think your readers would be pleased to see them in your Magazine, I should be glad they might be inserted the first time you have a spare column.

NAUTICUS.

OF all the elements, I am of opinion, that water is the most perfidious; because, by sometimes flattering us with a calm, it is preparing the most violent tempests, and verifies the proverb, which says, that, *danger is planted upon the banks of security*. Cato repented of three things, namely, "Having let a single day pass without performing a worthy deed; having intrusted a woman with a secret; and having ever gone by water when he might have travelled by land." Another Roman said, that, "A ship was a fool, for it was in constant agitation; the mariners fools, as they changed their opinion with every wind; the water a fool, as it was never easy; and the wind a fool, it was so variable;" and I think we may add, that none but fools would keep such company. There certainly is no profession so dangerous as that of a seaman, as his life is never separated more from death than by a single plank. He has often the four elements at once to combat, and is sometimes burnt alive in the midst of water. His end and aim is to get to land, and at times the sight alone of that element throws him into despair. Though the wind is the sole basis

basis of his hope, that very wind is often his destruction. In fine, he seeks for riches, and meets with nothing but uneasiness, misery, and often death.

Navigation is, nevertheless, one of the finest and most useful sciences ever discovered by man. Besides the riches which it brings us, it has rescued us from barbarous ignorance, and enabled us to trace the marvellous works of nature, by the knowledge it has communicated of so many different regions, nations, religions, manners, animals, fruits, and plants. We may, therefore, justly thank Providence for creating men with such dispositions as inclined them to live on stockfish and biscuits, and be sometimes reduced to famine, in order to gratify the palates of epicures, in procuring the most delicious products of the four quarters of the globe, to gratify the vanity and luxury of their countrymen.

An Account of the Eruption of SOLWAY Moss.

[Illustrated with a Copper-Plate from a Drawing taken on the Spot.]

SOLWAY Flow, or Solway Moss, is situated upon the top of a pretty high hill. It is about a mile N. W. of Longtown, between two and three miles in length, and half as much in breadth. The interior part of the hill appears to have been nothing but a vast collection of mud, so much diluted with the water of the springs dispersed in several parts of it, as to have a considerable share of fluidity. It had always, even in the driest summers, so much of a quag-mire, that it was hardly safe for any thing heavier than a single passenger. In the time of Henry VIII. a considerable part of a Scotch army, under the command of Oliver Sinclair, perished in it. Hitherto the shell of more solid earth, in which this fluid mass was inclosed, had been able to resist the pressure; but its force, with its fluidity, having been considerably augmented, it forced a passage at the eastern extremity, in which side it had been considerably weakened by digging peats.

The whole figure pricked round thus represents the moss which is moved into the valley beneath, near two hundred yards broad and four hundred deep. At the narrow opening, a communication may be observed with Solway Flow, from whence came the Moss. This Flow is seven miles in circumference, and lies a good deal higher than the place where the moss has been driven. The marks resem-

bling houses (see the plate) represents the townships or towns covered by the sludge and moss; the ground belonging to these townships is said to contain between four and five hundred acres, and were heretofore as good as any in Mr. Graham's lordship, and bore the best crops of all sorts of grain. Three of the townships are marked without the circle of the moss round them, the houses here being yet dry, though the ground belonging to them is covered like all the rest.

The narrow branch from the head of Cullin's town is the place where the water discharges itself out of the moss, and runs into Esk river, opposite to Cartgatehead, forming a brook a little before across the Dumfries road. The place marked A, is where the moss first burst into the plain below, which I now call Moss, and still runs with a little water of the consistency of pottage, though the weather here is dry; but if wet weather should succeed, the consequences will be very fatal. The spring or fountain-head lies south-west from Longtown. I know not what to compare with this extraordinary inundation, unless it be an earth-quake; for at its first rise or gushing forth, the moss appeared to be about three yards in thickness, and having no way to spread itself till it got down from A. to the gap, it burst into ten thousand pieces, and is thrown up to a great height on each side of the passage, many of these pieces being three or four yards square every way. At the head of the spring for near a mile in compass, the whole surface of the moss is cracked and broken into pieces, like a stone burst into shivers by a blast of gunpowder. It is to be hoped, that if it runs no more than it does at present, that the inlet into the Esk may carry off as much as comes forward; but there does not seem any possibility of ever clearing the ground. There are thirty families entirely turned out and distressed by this dreadful accident. Mr. Graham is one of the principal sufferers, having lost five fine cows, two horses, and several young cattle, besides many fine stacks of corn and hay. The eaves of the houses are just visible, the rest of them is buried in the mire. Hedges and ditches are levelled, and the whole forms a view of black moss, which before was divided into as fine green fields as any in the kingdom.

In the mean time, the moss itself, which was before a level plain, on the top of a hill, is now a valley; almost at the bottom of which runs with considerable rapidity, a stream of black liquid peat-earth. The surface of the hill gradually subsides,

as the mud, which supported it, is discharged; and appears all over broken into fragments, which are in some places so irregularly thrown together, as to resemble a heap of ruins. Some of these fragments falling into the stream, and floating down with it, are dispersed over the plain, which appears spotted with them, like the skin of a leopard, only that the ground is black, and the spots are brown; the heath and other vegetables they produce, still remaining upon them.

The cause of the eruption is so evident, from the situation of Solway flow, and of the adjacent lands on the east side of it, with the former management of those who have casten peats on the Solway flow, that it is more wonderful to the person who hath take the above account, that the Solway flow hath stood so long, than that it hath now broke out and overflowed so great quantities of ground upon the beds of Esk. It will be next to impossible ever again to clear the covered land by burning the moss, tho' it appears probable that there is a possibility of clearing it by water; the greatest part of the surface of the old moss is still whole: but it is now so much out, that though formerly level, the middle of it is like a large glen between two hills, declining from each other. Upon the whole, it is a most lamentable transposition, and scarce to be paralleled.

To the Editor of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

THOUGH we are at present in a happy state of tranquility at home and abroad, the following thoughts on war, which fell into my hands by accident, and which were the fruits of the pen of a celebrated genius who had just begun an elaborate treatise upon the subject, a little before his death, will probably be agreeably to your readers; and at the same time rescue from oblivion a production (small indeed) of an eminent writer.

I am your constant reader, &c.

Meworth, Jan. 2.

C. K. U.

Introduction to a Treatise upon WAR.

OF the three scourges with which the Omnipotent visited the nations of the earth, who by their sins had drawn on them his vengeance, king David chose the plague, having more confidence in the mercy of the Lord, than in the strength of his arms.

How few imitators would he now have? The princes of the world seem at present to prefer war to peace, the destruction of mankind, over whom they were placed for their welfare, to their care and happiness; their ambition, stimulated by vanity, blinds them to all the calamities of war, till the misery of their subjects, and their exhausted finances, compel them to see their folly.

War is in fact the mother of all evils; it is the last resource of the profligate and wicked, and may be properly stiled the harvest of the devil, the throne of cruelty, the grave of mercy, a book of impiety, and a lexicon of blasphemy, the mistress of Bacchus, the satire of Venus; the academy of robbers; and the school of tyrants. Man breathes nought but terror, and is gratified but with destruction; he bathes in human blood, and warms himself by the conflagration of cities; he smiles at the misery he causes, and amuses himself in counting the number of his victims. His orders are delivered by the roaring of cannon from the ramparts, and the ruins of cities form for him a couch of ease. Temples he despises, and the most sacred altars only excite his contempt.

War is besides the mother of famine, who brings with her a train of evils, among whom pestilence is the foremost, and therefore we think David judiciously gave the preference to this, to avoid all the rest.

On DUELLING.

THE running away out of this life upon an extremity of pressure, is in rectified reason the ignoblest way of yielding, rather than an act of conquering; a kind of pusillanimity and poverty of spirit, chusing in favour of our senses a softer blow from our own hand, than we fear from the hand of fortune. Homicide is not committed only by our own hands, it is committed also by our wills; and he is no less a murderer of himself, who seeks the occasion of his own death, than if he had indeed struck the poniard into his own breast: inasmuch as sin consists not but in a determinate will to do the ill, or to procure it. It is rather murder than martyrdom, to attempt a danger where it may be lawfully avoided. Better a holy flight than a presumptuous stay, whereby we tempt the tempter.

It is unjust to murder a negro, or savage. What is thy brother by the half-blood no kin? A savage hath God for his father.

father by creation, though not the church for his mother; and God will revenge his innocent blood. The image of God is nevertheless his image cut in ebony, as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moor, a man may see the representation of the King of heaven. If you must needs go to a duel, pass thereunto as David in the fight of an army, with the permission of your prince, against some Goliath that hath defied you or your nation. Accept of such a combat only, when thereby you may end some notable war, or stay a great effusion of blood; but do not that for a cold countenance and extravagant word, or a surly brow, which you would not for your king, your country, or the whole world.

If you tell me your honour is more precious unto you than your wealth, or life, and therefore as the law of nature permitteth you to defend both your riches and body with the sword against the homicide and robber, from whom you cannot otherways disengage yourself, you have the same right for the defence of your reputation, which is in man as the apple in the eye. I answer that neither true honour nor valour is interested in the refusal of such challenges; for we ought to derive our honour from our obedience to the edicts of God and our King, and not from the slight judgments of witless arrogant people, who have sold themselves to passion eternally to renounce prudence. I affirm not that a valiant man cannot fight a duel, but I deny that he is valiant for fighting a duel. David had been an adulterer and became a saint; but he was not therefore a saint because he was an adulterer: nor shall any one have the reputation of valour amongst understanding men, for committing a crime. And the opinion conceived of the valour of those that fight duels is mere illusion, since it may be common to lacqueys and the most abject conditions.

A Turkish commander understanding that one of his captains had called his companion to a duel, What, said he, are there no more christians? and may we not more justly demand, are there no more Turks, Moors, and Infidels, that we turn the edge of our swords against our own entrails? He that enters a combat thrusts himself on the sword of an enemy, his soul on God's. It is no stain of cowardice for one to fear hell and damnation. Striking man, which is the figurative image of God, we presumptuously stab at the majesty of God himself.

This arbitrary decision of causes by the sword, subverts the fundamental laws of the scripture; duels having neither precept nor precedent, command nor example, in God's word. Besides, each duellist challengeth his king as unable or unwilling legally to right him; and therefore usurps the office himself. Those that kill themselves are not courageous, but desperate; it is to surrender the place instead of defending it; and giving ourselves to the enemy, without his taking the pains to overcome us. There is no great resolution in chusing death for our remedy, and become our own executioners.

TITUS VESPASIAN.

On OATHS.

AN oath made by force, is of no force; and may be freely broken, because not freely made. It matters not to whom, but by whom we swear. A resolution is a free custody, but a vow is a kind of prison which retrained nature hath a desire to break. An oath being the highest appeal, perjury must needs be a heinous sin, whereby God is solemnly invited to be witness of his own dishonour. An honest man's word is his parchment, yea his oath, which he will not violate for fear or loss. The mishaps of following events may cause him to blame his providence, not to eat his promise; neither, saith he, this I saw not, but this I said. A promise is a child of the understanding and the will; the understanding begets it, the will brings it forth. He that performs it delivers the mother; he that breaks it murders the child. If it be begotten in the absence of the understanding, it is a bastard, yet the child must be kept. It is better to preserve a bastard than to destroy a child. A faithful man's promise is his debt, which no fear of damage should dispense with; but he that speaketh more than he thinks, always performs less than he speaks. He that hath once transgressed the limits of truth, and made no religion of his word and promise for his peculiar advantage, never after makes a scruple in his twofold conscience to offend in like sort, upon a similar occasion. I have heard of a river in Spain, that shews all the fish in it like gold; but take them into your hand they are but as other fish: such are the promises in the mouth of him who would obtain his purpose; but bring them to the touch, thou shalt find, "all is no gold that glitters." He that swears falsely

seems to condemn heaven and fear men. Oaths are commonly turned aside, when they lie in the way either to honour or revenge. They are like slip knots, fast and loose at their pleasure; like hocks, firm for a night, but with the next sun dissolved. They that have unwillingly sworn to a sin, may easily absolve themselves of their oath; for there is no obligation to execute it.

Trust not the promise of a common swearer; for he that dare sin against his God for neither profit, nor pleasure, will trespass against thee for his own advantage. And he that breaks the precept of his father, fears not to violate his promise to his brother. He will depose more than any man can suppose; swearing he heard fishes speak, and saw through a mill-stone at mid-night.

Caligula, ambitious of divine honour, made an edict that people should swear by his name.

TITUS VESPASIAN.

AWLAND RHYS and ELFINDA.

A POEM, translated from the ancient British.

FAIRER than the fleecy down shining on the breasts of the swans of Cleddagh was the beautiful Elfinda; her presence kindled gladness on the hearts of her beholders: she was the pride of her parents, the stay of their lives, and the only comfort of their old age. Her eye outshone the lustre of the morning star; the roses bloomed in all the elegance of pride on her cheek; the whiteness of her teeth rivaled the pearls of the east, and the pleasing contrast of her black tresses waving over her snowy neck, caused an agreeable emotion in the hearts of all who saw her. The benignity of her countenance endeared her to all her acquaintance, and the simplicity of her actions engaged the affections of the warriors of Rhyda; she banished pride and self-conceit from her bosom, while humility and complacency were the only companions of her soul. The sun never sunk beneath the horizon without giving occasion for thousands of her neighbours to bless her existence; she was to them as an inexhaustible fountain from which they continually drew fresh good. Like the refreshing dews of the morn'g she scattered her blessings around her: like the gentle showers of rain her hand distilled plenty. She brought joy to the habitation of the afflicted; her presence infused the welcome dawns of

comfort in the mansions of the sons of sorrow; the horn of hospitality was raised at her approach, and for a while they forgot the oppressive weight of the hand of misfortune.

Gentle as the cooling breeze which bends the golden reeds of Llanhaiadr, comely as the straight towers which elevate their heads above the embossed turrets of Kidwelly, ruddy as the summit of the lofty mountains of Rheuda-val, when the rising sun gilds the eastern sky, and tall as the winged-barks which divide the foaming surges of the deep waters, was Awland-Rhys, the brave descendant of Cadwallader; noble were his ancestors as kings, and his brethren bore rule as princes. He was chief of the warriors of the hill; his spear was crimsoned with the blood of the wolf, and his shield was stained with the gore of the West-Saxons; their castles defended them not from the sword, neither were their strong fortresses a refuge from his fury: in battle he raged like a whirlwind, and like a wounded bear turned upon the foe. When the broad-faced earth was clothed in her raven-coloured robe; when the archers of the black cave were at rest; when the silver moon darted her rays through the branches of the spreading oak; when the winds slept in silence on the brow of the straight mountain, and nought was heard but the parting stream of the Dan-Gledhew, murmuring over the white pebbles, Awland Rhys, captain of the mountain warriors, arose: he blew the horn of consultation; the noise of his silver shield resounded through the thick forest; the warriors took the alarm, they assembled at his tent like the honey-yielding bees to the sweet smelling hive: they sat down till midnight; they drank of the juice of the pressed grape, the hirlas went round to the sons of death. "Warriors, said the descendant of Cadwallader, "know ye not that this is the festival of the great Thor, the God of the foe? Let us arise, and smite them in their cities, they will fall before our swords like the tender grass before the crooked knife of the mower, ere they are free from the intoxicating power of the vine: we will descend upon them like a hurricane; we will destroy them like a tempest; desolation shall reign in their towns, and mountains of the slain shall recompense our valour." The captains arose, they shook their well-tempered lances, they buckled on their armour, they put on their polished helmets, their sparkling plumes waved in the air, they girt on their crooked swords, they prepared themselves for battle. Like

stubble

stubble before the loud wind they rushed into the valley, they extended themselves over the wide-skirted mead, they invested the strong city of Llhwyds, the strength of the gates yielded to their fury, death extended his leaden scepter over the heads of the unfortunate inhabitants, and the banners of triumph were displayed on their strong walls. Oswald arrayed, beat an alarm; the undaunted sons of valour flocked to his shield, they opposed the warriors of the hill; their opposition was feeble, their efforts were vain. Like as the noxious vapours of the morn yields before the rising sun, so were they dispersed; like the withered leaves of Autumn before the howling wind they fled, their troops were thinned by the sword of Awland Rhys, and the captains of the archers of the black cave. The cries of the matrons and virgins pierced the ears of the mountain warriors; the groans of the dying ascended to the clouds, and the waters of Geweger were dyed with the blood of the slain. Furious as an enraged lion the valiant Oswald appeared before the triumphant Awland Rhys, his frame was convulsed with rage. "Turn thee, O Awland Rhys, and complete thy cruelty: I have seen my offspring perish by thy hand, and by the hands of thy captains; our wives and brethren hast thou sent to the land of silence; destruction flies through our borders, and death follows the vengeance of thy sword; but despise thou not my strength, for I am not unworthy thy valour." Terrible as the rending of a thunder-cloud the fierce Awland Rhys turned to his enemy; they fought like the sons of desperation, their encounter drew the attention of the strong warriors; slaughter slept for awhile, and devastation stopped its swift progress; their swords were broke in their hands. Quick as the passage of the bright lightning they caught their spears, they rushed together like the waves of troubled waters, they stood unmoved as rocks of adamant: again they engaged, and the spear of Oswald pierced the arm of Awland Rhys, and the lance of the descendant of Cadwallader sunk in the heart of Oswald; he fell at the feet of the conqueror of Llhwyds, and his eyes closed in death.

The warriors of the high hill bore their wounded captain to his tent, and administered relief to his misfortune; they applied healing herbs to his wounds, and anointed his bruises with the precious balsam of life; his strength returned. The virgins of the mountains came to visit him, they sung his praises in the cover-

ed tent: there he first beheld the charming Elfinda, amazement staid his utterance, the brilliancy of her charms confounded his sight, his senses were lost in admiration, he gazed away his heart. Like as the splendor of the day banisheth the glittering of the silver stars, so was quiet banished his breast. Like as the cruel hand of time destroys the bloom of youth, so her image destroyed the serenity of his mind; repose forsook his couch, and his bed became as a bed of thorns; discontent preyed on his heart; at the gate of death he declared his passion for this wonder of her sex. Pity pleaded strongly in the breast of Elfinda for the accomplished Awland Rhys; love succeeded pity, and their passion became mutual. When the slow hand of time had re-established the health of this son of death, they exchanged their nuptial vows, and the holy fire was kindled in the golden censor; love and joy united to make them happy, and peace spread her silver pinions over their hearts; the hours rolled in mirth, and discontent was banished their dwelling; she felt no pain which he shared not, neither had he any ill of which she did not partake. Thus passed their lives in tranquillity, and every moment fled on the wings of pleasure. But, alas! how short is the duration of human felicity! How transitory is mortal happiness! Like the visions of the morn it fled, and nothing remained but horror! Like the dashing waves of the broad sea it passed away, and left no traces behind; pleasure and peace fled their abode, and misery erected her sable plumes over their habitation.

When the current of the silver brooks were unloosed, when nature was decked in her greyest mantle, when the songsters of the woods began to resume their melody, and the teeming earth smiled in transport, the captains of Llhwyds displayed their banners of defiance; their armies were as the yellow sands of Guendrathvawr. The warriors of the hill prepared to withstand them, their spears were as erect as blades of grass. The brave Awland Rhys left the arms of his beloved Elfinda, he tore himself from the delight of his soul, he headed the flower of the mountain warriors, he put on his polished armour, his sword filled the souls of the enemy with fearful apprehension. These sons of destruction met on the plain of Driaddahr, their actions brought terror to the heart. Egfrid, the son of Ceadwalla, chief of the warriors of Llhwyds, did wonders; with his spear he put to flight armies, he opposed an host of his foes, he dealt the blows of

of death; the sons of Glovenner felt the fury of his arm; the valiant Cowelfrid fell by his sword, and his body lay extended on the bank of the standing lake. "Rouze! rouze! ye sons of slaughter, arm yourselves with valour, let not the warriors of Lihwyds triumph, neither yield your lives a prey to the strength of the son of Ceadwalla." The mountain warriors began to retreat, their loud yells prevailed through the army, when the presence of their leader dissipated their fears; it revived their emulation for honour, it infused in them the gift of courage; their eyes beamed in victory, and they felt again the precious dawning of hope. The descendant of Cadwallader renewed his well-known actions, the glittering of his polished sword produced the fears of death in the terrified eyes of the foe; they beheld him with dread, and their spirits fled at his approach; he brought desolation with him through their armies, and rivers of blood proclaimed the passage of his sword; already had thousands sunk beneath his arm, when Egfrid, the valiant son of Ceadwalla, interposed to stay his insatiate vengeance; thrice he fought him amidst the troops, and as often he was unsuccessful; he breathed defiance through the army, and his cries sounded in the ears of Awland Rhys; swift as an eagle on the wing he flew to his standard, they met, and livid flames shot from their vengeful eyes, they both were invincible, victory held the balance betwixt them, till the dark brown veil of evening was spread over the wide plains of Driaddahr; they parted with reluctance. When the beams of the morn were seen on the high hills the battle was renewed, and fortune sat on the helmets of the inhabitants of Lihwyds, the mountain warriors were discomfited, fear fell upon them like the dew of the evening, they fled over the sandy plain of Marcol. Awland Rhys alone remained behind, he scorned to fly, he nobly dared their fury, they encompassed him round like hunters; long time he bore their united force unmoved, he repelled them with slaughter, till, overpowered with numbers, he fell with glory, covered with wounds, at the feet of the exulting foe, and his body was laid in the mossy tomb of his ancestors.

When the beautiful Elfinda heard of the death of her beloved husband, grief was painted on her countenance, and the poignancy of sorrow obliterated the recent marks of happiness from her visage; rage invaded her breast, and hopes of revenge sweetened the loss of her dead lord; she ceased mourning, and arrayed herself in

armour; she veiled her head beneath a helmet, she brandished the sword of retaliation, she fought the tents of the captains of the dismayed warriors: like the appearance of a new star she drew all eyes upon her, she shone like the broad moon, when the dark clouds vanish: the captains bowed at her approach; she addressed them with resolution: "Warriors," cried she, "you are dismayed, but put yourselves under my protection, and I will comfort you; you are weakened, but I will make you strong; you are repulsed, but follow me, and you shall gain the victory: let us arise and revenge the death of our leader; let us pursue the conquerors to their habitation; in the midst of their rejoicings let us fall upon them; we will assault them unprepared; they will fall an easy prey to our hands, and the death of the valiant Awland Rhys shall not go unrevenged." She ceased, and the shouts of the captains swelled on the blast; the murmurs of approbation spread through the fleet air, they became enamoured with her words, her form animated them to glory; like an angel of comfort she poured the balm of peace into the hearts of those drooping heroes, and the remembrance of their leader inspired them with valour. Again they sounded the shield of war, and the red banner was displayed; multitudes flocked to their standard, they carried death within the gates of Lihwyds; again this unfortunate city was taken, and horror once more surrounded the strong walls, the sword of vengeance prevailed thro' the temples, their lofty spires were humbled to the earth, and their high walls were erased; depopulation spread around their habitations, the swords of the mountain-warriors were as a pestilence, they swept thousands from the land of the living; silence took up her abode in their streets, and ruin smiled on their house-tops. Thus was the vengeance of the faithful Elfinda completed, and the death of her beloved hero atoned. She sounded an alarm, again she called the warriors to her tent.—She broke silence—"Listen, ye sons of death, to my words, be attentive, ye children of slaughter, while I speak. You have finished the war, you have destroyed this proud city, you have fought with courage, you have overcome with advantage, you have punished the death of your prince, and you may depart in triumph; pleasure shall illuminate your eyes, and conquest shall adorn your brows with garlands of honour, but I am wretched; you are happy, but I am miserable; you will enjoy the blessings of wealth, but I am unsatisfied; lo! joy a-
waire

waits you, go, partake of it, for you are worthy thereof: reverence my memory, farewell." Then with the short sword of dissolution she gained admittance to her heart—"I come," she cried, and her eyes rejected the light. The captains were astonished at her fate, they remained awhile stupified with grief. They shed the voluntary tear of sorrow on her corpse, and laid her by the side of her beloved lord.

Mourn, ye sons of Neikheiddr for the incomparable Awland Rhys; for he spent his life in honour, and he died in the midst of glory. And lament ye fair virgins of Caariaharr for the virtuous Elfinda, for she survived not the revenge of her lover.

Bristol.

J. T—t—w—e.

To the Printer of the Town and Country MAGAZINE.

S I R,

I have sent you the picture which the celebrated count Oxenstiern draws of his own particular situation, as I do not recollect ever having met with it in English, and as probably many of your readers may be pleased to see what the count says of himself.

Your's, &c.

L. S.

Of my own PARTICULAR SITUATION.

Dulcia non meruit qui non gustavit amara.

THIS is an old proverb, but in order to apply it to myself I must transpose the first words, and say, *amara meruit qui nimis gustavit*: in this there is nothing ex-

traordinary, it is according to the usual course of things. When we have passed the summer in dancing with the grass-hopper, like that insect we must pass the winter in indigence and regret. To whom doth man in general owe his misfortunes and his adversity, but to himself? This being the case, as it must be acknowledged, if we seriously consider, why should we complain of our fate? We are usually the architects of our own fortune. The man with a bad heart works the ruin of others; the man with a good heart works his own ruin. All the advantage that I derive from the disposition of mine, is the satisfaction of reflecting that I have done pleasure to others. This is a kind of consolation to the mind, which agreeably flatters itself with the idea; but as it is incapable of restoring a man's affairs to their former state, the body is no way benefited by it. The imprudence of youth, the weakness and frailty of humanity, a blind complaisance for our passions, precipitate a man into an abyss in which he cannot refrain execrating the first, deploring the second, and detesting the last. It is, indeed, a favour from heaven to arrive at an age, when we can view our past conduct in its proper light, and when death has not interrupted our career ere we had attained the middle of it; when we must have appeared before the sovereign Judge to give an account of our actions, before we had time to know our own errors, endeavour to atone for them, and implore his forgiveness. Man is indeed finely depicted in this miniature portrait, "*Homo est inbecillitatis exemplum, temporis spoliū, fortunæ lusus, inconstantiae imago, invidiæ & calamitatis trutina, reliquum veropetita & bitis.*"

Answers to the MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS proposed in the Town and COUNTRY MAGAZINE for November last.

QUESTION I. Answered by Master Barber.

Put x for the side of the equilateral triangle required; then $.866xx$ is twice the area, $.866$ being the natural sine (radius 1) of 60 degrees; hence $xx = \frac{96 \times 2}{.866} = 221.70$, and $x = 14.88$ chains.

QUESTION

QUESTION II. Answered by Mr. Barker.

Let a, b and c, d represent the opposite sides of the inscribed trapezium respectively, $2m$ the difference of the diagonals, and $2x$ their sum; then $x^2 - m^2$ is their rectangle; consequently $x^2 - m^2 = ab + cd$, and $x = \sqrt{ab + cd + m^2}$.

QUESTION III. Answered by Mr. George Grant.

By the first equation we have $x = 5 - \sqrt{y}$, and by the second $x = 1 + \sqrt{y}$, hence $1 + \sqrt{y} = 5 - \sqrt{y}$: this equation properly reduced gives $y = 2.237$, and $x = 2.2864$.

QUESTION IV. Answered by Mr. William Castieau.

Put $a = 930$ feet, $b = 5.5$, and let x represent the distance of the observer's station from the reflecting point; then by the laws of catoptrics it will be $x : a + x :: b : \frac{ba + bx}{x} =$ the altitude of the tower, and $\sqrt{\frac{b^2 a^2 + 2b^2 ax + b^2 x^2}{x^2} + a^2 + 2ax + x^2} =$ the length of the incident ray, a minimum per question; which being put into fluxions, and reduced, gives $x = 30.5$ feet; hence the height of the tower is 173.2 feet.

The ingenious proposer, Mr. M. Boyle, of St. Edmund's-bury, sent an elegant solution to this question.

Mr. Thomas Goodlad, Mr. William Castieau, Mr. George Grant, of Beverly in Yorkshire, Mr. John Aspland, of Mildenhall, and Mr. Thomas Barker, of Wissett in Suffolk, answered all the questions; Mr. William Smart, of Wicken in Cambridge-shire, and Mr. M. Boyle, of St. Edmund's-bury, answered the first, second, and fourth questions; Mr. J. Raven, of Pewsey, and Mr. Edward Barber, pupil to Mr. Richard Harvey, of Bungay in Suffolk, answered the first, second, and third; Mr. Henry Taylor, teacher of mathematics at Hovington in Yorkshire, answered the first and second; Mr. Isaac Gumley, of Northampton, answered the first and third; Mr. Gervase Cliff, of Ruddington, the first, third, and fourth; Mr. John Peat, junior, of Ruddington, Mr. Robert Scott, at Mr. Crocker's school in Ilminster, and Mr. Daniel White, of the priory-school in Monmouth, answered the first question; Mr. J. W. Langton, of Southwark, answered the first and third questions.

New MATHEMATICAL QUESTIONS to be answered in the succeeding Numbers of the TOWN and COUNTRY MAGAZINE.

QUESTION I. By Mr. Isaac Gumley.

Given $\begin{cases} x + 3 \times y - 7 = 1800 \\ x - 7 \times y + 3 = 1400 \end{cases}$ required x and y , the former being my age, and the latter my height in inches?

QUESTION II. By Mr. Grant.

Required the value of x , when $24 - x^{\frac{1}{3}} \times x^5$ is a maximum?

QUESTION III. By Mr. Barker.

Given $x^3 y^6 z^9 = a$, and $x + y + z$ a maximum: required the value of the unknown quantities?

QUESTION IV. By Curiofus.

Given the hypotenuse, and a line drawn from one of the acute angles bisecting that angle, and terminating in the opposite leg of a right-angled triangle to find the sides.

POETICAL PIECES.

ODE for the NEW YEAR.

January 1, 1772.

AT length the fleeting year is o'er,
 And we no longer are deceiv'd:
 The wars, the tumults are no more
 Which fancy form'd, and fear believ'd.
 Each distant object of distress,
 Each phantom of uncertain griefs
 The busy mind of man could raise,
 Has taught ev'n Folly to beware:
 At fleets and armies in the air,
 The wond'ring croud has ceas'd to gaze.
 And shall the same dull cheats again
 Revive, in stale succession roll'd?
 Shall Sage Experience warn in vain,
 Nor the new year be wiser than the old?
 Forbid it, ye protecting Powers,
 Who guide the months, the days, the hours
 Which now advance on rapid wing!
 May each new spectre of the night
 Dissolve at their approaching light,
 As fly the wintry damps the soft return of
 Spring!

True to herself if Britain prove,
 What foreign foes has She to dread?
 Her sacred laws, her sovereign's love,
 Her virtuous pride by freedom bred,
 Secure at once domestic ease,
 And awe the aspiring nations into peace.
 Did Rome e'er court a tyrant's smiles
 Till Faction wrought the civil frame's decay?
 Did Greece submit to Philip's wiles,
 Till her own faithless sons prepar'd the way?

True to herself if Britain prove
 The warring world will league in vain.
 Her sacred laws, her sovereign's love,
 Her empire boundless as the main,
 Will guard at once domestic ease,
 And awe th' aspiring nations into peace.

The FORSAKEN.

HOW pleasingly glided the day,
 When Phillis vouchsaf'd to confess,
 Whatever young Damon cou'd say
 At once gave her pleasure and bliss!

But now how revers'd is the scene,
 No more the sweet maiden complains,
 "Your bosom by far's too serene,
 "And ne'er to the lover attains."

SEP. 1772.

Ah! with what delight have I strove
 My passion sincerest to shew,
 When Phillis thus doubted my love,
 And thought that my pulse beat too slow!

Those galloping moments of bliss,
 Distraction! no more can be prov'd!
 No more can I steal a sweet kiss
 From her I so ardently lov'd!

No more the soft transports are mine
 When Phillis from Hymen was free,
 When she'd on my bosom recline,
 And vow that she lov'd only me.

No more can we wander the plains
 Where lillies and eglantine grow!
 No more am I enviy'd by swains
 With love who appeared to glow!

For none cou'd a nymph so divine
 Behold without seeming t'admire;
 Then pleasures how great must be mine,
 When blest with the purest desire!

When Phillis, a damsel so fair,
 Was all that I wish'd her to be;
 How void was my mind of all care,
 My bosom from tortures how free!

But oh! how inconstant are they
 Whom nature has form'd to be fair!
 How charming! how lovely and gay!
 More safely to rivet the snare!

R. L. R.

RURAL LIFE. An ODE.

By Mr. Alley, Author of the Summer-Day.

I.

YE vain and ye mighty, how little ye know
 Of life, save its sorrows and pain!
 Joy, tortur'd with noise, idle hurry and shew,
 Forsakes ye to laugh with the swain:
 Her—with Peace, a damsel meek,
 Featur'd like a cherubim—
 At the noon-hour you may seek
 Seated by the fount with him;
 Where, while the flocks or rest or play,
 Their harmless jestings mitigate the day.

4 Y

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II.

He knows, howe'er simple, *Care*, dull and
distrest,
Of tenants the sumptuous dome—
By the ruby-lip'd damsel, *Health*, he is carest,
Who still makes his cottage her home :
Risen airy with the morn,
Beauty blushing on her cheek,
Nor the linnæa on the thorn,
Nor the blackbird in the brake,
Half so charms the list'ning dale,
As she, intent, to fill her milking pail.

III.

She feasts him with milk, cream, or cheese
from his kine,
Or from the clean tribe in his fold ;
A bev'rage as healthy, as gen'rous as wine,
She draws from his pippins of gold :
Or, with decent comely skill,
From the treasures of the hive,
Nectar'd draughts her hands distill,
Tinct' with herbs on hills that thrive ;
This to her love, on labour bent,
She brings ; how sweet since sweeten'd with
content !

IV.

Kind Nature the beauty of Science displays,
In painting each hue on the Spring :
In guiding, O yellow-hair'd Summer, thy ways,
To ripeness each blessing to bring :
Why quick-witted prove she still,
Working more than fancy dreams ?
Why build gracefully the hill,
Spread the plain, or wind the streams ?
Not for the thankless great and vain,
But for the artless and the thankful swain.

V.

What transport of joy gives his bosom to beat,
When th' acre-paternal he strays,
And sees all his fondest hopes ripening complete

In Autumn's soft mellowing rays.
Niggards, who with idle art
Hoard up gold, and hoard up woes,
Who, compell'd, the mite to part,
Think a little kingdom goes,
Still in his gifts their God abuse,
For those but thank him, like the swain who
use.

VI.

In Winter his household around the bright blaze,
In social discourses delight ;
Wit, void of a sting, then promiscuously plays,
To shorten the length of the night.
Or the tale of ghosts that glide
By the abbey's ivy'd wall,
Hapless now for former pride,
Stamps dismay upon them all.
Thus smoothly flows the rural-life,
Unruffled over by the storms of strife.

VII.

Be mine, for no more my heart hopes to receive,
Recess with a friend and the muse ;
And sense, gracious heaven ! to prize what
you give,
And health all your bounties to use.

So, beneath my tufted bow'r,
May I sit in rural-state,
And, when on the thoughtful hour,
Spare a tear unto the great,
Wishful that Faction cease his strife,
Yet prompt at Freedom's call to hazard life.

To the Printer of the Town and Country
Magazine.

Excuse, good Sir, excuse this time,
A bold usurper's daring rhyme ;
Who now intrudes, for your perusal,
A speech which merits much refusal :
A speech it is—soliloquy
Your learned folks wou'd have it be.
But grant I may unlade my mind,
Without being thus to rules confin'd,
I'll use no fine rhetoric paint,
My verse you'll find I stile Complaint ;
If 'tis not such, why then no more,
It sinks to what it was before.
But say it meets your approbation,
At least I hope it takes its station,
Next month to jumble thro' our nation ;
And then as tho' your smiles were vain,
'Twill sink to obscurity again.
But hold ! that word won't please I'm sure,
An hasty wound needs speedy cure ;
I now recall all has been said,
And think my debts are fully paid ;
Only this short, this what d'ye call it,
(I hope your devil will not maul it)
Insert, I beg, in your Collection,
Perchance 'twill meet with some inspection ;
And then in duty firmly bound,
A suppliant still I shall be found.

STREPHON'S COMPLAINT.

To Miss ———.

WHY heaves that sigh ? why throbs my
anxious breast ?
Why thus with care is ev'ry thought oppress'd ?
Am I to hope ? or is fond hope no more ?
Too true I love, nor did I less before.
Why then did Delia, blooming Delia, say,
Thy suit is vain, I feel a tyrant sway ?
Alas ! too cruel, unrelenting fair,
Must hope then vanish with the ambient air ?
Oh ! no, it cannot, must not be, I will
In silence muse, and love in silence still ;
Perhaps the time may come, then doubly blest,
In sympathy will pass the happy rest.
But, oh ! how vain that wish, how vain each
thought, [taught !
Which moves discordant with the flame you
Why did the gods such charms to thee im-
part,
And not endue me with a savage heart ?
Or why was I doom'd to nourish in my breast,
So welcome, but, alas ! so fierce a guest !
Pity, kind heav'n, assuage this anxious pain,
And render Strephon to himself again !
But stay ! I cannot, will not wish it so,
Still must I hope, and cherish hope in woe !
Absence

Absence might cure a less ideal flame,
But true on virtue fixt is still the same;
Truest than truest dials tell the day,
When Sol bestows his most effectual ray.

S. S.

To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.

S I R,

Leaving behind this specimen,
Your servant craves to launch again;
'Tis now you'll see, to shun all strife,
Awhile he takes the sportsman's life;
Where now, pray mind, with what a glee,
A few retired moments flee.
If this don't claim at least a place in
Your next Miscellany, without defacing,
Why then I'll cast my pen aside,
And only learn how to deride
Such apish puppies as myself,
Whose mimicks shew our want of self,
And tell you what we can but think,
Thro' loss of that dear bane, the chink.

The SPORTSMAN'S INVITATION.

HARK! the clarion horn away
Tells the near approach of day;
Drowsy sluggards, quit your beds,
Seek the path which vigour treads:
Lay your avarice aside,
Shake off slumbers, quit your bride;
Scare each haggard thought to rest,
Sportsmen here are truly blest.
Now the jolly hunting song,
Echoes shrill, and echoes long;
Hark to Reynard! see him fly,
Hear the dogs' harmonious cry:
View the morn in rich array,
O'er the hills, and far away;
Mind not what the old man says,
Hard it is to gain his praise:
He lov'd sporting when a youth,
He loves railing now, forsooth;
Dogs are furly when they're old,
Fear no wife, but shun a scold:
Who so buxom, gay as we,
Let them dose, that will not see;
We enjoy the most of life,
Void of pain, and void of strife:
If you'd live, and be like us,
Use your idle moments thus;
Laugh at fortune, laugh at fears,
Thence will spring your happy years.

S. S.

To W I N T E R.

By the Rev. Mr. WOTY.

WHAT! tho' thou com'st in sable mantle
clad,

Yet Winter! art thou welcome to my eye:
Thee here I hail, tho' terrors round thee wait,
And winds tempestuous howl along the sky.

But shall I then so soon forget the days
When Ceres led me thro' her wheaten mines!
When Autumn pluck'd me, with his tawny
hand,

Empurpled clusters from ambrosial vines!

So soon forget, when up the yielding pole
I saw ascend the silver-bearded hop!
When Summer, waving high her crown of
hay,

Pour'd o'er the mead her odoriferous crop

I must forget them—and thee too, O Spring!
Tho' many a chaplet thou hast weav'd for
me:

For, now prepar'd to quit th' enchanting scenes,
Cold, weeping Winter! I come all to thee,

Hail to thy rolling clouds, and rapid storms!

Tho' they deform fair Nature's lovely face:

Hail to thy winds, that sweep along the earth!

Tho' trees they root up from their solid base.

How sicklied over is the face of things!

Where is the spice-kiss of the southern gale!
Where the wild rose, that smil'd upon the
thorn,

The mountain flower, and lily of the vale.

How gloomy 'tis to cast the eye around,
And view the trees disrob'd of every leaf,
The velvet path grown rough with clotting
showers,

And every field depriv'd of every sheaf!

How far more gloomy o'er the rain-beat heath,
Alone to travel in the dead of night!

No twinkling star to gild the arch of heaven,
No moon to lend her temporary light:

To see the lightning spread its ample sheet,
Discern the wild waste through its liquid fire,
To hear the thunder rend the troubled air,
As time itself and nature would expire:

And yet, O Winter! has thy poet seen
Thy face as smooth, and placid as the Spring,
Has felt, with comfort felt, the beam of heaven,
And heard thy vallies and thy woodlands
ring.

What time the sun with burnish'd locks arose,
The long-lost charms of nature to renew,
When pearls of ice bedeck'd the grassy turf,
And tree-tops floated in the silver dew.

Father of heaven and earth! this change is
thine:

By thee the Seasons in gradation roll,
Thou great omniscient Ruler of the world!
Thou Alpha and Omega of the whole!

Here humbly bow we down our heads to thee!

'Tis ours the voice of gratitude to raise,
Thine to diffuse thy blessings o'er the land;
Thine to receive the incense of our praise.

Pure if it rises from the conscious heart,
With thee for ever does the symbol live:
Tho' small for all thy love is man's return,
Thou ask'st no more, than he has power to
give.

LIST OF PRIZES, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS.

A list of capital prizes, continued from page 613.

No. 29266, 19309, 20000l. each.

No. 21334, 43287, 25614, 10000l. each.

No. 25872, 19896, 41835, 14201, 5000l. each.

No. 17839, 42587, 19901, 6872, 33407, 34534, 30432, 2000l. each.

No. 17367, 6984, 5731, 33761, 33085, 33243, 15739, 29691, 1000l. each.

No. 20978, 2519, 7314, 35655, 15639, 14729, 26449, 42608, 15311, 9880, 4188, 22380, 1083, 20909, 4447, 17248, 48978, 10075, 40829, 37209, 5000l. each.

No. 29691 (as last drawn) 1000l.

B I R T H S.

The Lady of Sir John Palmer, Bart. Member of Parliament for the county of Leicester, of a son, at Carlton-hall, Northamptonshire.

Nov. 27. The Lady of Lord Archer, of a son and heir, at Umberlade.

Dec. 6. The Lady of John Aubrey, Esq; Member for Wallingford in Berkshire, of a son and heir in Pall-mall.

21. The Lady of Sir Charles Style, Bart. of a son and heir.

22. The Lady of Henry Bushy, Esq; of a son and heir.

23. The Lady of ——— Hill, Esq; of a daughter.

M A R R I A G E S.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Farnham, to Mrs. Upton, a widow lady, with 40,000l.

Thomas Griffin, Esq; to Mrs. Rachel Smith, both of Deptford.

William Maberley, Esq; of Edmonton, to Miss Susannah Strange, of Endfield.

Nov. 28. Thomas Osborne, Esq; to Miss Young, both of Cavendish Square.

Capt. Somerset, of the royal navy, to Miss Preston, of Great Russell-street.

Jonathan Shorter, Esq; to Miss Amey Morris, daughter of ——— Morris, Esq; of Great George-street.

26. James Horley, Esq; of Old Bond-street, to Miss Elizabeth Wood, of Oxford street.

John Worpeth, Esq; to Miss Jane Hawkins, both of Norfolk-street, in the Strand.

30. Capt. John Hodges, eldest son of Sir James Hodges, Town Clerk of this city, to Miss Fanny Deane, daughter of the late Sir Robert Deane, Bart.

Dec. 1. Thomas Porter, Esq; of West-Ham, in Essex, to Miss Fanny Farmer of the same place.

Richard Webster, Esq; Mayor of Congle-

ton, in Cheshire, to Mrs Broomé of the same place.

2. James Unwin, Esq; of Lower Brook-street, to Miss Elizabeth Hemmings, of Bolton-street, Piccadilly.

William Heron, Esq; of Mile-End, to Miss Sarah Osborne, of West Smithfield.

Richard Orme, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Turner, of Craven-street, in the Strand.

3. Henry Peyton, Esq; of Emneth, in Norfolk, to Miss Francis Rous, eldest sister of Sir John Rous, Bart.

4. William Fanquier, jun. Esq; of Argyle-buildings, to Miss Mary Fanquier, of Stratton-street, Piccadilly.

5. James John Fenouillet, Esq; of the Secretary of State's office, to Miss Charlotte Richardson, of New Norfolk-street.

6. Robert Burford, Esq; of Harley-street, to Miss Susannah Greenwood, of New Bond-street.

Sir Thomas Gooch, Bart. of Benacre, in the county of Suffolk, to Mrs. Birtles, widow of John Birtles, Esq; late Consul of Genoa.

10. Thomas Hensen, Esq; of Hill-street, to Miss Quinton, of Hanover-square.

Thomas Manwaring, Esq; to Miss Sybilla Brown, both of Kensington.

William Yelverton Davenport, Esq; at Bath, to Mrs. Blithe.

11. Benjamin Hudson, Esq; of Upper Grosvenor-street, to Mrs. Elizabeth Benson, of Berwick-street.

12. Matthew Whittaker, Esq; to Miss Hannah Johnson, both of Hatton-garden.

John Urry, Esq; of the Isle of Wight, a Captain in his Majesty's navy, to Miss Mary Stone, of Privy-garden.

16. Silvester Howard, Esq; of Hackney, to Mrs. Rush, relict of Mr. Rush, Scots Factor, on Tower-hill.

17. Thomas Worgan, Esq; to Miss Susannah Hall, of Canterbury.

19. Robert Hankey, Esq; of Mortimer-street, to Miss Elizabeth Sparrow, of Poland-street.

Charles Landford, Esq; of Cuckfield-place, to Miss Nott, of Little Horstead, Sussex.

20. John Parker, Esq; a principal officer of the Excise, and a near relation of Right Hon. Lord Chief Baron Parker, by special licence, to Miss Ann Bunyan of Eton, near Windsor, Berks.

21. Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart. by a special licence, at his house in Grosvenor-square, to Miss Greenville, daughter of the late Right Hon. George Greenville, and niece to Earl Temple.

22. William

22. William Wynne, Esq; of Wern, in Carnarvonshire, to Miss Williams of Peniarth, Merionethshire.

George Riley, Esq; to Miss Prudence Murrell, both of Queen-square.

D E A T H S.

The Sieur Giles George Gerrard, antient Rector of Bartecourt, in the diocese of Beauvais, in France, aged 92. He has left a sister aged 94, a brother aged 88, and another sister aged 86.

Count de Scheel, Envoy from the court of Denmark to the Empress of Russia, at Petersburg.

The Bishop of Valencia, in the 83d year of his age.

The Right Hon. Alexander Lord Banff, at Forglenn-house in Banffshire, Scotland.

Mrs. Ann Franks, aged near 100, at Dulwich; she was a grand-daughter of Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk.

Nov. 28. The most noble and puissant Prince, Henry Brydges Duke of Chandos, Marquis and Earl of Carnarvon, Viscount Wilton, and Baron Chandos of Sudley, Master of the Hanaper, High Steward of the city of Winchester, and Knight of the Bath; at his seat in Hampshire.

James Osgood, Esq; in Upper-Brook-street.

29. Robert Jurvin, Esq; Comptroller of the Customs at Portsmouth.

Dec. 1. William Burris, Esq; of the stone and gravel at Knightsbridge.

2. James Shard, Esq; of Richmond, in Yorkshire.

Miss Le Fleming, eldest sister to Sir Robert Le Fleming, Bart. of Rydall in Westmoreland.

3. Edward Raymond, Esq; in Harley-street, Cavendish-square.

4. The Hon. Charles Barry, youngest son of Lord Barrymore, in Portland-square.

6. Mrs. Haughton, near Cavendish-square, who some years since supported a capital cast of characters, with great success, at the Theatre in Drury-lane.

9. Thomas Vernon, Esq; at Hanbury-hall, in Worcestershire.

11. Sir James Lumley, Bart. in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury.

12. The Hon. Master Sinclair, eldest son of Sir Joseph Sinclair, late one of the Commissioners of Excise.

13. The Hon. Charles Gordon, Esq; at Aberdeen, Captain in the 66th regiment of foot, and brother to the present Earl of Aberdeen.

14. The Hon. John Ruthven, Captain of the Glory man of war, aged 27, at Knightsbridge.

15. Benjamin Stillingsfleet, Esq; in Piccadilly.

16. Dr. Arthur Smyth, Archbishop of Dublin, and Primate of Ireland. In testimony of the merit of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, he has bequeathed him 1000 l. He has also left 1000 l. to St. Patrick's hospital for lunatics and ideots, founded by the late Dean Swift.

Peter Dyson, at Windsor.

17. The Hon. Lady St. Leger, mother of Colonel St. Leger, in St. James's-place.

Lucius O'Bryan, Esq; Rear Admiral of the White, descended from an ancient noble family in Ireland.

John Thomond, Esq; at Hombersley, in Worcestershire.

John Bosquain, Esq; at Tottenham.

Joseph Clemens, Esq; in David-street, Berkeley-square.

18. Mr. Meerman, formerly Pensionary of Rotterdam, at Aix-la-Chapelle, a gentleman well known in the Republic of Letters.

—— Bolton, Esq; in Scotland-yard, of a fever and dropsy.

19. Robert Andrews, Esq; in Upper-Grosvenor-street.

23. Thomas Griffin, Esq; Admiral of his Majesty's White squadron.

Capt. William Roper, at Poplar.

Miss Sally Jennings, youngest daughter of Francis Jennings, Esq; at Richmond.

24. Zachariah Felling, Esq; at Chelsea.

William Barbazon, Esq; in Queen-street, Lincoln-inn-fields.

Francis Deane, Esq; in Bond-street.

27. Mrs. Tisdale, a widow lady, in Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

Miss Molyneaux, only daughter of Philip Molyneaux, Esq; in Greek-street, Soho.

Mrs. Crumpton, aged 64, at Kensington.

29. Philip Butler, Esq; in Wardour-street.



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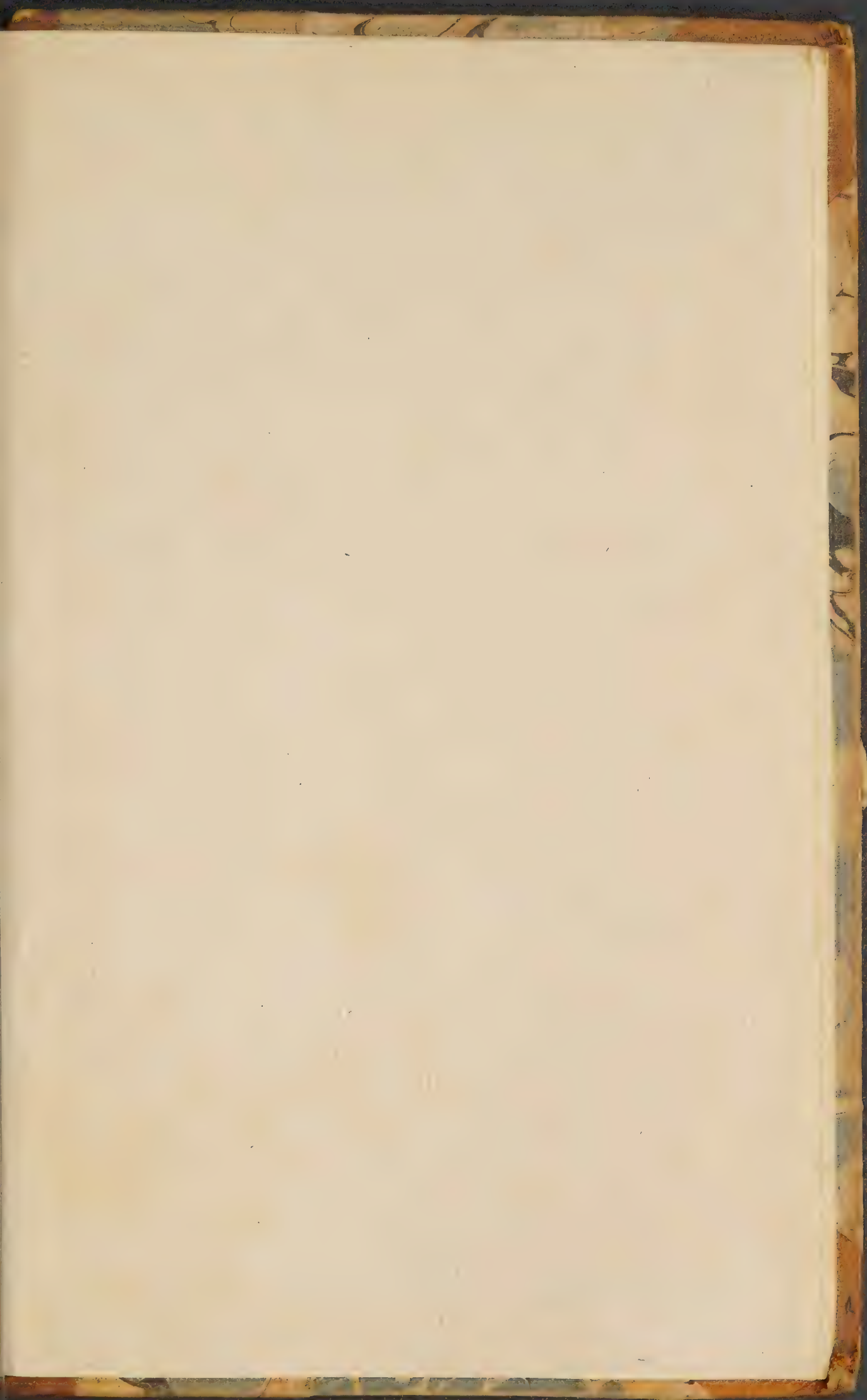
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